

INISHOWEN:

ITS

History, Traditions, & Antiquities;

CONTAINING A NUMBER OF

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS,

Hitherto Unpublished, procured from the State Paper Office, Continental Libraries, and Private Collections,

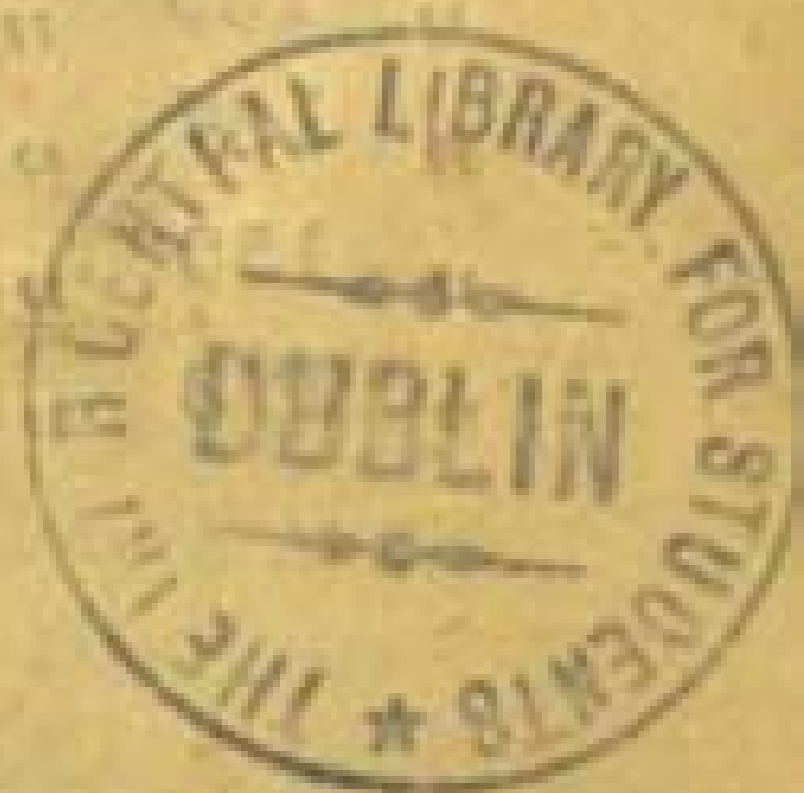
WITH NUMEROUS NOTES

FROM THE

ANNALS OF THE FOUR MASTERS,

AND OTHER SOURCES.

BY MAGHTOCHAIR.



"The natural wonders of the Barony of Inishowen would alone supply materials for a volume."

Hall's Ireland, Vol. III., p. 236.

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ERRATA.

- Page 15, line 15, for "this ancient remains" read "this ancient remain."
- " 21 " 15, for "then again" read "them again."
- " 50 " 32 for "Encyclopædie" read "Encyclopedia."
- " 71 " 28 for "1800" read "1657."
- " 96 " 6 after academy insert a comma instead of period."
- " 103 " 3 from bottom, for "exhiliarating" read "exhilirating."
- " 127 " 15 for "eligibilty" read "eligibility."
- " 135 " 7 for "Cookinny" read "Coolkinny."
- " 137 " 17 for "£361 10s" read "£381."
- " 159 " 24 for "towns" read "Tonns."
- " 173 " 14 from bottom, for "and the latter" read "and that at Greenbank."



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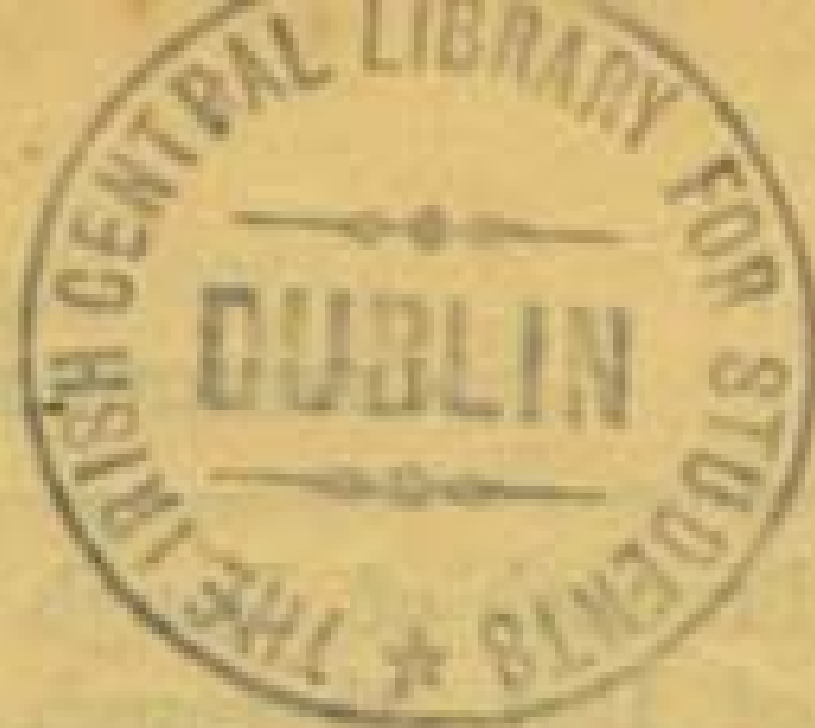
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PREFACE.

The following chapters are chiefly the reprint of a series of papers which appeared in the *Londonderry Journal*, on the history, traditions, and antiquities of the district of Inishowen. Those papers, which were merely written for the amusement of the readers of the *Journal*, met with a favourable reception, and, towards their conclusion, a desire prevailed to have them in a separate and more enduring form ; so, in compliance therewith, I have revised and arranged them as they are now offered to the public. On revision it was deemed advisable to omit some portions of the original series, but additions have been made of matter hitherto unpublished, which, it is hoped, may prove not only interesting but useful. No pains have been spared to obtain the most reliable information, from both public and private sources, regarding the old peninsula. That invaluable repertory of Irish history, Dr. O'Donovan's edition of the *Annals of the Four Masters*, has been carefully consulted ; the statistics of the several parishes are given from the records of the State Paper Office and the Ordnance Survey ; and transcripts from the archives of continental libraries are introduced, where it was necessary to establish the truth of some things previously uncertain. Our legends and traditions are dying away, the customs and habits of the olden time are nearly extinct, but in order to preserve some of them from total oblivion I thought it well to insert a few in this collection. They will be found trustworthy, for they too have been obtained from the best sources, and carefully examined. Not the least difficulty I experienced was to condense the materials at my disposal, so as to give the greatest amount of matter in the least possible space, and thus by confining the size of the work within moderate limits, and consequently its cost, to place it within the reach of all. Whatever intrinsic merits it may possess, they are left to develop themselves.

20TH JULY, 1867.



INISHOWEN.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

The ancient territory of Inishowen is now a barony of the County of Donegal, and in it is Malin Head, the most northern point of Ireland. Inishowen lies between the parallels of 55° and $55^{\circ} 22' 10''$, north latitude, and between $6^{\circ} 48'$ and $7^{\circ} 31'$ west longitude. Its length is 26 miles, and greatest breadth about 25 miles. It comprises an area of 197,860 statute acres, or about 309 square miles. There are 246a. 3r. 27p. of the above under water, being the area of a few small lakes, and the tideway of one or two rivers. Its population, according to the census of 1861, was 45,675.

On its northern shores is the Atlantic Ocean ; Lough Foyle forms its eastern boundary, and Lough Swilly its western. It is connected with the mainland on the south, and is, therefore, not an *inis*, or island, as its name implies, but a peninsula. Its southern limit, however, is not so well defined ; some say it was formed by a line drawn from Lough Swilly through the present town of Manorcunningham to Carrigans, on the river Foyle ; while others suppose it did not extend so far south.

Regarding its southern boundary we learn, by the Ordnance Survey that, " about half the parish of Templemore, or what is generally called the northern liberties of Londonderry, was comprised in Inishowen, before the formation of the County of Londonderry, as is evident from an inquisition taken in Derry in the seventh year of the reign of James I., from which it appears that a jury composed of resident English and ancient Irish natives, of the principal septs of the district, ' did upon their oaths find and present that the auncient and knowne meares of the country of Inishowen, alias O'Dogherties countrey, (O'Dogherty was placed in the lordship of the peninsula at the commencement of the fifteenth century) to the south and south-east, are and have been, tyme out of mynde, as followeth, viz.,

from the part or braunch of Lough Swilly, on the weste and south-west parte of Birt, thorough the midst of a bog which extendeth to Lough Lappan (O'Lappan's Lake) from a well or spring upon Mullaghknockemona, and from the topp of that mountayne the meare extended through a small bog, which runneth alonge the top of the hill of Ardenemahill, and soe to the top of the hill of Knockenagh, upon the easte part of which hill ariseth the streame of Altbally M'Rowertie, which runneth a meare betweene *Bally Mac Rowertie in Innishowen*, and parte of the landes of the Derry and Garrowgarle to the cawsy under Ellogh, and so down thorough the bog to Lough Swilly, and from the foresaid cawsy the meare of Inishowen aforesaid is thorough the midst of the Bog to Lough Foile.' "

The principal headlands are Inishowen Head at the entrance to Lough Foyle ; Malin Head, Dunaff Head, at the entrance to Lough Swilly, and Neid's Point on the Swilly. Along nearly the whole of the northern coast are picturesque precipices and rocky cliffs of a bold and romantic character.

Off the coast are the following islands :—Inistrahall, on which is a light-house, situated eight miles east of Malin Head ; the Garve Islands, still nearer to the shore ; Glasheady, off the Clonmany coast ; and the island of Inch in Lough Swilly.

The bays are—Moville Bay, a well sheltered and spacious sheet of water ; Culdaff Bay, adapted for the coasting trade, but little used ; Culoort Bay, in Malin ; Strabreagy Bay, rather of the nature of a gulf, the entrance to which is narrow, the tides rapid, and the coast on each side very rocky. Though well sheltered, and affording safe anchorage, Strabreagy is, on account of its dangerous bar, unfit for vessels which draw much water. Mariners have often mistaken it for Lough Swilly, which has caused many shipwrecks. Westward on the Clonmany coast are Tullagh Bay, Rockstown Bay, and Leenan Bay, an inlet of the Swilly.

MOUNTAINS, PLAINS, AND VALLEYS.

Leaving out the promontory of Malin Head, Inishowen has something of a triangular shape, with the base turned to the north. A ridge of mountains runs along each of the sides of this triangle, leaving a comparatively narrow margin on the east and west sloping down to the water. The western chain is the highest and most precipitous, and includes the Fahan, Desertegney, and Clonmany mountains, and terminates at Dunaff. On the east are the Iskaheen and Moville mountains,

sloping off gently to Inishowen Head. The former are famous in the annals of the private distiller, as affording dews more potent than Cognac, and sweeter than mead. The north is enclosed by the Glengad and Malin ridge, running from east to west, and terminating at Pollin Strand. This chain is not quite continuous, a link having apparently been snapped by some violent convulsion of nature, separating the Isle of Doagh from Malin, with which there is sufficient reason to believe it was once connected, and permitting the waters of the Atlantic to enter in the breach, and to form the gulf or rather inland lake of Strabreagy. From the apex of the triangle above-named a central range runs northward, with spurs that shoot off east and west, towards Glenaganon on the one hand, and the high lands of Coolcross and the Clonmany mountains on the other. The culminating point of this range is Slieve Snaght, which overlooks all the others, as a lofty tower in the midst of a city smiles on the insignificance of the surrounding buildings. By the Ordnance Survey, the summit of Slieve Snaght is 2,019 feet above the level of the sea ; but on Bett's map of Ireland its elevation above sea level is given as 2,232 feet. Taking it at the latter, the circle bounding the observer's view from its summit would be traced by a radius of 57 miles, and would contain within its limits some 10,000 square miles of the earth's surface. Its east and west sides are steep and difficult of ascent, but it is more accessible on the north and south. On the top is a level space of considerable extent ; here, too, is a cairn erected by the Surveyors of the Board of Ordnance ; and a little lower are the remains of the huts which afforded them shelter during their stay on the mountain. Not far from the cairn is a well of water. The views from this mountain, on a fine day, are very extensive and highly interesting. To the north and west is the blue Atlantic, with its ceaseless pulsations, rolling along in league-long billows. Turn around, and Antrim, Derry, Tyrone, and West Donegal unfold themselves to our wondering gaze ; the Giant's Causeway, Downhill, Magilligan, Beneveny, the heights around Londonderry, Horn Head, Dunfanaghy, the deep indentations of the ocean on that romantic coast, such as Sheep Haven and Mulroy water, Fannet, sacred to the memory of St. Columb, and Tory Island, his favorite retreat, are plainly perceptible. All around the spectator is Inishowen itself ; its hills, dales, valleys, lakes, and rivers spread out as in a map. Between the mountains, or embosomed

among them, are glens, cloons (valleys), meens (narrow valleys), glacks (secluded nooks), and narrow passes, with lakes of limpid water teeming with eel and trout, formed to tempt as well as to reward the attentions of the angler.

The only plain of any considerable extent in Inishowen is Maghtogher,* or the plain of springs. Conceive a line drawn from the southern shoulder of Cruck-na-coille-dare (the hill of oak woods,) on which, by the way, is a considerable stripe of natural wood to remind one of the primitive forests with which the country was once clad ; conceive, I say, a line drawn from this point to the bridge of Glencely (the lime vale), another from said bridge to the Croah (stack) of Glengad, another from Croah to Magherard, Isle of Doagh, and a fourth from Magherard to Cruck-na-coille-dare, aforesaid, and you have the boundary of the plain of Maghtogher, in shape a quadrilateral, one of the diagonals of which is about eight miles, the other six. There is considerable indication of the ocean wave having at one time rolled across a portion of this plain from Culdaff to Binion Hill, isolating Malin, with which, as I have stated, Doagh Isle was most probably connected. On the Glengad coast an old beach may be traced at a considerable distance from the present sea line, and fully 50 feet elevation above its level, which goes evidently to show that the sea has retired. Again, along the course I have named, stand the " Isles of Grellagh," which reared their heads above the ancient deep ; but towards Tulnabrattly, on the leading road from Carndonagh to Clonmany, the evidence of the action of the waves on the rocks, and traces of the coast line are quite apparent. The rivers are generally short and rapid. There are two which empty themselves into the sea at Buncrana ; the Clonmany River, which rises in Meendoran Lough, and is joined by the Ballyhallon, near the town of Clonmany, and which empties itself into the sea at Binion ; the two which pass Carndonagh, on its eastern and western side, and empty themselves into the

* The *Annals of the Four Masters* specify that the plain of Maghtochair was cleared (of wood) in the reign of Nemedius, whose colony arrived in Ireland in the year 1154 B.C. Dr. O'Donovan says—" Magh-tochair means the plain of the Causeway. This was the name of a plain at the foot of Sliabh-Sneacht, *anglicè* Slieve Snaght, in the barony of Inishowen, and county of Donegal, which was anciently a part of Tir-Eoghain or Tyrone. The church of Domhnachmor-Muighe-tochair, near the village of Carndonagh, is referred to in the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick as in this plain."

sea at Strabreagy ; the Culdaff River, flowing into Culdaff Bay ; and the Braddagh, at Moville, are the principal.

The lakes are, Meentagh Lake, Meendoran Lough, Meedianmore Lake, in Malin ; Moneydarragh Lake, Loughcunn, Ballyarnet Lough, Lough Fad, and the Round Lough in Urrie Mountains.

According to the Catholic divisions, there are the following parishes, viz. :—Upper Fahan, Burt, and Inch (united), Lower Fahan and Dysertegney (united), Clonmany, Donagh, Cloncha, Culdaff, Moville, and Iskaheen.

According to the Protestant divisions, there are twelve benefices. Eight of these, namely, Upper Fahan, Dysertegney, Clonmany, Donagh, Cloncha, Culdaff, Lower Moville, and Upper Moville, are Rectories ; and four, namely, Burt, Inch, Lower Fahan, and Muff, are perpetual Curacies.

CHAPTER II.

First Colonists—Parthalon's Expedition—The Colony of Nemedius—The Firbolgs—The Tuatha de Danains—Ith—The Milesians—The Three Collas—Defeat of the Collas by the sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—Ennis-Owen.

O'Flaherty, following the annals of Clonmacnoise, fixes the arrival of the first colonists in Ireland under Parthalon, in the year of the world 1969. Parthalon, says Walsh, having landed with his colony in Ireland, divided the Island between his four sons, Er, Orbha, Fearon, and Ferghna ; but, after three hundred years' residence in the country, his posterity perished by a plague, after which the country remained uninhabited for thirty years.

According to O'Flaherty,* Nemedius, great grand-nephew of Parthalon, having learned the tragic end of his relations in Ireland, embarked with thirty-four transports, carrying 1020 persons, besides his wife and four sons, and took possession of the island. After twelve years, his wife, Macha, died, and was buried at Ardmach ; from which circumstance Armagh takes its name. The colony of Nemedius was overthrown by the Fomorians. Jobath, grandson of Nemedius, led a remnant of his people into north Germany, and from these, according to Keating, were descended the Tuatha de Danains.

* Ogygia, part 2, p. 65.

In some time after, the Firbolgs or Belgians, another people of Britain, to the number of 5,000 men, commanded by five chiefs, either by defeat or desertion of the Fomorians, took possession of the island.* They divided it into five parts, which gave rise to the pentarchy. Their dominion lasted eighty years, under nine kings, the last of whom, Eogha, married Tailta, daughter of a Spanish prince, who gave name to the place of her burial, still called Taiton, in Meath. †

In the reign of Eogha, the last of the Firbolg kings, the Tuatha de Danains made a descent upon Ireland, gave battle to, and defeated the Firbolgs at Partry, in the County of Mayo. The Thuathe De Danians, noted magicians, arrived here from Cornwall, after having passed through Norway and Denmark, and brought with them that celebrated stone which they used at the coronation of their Kings, and which was afterwards borrowed by Fergus I., of Scotland. It was preserved in the Abbey of Scone, carried off by Edward I., of England, and placed in the coronation chair in Westminster—Lia-Fail, or stone of destiny. Inishowen, from its natural defences, formed a safe retreat for the De Danains; here, accordingly, they built the stronghold of Elagh, where their King, Kearmada, died, and where his sons, Eathur, Teahur, and Keahur, reigned one year each alternately, on the arrival of the Milesians.

According to the Psalter of Cashel, this colony held possession of the island for the space of one hundred and ninety-seven years, under seven of their kings, of whom the three sons of Kearmada, who represented their father, and who ruled one year alternately for a space of 30 years, were the last. Those three brothers, who were married to three sisters, took surnames from the different idols which they worshipped; and Ireland, which previously was called Inisfail, changed its name with the reigning queen, and was called alternately Banba, Fodla, and Eire. Eathur, who espoused Banba, was surnamed Maccuill, from the hazel-tree which he adored. Teahur married Fodla, and worshipped the plough. He was called Mac-Keaght. Keahur, who married Eire, took the sun for his divinity, and was called Mac-Greine, which means the son of the sun.

One morning early in Autumn, about 1,000 years before the Christian era, a venerable man might be seen prostrate on the beach at the foot of that promontory known as Inishowen Head.

* Mac-Geoghegan. † Ogygia, part 3, chap. 9.

He knelt there to worship the sea god—to pour forth the gratitude of his heart to Neptune for the happy termination of a long and perilous voyage. His ship rode at anchor before him. No cloud darkened the deep blue of the heavens, the air was calm, the sky lustrous, the sun had just risen, and burnished with dazzling brightness the gentle ripple which played on the surface of the waters. The stranger was Ith, uncle of Milesius, who had sailed from Braganza, in Spain, in quest of the most western isle of the world, which a soothsayer had declared should be the final resting-place of his nation.

Many were the mutations and migrations of this people. Niul, son of Fenius-Farsa, King of Scythia, son of Baath, son of Magog, second son of Japhet, son of Noah, made a voyage into Egypt, where he married Scota, daughter of Pharoah Cincris, and had issue a son, who was called Gaodal-Glas, or Gadelas, from whom was descended the Gadelians. Having lived in Egypt for three generations, the Gadelians greatly increased in numbers, and were obliged, from the jealous fear of the Egyptians, to depart, which they did, sailing to Crete, now Candia. From Crete they proceeded to Scythia, thence in the course of time to North Africa, where they remained for eight generations. From Africa they crossed to Spain, then inhabited by the descendants of Tubal, son of Japhet. Here, by right of conquest, they became masters of the northern province, and built the town of Braganza, so called from their chief, Breogan, grandfather of Milesius. Milesius in turn became chief of the Gadelians, was twice married and the father of eight sons, Donn, Aireach, Heber-Fioun, Amhergin, Ir, Colpa, Aranann, and Heremon. He travelled much, did Milesius, and greatly distinguished himself as a general and warrior, particularly in the army of the King of Egypt, against the Ethiopians; and, after many dangers, toils, and difficulties, returned to Spain, where he ended his days in peace. *

Soon after his demise a famine arose, which determined the Milesians to fit out an expedition to seek that fruitful Isle, that promised land, which the chief Druid predicted should be theirs. Accordingly, a vessel was fitted out with 150 soldiers on board, and to Ith, recommended by his wisdom and experience, was given the command. Having successfully overcome all the

*This account of the Milesians is founded on statements contained in *Leavar-drom-sneachta*, or the White Book, cited by Keating, and which was written in the time of Paganism.

difficulties and anxieties attendant on navigation at this early period, Ith landed at the place above-mentioned, on that lovely morning. His devotions over, he ascended the cliff, and, with his footsteps brushing the dew off the verdant turf, proceeded to the summit of a gentle eminence, from which he beheld the first glimpse of Erinn. The whole face of the country acknowledged the lavish kindness of Nature. Forests of stately trees, oaks, larches, elms, and beeches, ran along the hill sides, herds of lowing cattle fattened on the plains, and prosperity and quiet content reigned in the hamlets of the peasantry.

At this period the country was in the possession, as has been stated, of the Tuatha de Danains, and, in reply to Ith's inquiries, he was informed by the people that their ruling princes were then at Oileag-Nead* (Aileach). Escorted by one hundred of his soldiers, he proceeded to Aileach, where, on his arrival, he was honourably received by the princes above-named, who, perceiving he was a man of much wisdom, appointed him arbiter in a difference which existed between them as to the right of succession. Ith settled their differences to their own satisfaction, *congratulated them on the fruitfulness of the soil and the healthiness of the climate*, and took his leave. But his wisdom, or rather his exercise of it in this case, proved his ruin, for the De Danians, in dread that going to his own country he might speedily raise an army to subdue them, pursued and overtook him at Moy-Ith,† where an engagement took place, in which Ith was wounded. He died on his voyage homewards, and his son carried the body to Spain to inspire his people with revenge against the princes of the western isle. The Milesians im-

* Oileag-Nead means, literally, *The Swan's Nest*.

† This is MacGeoghegan's account of it.

Dr. O'Donovan says—"Maighe-Ithe was the name of a place near Lough Swilly, in the barony of Raphoe, and county of Donegal; but it is now obsolete. Magh-Ithe is the name of a plain in the barony of Raphoe, along the River Finn." He likewise says "Inishowen was anciently a part of Tir-Eoghain or Tyrone." Tir-Eoghain, of course, means, literally, the country or territory of Eoghain, not simply the present county Tyrone. The situation of the plain where Ith was wounded has given rise to some controversy. Some say it was Magh-Ith, along the river Finn; others that it was in the county of Tyrone. It is most likely the incident in question occurred near Lough Swilly, in the place more anciently known as Maighe-Ithe; not on the plain of the Finn, which seems to have been named after it; nor in what is now known as the county of Tyrone; though, doubtless, when Inishowen was part of Tir-Eoghain, Maighe-Ithe was also a part of it.

mediately equipped a fleet of sixty sail, in which the whole colony embarked and sailed for Ireland. Arriving at the south coast they were overtaken by a fearful hurricane, which scattered their fleet, so that not two of them remained together. Donn perished with his entire crew, Arannan was driven to sea, Ir was drowned, and his body found near Dingle, in Kerry, Airach and Colpa were wrecked in Drogheda Bay, Heremon landed at the mouth of the Boyne, and Heber, Amergin, and their attendants, landed in Kerry.

The dangers from wind and wave over, they next encountered the hostile De Danains, first at Slieve Mish, in Kerry, under the princess Eire, where they (the Milesians) obtained a victory ; next at Tailton, in Meath, where, after a hard-fought battle, the De Danains were completely defeated, and their three princes killed. Thus were the De Danains overthrown, after having governed Ireland for 197 years. On the division of the country by the Milesians, the north was given to Heber-Donn, the son of Ir, whose descendants were called Irians, and who resided in Elagh until the time of Kimbaath, who, at the desire of his queen, built the palace of Emhuan-Macha, near Armagh, and made it his abode. The first of the Irians who attained the dignity of monarch of Ireland was Rory, surnamed the Great, 87 years before the birth of Christ. They were so proud of this monarch's glory that they named the whole sept after him *Clanna Rory*—children of Rory.* The *Clanna Rory* reigned, almost uninterruptedly, in Ulster till the fourth century of the Christian era. In 323 the three Collas, sons of Eocha-Dubhlein, usurped the government of Ireland, having made war against the monarch, in which they were successful, and the oldest of the three was proclaimed in his stead ; but, after a reign of four years, they were obliged to quit the country, and take shelter with the King of the Picts. Hearing afterwards that the King of Ireland became merciful to them, they

* From the *Clanna-Rorys* are descended the MacGinnises, the MacCartans, the O'Mordhans (O'More), O'Connors-Kerry, O'Loghlins, O'Farrells, MacGranuills or MacRanells, Mac-an-Bhairs (Wards), O'Lawlors, Magilligans, Scanlans, Brosnaghans, O'Cathils, O'Conways, Casies, Tiernys, Nestors, O'MacCachains, O'Lyns, O'Hargans, O'Flahertys, Doreys, O'Huallachains, MacSheanloichs, O'Morrains, O'Rodachains (Rody), O'Duains, O'Mainings, MacGilmers, O'Kennys, O'Kenellys, O'Keithernys, MacEochaidhs, O'Carrollans, the Mac-an-Gaivnions (Smith), and others.—*MacGeoghegan's Ireland*, chap. 7, p. 118.

returned and obtained his pardon. Having no possessions, the monarch advised them to establish themselves in some part of the kingdom, by right of conquest, and, as he had an old grudge against the people of Ulster, he directed them to enter that province, sword in hand, and reduce it, promising to assist them with troops. On their arrival they were joined by malcontents to the number of 7,000 ; with these and the monarch's troops they commenced action, and, after a seven days' fight, Fergus-Fodha, King of Ulster, was killed, his army cut to pieces, and the field remained in possession of the conquerors. Forthwith they ruined the palace of Eamhain, and formed the kingdom of Oriel, comprising the present counties of Louth, Armagh, Monaghan, and part of Down and Antrim, and drove the Clanna Rory into Derry, Tyrone and Donegal.

About the end of the fourth century the rule of the Collas* in Ulster was put an end to by the four sons of the monarch, Niall the Great, who entered the northern country in arms, and took possession of Tyrone and Donegal, with the neighbouring territories. To Carbre was allotted Tefnia, Enna received Kinnel-Enna, and Owen and Conal Gulban divided the County of Donegal between them. This peninsula was a portion of Eoghain's or Owen's territory ; hence its name, Ennis-Owen, or the island of Owen, though, strictly speaking, and, as before observed, it is not an island, for the Foyle and Swilly, which bound it on the east and west respectively, are separated by an isthmus nearly four miles wide. The rest of Owen's possessions was Kinel-Eoghain, a portion of Northern Hy-Niellia, comprising the County of Tyrone, afterwards the domain of the O'Neills, who were descended from him. The remainder of County Donegal fell to Conal Gulban, and was named Tirconnell. Prince Eoghain repaired the ancient castle of Elagh, in which he afterwards resided, and from which he governed the mixed races of Irians and Hy-Nialls with much happiness and tranquillity.

* From the Three Collas are descended the MacDonnells of Ireland and Scotland, the MacMahons, Maguires, O'Hanluans, Magees, O'Floinn's-Tuirtre, O'Ceallaigs (O'Kellys), O'Maddins, O'Niallains, MacEagains, Neachtains, Shiehys, McDowels, Kerrins and Nenys.—*Mac Geoghegan's Ireland*, chap. 7, p. 118.

CHAPTER III.

Religion of the Ancient Irish—Cromleachs—Cromleach of Magheramore—Cromleachs of Culdaff—Cromleach of Drung—Of the "Scalp"—Druidical Temples and Circles—Temple of Larahirl—of Carrowmore, Glentogher—of Greinan—Caves associated with Druidical Remains—Pillar Stones or Dallans—Pillar Stones and Caves in Donagh—Pillar Stones and Caves in Culdaff—Mechanical Arts of the Ancient Irish—Cairns—Lisses.

The ancient Irish were Fire Worshipers ; and their superstitions consisted in believing the hills, rocks, and woods, peopled with hosts of fairies. They chose the summit of a hill or eminence for sacrificing upon, probably with the view of having the sacred fire visible at distant places, and here they erected the temple, cromleach, circle, or pillar stone. Cromleach meant stone or altar of their god ; it might also mean a slanting stone from *crom*, a downward slope, and *leach*, a flagstone. They were usually dedicated to the sun. They vary in size, but consist generally of an altar-stone, lying nearly horizontal, and supported by three upright ones, with an open passage underneath for cattle and children to pass under the sacred fire. 'Twas this sort of worship which prevailed among the Israelites when they were reproached for passing their sons and daughters under the fire to Moloch, one of the names given to the sun. At Magheramore, in the parish of Clonmany, is a very perfect specimen of the cromleach, consisting of a table stone of above 30 tons, supported by three upright pillars. It is here called Fionn M'Cool's finger-stone.

The following observations on the cromleach are taken from *Hall's Ireland* :—"The altar known to English antiquaries by the Greek name of Trilithon (three stones), received in Ireland the appropriate name of *Cromleac*, or stone of Crom, and a particular class of the priesthood was named *Crumtheas*. It consisted of a great incumbent rock, or flag, in its rude state, untouched by chisel or hammer, and rested on a number of pillar stones ; sometimes we find the altar-stone resting at one end on the ground, whilst the other was lifted upon a single supporter ; and again, but rather rarely, the natural rock is adopted as the basis."

But to return to the cromleach of Magheramore. In after times, when Christian sects hated each other for the love of

God, and when the weak were obliged to fly from the oppression of the strong, this same stone often served as an altar for offering thereon the Catholic Mass. A garden convenient, yet known by the name of Garra-na-sogarth, was the priest's hiding-place, and scouts were posted on the hills, to give notice of the approach of danger, while the people knelt at their devotions beneath the blue vault of heaven.

There is no locality in the north of Ireland, as I believe, richer in druidical remains than the parish of Culdaff. At a place named Doon-Owen, near Carthage, in this parish, there is a magnificent cromleach. It is situated on a cliff; it faces the east, and overlooks the ocean. In this parish, too, is another cromleach, named Cara, or Cloughtogal. It consists of an altar stone, about two tons weight, supported by four upright ones, four feet high. The temple in connexion with this altar is in a good state of preservation, and consists of three separate apartments—that occupied by the altar, and two outer ones—and the whole was enclosed by a wall. At Drung, in the parish of Upper Moville, are the remains of a cromleach, and on the mountain named the Scalp, in the parish of Upper Fahan, there is one in excellent preservation.

On the left hand side of the road from Culdaff to Moville, and at the distance of a few hundred yards from Bocan Catholic Church, is a beautiful specimen of the *Druidical Temple*. It is situated on a rising ground, which commands a view of the sea and the adjoining country. It consists of a number of stones placed in a perpendicular and circular form. Druidical Temples were circular, for the principal deity of the Druids was the sun; and, like the ancient Germans, they entertained such a sublime idea of the majesty of the deity that they did not confine him within the limits of space, hence their temples had no roof, and the stones which formed the circle, in almost all cases, stood at short intervals from each other. The circle was availed of for other purposes: thus it served as a court of justice and as an observatory, in which they marked the rising and setting of the heavenly bodies, the seasons of the year, and periods of the day and night. In the locality last named, in the Parish of Culdaff, there seems to have been an assemblage of Druidical temples, for at Larahirl are a number of stones, which stand at intervals from one another, and which form an oblong temple, 27 feet in length by 12 feet broad. This oblong is surrounded by a circle of 70 yards in circumference, the

stones of which are similar to those in the internal figure, and placed at like intervals. This temple at Larahirl deserves special remark, on account of the combination of the oblong and circle which it exhibits. At Carrowmore, in Glentogher, there is a small Druidical circle. The Temple of Greinan, near Burt, next claims our attention. It is situated on the summit of the hill of that name, and at an elevation of 802 feet above sea level.

From this mountain many splendid views may be obtained. The whole surface of the Foyle is distinctly visible, so likewise is that of the Swilly. Erragil and the Gap of Barnismore, M'Gilligan and Beneveney, Tyrone and central Inishowen, are equally within the reach of vision.

The talented Colonel Blacker, who was the first to discover this ancient remains of Greinan, considers it to have been a temple for the worship of the sun, and supports his theory by argument and proof. The following is the accomplished Colonel's description of it:—

“To the casual observer the first appearance of the edifice is that of a truncated cairn, of extraordinary dimensions; but, on a closer inspection, particularly since the clearing away of fallen stones, &c., which took place under my direction, it will be found a building constructed with every attention to masonic regularity, both in design and workmanship. A circular wall, of considerable thickness, encloses an area of eighty-two feet in diameter. Judging from the number of stones which have fallen on every side, so as to form, in fact, a sloping glacis of ten or twelve feet broad all round it, this wall must have been of considerable height—probably from ten to twelve feet—but its thickness varies—that portion of it extending from north to south, and embracing the western half of the circle, being but ten or eleven feet; whereas, in the corresponding or eastern half, the thickness increases to sixteen or seventeen, particularly at the entrance. To discover this entrance was one of the first objects of my attention, and having directed a clearance to be made as nearly due east as possible, a passage was found, in breadth about 4 feet, flagged at the bottom with flat stones, equal in width to the opening itself, and fitted with great regularity. This passage was covered with flags, of very large dimensions, which, however, we found fallen in; the main lintel on the inner side was formed of a single stone, six feet 3 inches in length, and averaging fourteen inches square in thickness.

Within the wall, to the right and left of this entrance (though not communicating with it), are carried two curious passages, about 2 feet wide by 4 feet in height, neatly covered at top with flags, in the same manner as the entrance. These passages extend through half the circumference of the building, terminating at the northern and southern points; that running southward was found to communicate with the area, or interior of the place, by an aperture extremely disproportioned to the passage itself, being merely wide enough to permit the entrance of a boy; this aperture is due south, and the passage, as it approaches the eastern part of the building, becomes gradually narrow, being not more than six inches wide at its termination adjoining the entrance. The approach to that gallery or passage, wending northward, appears to have been from above, there being no signs of an aperture communicating with the area, as in the case of the other passage just mentioned; whereas, on clearing away the fallen stones, to the northward of the main entrance within the building, we discovered a staircase, eighteen inches wide, leading from the level of the area to the top of the wall. This passage extends to the northern point, but, differing from the other, it carries its breadth the entire way. On either side of the entrance passage, a few feet within, appears a square niche, or what masons would call a double revel of four inches deep. At first sight it seemed as if they had been the entrances to the two passages already mentioned, and which had been for some cause built up, but on examination this was found not to be the case; they were evidently formed at the original building of the wall, and I am inclined to think may have served for the purpose of enabling those within to close the passage from above by means of something in the nature of a portcullis. From a careful examination of the wall in different places throughout its circumference, it appears to have been parapeted, the space between the parapet and the interior of the circle being (as was usual in amphitheatres) allotted to spectators, and accessible by the staircase already noticed. *In the centre of the area are the remains of the altar, or place of sacrifice, approached from the entrance to the building by a flagged pathway, which was discovered by raising the turf by which it is overgrown; around these are the ruins of a square building, but of comparatively modern construction—in fact, the place was resorted to by the Roman Catholics in the vicinity, for the purposes of*

worship, until some forty years back, when a small chapel for their accommodation was erected at the foot of the mountain—a *certain proof of the traditional sanctity of the spot*. The stones of which the building is formed are of the common grey schistus, but evidently selected with considerable attention as to size; and, considering their exposure to the Atlantic storms for so many centuries, the decomposition is wonderfully small. In those parts of the wall which have been protected by the accumulation of the *debris* from above, the chiselling is yet sharp and the squareness perfect. The circumstance of its being a stone building adds considerably to the antiquarian interest which Greenan is calculated to excite."

We beg to notify that at the base of the hill are several caves, which, no doubt, were associated with the structure on the summit. We find, too, caves of a similar description associated with Druidical remains, some of which we shall notice presently. The caves at the base of Greinan hill, now blocked up, were described to Mr. and Mrs. Hall by a gentleman who entered them in 1838, as follows:—

"The chamber into which we first obtained entrance is somewhat dilapidated, and appears to consist of the original apartment of the building, and of a sloping passage leading to it. It is much encumbered with loose clay and stones, and declines a good deal towards the lower extremity, where we were able to stand perfectly upright, although we were at first obliged to creep in on our hands and knees. The form of this chamber is oblong, or rather oval.

"On the arrival of lanterns, we proceeded into the second apartment. The passages between the first and second, as well as between the second and third apartments, resemble much the mouth of a large pipe, or the apertures (called in Ireland 'Kiln-logies') by which the fire is introduced into lime-kilns. These entrances are compactly built, of large stones, and they both decline a little towards their lower extremity—a remark which is also applicable to all three apartments. The second chamber is nearly circular, but approaches in form to the oval. Here, as in the other apartments, the floor is of clay, and the walls are regularly built of large stones, without mortar or cement of any kind, and incline perceptibly inwards at the top and bottom. In all these apartments the ceilings are composed of immense flags resting on the walls on either side, and smaller stones are advanced to support them in one or two in

stances where the flags were too short to cover the whole extent. The stones employed in the construction of the building are the common schist of the country, intermixed with whin stones and some quartz. The walls were found by measurement to average about three feet in thickness. The passage between the second and third chambers branches off to the east, and is situated on the right, immediately as you enter from the first apartment. In the corner of the second chamber, between the two passages, and nearly on a level with the ceiling, there is built a recess in the wall answering to the purposes of a cupboard, and similar to the 'boles' which are placed in the walls of Irish cabins. The architecture is the same as that of the rest of the building; it extends to the north east; the entrance is nearly square, but the interior is circular. The floor of the third apartment is one foot eight inches below the end of the entrance passage, of which fact the first of us who crawled in was informed to his cost, as may readily be imagined. The third chamber runs parallel to the second—viz., due north and south, and its form and architecture are similar, except that perhaps the second apartment is more circular."

Having said so much regarding Greinan and its vicinity, we will now state some of the reasons on which we have founded our opinion that it was not the royal residence. Its lofty and exposed situation in such a climate would render Greinan unsuitable for a dwelling-place. Colonel Blacker supposed, which supposition was adopted by Petrie, that the height of the wall was but 13 f et. Considering its circumference, then, it would have been impossible at that height to have closed it in with one stone at the top, or to have given it the bee-hive shape which Aileach is said to have had, as described in the poem of the *Dinnseanchus*. That description, therefore, whatever it is worth (and which, on the whole, we are inclined to believe is very fabulous) is not applicable to Greinan. Moreover, if the height of the walls was 13 feet, as stated by Colonel Blacker, and not contradicted by Petrie, the structure was unroofed; consequently it could not have been a royal residence. Gratianus Lucius says stones were not used at first by the Milesians in their buildings, nor was their use then known to the Britons and Gauls. Singular it is that the De Danians should have used them if the Britons did not. Ware says the judges of the Milesians were called "Brehons," and that they distributed justice and decided lawsuits in the open air and on high moun-

tains ; also, that they had no walled cities ; that their houses were built of wood, and covered with thatch or straw. And again, that they always fought in the open air, had no fortified cities, and would have considered it as cowardice to conceal themselves behind walls in order to defend themselves against the enemy.

The Tuatha de Danains could not have used stones in the erection of their dwellings, otherwise the Milesians, who subdued them, would have adopted the custom at once. The royal residence of Aileach existed at the time of Ith's arrival in the country. It was then called Oileag-Nead. According to the *Annals of the Four Masters*,* Lough Foyle (or Loch-Feabhail) did not exist until 81 years after their arrival, consequently the passage in the poem of the *Dinnseanchus*, which says that Aileach was named after a stone carried from Lough Foyle, is a poetical fiction or an utter absurdity ; otherwise the annalists are in error ; or, this stone, carried from Lough Foyle, would have given a name which existed 81 years at least before Nature's formation of the Lough !

But why ascribe the introduction of cyclopean architecture, or the erection of the Druidical Temples, circles, cromleachs, and pillar stones, whose remains are observable in every district of Ireland, to the Tuatha de Danains ? Did they, whose authority in Ireland lasted for 197 years only, do all ; and the Milesians, who came 1,000 years before the Christian era, and who professed Druidical doctrines for 1500 years at least, do nothing in that respect ? The idea is simply incredible. Nearly so is the supposition that Greinan was constructed by the De Danains ; but if erected by them at all, it must have been for a temple of religion, or of justice, or for both, as their habitations were not constructed of stone, nor were their houses of that material in Cornwall or Anglesea, even when the country was first visited by the Romans, though their temples were, as, for example, that of Abury, near Marlborough, in Wiltshire, which was, indeed, in many respects like Greinan.

And well adapted was this hill for a temple of the Druids. From its lofty summit the smoke of the sacred fire could have been visible to devout worshippers from a distance as they turned in prayer to this cynosure of their affections. The

* Dr. O'Donovan's edition, Vol. I, pp. 25 and 41.

caves, too, around its base are similar to those which exist in the vicinity of Druidical temples.

The views of those who maintain that Greinan was Aileach are fully stated in the Appendix. There can be little doubt, however, that the palace of Aileach stood in the towland of that name, at a distance of three miles from Greinan, and at the place where O'Doherty erected a castle in the fifteenth century, a fragment of which remains. The locality is fairly adapted for the purpose, and bears the signs of occupancy and cultivation from the most remote period. Its elevation is somewhat greater than the hill of Tara, being 248 feet above the level of the sea. It commands a sufficiently extensive view of Tirconnell, Lough Swilly, Inch, and the adjacent country. It is sheltered from the northern storms by the high ridges of the Scalp and the mountains of Iskaheen, and if not the site of Aileach castle, the patrimony of the kings who sprung from the royal race of Eoghan, a more eligible one could nowhere be found within the district. As corroborative of this view we may mention that when Prince Eoghan, who resided in Aileach, died of grief for the loss of his brother, the lord of Tirconnell, his body was buried in Iskaheen, which adjoins the townland above-named, as related in the Annals of the Four Masters.

The standing stone or pillar-stone, sometimes called Dallan, which means a spike, is believed to have been set up for various purposes. They sometimes stand singly ; but often in conjunction with the Cromlech, or Druidical circle ; they are also found in groups, in straight lines, or forming triangles. The pillar stone was sometimes used as an object of worship ; at others for marking the place where a battle was fought, or where a chieftain was interred ; chieftains and princes were also inaugurated upon them, and they were used for making certain boundaries. On some there are Ogham inscriptions, circles incised on others ; and the Christian has incised the figure of the cross on more. At Cashel, in Glentogher, there are two of these pillar stones ; there is one in Ballyloskey, near the Workhouse, on the western face of which the figure of the Cross has been inscribed.

Convenient to this pillar stone, and beneath a portion of the Workhouse site, are subterranean caves somewhat similar to those at Greinan. Beside the stone, surrounded by a low wall and a few stunted thorns, is a small burying ground, known as

Kilbride. This spot, therefore, was evidently regarded as sacred ground both in Pagan and Christian times.

If we except the cromleach of Magheramore, (at an altitude of 400 feet) previously noticed, Clonmany is remarkably deficient in Druidical remains; but, on the confines of Donagh, traces of them begin again to appear. Thus, near Magheralahin, at the base of Cruknagalcosh, there is a pillar stone or *dallan* in this parish. South-west of it, at Ballybeg, in the parish of Donagh, is another; a third one stands near the house of a man named Campbell, at a short distance from Straths Bridge. These three mark the angles of what would be, very nearly, an equilateral triangle. A fourth one stands on the farm of Mr. John O'Donnell, of Glenmakee; another triangle would be traced by lines connecting this stone with that at Ballybeg and at Campbells, and then again with each other. Within the latter figure, in the lands of Ardbarrack, there is a remarkable group of large stones which, likely, marks the grave of some person of distinction in times long past. It consists of one stone, about four feet in height, and four and one-half feet in breadth, standing on its edge erect. Beside this is another in a recumbent position, which, no doubt, was once erect also. On the ground, with its upper surface on a level with the soil, and one end in contact with the standing stone, is a third; it is 7 feet long, 3 feet 4 inches broad, and 5 or 6 inches thick. Also, within this triangle, immediately behind Glassalts National School, and at a short distance from the spot last described, there is a green knoll in which is a series of caves. Two of these have been opened. The opening of one revealed a circular shaft of three feet in diameter, and seven feet in depth, cut through the solid rock. From the bottom of this shaft three openings, one to the north, one to the west, and one to the south, lead into as many different chambers. The northern and western chambers are each about 12 feet long by 5 feet broad, but, from the quantity of loose stones and rubbish thrown into them since they were opened, I cannot say with any degree of accuracy to what depth they have been cut. By stooping a little, however, a person can yet easily move through them. The southern chamber is of similar design, but smaller than either of the others. The second cave was not sunk so deep beneath the surface of the earth, and it is now almost filled with the same sort of rubbish as was cast into the first.

We now return to the parish of Culdaff, where so much

remains of the pride of other days. At Carrowmore, near the site of the old monastery, (to be noticed hereafter) there is a pillar stone, on which is incised a circle, and through this circle has been cut a figure of the cross. In an adjoining field, some few years ago, a stone coffin was discovered in turning up the ground. It consisted of flags laid across and closely adjoining each other, forming the bottom. Similar ones, in connexion with each other, formed the sides and top, and the ends were composed of a single stone to each. The coffin was six feet two inches in length, and when discovered contained the bones of a full grown person.

At Baskill are two upright stones supporting a horizontal one laid across from one to the other.* The name of this place implies that it was used as a burying ground, and that a chapel, in which was performed the burial service, stood here. About four years ago a very curious subterranean cave, or rather series of caves, was discovered here by men quarrying stones. The entrance to the first compartment was by a circular aperture, 3 feet in diameter, leading downwards from the surface. It was closed by a flag. Descending through this aperture the walls of the cavern are found to be irregular. Its dimensions about 10 feet long, 7 feet broad, and 5 feet high. From the first, a rude Gothic arch, of about 2 feet in height, and the same in breadth at the base, cut through solid quartz rock, leads to the second. Crawling through this arch, the second is found to be much larger, but also irregular. Its dimensions are 30 feet by 10 by 6. Another passage like the first leads to a third cave, and so on to a fourth. Several opinions have been advanced as to the use for which these chambers were excavated. One theory is that they belonged to the antechristian period, and were used as burying places. This is not likely, as no remains were found in them. Another theory, and the most probable one, is that they were used as places of concealment.

The leading feature of the Druidical remains which have been described is, that associated with them we invariably find places of interment, some of which continued to be used after the introduction of Christianity, and subterranean caves. The latter seem to have served for places of concealment, or as

* It is highly probable that other stones, placed similarly, and forming a temple, existed in connexion with these. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that such was the form of the Druidical Temple of Stonehenge.

depositories for such property or valuables as were meant to be kept extra secure.

We may remark that considerable proficiency in the mechanical arts was necessary to enable the builders of these temples, &c., to construct them. They must have been accustomed to the use of the wedge, in order to split such large masses of stone in the quarries ; with that of the lever to move them along to their destination ; and with the inclined plane for the purpose of raising them to the required elevation.

The cairns, of which there were two kinds—the burying and the simple cairn, were also erected on high places, and on the latter class the fires of Baal used to be lighted on festival days. The burying cairn was the last resting-place of some mighty chieftain, or other illustrious person. At Umgal, parish of Cloncah, is shown one of these, said to be the grave of Ossian ; and in the neighbourhood are places bearing names similar to those mentioned in his poems.

In those early times, too, were erected the Lisses. Lis signifies a fortified house ; it was an artificial mound or hill, almost circular, with a flat top and an earthen rampart all around the summit. Inside this was the dwelling, which was secondly defended by a strong wattle paling, as is at present the practice among the Circassians. Inishowen has had its Lisses.

CHAPTER IV.

From St. Patrick to Turgesius.

But to return to Prince Owen and the old castle of Aileach. When Owen had lived here about forty-seven years he was visited by St. Patrick, then on his mission of converting the Irish nation. St. Patrick, we are told, travelled through almost every corner of Ireland, always on foot, and he made it a point to visit the chief of each territory first, knowing that should he succeed in converting the lord of the district his servants and vassals, as well as his relations, would soon follow the example set them by the superior. For this purpose leaving Connaught he journeyed to Tirconnell from Sligo, through Bundoran and Ballyshannon. Having converted Conal Gulban, he resolved to proceed to Ailech Nead to meet Owen. Passing through Barnesmore Gap, Tir-Aodhe, Magh-Ith, and Derry, he

arrived in Inishowen. Prince Owen having heard of his coming set out to meet him, and embraced Christianity with all his household in 442. Leaving Elagh the saint crossed the Foyle at Culmore, and preached along the Faughan for nearly two months. He then returned to Inishowen, where he preached for forty days, and founded two churches. The first of these he founded on a Sunday, and named it Domnach-Mor-Muige-Tochuir, in commemoration, it seems, of the day in which he founded it in the vale of the causeway. From this the parish of Donagh derives its name, and the church still stands on the same spot, though it has undergone alterations and repairs at various periods, lastly in 1812. The site is beautifully picturesque ; it commands a view of the whole of this, the only extensive plain in Inishowen, the lough of Strabregy, the high ridges of Malin and Croagh, Culdaff Bay, and beyond it some of the elevated peaks of the Scottish mountains ; and withal it is not perched upon a hill, as were the temples set apart for fire apotheosis, but on a gentle eminence about a quarter of a mile west of Carndonagh, rising gradually from the river. It remained for the genius of Christianity to select such a delightful place. It was presented to St. Patrick by the pious Aidh, grandson of Prince Owen, who requested the saint to found it, and who afterwards endowed it with land for the support of its clergy. MacCarthan, the disciple of St. Patrick, was the first bishop of this church. In after times when Cahir O'Doherty (I studiously omit the Sir) was subdued, and Inishowen became the guerdon of Sir Arthur Chichester, sixty acres of good land were reserved for the glebe of this parish by James I., in the grant to Chichester. The glebe now occupies 162 acres, Cunningham measure. Beside the church stands a stone cross, more than six feet high, hewn out of a solid block, and ornamented with numerous scrolls and shamrocks. On each side of it is a square pillar, and on three of the sides of each of these pillars is engraved the figure of a human head ; on that pillar which is next the public road there is upon one side, besides the head, also the figure of a heart, and the heart is above the head. This cross and its accompaniments are considered by antiquarians to have been erected in the eighth century. The other church founded by St. Patrick in Inishowen, was on the river Bredach, near Moville, and he called it Domnach-Bile. The monastery which was attached to this church became celebrated for its wealth, and history

makes mention of its abbots from 590 to 953. Among them was the celebrated St. Finian. In 812 this monastery was surrounded by a body of Danes, who landed from Lough Foyle, and by them set on fire, when all the Monks who were unable to save themselves by flight, perished in the flames.

This place is now called "Cooley," which meant the "city," probably from a large number of persons having settled around the famous old pile, which appears to have been a very extensive edifice. For some time before the Protestant Reformation it was used as the parish church, and it so continued until destroyed during the Williamite wars of 1688. In the adjoining cemetery is a very ancient tomb, said to be that of St. Finian, and outside the walls is a very handsome stone cross, hewn out of one block, and in good preservation. The site of these ruins is a gentle eminence near Lough Foyle, and in view of the ocean. The monastery of Moville was founded by St. Frigidian or Finian, in the reign of Dermot, monarch of Ireland.

Having blessed Owen and his territory, the saint crossed the Foyle, and journeyed by Dunbo to Coleraine.

Eoghan, or Owen, lived for 23 years after the departure of St. Patrick, and died in the year 465. The following is the account of his death as given in the *Annals of the Four Masters*:—"Eoghan, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, (from whom are descended the Cinel-Eoghan*) died of grief for Conall Gulban†, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, and was buried at Uisce-Chain, (Iskaheen) in Inis-Eoghain, concerning which was said:—

"Eoghan, son of Niall, died
Of tears—good his nature—
In consequence of the death of Conall, of hard feats,
So that his grave is at Uisce-Chain."

Besides Aileach, Prince Owen seems to have sometimes resided in other districts of his territory: thus at Carthage, in the parish of Culdaff, is the fort of Doon-Owen, standing on the

* Cinel-Eoghan, that is, the race or descendants of Eoghan. These were the O'Neills, M'Laughlins, O'Cathains (O'Kean), MacSuibnes (MacSwiny), O'Gormleaghads (Gormly), O'Heodhasas, O'Connallains, O'Craoibhes, O'Madagains, O'Mulvihils, O'Horins, O'Donallys, O'Cathmhaoils (Caulfield), MacGiollkellys, O'Hegartys, and the O'Dubhdiamas (O'Dermotts).

† From Conall Gulban are descended the O'Donnells, O'Dohertys, O'Gallaghers, O'Boyles, and the O'Dalys.—*MacGeoghegan's History of Ireland*, cap. 7, p. 119.

summit of a steep rock on the sea coast, said to have been his residence.

After Owen's death his rule was perpetuated in the person of his son Coelbad. This prince devoted his talents to the extension of religion and morality, and after his death his example was followed by his son Aidh. About this time Inishowen and the whole of Ireland enjoyed happiness and civilisation in a high degree. Donat, bishop of Fesula, wrote as follows regarding this golden age in Ireland :—

“ Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth,
With gems her waters, and her air with health ;
Her waving furrows float with bearded corn,
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn ;
An island worthy of her pious race,
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace.”

On the death of Aidh the house of Owen was represented by his cousin, Murtagh Mac Earcha, grandson of Owen, who was elected to the monarchy, and died in 533. This monarch was renowned in war ; he routed the enemy in seventeen battles ; he was no less remarkable for his piety, and for the protection which he extended to religion. His wife was named Sabina, and she, too, died with a high reputation for sanctity. Murtagh was the first monarch of Ireland of the race of Owen ; he met with a violent death. While stopping at one of his own manor houses, named *Cleitagh*, near the Boyne, on the night of the 1st of November, the house was set on fire by a wicked woman ; he, to escape the flames, leaped into a puncheon of wine, and was drowned.

The next monarch of his race was Dermot, who ascended the throne in the year 544. In his reign St. Columbkille, of the royal race of Niall the Great, by Conal Gulban, prince of Tirconnell, founded more than one hundred churches and religious houses ; among others, the abbey of Derry. As stated above, in this reign was founded the abbey of Moville, by St. Finian. Dermot distinguished himself as a legislator. He frequently assembled the states of the realm at Tara, and enacted, by their consent, several useful laws. He was very jealous of any infraction of the laws, and put his own son Breasal to death because he was guilty of a violation of them. Curnan MacHugh having killed a nobleman at the assembly at Tara, and having sought shelter from Feargus and Domhnall, the sons of Murtagh MacEarcha, and from St. Columbkille, the

monarch, actuated by a sense of justice, had him arrested and put to death. On another occasion, when St. Columbkille had copied a portion of the sacred scriptures from a manuscript of St. Finian, and promulgated those writings without the owner's consent ; and when St. Finian complained of him for so doing, and demanded the copy, the matter was referred to the arbitration of the monarch, who decided that the copy thus made by Columbkille was the rightful property of St. Finian, or more strictly of St. Finian's original. This celebrated decision of the monarch began thus :—“ *Le gach boin a boinin, agus le gach leabhar a leabhran,*” which means, to every cow belongeth her calf, and to every book its copy.

Columbkille was much incensed against the king, because of his arrest of the son of the king of Connaught while under his protection ; and on account of his judgment in regard to the manuscript, he, therefore, determined to punish him. Going to his relatives in Tirconnell, he induced them to join him, which they did, and, aided by the Connaughtmen, they gave battle to the monarch, at Cul-Dreimhne, in the county of Sligo, where the monarch's force of 2300 charioteers, cavalry, and foot-soldiers, were defeated with much slaughter. The saint and the monarch made peace after this battle, and the manuscript was given to Columbkille. It was preserved for centuries in the family of O'Donnell, and finally deposited in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, where it now is. But the saint's troubles were not at an end, for, being accessory to the bloodshed of the battle of Cul-Dreimhne, a canonical penance was imposed upon him ; he was obliged to leave Ireland, which he did, with twelve of his disciples, and sailed for the Hebrides. He landed in the small island of Iona, since called Icolmkill, from which he preached the Gospel to the Picts.

Dermod reigned 20 years, and was slain in battle in the present county of Antrim. His body was buried at Connor, his head at Clonmacnoise.

The sons of Murtagh MacEarcha succeeded Dermod in the monarchy, under the names of Fergus III. and Dombnall I., in 565. They died after having reigned but one year, and were succeeded by Eocha XIII., son of Dombnall. In 599 the abbey of Fathan (Fahan) was founded by St. Murus, of the race of Niall the Great. This monastery was highly venerated on account of its illustrious patron and founder, and

likewise for the valuable records preserved in it for many centuries. Amongst others, a small volume written in Scotie verse by the saint, and a large book of chronology filled with historical passages concerning the nation in general. This work was very highly esteemed; Colgan, the celebrated historian, says that there are still some fragments of it which have escaped the vandalism of latter days.

The *Four Masters* give the following account of some of the abbots of Fahan:—"Ceallach, abbot of Othan-mor, died in the year 657; St. Cillene Ua Colla, abbot of Athain, died on 3rd January, 720; Robhartach, abbot of Athain-mor, died in 757; Ultan, abbot of Ohain-mor, died in 769; Aurthaile, abbot of Othain (Fahan), died in 788; Learghal, abbot of Othain, died in 850; Fearghal, abbot of Othain, died in 1070." Likewise, that, "in 716 three wonderful showers fell: a shower of silver in Othain-mor, a shower of honey in Othain-Beag,* and a shower of blood in Leinster."

Hugh IV., brother of Eocha XIII., became monarch in 605. This prince was renowned for his justice and bravery, and died at Tara after a reign of seven years. In the reign of the monarch *Finshneachta*, which lasted for 20 years, and terminated in 693, the abbey of Both-Chonais was founded by St. Congellus. Much uncertainty existed as to what part this abbey stood in; but Colgan, who knew it well, describes the place as "*in regione de Inis-Eoguin prope Cul-Maine.*" "It is obviously," says O'Donovan, "the old graveyard, in the townland of Binnion, parish of Clonmany." Feargall, son of Maolduin, and great grandson of Hugh IV., became monarch in 709. He checked the incursions of the Britons, who made descents on the Irish coasts for the purpose of plunder. In 728, the sixth year of the monarch *Flaghertach*,† a battle was fought at Magh-Itha, where numbers of the inhabitants of Inishowen were slain. War and bitter feuds seem about this time to have been almost incessant. Not content with the mischief already done, Flaghertach sent to Scotland for a fleet of foreigners, who made no delay until they arrived in Inishowen. The monarch and his forces and mercenaries were opposed by the Cinel-Eoghan, Ulidians, and men of Keenaght, in the present county

* Othain-Beag was probably in the same neighbourhood.—*Dr. O'Donovan.*

† The monarch Flaghertach was not of the Cinel-Eoghan.

of Derry ; but the monarch was victorious, though many of the brave allies were drowned in the river Bann while on the retreat. Hugh V. (Ollan), son of Feargall, was elected monarch in 734, and his brother, Niall Frassach, in 763. In his reign Ireland was the scene of frequent earthquakes, which spread gloom and desolation throughout the land. He abdicated, and retired to a monastery in the island of Hy, where he spent the remainder of his days in mortification. Besides the earthquakes which occurred in his reign, the Annals of Clonmacnoise state that a great famine prevailed at the beginning of it. The king was deeply penitent on account of the misery existing among his people, and, accompanied by seven bishops, besought God of his mercy to have compassion upon them. The request was no sooner made than throughout the districts of Aileach and Fahan (then called Muireadhach's territory) three showers fell—namely, a shower of pure silver, a shower of wheat, and a shower of honey, so that there was such abundance as was thought would be sufficient for a number of kingdoms.

CHAPTER V.

From Turgesius to De Courcy.

Hugh VI., (Oirnigh) his son, became monarch in 797, and reigned 25 years. Early in this monarch's reign the Danes made their first descent on Ireland, and inaugurated scenes of cruelty, terror, fire, and bloodshed, general depravity and corruption of morals, ignorance and misery unparalleled. Niall Caille, son of Hugh VI., became monarch in 833. In his reign the Danes began to make regular settlements in the country, and to construct their raths. The monarch, Niall Caille, gained a great victory over these invaders at Derry, and another at Tirconnell Berry. He was soon after accidentally drowned. This was the signal for the Danes to tear the sceptre from the ancient line, and to confer the monarchy upon Turgesius, one of their own body. Niall, thrown by his horse, was drowned in the river Callainn, county Kilkenny. In commemoration of his death was said :

“ A curse on thee, O severe Callainn,
Thou stream-like mist from a mountain,
Thou hast painted death on every side,
On the warlike brunette-bright face of Niall.”

Annals of the Four Masters.

Turgesius, the Norman, began his reign by changing the form of government. He placed a Danish king over each province, a captain in each territory, an abbot in each church, a sergeant in each village, and he quartered a soldier in each house. For non-payment of the tax of an ounce of gold, which he imposed yearly on every house, the punishment was that the owner thereof should have his nose cut off—a penalty which was duly enforced, and which on that account rendered this tax of “*airgiod srone*,” or nose money, as memorable as it was odious and insulting. To perfect his system of enslaving the people, and to banish every hope of their ever attaining liberty, he closed up all schools and colleges, burned the libraries, and forbade the instruction of youth in any science or in any military exercise. But the rule of the tyrant was destined to be of short duration. He was captured by Maelseachlainn, or Malachi, prince of Meath, and put to death. Keating says that his capture was effected by strategy. Having demanded the daughter of Malachi, in order to insult her, her father gave seeming consent, and appointed a day when she should meet the tyrant, accompanied by fifteen young maids as attendants. The appointed day arrived; the profligate Turgesius was all expectation; Melcha, the daughter of Malachi, and her train set out to meet him; but the attendants proved to be athletic young Irishmen, in female attire, and armed with poinards. A great banquet was prepared; the wine cup circulated freely; “all went merry as a marriage bell,” till at length the concerted signal was given, upon which the brave youths, in less than a minute, bound Turgesius to a post, and loaded him with irons. They were immediately joined by Malachi, at the head of a strong force, who soon put the myrmidons of the tyrant to the sword, and seized and secured all the booty which the place contained. In a few days Turgesius was sunk to the bottom of Lough Owel, near Mullingar, by order of Malachi.

Hugh VII., (Fionliat) son of Niall Caille, was elected monarch in 863, and reigned until 879. He attacked the Danes in Inishowen, and completely defeated them, chasing them to their ships, moored in Lough Foyle. He killed several thousands of their army, and had the heads of forty of their chiefs carried in triumph before him.* The next monarch of

* “A complete muster of the north was made by Aedh Finnlaith, so that he plundered the fortresses of the foreigners, wherever they were in the north, both in Cinel-Eoghain and Dalraidhe; and he carried

the race of Owen was Niall Glandubh, son of Fionliat, who reigned from 916 to 919. The Danes again pillaged Inishowen, marking their course by fire and the sword. Daniel O'Niall, son of Murtagh, and grandson of Niall Glandubh, was monarch from 956 to 980, when he was succeeded by his son, Malachi II., in whose reign occurred the famous battle of Tara, where the Danes were defeated with great slaughter. From the fall of Turgesius, that is, during the reign of each of the preceding monarchs of the Cinel-Eoghan, and of that of every other who intervened between them, down to the battle of Tara, under Malachi II., or Maelseachlainn, the Irish were almost incessantly at war with the Danes. But the victory of Tara was the most signal which our brave countrymen obtained during that long course of years. For, not only were the invaders defeated, but every hostage and bondsman of Ireland obtained his liberty. "It was then," I quote from the *Four Masters*, "Maelseachlainn himself issued the famous proclamation, in which he said :— 'Every one of the Gaeidhil, who is in the territory of the foreigners, in servitude and bondage, let him go to his own territory in peace and happiness. This captivity was the Babylonian captivity of Ireland, until they were released by Maelseachlainn ; it was, indeed, next to the captivity of hell.' Should not Inishowen be proud for having given birth to this great monarch. Again, in the sixteenth year of the reign of Malachi II., we find him engaged with the Danes of Dublin, at which time he carried off a golden torques and a sword, which was preserved as an heirloom by the descendants of Tomar, heir apparent of the Scandinavian throne. The circumstance is thus related in the *Annals of the Four Masters* :—"The ring of Tomar and the sword of Carlus were carried away by force by Maelseachlainn,† from the foreigners of Ath-Cliath."

off their cattle and accoutrements, their goods and chattels. The foreigners of the province came together at Loch-Feabhail. After Aedh, king of Ireland, had learned that this gathering of strangers was on the borders of his country, he was not negligent in attending to them, for he marched towards them with all his forces; and a battle was fought fiercely and spiritedly on both sides between them. The victory was gained over the foreigners, (Danes) and a slaughter was made of them. Their heads were collected to one place, in presence of the king; and twelve score heads were reckoned before him, which was the number slain by him in that battle, besides the numbers of them who were wounded and carried off by him in the agonies of death, and who died of their wounds some time afterwards."—*Four Masters*, A.D. 864.

† Maelseachlainn, Malachi, and M'Laughlin were the same name.

This entry was the subject which gave rise to Moore's famous ballad :—

“ Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from the proud invader.”

In the year 999 we find Brian Boiroimhe, the son of Ceinneidigh, former ally of Malachi, turning, with a squadron of Connaughtmen, against him ; and three years after, namely, in 1002, Brian usurped the monarchy, and deposed his sovereign. Brian reigned for 12 years. At this period highways were formed, and bridges began to be built in Ireland, and the people began to take surnames. In his reign, too, as is well known, was fought the celebrated battle of Clontarf, on Good Friday, April 23d, 1014, where the Danes were signally defeated, but Brian himself killed by the hand of a straggler. After the death of Brian, Malachi resumed the monarchy, and reigned nine years. Thirty days before his death he fought his last battle against the Danes. Concerning the death of Malachi the *Four Masters* say :—“ Maelseachlainn Mor, son of Donnchadh, pillar of the dignity and nobility of the west of the world, died on Cro-inis Locha-Aininn, after having been forty-three years in sovereignty over Ireland, according to the Book of Cluain-mic-Nois, which places the reign of Brian, son of Kennedy, in the enumeration, at the end of nine years, after the battle of Cluain-tarbh, in the seventy-third year of his age, on the fourth of the Nones of September, on Sunday precisely, after intense penance for his sins and transgressions, after receiving the body of Christ and his blood, after being anointed by the hands of Amhalghaidh, successor of Patrick, for he and the successor of Colum Cille, and the successor of Ciaran, and most of the seniors of Ireland, were present at his death, and they sung masses, hymns, psalms, and canticles, for the welfare of his soul.”—(*Vol. II., p. 801, O'Donovan's Edition.*)

On the death of Malachi a terrible struggle commenced for the monarchy between the Hy Nialls, O'Briens, and O'Conors. Several stories are told regarding the warriors of Aileach at this stormy period ; among others I have heard different versions of the history of Cucullin and his son, none of which, however, was so beautiful as the following, which was first published in the *Lamp* :—

“ At the time that Queen Reachtha lived, and in the reign of O'Connor, a young Ulster chief, named Cucullin, manifested a great desire to excel in arms, and for this purpose was sent to Scotland to study, under the direction of an Amazon, whose fame had extended over half the world. He remained there for some time, and soon became celebrated for his prowess in the field. His wild, daring spirit led him into many a quarrel, but his surpassing strength and skill invariably proved his safeguard. No one dared to meet him in single combat. The might of his arm crushed like a thunderbolt—the flash of his sword was as fierce as heaven's lightning. In chasing the red deer on the hill top his step was the lightest. He tried his voice against the howling storm—it was lost in his shout. The earth trembled beneath his tread—he was the mightiest of the mighty. He soon became a proficient in the art of love as well as of war. He won the affections of a “*faire ladie*,” the daughter of a Scottish chief. Their life seemed bright as a sunbeam, and lasting as eternity. Alas for human happiness! The leaves which now look green shall not be spared by the withering winds of autumn ere they part, and that for ever. Cucullin was recalled to his native land. The spell was broken. The trance had flown—eyes swam in the dew of the heart. The business which awaited him was imperative—delay was impossible. His father had fallen in war—the son must take his post. Dear as love is honour is ever dearer to the warrior, to all of true mould. He cannot love who wants honour, they are co-essential. Clouds darkened the brow of her who was lately the happiest of brides. She was inconsolable. A few short days more and Cucullin should be far away over the sea—far away to fight the angry battles of a barbarous time. She trembled for his fate; his father had fallen, but, then, she felt confidence in the magic of his steel, in the prowess of his arm. While he roamed over the mountains she paced the watch-tower of her father's castle to catch the music-echo of his distant shout reverberating through the deep valleys, or the nodding of the tall proud plume which her own hands had formed for him. The hour of parting arrived. Cucullin requested his bride if a son were born to train him up for the battle field; to send him for instruction to the Amazon, with whom he himself had made such proficiency, to make him a great warrior, so that if challenged, he should not brook, though

instant death were the consequence ; and if asked his name, he should regard it as an insult, and treat it accordingly. When thus fitted for the stern struggles of the time, he was to be sent to Ireland in search of his father. A gold chain was the token whereby he should be known, which was presented by Cucullin to his weeping bride at the moment of parting. She promised to obey all, and he departed to lead his troops to victory. It happened in due time that a son was born, who was called Conloach. Years rolled on, and he grew up to boyhood. He was sent to the woman-warrior, who had trained his father, to prepare for the warfare of the future. His progress was rapid ; he was all that could be desired—brave, generous, and noble, and often as the fond mother gazed in ecstasy on his lovely face, she seemed to realise all the proud hopes and anticipations of the father. Meanwhile the latter was distinguishing himself in Ireland at the head of his troops, and as the echoes of his fame occasionally rose above the storms of the period, Conloach yearned for the hour which should bear him to his wild embrace. At length the long-wished for hour was arrived, and the affectionate mother put the gold chain around his neck, the token whereby his father should recognise him. Landing in Ulster, he directed his steps to Elagh, where O'Connor kept his court. He was soon beneath the shadow of the old castle, and knocked loudly at the gate for admittance. An officer of the court demanded his name before he could enter. Conloach, true to the charge which he had received from childhood, refused to comply, regarded the question as an insult, and resolved to treat it accordingly, by challenging the officer, or any one in the court of O'Connor, to single combat. The officer remonstrated, but in vain. The fiery spirit of the young chief was at its height, and in its wayward promptings he defied the proudest warrior in Ulster to make him tell his name.

The assembled courtiers heard the challenge, and soon hastened to the spot. Cucullin having never been beaten in single combat requested the king's permission to treat the haughty youth as he thought proper. The king acceded ; whereupon Cucullin demanded in peremptory terms the name of the young warrior, but without success. The victor of a hundred fights could not brook such indifference, and forthwith drew his brand with all the confidence of easy triumph. Conloach was before him with noble manly front, sword in hand, ready for the struggle. They fought. Victory for a long time

seemed doubtful. Both were equally expert with their weapons, having been trained by the same person. At length Cucullin was yielding before the indomitable vigour of the young chief. He grew enraged at the idea of being beaten by a stripling, retreated to a short distance and seized his servant's spear which was lying beside him on the ground. 'Twas his last resource, but his aim was unerring. He hurled it with his usual dexterity, and pierced the body of Conloach. The young chief fell a corpse at the warrior's feet. It was a sad sight—the father and the son.

“The conqueror bent over the fallen foe with reverence for the brave youth, and discovered beneath the folds of his garment a beautiful gold chain. 'Twas the same he had given to his young bride in Scotland when returning to his own country. Then, and not till then, did he know that he had slain his own brave son. The honours of victory were soon changed into the wailings of disaster. Gloom was on every face. The fallen chief was consigned to his early grave; fair maidens decked it with fresh flowers of spring, and brave men knelt there as though it were the shrine of the Battle God.

“Some months after the occurrence of this sad tragedy a wild November storm was howling fearfully, when a muffled figure was observed gazing wistfully on the grave of the young chief, down in the green valley beneath the castle—the very spot where his life-blood once reddened the earth. The night passed away in fearful storms, and the next morning the figure was at the grave-side still. Cucullin, with some others, went down to see who it was, and there they found the dead body of her who was once the fair young Scottish bride—the mother of Conloach. She was buried by the side of her brave son, and Cucullin soon followed them to a sorrowful grave.”

Murtagh O'Brien, great grandson of Brien Boiroimhe, became monarch in 1089, his rival being Domnald Maglochluin, Prince of Inishowen. Hither O'Brien marched, marking his course with fire and sword, overcame Maglochluin, demolished the ancient castle of Aileach, and carried some of the stones thereof into Munster, as a trophy of his success in the North. At the death of O'Brien, Maglochluin became monarch, and next year died in the Abbey of Derry.

The demolition of Aileach, by O'Brien, was in revenge of Kincora, which Mac Laughlin razed and demolished some time previous. “Muircheartach commanded his army to carry with

them, from Oileach to Luimneach, a stone of the demolished building for every sack of provisions which they had. In commemoration of which was said :—

‘I never heard of the billeting of grit stones,
Though I heard of the billeting of companies,
Until the stones of Oileach were billeted
On the horses of the King of the West.’ ”

Four Masters.

Aileach was demolished by O'Brien in 1102, who, at the same time burned many churches and forts about Fahan, and about Ardstraw, and plundered Inishowen generally.

Murtagh Mac Laughlin, son of Domnald, was Monarch after his rival O'Connor. Murtagh was a warrior and a politician, and he brought the provinces much into subjection ; but he was the last monarch of the house of Inishowen. With him ended the supreme dignity of his illustrious race—a race, to whose immortal renown, saw their ruling princes in succession, though not consecutively, Monarchs of Ireland from the sixth to the middle of the twelfth century. Murtagh may be considered as the most powerful monarch since the reign of his illustrious relative, Malachi II. Writers have remarked that it would have been fortunate for Ireland had Murtagh enacted a law in favour of securing the succession of his house to the crown, which would have put an end to the factions caused by the usurpation of the provincial kings, that hastened the downfall of the nation. In his reign the great church of Derry, which was eighty feet long, was erected by Flaithbheartach Ua Brochain, (Bradley) successor of Columkille, and the clergy, and by the assistance of the king, and they completed its erection in the space of forty days, as related in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, A.D. 1164. While Murtagh was making his tour of the provinces, a most remarkable incident occurred at Corofin, in the present County of Clare. It was the finding, as related by the *Four Masters*, of “the head of Eochaidh, son of Luchta ; it was larger than a great cauldron ; the largest goose would pass through the hole of his eye, and through the hole of the spinal marrow.” The celebrated Dearvforgaill, wife of O'Ruairc, Prince of Brefny, was the daughter of Murtagh Ua Macleachlainn, or Maelseachlainn.

After its demolition by O'Brien, Aileach was never re-edified, but another castle, in more modern style, was erected there by one of the O'Dohertys, as is supposed, in the 15th century.

This was occupied by O'Neills, O'Donnells, and O'Dohertys, successively, as either of these parties happened to be in the ascendant. It is now as quiet, as silent, and as deserted as the graves of most of the chiefs and warriors who contended for it, or who held princely sway within its walls for upwards of two thousand five hundred years. The owl, the crow, and the bat are its only denizens ; they alone seem to keep vigil over the host of entranced soldiery who are said to lie dormant in its vaults, under the command of Dharra Dheerlig. It is said that at one time a man who was strolling about Elagh saw the end of a sword protruding from the ground, and, on pulling it up, forthwith the place opened, and the giants started up from their sleep, armed with spears, and shouting, "Is the time come?" The frightened wanderer replied "No," and they went to sleep again, and the earth closed round them as before. Whenever that sword is drawn, the sleeping warriors of Inishowen will be at their posts to know if the time is come. Contiguous to Elagh Castle is the little valley where Queen Reachtha ran a race against the fleetest horses in the stables of the monarch O'Connor. She left them far behind, save one, named *Fairy*, the king's favourite ; but Reachtha was first at the winning post, and was immediately delivered of "*two twins*." She suffered much, and was greatly displeased at the men of Ulster for urging her to run the race, and, having cursed them, it is said they suffered the same pains as herself for a long time afterwards.

CHAPTER VI.

The English Conquest.

As our last chapter began with the incursions and depredations of the Danes, so the present one begins with that long series of internecine strife, commonly called the English Conquest. A cursory perusal of the history of this period will suffice to show, that while their opponents ever acted on the principle of *divide and conquer*, the Irish seem to have been unconscious that "Union is strength."

In 1177 the English, led on by De Courcy, attacked Ulster, and were completely defeated by Murtagh O'Carril and Frederick, Prince of Ulidia. After the death of Murtagh Maglochluin, the next prince of Inishowen was Flahertach O'Maolduin. In

1188 the authorities of the Pale prepared an expedition against Ulster, which Flahertach caused them to abandon. In 1196 he killed Russell, a follower of De Courcy, who had pillaged Tirconnell, and the same year he himself died. O'Maolduin was succeeded by O'Dougherty, a descendant of the monarch Niall the Great by his son Conal Gulban. O'Dougherty was, therefore, a younger branch of the O'Donnells.* This prince did not long enjoy his new dignity, but fell in the battle-field, fighting in the cause of his country against De Courcy. His memory, however, is still perpetuated, for it is from him that the O'Doughertys of Inishowen take their name. De Courcy was, for a while, superseded by De Lacy, but, being pardoned again, set sail for Ireland, and was fifteen times repulsed by contrary winds. He was at length driven on the coast of France, where he died. He had a son, who was afterwards created Baron Kinsale. After the death of the first O'Dougherty the miseries of Inishowen were multiplied. In 1518 it was attacked by Arthur O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, in consequence of differences which arose between him and Connor Carragh O'Doherty, whereupon O'Neill marched hither, destroying all in his way by fire and sword, notwithstanding the best exertions of O'Dogherty to defend the place. It next appears to have passed into the possession of O'Donnell, Prince of Tirconnell, for O'Neill having claimed the right of lord over O'Donnell, the case was referred to the arbitration of the English Deputy, who decided that O'Donnell was free from all dependence on O'Neill, except a yearly tribute of 60 oxen for Inishowen. It was probably about this time that O'Neill sent his behest to O'Donnell, saying, "Send me tribute, or else——;" when the latter as laconically replied, "I owe you none, and if ——." In 1555 Calvagh O'Donnell defeated Phelim O'Doherty, and wrested from him the castle of Elagh. In 1573, and likewise 1576, the Earl of Essex made two unsuccessful attempts upon Ulster. Next, in 1587, followed the capture of Young Hugh

* Ua Domhnaill, now anglice O'Donnell. This family, who, after the English Invasion, became supreme Princes or Kings of Tirconnell, had been previously Chiefs of the cantred of Cinel-Luighdheach, of which Kilmacrenan was the principal church and residence. They derive their hereditary surname from Domhnall, son of Eigneachan, the son of Dalach, son of Muirheartach, son of Ceannfaeladh, son of Garbh, son of Ronan, son of Lughaidh, son of Sedna, son of Fergus Ceannfoda, son of Conall Gulban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, Monarch of Ireland in the fifth century.—*Dr. O'Donovan.*

O'Donnell, Prince of Tirconnell, by decoying him on board a ship in Lough Swilly. After he effected his escape we find him allied with the chiefs of Tirconnell and Inishowen against the English, whom he fought at Enniskillen and elsewhere. In 1599 Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, came to Ireland as lord deputy. He received instructions to blockade the Earl of Tyrone by garrisoning the forts of Lough Foyle and Ballyshannon. The plan was abandoned by Essex, but accomplished by Lord Mountjoy, who became deputy next year, and who sent into Lough Foyle a fleet of 67 ships, containing 5,000 infantry and 300 horse, under the command of Sir Henry Dockwra. Dockwra erected four fortresses on the Inishowen coast of the lough, from which he ransacked the country, despite the exertions of John O'Doherty. Greencastle, built by The O'Doherty in the fifteenth century, was abandoned at this juncture, and taken possession of by Dockwra. It is now a magnificent ruin, and stands on a boldly prominent rock near the entrance to the lough, and, from the great strength and extent of the building, which covers a surface of 100 yards long and 56 yards broad, flanked by octagonal and square towers, inaccessible towards the sea, and strongly fortified towards the land, would seem almost impregnable. The walls are in some places 12 feet thick, and many of them are still in a good state of preservation. It was afterwards granted to Chichester. I may also add that near this place are other extensive ruins called Capel Moule, having the appearance of a military edifice, and supposed to have formerly belonged to the Knights Templars; and on a detached rock about a mile distant are the ruins of Kilblaney Church. Previously to 1620 Kilblaney formed a separate parish.

Hugh O'Donnell hearing of the harsh treatment of the people of Inishowen by the garrison of Lough Foyle, came to oppose them, and killed a great many. Hither, also, came O'Neill, and surrounded the forts, and in August killed 1500 who were foraging in the country; but such losses were soon repaired by the fleet, which kept constantly transporting troops from England. Dockwra having advanced to Derry, was hemmed in by O'Donnell, and in the fury of combat was wounded by the blow of a pike, dealt him by O'Donnell, which cut through his helmet. The O'Donnell next repaired to Munster to oppose Carew, and left the defence of this district in the hands of John O'Doherty, Niall Garve O'Donnell, and

Daniel Gallagher ; but just then a section of the chiefs proved faithless to their own cause, and paved the way for the success of the English. Arthur O'Neill, following the policy of his father, left the Irish party, and declared for the English. So did Niall Garve O'Donnell. Young Hugh O'Donnell, hearing of his kinsman's revolt, hastened back from Munster, and posted his army near Lifford, and from here he fought, with much success, the garrisons of Derry and Lifford, and Niall Garve and his adherents. In one of these engagements O'Doherty fell, which was as the loss of his right hand to O'Donnell, and the occasion of much discord in Inishowen generally. As O'Doherty had left but an infant son, O'Donnell, according to the ancient custom, created his nearest relative, Felim O'Doherty, Prince of Inishowen. This legitimate act so far offended the people that many of them became the open foes of O'Donnell, and surrendered the principal strongholds to Dockwra and Niall Garve.

All O'Donnell's efforts against the malcontents of Inishowen were of no avail either in reducing them to submission or in preventing them from voluntarily and unconditionally subjecting themselves to the English yoke. They flocked around Niall Garve at Binion, in Clonmany, and here O'Donnell besieged them. Hard pressed, Niall withdrew eastward along the shore, and came to a stand on the sand plain of Pollin. Here they fought. The battle was bloody ; the loss terrible. Victory was long undecided. The O'Kanes, of County Derry, on the side of O'Donnell, were as lions. The Connaughtmen on the same side reeled ; this contingent was rather inactive and inexperienced, and O'Donnell was obliged to abandon the undertaking. Niall Garve and his myrmidons were masters of the field. A little mount in the vicinity, to which some of the wounded O'Kanes retired, is still known by the name of Ardne-Caban. This battle was fought in the year 1600. The sands here are sometimes blown about by the wind, and quantities of human bones, and sabres, buckles, rings, sword belts and pikes exposed. I have, myself, seen human bones among the sand knolls at this place.

Niall Garve was now granted the principality of Tirconnell by the English authorities, and was henceforth known as the Queen's O'Donnell. He next marched to Donegal, expelled the friars of the Franciscan Convent, and made it an arsenal ; but the building soon after taking fire, he lost 1,000 men, with

his brother Conn, all of whom perished in the flames. He then returned to Inishowen, which, with Dockwra's assistance, he sacked and plundered. After the flight of the northern chiefs in the reign of James, six counties, comprising their estates, as is well known, were confiscated to the crown, but Inishowen does not seem to have come immediately under the operation of that scheme. In 1608, however, its chief, Cahir O'Doherty, (he has been called *Sir*, but it is highly improbable that he was so styled while alive. The ancient Irish used no titles; they were addressed simply by name, to which, in the time of Brian Boiroimhe, a surname was added, generally the name of the father or grandfather, with Mac or O prefixed) rose up in arms against the harsh and overbearing conduct of James. Cahir, then only 20 years of age, was the most powerful in the north after the departure of O'Neill, O'Donnell, and Maguire. He attacked the garrison of Derry by night, which he put to the sword, with the commander Palet, and, having set the Catholics, who were imprisoned, at liberty, it is said he put the city on fire, and reduced it to ashes. This uprising is said to have been provoked by Palet, the successor of Governor Dockwra, by his attempting to horsewhip Cahir when he complained to him of the offensive conduct of some of his followers. Cahir next took the castle of Culmore, in which he found twelve pieces of cannon; he garrisoned Culmore, and gave the command to M'Davet, after which he scoured the country with surprising success. In a few weeks Field Marshal Winkel appeared before Culmore, with 4,000 men, and M'Davet, seeing that Cahir could not arrive in time to assist him, threw some of the cannon into the sea, put the rest, with all his stores, on board two transports, set fire to Culmore, and sailed to Derry. Winkel then marched against the castle of Beart, in which was the wife of O'Doherty, Mary Preston, daughter of Viscount Gormans-ton, whom he sent home to her brother, probably because he was a supporter of English interests. The monk in command of the castle capitulated with Winkel, on condition of the garrison being spared, and suffered to retire; but this was not afterwards carried out, for all who could not purchase liberty were put to death.

As soon as Winkel got possession of the castle of Beart, he made repeated sallies through the different parts of Inishowen, spreading fire and desolation in his track. O'Doherty, hearing of what was going on in his absence, hastened back with

his little army of 1500 fierce and resolute spirits, and fought repeated battles with the English, under Winkel, but, being of an impulsive, fiery disposition, he soon lost his life and the victory. On the 18th of July, 1608, Cahir Roe O'Doherty, shot through the head, fell in defence of the interests of his country and the freedom of his faith, in the sixth month of his campaign, and in the twenty-first year of his life. Seldom has the grave closed around a more chivalrous, daring, or valiant chieftain. His patrimony was immediately put under the operation of the plantation measures, and its broad acres transferred to new proprietors, and with them the last remnant of Ireland became indissolubly connected with the English Crown.

At the fall of O'Doherty the whole of Inishowen, except what was reserved for the Bishops of the Established Church, was conferred by the Crown on Sir Arthur Chichester, of Belfast, who was the ancestor of the present Marquis of Donegal. Chichester leased most of these lands to middlemen; the Donegal family have followed the same practice; so much so, that it is at present almost wholly in the hands of middlemen, who have it sub-let to the people. The income of these middlemen varies from £3,000 to £100 each. Some few hold as peasant proprietors under Lord Donegal. Lord Donegal reserves the royalties, and is often a check on the middlemen in the case of fuel and game. Among the early settlers are the Harts and Careys. Most of them have disappeared, except one or two families. Property has often changed hands, and has frequently fallen into the hands of successful Derry merchants.

There are various accounts of the place of Cahir O'Doherty's death. The *Annals of the Four Masters* say he fell between Derry and Culmore; that his body was cut into quarters, and his head sent to Dublin by the English. This I regard as the true account of it; but I append that of the Rev. Caesar Otway, which, though highly improbable, is related traditionally by many, especially in Tirconnell. The improbability of its correctness will be apparent, when we recollect that his rebellion occurred in the year 1608; that it lasted for six months, and that, consequently, his death could not have occurred on Holy Thursday, as related by him in *Sketches in Ireland*, as follows:—

“The Plantation of Ulster had not as yet taken place, but already many Scots had settled themselves along the rich alluvial lands that border the Loughs Foyle and Swilly; and it was Sir Cahir's most desired end and aim to extirpate these in-

truders, hateful as strangers, detestable as heretics. He was the Scotsman's curse and scourge. One of these industrious Scots had settled in the valley of the Lennan. Rory O'Donnell, the Queen's Earl of Tirconnell, had given him part of that fertile valley, and he there built his bawn. But Sir Cahir, in the midst of the night, and in Sandy Ramsey's absence, attacked his enclosure, drove off his cattle, slaughtered his wife and children, and left his pleasant homestead a heap of smoking ruins. The Scot, on his return home, saw himself bereaved, left desolate in a foreign land, without property, kindred, or home ; nothing but his true gun and dirk. He knew that five hundred marks were the reward offered by the Lord Deputy for Sir Cahir's head. He knew that this outlaw was the foe who had quenched the fire on his hearth, with the blood of his wife and little ones ; and with a heart maddened by revenge, with hope resting on the promised reward, he retired to the wooded hills that run parallel to the Hill of Doune ; there, under cover of a rock, his gun rested on the withered branch of a stunted oak, he waited day by day, with all the patience and expectancy of a tiger in his lair. Sir Cahir was a man to be marked in a thousand ; he was the loftiest and proudest in his bearing of any man in the province of Ulster ; his Spanish hat with the heron's plume was too often the terror of his enemies, the rallying point of his friends, not to bespeak the O'Doherty ; even the high breastwork of loose stones, added to the natural defences of the rock, could not hide the chieftain from observation. On Holy Thursday, as he rested on the eastern face of the rock, looking towards the Abbey of Kilmacrenan, expecting a venerable friar to come from this favoured foundation of St. Columbkille to shrive him and celebrate Mass ; and as he was chatting to his men beside him, the Scotsman applied the fire to his levelled matchlock, and before the report began to roll its echoes through the woods and hills, the ball had passed through Sir Cahir's forehead, and he lay lifeless on the ramparts. His followers were panic-struck ; they thought that the rising of the Scotch and English was upon them, and deserting the lifeless body of their leader, they dispersed through the mountains. In the meantime, the Scotchman approached the rock ; he saw his foe fall ; he saw his followers flee. He soon severed the head from the body, and wrapping it in his plaid, off he set in the direction of Dublin. He travelled all that day, and at night took shelter in a cabin belonging to one Terence Gallagher,

situated at one of the fords of the river Finn. Here Ramsey sought a night's lodging, which Irishmen never refuse; and partaking of an oaten cake and some sweet milk, he went to rest with Sir Cahir's head under his own as a pillow. The Scotchman slept sound, and Terence was up at break of day. He saw blood oozing out through the plaid that served as his guest's pillow, and suspected all was not right; so, slitting the tartan plaid, he saw the hair and head of a man. Slowly drawing it out, he recognised features well known to every man in Tirconnell; they were Sir Cahir's. Terence knew as well as any man that there was a price set on this very head—a price abundant to make his fortune—a price he was now resolved to try and gain. So off Terence started, and broad Tyrone was almost crossed by O'Gallagher before the Scotchman awoke to resume his journey. The story is still told with triumph through the country, how the Irishman, without the treason, reaped the reward of Sir Cahir's death."

The Established Church was next introduced, which took from the Catholics their ecclesiastical property, and deprived them of their places of worship, and inaugurated that spirit of religious ascendancy which wise statesmen have so oft condemned. The people were now in a miserable plight: their property confiscated, their religion proscribed, and themselves the victims of penal laws and religious persecution, but, amidst all, clinging with admirable and unswerving fidelity to the faith of their fathers, which to-day is numerically stronger than its favoured rival. Truly, then, has it been observed by a nobleman that persecutions "cannot destroy religions, nor endowments sustain them."

Agrarian outrages, consequent on rack-renting and evictions; turbulence and resistance to the collection of tithes, until these were finally converted into rent-charge; the institution of the Excise laws under Cromwell, and the smuggling and illicit distillation which those laws have given rise to; periodical famines and continued emigration have been the leading characteristics in the history of this district since the reign of James I., when it became subject to British sway.

CHAPTER VII.

Tenant-Right.

The rapid and constant emigration which has decimated the Irish population has proved a marvel to statesmen and political economists for many generations. But it would appear that such investigators after truth must have reasoned from wrong principles, or have been imperfectly acquainted with the country and its people, else they could surely have discovered the cause why myriads of the bone and sinew of Ireland yearly quit her soil, the homes of their affections, the scenes of their early youth, the old roof trees under which they were reared, their trusted companions and weeping relatives; why stalwart sons must bid adieu, a final and everlasting adieu, to their aged and tottering sires—mothers, with the anguish which mothers only know, relinquish their daughters—husbands, in the frenzy of despair, tear themselves from their destitute wives and helpless little children—all, all impelled by ungovernable necessity to seek to better their unhappy condition beyond the western main, or perish in the attempt—to seek on a foreign and distant shore, amid the vicissitudes of climes and seasons, the furnace heat of summer and the blood-congealing blasts of winter—to seek there the means of subsistence and comfort, and beneath an alien but friendly Government, to find that security for their property which is denied them at home. The cause of all this misery is palpably plain, though many pretend not to see it. Ireland is an agricultural country. The few who own the soil till it not, and the millions who till the soil own it not; and while tillage and occupation impart increased value to the land, landlord-made law steps in and says to the tenant—"I disown your improvements, or I leave the landlord to appropriate them to himself, to rent you for them, and tax you for your own industry; you are his serf, his engine, his machine; the trust which the legislature confers on you is practically his; vote for his nominee or incur his mightiness's vengeful wrath; you are wholly and completely in his power, and he may evict and exterminate you without let or hindrance." But, in treating of the relations which should exist between landlord and tenant in Ireland, I wish at the very outset not to be understood as advocating socialism; for to all ideas of the sort I am most unequivocally opposed. God forbid I should be found on the

side of socialism, or to advocate the doctrines of Rousseau, nor those of Diderot or D'Alembert, as circulated through the medium of the infidel Encyclopædia, and which led to the horrors of the revolution. It must be remembered, however, that revolutions, which disorganize society, obliterate titles, and destroy the rights of property, as the whirlwind scatters the faded leaves of autumn, are never the offspring of momentary impulse, nor are they produced, nor never could be produced, by a band of disaffected agitators, however influential, or however well inclined to disturb society. No, these fearful eruptions are caused by long festering sores in the body politic itself, the effect of centuries of misrule, and the exercise of arbitrary and despotic power; and their regular recurrence may be looked for and expected where such exist, and can only be averted by wise, salutary, and equitable laws, made and enacted in proper time. It is to this, then, I earnestly desire to direct attention.

It should be borne in mind that the title-deeds of many of our landed proprietors do not extend beyond the period of the Revolution of 1688. Most of them, particularly the head landlords, hold by grants from the Crown, and in the north many derive their grants from the confiscation of Ulster. What their ancestors were, whether peers, pipers, or pedlars, I care not to inquire. I regard their titles, conferred by the law of the land, as good enough, and therefore I would be unwilling to disturb them. Even the class of middlemen, that virulent excrescence which has grown on the system through the necessities of needy, gambling, spendthrift absentees, I care not to abolish. But this conceded, after all our landed proprietors are but the stewards, the very creatures of the State. From it they derive their all. It was it, at first, which gave them their properties; it was it which buttressed and upheld them therein, and conferred powers upon them over the population scarcely inferior to those of the Sovereign. Now, as this is so, why do we hear a howl raised in Parliament regarding an invasion of the rights of property, when a measure for the equitable adjustment of the relations between landlord and tenant is brought forward by a minister of the Crown? Can that authority which gave, not improve, alter, and modify power? Can it not even cancel the gift, and resume the ownership? If the Sovereign permit the banishment of her people, will she not have to account for it? Is the strength of the King not in the

number of his subjects, and has not the King of Kings made the earth for the use and support of the whole human race?

The peasantry of Ireland are for the most part descended from the old Celtic inhabitants of the country. They hold by right of occupancy from time immemorial. Their settlement on the soil dates from a period long before the days of Strongbow, nay, even before the introduction of Christianity itself. Now, I believe this title-deed of occupancy is as good as any title which the Crown can confer, and should shield the inhabitants of the country from the irresponsible exterminator; should warrant the law to secure them the full value of the improvements which their labour or capital, or both, have conferred upon the soil. But this seems to have been lost sight of both by our parliamentary representatives and the various writers who have treated the subject. They reason as if the landlord alone had exclusive right in the soil, in its state or condition, and in everything thereon. The signs of the times, as well as the increasing intelligence of the working classes, clearly indicate the desirability of settling this vexed question. How, then, is it to be done? The answer is, simply by legalising tenant-right.

Let us look back and see in what state did the old proprietors receive the land from the Crown. We will find that, if cultivated at all, or to whatever extent improved, the improvement and cultivation were effected by the occupiers. But much of it, and of what is now bearing rich harvests of grain, was in a state of nature, overgrown with heath and rushes, and tenanted by the wild-duck, snipe, crane, or curlew.

Did the Crown confer upon those proprietors the right of exterminating the people? It did not. What right did it give them? The right of receiving the rents only. Did it grant to them the right of appropriating the tenants' improvements? No. If the land had remained in the condition in which it was given, in what state would the country be in now? Was it the landlords who made our valleys smile with plenty and teem with fertility? Certainly not; it was the peasantry. Was it the landlords who dislodged the rocks of granite and of whinstone, drained the springs, and caused the ploughshare to ascend to the mountain tops. Certainly not; it was the people. And after all this—after clearance, drainage, fencing, building, have been effected by the people, what deprives them of a legal right to be recompensed for their toils? Landlord legislation. What has crowded the emigrant

ship, and forced the Irish into involuntary exile? The same. What crammed the Workhouses of the South and West, and filled their graveyards with heaps of dead? The same. What banded together in lawless confederacies the Rockites and Peep-o-day Boys, the ruthless Molly Maguires, and the cruel, cowardly, immoral, and demoralised ribbon hordes? The merciless tyranny of the middlemen, and the injustice which arose from the operation of laws which ignore the people and give all to the landlords.

It has been asserted that tenant-right is landlord wrong; but this is a complete mistake, for nowhere are the landlords better repaid, nor the tenants more thriving, peaceful, orderly, and industrious than on such estates as this principle is conceded by the justice and wisdom of the proprietors. And of these instances are not few, particularly in the north. Gentlemen of this class, then, can in no wise be affected by the passing of a law making it imperative on all to do what they of their own free will already practice. At all events the matter comes simply to this, the landlords hold from the Crown; the tenants belong to the soil, which they hold by right of occupancy, and, besides, they have made the improvements; consequently, they should not be exterminated.

What is to be done? If it were practicable I would like to see a peasant proprietary, as in Sweden and Norway, where each man holds his farm in fee-simple. This, perhaps, would not be quite possible with us, yet the obstacles are not quite insuperable; and, by giving legal facilities for its adoption, for the purchase in perpetuity of the landlords' claims, even at a rate to ensure him from all loss, the practice could be established to a very considerable degree.

In the absence, however, of this, the law should give to every tenant the right of selling his property, that is, his interest in the soil, whenever he pleases, and to the highest bidder, just as he would any other commodity, provided the purchaser be a person of good character and solvent. If this were so, and sooner or later it shall be, the occupier would not be indifferent as to the improvement of his holding, nor afraid of being deprived of the good results of his industry; and he would regard money invested in the land as good and better than in the bank or funds. The produce of the whole country would soon be increased, and consequently its wealth. Agrarian outrages, too, would cease, and the spirit which manifests itself

in periodical outbursts, which aim at overturning the Throne and Constitution, would be laid for ever. The Whiteboy and the Fenian would be unknown, and instead of that tide of emigration, which yearly carries away the bone and sinew of the land, with hearts rankling with hatred for the very name of England, our people would stay at home to improve the great natural resources of the country, and Ireland would become at once the strength and bulwark of the empire.

But it may be asked—"As the practice of tenant-right prevails in the North, why do the people emigrate thence, or why do you complain, as you already enjoy all you profess to ask from the law?" This brings us back to what we have before stated; we might reply by asking why do those landlords oppose the passing of a measure which, if law, could not affect them who already concede what is required? The real answer, however, is, that tenant-right, as it exists in the north, is entirely dependent on the landlord's will, and has nothing permanent or secure about it. What the present proprietor does in that regard his successor may undo. A father, therefore, will not enter upon a course of real improvement of lands from which his children may be expelled, unless he is an adventurer or a fool. Instances are not rare of rents having been increased within a few years after the improvement of farms, and honest industrious tenants thus made pay for their own work, in consequence of the landlord's death, or of the passing of his property into other hands—into those of "a king who knew not Joseph." Emigration, then, proceeds from this insecurity.

Many landlords, again, will not permit the out-going tenant to sell, but will allow him £5 to the pound rent, on the plea that if they allowed a fine to be paid, the incoming tenant would be impoverished. We believe that this, too, is a fallacy, for the simple reason that in a well regulated estate, and under a good landlord, few farms change hands. In the next place, it is one of the most powerful barriers to improvements, as no man will invest capital in land when he knows his only reward and recompense is £5 to the pound rent. Lastly, the idle, thriftless tenant is put upon a par with, and has the same chance as the industrious, and while a premium is thus put on sloth and indifference, we can only expect the worst consequences.

Then, as to the amount of rent, I would say let there be a Government valuation and revision every 35 years, and let the

rent or value be apportioned and determined by Government, which would, I conceive, be equally just both to landlord and tenant. When the rent was once fixed, it should be obligatory on the tenant to pay it, or otherwise sell his interest and leave the farm; and in case of refusal to sell, the landlord should have the power to remove him by ejectment; but except for non-payment of rent, or in another case to be mentioned presently, the power of evicting should be withdrawn from the landlord. The other case to which I refer is when he would wish to obtain a piece of land for his own *bona fide* use, either to farm it or to erect mills or manufactories upon it, the landlord should have the power of taking it, provided he paid the tenant the marketable value thereof, or such fine, in case of dispute, as to the government valuator would appear just and fair.

But as regards those who lately purchased properties in the Landed Estates Court, it may be said the case is very different, inasmuch as they at the purchase paid the full amount the land was worth. The answer to this is, that notwithstanding their purchase, they have no more right to the tenants' improvements, then existing on the land, than the man who buys a stolen horse has a right to retain him when the owner is found.

That something should be done to prevent the evils daily arising from the unsatisfactory state of this vexed question, with the least possible delay, is most desirable. It is also better to give with seeming grace, and before it is too late, what eventually must be conceded, however reluctantly. That such will be the case in regard to tenant-right there can be no rational doubt, for now, in Ireland,

" Another race arise,
Stretch their limbs, unclothe their eyes,
Claim the earth and seek the skies."—*Montgomery*.

An able writer in the *Popular Encyclopædie*, published by Blackie & Son, London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, says, in regard to property in land:—

"The relations of landed property are among the most complicated and most important in civil society. Nevertheless, hardly any subject of law and politics has been investigated with so little profoundness. In no one has prejudice gained such an ascendancy and resulted in such important consequences. Writers have even gone so far as to call owners of land the only true citizens; and all others who chance to have no immediate share in the soil of the state where they reside, are

styled by them mere strangers—tenants at will—a homeless rabble, dependent on the good pleasure of their landlords—a class of people who, in affairs of common interest, are scarcely permitted to hear, and never to speak ; whose duty is obedience to their natural masters, the proprietors of the land.” Such, as is well known, are the opinions of the majority of Irish landlords. If the commentators in question were of their own class, they could not explain them more faithfully. The article in question goes on to say—

“ Kant has particularly shown that genuine property arises first in and by the State. Before him, men were led away by the customary ideas of positive law to regard the occupation of property as an act by which an object of nature becomes, once for all, united with the person of the possessor, in such a manner that every other person must abstain from the use of it, even though the owner should leave it unemployed, (if it be a piece of land wholly uncultivated) or be without the ability to use it (as if it includes a large district.) But there is no reason, aside from the positive law of the land, why one man should be authorised to bind for ever the will of others ; and it is impossible in regard to the soil, because, in this way, it would be made for ever dependent upon the will of the first possessor, and others might be excluded from the very means of existence. Hence, private property in land is among the institutions which are first established by the State ; but it must be observed that these still remain subject to alteration, whenever the good of the State seems to require it. Apart from the State, a man has no unalienable property but his own person, and a claim upon others for a regard to his personal dignity, which arises from the worth of his nature, and makes it unlawful for others to use him merely as the instrument of their own purposes, or to avail themselves of his powers, or the fruits of them against his will. Labour is, therefore, the foundation of property, apart from the institutions of the State ; and its visible sign, that is, the alteration of form produced by it, gives notice to others that they are to abstain from the use of the article thus appropriated.

“ In new States, established by successive conquests, a certain portion of the whole fell to the chief, who had to apply it to the support of his immediate attendants, another portion was assigned to the attendants themselves, and, after certain subdivisions and tithings, it was given up to the community as

common property. This common property was enjoyed, not unrestrictedly, but on condition of appearing to do military service." He then goes on to explain the meaning and origin of what was called *thaneland*, *bookland*, and *feh-od*, or feudal possessions, and continues :—

"The intermixtures, substitutions, and modifications, which these relations subsequently underwent, it is not necessary for us to dwell upon. We need only show how, in the modern States of Europe private property in the soil may be traced to common property, and the clear evidence which it bears of such an origin, in order to prove that it depends upon a grant on the part of the community, and that hence the owners of landed property have no right in the soil, but what is permitted by the State. What they receive from the State is not an acknowledgment and confirmation of a right, which they before possessed independently of such acknowledgment, but the right itself. It is no arbitrary right, but it stands in close connexion with certain duties, and its existence and continuance are subject to the State legislation. The owners of landed property do not constitute the people, but only a single class, bound, like the rest, to devote their all to the promotion of the public good. Reason has no small voice in deciding what is actually contained in the existing rights. To sound reason it is evident that every person must be allowed some resting place on the earth ; hence, as long as any place is left capable of affording support to another individual, the proprietors cannot arbitrarily deprive a fellow-being of that support. They are bound to use the soil in such a way as to promote the general good. These ordinances are imperiously demanded by the state of society ; for the right of property in the soil has no other end than to promote the cultivation of it for the general good, and it is on such conditions only that the State has distributed the land among individuals. Hence the common good allows the State to repeal all laws which are a restraint upon the free use of the soil as tithes ; to promote its distribution by breaking up entails, and to secure the cultivator, by not permitting him to be driven from the soil at the will of the landlord, or even by making temporary relations permanent. These ordinances concern the whole community ; so that persons who are destitute of landed property have as good a right to be heard on this subject as the landed proprietors."

The above is so explicit, reasonable, philosophical, and true,

that comment would be utterly superfluous. It comes home to the understanding of every one. When ascendancy and prejudice shall have become extinct—and they are gradually wearing away—and men shall be got to view this question, and deal with it in a proper spirit, discarding for the landlord the claim of being considered something beyond the ordinary class of mortals, and regarding the occupier as something better than a squatter or a serf, opinions such as the above shall form the basis of an adjustment of this vexed question—namely, the proper relations to each other of landlord and tenant in Ireland.

CHAPTER VIII.

Burt, Inch, and Upper Fahan.

We will now make a short circuit through the various parishes, for the purpose of noting some particulars necessarily omitted in the previous chapters, and we will commence with Burt.

Six miles north-west of Derry is the small parish of Burt, which contains, according to the Ordnance Survey, 10,673 statute acres. As in the Muff district, the living is a perpetual curacy, in the patronage of the Dean of Derry, to whom the tithes go. The curate's net income is £83 yearly. In the Roman Catholic divisions it forms part of the union of Burt, Inch, and Upper Fahan. There is a Presbyterian Meetinghouse in Burt, which is in connection with the General Assembly. On the shore of Lough Swilly stand the ruins of the castle of Burt, in a tolerably perfect state of preservation. This castle consisted of a square keep, with semicircular towers projecting from two of the angles, and it was strengthened with an outward wall. It is supposed to have been built by one of the O'Dohertys in the 15th century. It seems, too, to have been the principal residence of Sir Cahir, for though Elagh was restored to him, it had previously been partially dismantled by his father. Previous to the erection of the present Catholic Chapel of Burt, mass was celebrated in the ruin on the summit of Greinan Hill. There is a neat parochial house at Burt for the Catholic curate; it is at the very base of the Hill of Greinan. The population of this parish was, according to the census of 1861,* 2,723.

* The population of each of the parishes is taken from the census returns of 1861.

Inch district comprises the island of that name. It contains 3,099 statute acres. Population, 972. A castle, built by the O'Doherty in the 15th century, stands on this island. Here, it is said, he confined O'Donnell, one of the rival chieftains of Tyrconnell, who had been made prisoner in his own house.

His keeper having released O'Donnell from irons, he made himself master of the castle which had been his prison. He was then besieged by his rival, Rory, whom he killed by throwing down upon him a large stone from the battlements. This castle was granted with the island to Chichester, being part of the forfeited barony of Inishowen. In 1641 the island was held by the insurgents, from whom it was taken and garrisoned for the king. In 1689 General Kirk, with two ships laden with supplies for the garrison of Derry, unable to pass the army of James at Culmore, sailed into Lough Swilly, and encamped on the island, where he remained for 15 days, and again entering Lough Foyle relieved the almost famished citizens. The island is about a mile distant from the mainland of Burt, and the same distance from Fahan Point and Rathmullan. Its surface is rugged towards the north, but more level towards the south, where the land is in a fair state of cultivation. Inch House is the only seat. In 1813 a battery was erected on the north point facing Rathmullan, which with that on the latter shore completely commands the lough.

The living is a perpetual curacy, in the patronage of the Dean of Derry. The district was erected in 1809, when seven townlands were separated from the parish of Templemore. The curate's salary is £83. The church is a small but neat edifice. In the Catholic divisions the parish now forms part of the union of Burt, Inch, and Upper Fahan.

The castle of Inch is similar in architecture and design to the castles of Burt and Aileach, and all three were probably erected at the same period. The two former are in a more perfect state of preservation than the latter, of which only a portion of one of the semicircular towers now remains. It stands on a commanding eminence of 248 feet elevation above sea level, in the townland of Elaghmore, and on what I regard as the site of the ancient palace of the Kings. This place, of an elevation about the same as Tara's, with all the signs of occupancy and of cultivation from a remote period, seems more likely to have been used as a Royal seat, and more suitable for that purpose than that which has of late come to be regarded

as such, namely, the bare plateau of 82 feet elevation on the summit of the Hill of Greinan. Such an altitude might serve, indeed, for a *summer-house*, but under the parallel of 55° , and exposed to the full influence of the northern blasts, it could scarcely be said to afford "a comfortable prospect." It has been often asked, "What's in a name?" Well, though it must be admitted there is little, and that the rose by any other name would smell as sweet, yet, no one will deny that even in a name there is *something*, or, that the term *Elaghmore*, which signifies great Elagh, was not conferred at random. And, as applied to the subject under consideration, it would go to show that here stood the great palace of Elagh.

The parish of Upper Fahan is situated seven miles N.W. from Derry, and contains 10,040 acres, some of which is rich and exceedingly well cultivated, and its mountains afford good pasturage. The Scalp, which is the highest, is 1,589 feet above the level of the sea. Near Fahan Point abundance of clay slate may be found, lying close on the shores of the lough. In this parish was the famous Abbey of Fahan, no traces of which now exist; but there is the grave of St. Murus, and a holy well, which are much resorted to by the people of the neighbourhood. St. Murus, as already noticed, was Abbot of this monastery.

The living in the parish is a rectory, in the patronage of the Bishop, and the tithes are £271 net, per annum. The glebe contains 52 acres. The Church is a large edifice, with square tower and four pinnacles. There is a Roman Catholic Chapel, which was built in 1833, and a Presbyterian Meetinghouse at Cashel. There are three National Schools—namely, Birdstown, Carnshannagh, and Toobin; and the principal seats are Glogollen, Birdstown, Rosehill, Fahan House, and the Glebe House. There is a Parochial House here for the Parish Priest of these united parishes, which was built by the Rev. Mr. M'Eldowney, on three acres of land given by the late James Doherty, Esq., of Redcastle. There is an old altar at Cashel, on which Mass was offered previous to the erection of the present chapel. In 1861 the population was 2,148.

The subject of the following memoir, the Most Rev. Dr. M'Devitte, was a native of this parish:—

About the year 1745 a youth quitted his father's home, which stood on the ascent of an Irish mountain. A friendly vessel conveyed him to France. He entered college, completed

his studies, and was ordained a priest. His career as a student was most distinguished indeed. He possessed good natural abilities, which he did not neglect to cultivate. He had traversed the wide field of theology, scripture, canon law, and history. He was a scholar, a well-bred gentleman, and a holy priest. To see him and converse with him one must of necessity have respected him. He had for years frequented the lectures of the Sorbonne, and was a doctor of that famed university. His voice often resounded in its halls, as he maintained a thesis against some of the best divines of France. The King often honoured the occasion with his presence. He had been at court—was known to the King and some of the best families of the “old nobility.” He had been for a time chaplain to a foreign embassy. After a residence of twenty-four years he quits the friendly shores of hospitable France, and sails for Ireland. He visits his native parish, Upper Fahan. His aged mother is still alive, but is surprised to find that the little black-haired boy, who left her roof some twenty-four years before, is now a grey-haired man. For a few years he served as missionary priest. The bishop of his diocese, Dr. M’Colgan, died, and this learned ecclesiastic was selected to fill the office, for which his learning and piety so eminently entitled him. And the end proved how prudent was the choice.

A short time after his consecration he held a confirmation in his native parish. Few, perhaps not one, is now alive who remembers that day. The sacrament was administered in the open air, for there was no church at the time. The spot can be pointed out till this day. It was in a field, and along a hedge-row at Rushfield. Before his death—and he died about the end of the century 1797—his diocese had many churches; and the number of his priests had been very much increased. He founded a little seminary at Claudy, on the banks of the Finn, and became president and principal professor. The house in which it was held is standing to this day, but it has long since been converted into a farm-house. It is just a plain thatched building, not unlike many of the farm-houses of Ulster. The only thing that seems to recommend it is the great beauty of the locality. A number of young men were soon collected under its roof. Thanks to the old hedge school-master and the old classical teacher, many such young men could easily be found anywhere in Ireland, even during the worst of the penal days. A logic class was formed, consisting

at first of about twelve students. One who was present, and who drew up an account of what happened, tells us that on the first day the logic class met, and as the good bishop began to deliver his first lecture, his big heart was filled to overflowing, and the warm tears came trickling down his cheeks. They were tears of joy. Twelve students in a logic class in Ireland, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, was a great event. It evoked the Irish history of bygone days. It reminded the worthy prelate also of the schools, and the colleges, and the many happy days he had spent in "lovely France."

The little seminary has its sunny memories, and its hallowed recollections. It formed the nucleus of the priesthood of the diocese in which it was situate, and furnished some worthy priests to a neighbouring diocese besides.

The good bishop has long since been gathered to his fathers. He sleeps in his native parish, and the mountains on which he walked in youth overlook his grave. Of late, a worthy successor in the See of Derry, the Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, has erected a tablet to perpetuate his memory in the church of the Long Tower, Derry.

I have lately seen the original receipt for the payment of the monument erected over his grave at Fahan, of which I subjoin a copy:—

"Received from the Rev. Charles O'Donnell the sum of £11 2s 8d for a tombstone, carriage of same, cutting letters, raising on a pedestal, over the remains of the Most Rev. Dr. Philip M'Davitte. "October 30th, 1800.

"Present,

"WM. COYLE.

"Wm. M'Cafferty."

He also founded a burse at the College of Maynooth for students of the diocese of Derry. Part of the money was paid by his successor, Dr. O'Donnell, out of the proceeds of the sale of his library and other effects. I subjoin a copy of the receipt:—

"Received from the Right Rev. Doctor O'Donnell £50 7s. 11d., on account of the Right Rev. Dr. M'Davitte's foundation for the Ecclesiastical Students of the Diocese of Derry in the College of Maynooth.

"Maynooth, 31st August, 1802.

"ANDREW DUNNE."

I have also lately examined a catalogue of his library. I find it contained 354 vols. There were 71 vols. of Theology and Scripture ; 180 vols. of French works ; and 103 vols. of works on English literature. It contained all the commentaries of A. Lapeire on the Old and New Testament. These were bought by the late Rev. Mr. M'Hugh, of Strabane, for £1 17s. 2d. Among the purchasers I find the names of the Rev. Messrs. Morgan, M'Goldrick, M'Shane, &c., &c.

For the sake of those who travel by rail from Derry to Buncrana, I subjoin the following jottings of the line ; they emanate from the hand that supplied the legend of Kin-y-gow, and the traditional tale regarding Hegarty's Rock :—

If the tourist, wearied while in Derry with recollections of Sir Cahir O'Doherty, Sir Phelim M'Devitt, Paulet, Dockwra, and Winkle ; of James II., Hamilton, Lundy, Walker, Roche, who swam two miles with intelligence of succour, and Kirke, who broke the boom and relieved the city ; if, I say, wearied with these thoughts, he expects to get clear of all historical recollections by a trip on the Londonderry and Lough Swilly Railway, he will find himself greatly mistaken. Every turn the wheels of the carriages give is either over historic ground or in the immediate vicinity of places rendered immortal by history. Even before the train has acquired half its speed he is quietly rolling over the plain on which the above named Sir Cahir was shot, while gallantly leading his clansmen in the last struggle made by the native Irish against the invader. A gentleman who was indignant at the account of his death given by the Rev. Caesar Otway, has lately shown me the following, taken from "Lines on the death of Sir Cahir O'Doherty," describing his quarrel with Paulet, and written, he says, by a real O'Doherty:

"In Fahan, the fairest of valleys I ween,
Lies nestled an abbey, that famous has been ;
Before its high altar O'Doherty swore,
'No food my lips crosses till Paulet's no more.'
'Twas awfully sworn ; and awfully soon
Did come its fulfilment in Paulet's dark doom.

"He broke through no treaties, cold-blooded and plann'd,
He murdered no chieftains while grasping the hand,
His was but the vengeance that manhood will take,
When outraged for honor it cannot forsake.

"And so when raged fiercely the battle of Inch,
And courage 'fore numbers was ready to flinch,

The chieftain flew forward where danger was most,
 Loud cheering his comrades to charge on their host.
 Back drew the red squadrons, of Saxon the choice,
 Well knew they that clarion-toned fear-spreading voice,
 But see! Oh! he's fallen, his banner in hand;
 Cursed Scot, be the vessel brought thee to the land.
 "How nobly he's fallen, in battle, in front;
 The sword in his right hand, and bearing the brunt
 Of combat for Erin, for honour, for creed;
 His left grasping banner. 'Tis glorious indeed."

But, while thinking of all this, the train gets to full speed, and hurries him through the rich fields and past the splendid villas which lie in the neighbourhood of Derry, on to classic Royal Aileach, of which so much has been said and so much remains unknown. After passing Bridge End station, the next spot that attracts attention is Burnfoot, nestling under the shade of the Scalp, by which it is completely sheltered from the northern blast; while

"The Druid's cromlech up the vale
 Tells how rites may change and creeds may fail."—*Davis*.

On the hill above Burnfoot is the largest cromlech I ever saw. It is now called the Maylhore stone, and the view from it is as extensive as the most enthusiastic fire-worshipper could desire. On the opposite side is the hill of Greinan. But the train speeds on; not too quick for affording a passing glance at all objects of notice; however, if you cannot carry your thoughts along with you, it waits not for you to ruminate on them. And no easy matter it is to give even a passing thought to the many interesting sights along this scenic rout, for where Nature fails to attract attention, art steps in to claim a passing notice. At Burnfoot we enter the artificially created lands of the slob. These, which in this remote part of the kingdom may well be called stupendous works of art, consist of a series of flats, wrested from the domain of old Neptune by the energy and enterprise of Wm. M'Cormick, Esq., and occupy various stretches of the sea-coast from Burnfoot to the mainland beyond the Isle of Inch. As we glide over this level we can observe the ruins of O'Doherty's castle of Burt, where Mary Preston, the wife of Sir Cahir, was taken prisoner by the English, in the struggle in which he lost his life. On the island of Inch are the ruins of another of these castles, and, through the opening between them, you can observe a wide extent of champagne country, with the mountain ranges of Western Donegal

beyond. After admiring the broad, well-cultivated fields of Inch, with the neat comfortable looking farm-houses, the whole surmounted by the conical peak of the island in its warm cap of brown heather, we come to Fahan. It was thus referred to by a local poet :—

“ There is not in this island a vale or a lawn
Like that lovely recess in the bosom of Fahan,
Where Swilly's dark waves when the wind is at rest
Reflect in brown lustre the wild mountain's breast.”—*Graham*.

Here the train passes along the very water's edge ; the waves dallying and dancing up the side of the line, anon leaping up to the wheels of the carriages, as if in their wanton sport to detain the machine which, alike regardless of pastime or pleasure, keeps on its way. With feelings of holy awe and reverence I passed the romantically situated burying-ground of Fahan, where lie the mouldering remains of my forefathers :

“ On an Irish green hill side,
On an opening lawn, but not too wide,
No tombstone there ;
But green sods decked with daisies fair,
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew,
The matted grass roots may trickle through ;
Oh ! 'twere merry into the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.”—*Davis*.

From this the mind naturally ranges up the far-famed bosom of Fahan :

“ Wild is the region, yet gentle the spot,
As you look at the roses the rocks are forgot,
For garden gay, and primrose lawn,
Peep through the rocks, as through night comes the dawn.”
Davis.

And from thence over the hills to the mountain valley beyond, where the tall rush grows flat along the ground, in accordance, it is said, with the wish of a holy man of old, who was impeded by them in his flight from the persecutor. A few strokes of the piston brings you to the point of Runaraw, where there is a station for the accommodation of passengers who come from the opposite shore by the ferry boat. Over the lough is Rathmullan, always suggestive of thoughts of the notorious “trader” of the 16th century, who kidnapped the young heir of Tyrconnell, and carried him a prisoner to Dublin. As you round the point and whirl smoothly down the strand, the scene is perfectly entrancing. On one side, the hills rising just at hand to a

considerable elevation, their sides beautifully variegated with patches of bright green grass and brown heath, creating all but irresistible longings to toil up the steep ravines which now and then open to view, and from their summit feast your eyes on the beauties of the landscape around. On the other, the broad bosom of the lough, calm and bright, without an air to disturb its tranquillity ; the miniature surges chasing each other, as if in sport, and breaking in sparkles on the glittering sand ; the seagull—but I will not attempt to describe him ; nothing less than the pen of Griffin could do him justice—and the thousand and one other beauties,

“ Which I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.”—*Byron*.

As you look down the lough it appears completely landlocked, the mountains of Fannet and Inishowen seeming to run into one another, and to shut out its entrance entirely from the view. On the Inishowen side, Desertegney lies stretched out before you like a map, rising gently from the water's edge to the summit of the hills, which enclose it on the north and east, among which is the bare blue range of Mamore, which, even at this distance, is singularly attractive. On the opposite side the cultivated valleys are not so plainly visible, but the scenery is interesting enough to claim a portion of attention. Amid such surroundings the train arrives at the station ; and were it not for the kind reception he is sure to meet from the friendly people of Buncrana, the tourist would think his journey only too short.

CHAPTER IX.

Lower Fahan and Desertegney.

Proceeding northward, the next in order is the Parish of Lower Fahan, which is bounded on the west by Lough Swilly, and contains 24,783 acres. Population, 4,891. Much of the parish is mountainous, but the valleys are well watered and productive. Freestone is to be found, and there is abundance of limestone. All along the west of this parish, as far as it touches the sea, the inlet of Lough Swilly is deep and spacious, and large quantities of oysters, codfish, and haddock are taken in it. There is a Coast Guard station at Buncrana, and a battery at Neid's Point, which was erected in 1812. The living is a perpetual curacy, in the patronage of the Rector of Upper

Fahan ; tithes, £283 net. In the Roman Catholic divisions, this parish forms part of the union of Lower Fahan and Desertegney. The principal chapel is at Cockhill ; it is a large and beautiful edifice, of modern construction, high sidewalls, pointed windows, and lofty square tower, in which a handsome and sweet-toned bell has lately been suspended. In the burying-ground are deposited the earthly remains of the illustrious Bishop Maginn ; but more of this by and by. The Protestant Church is in the town of Buncrana. There is a Presbyterian Meetinghouse and Methodist place of worship. The principal seats are Buncrana Castle, once a residence of the O'Doherty's and O'Donnell's, but now fallen into decay—one of the towers and the dungeon beneath only remain. A new castle was built by Sir John Vaughan, in 1717. There are also the Lodge, Rockfort, Riverview, The Cottage, St. Helens, and Westbrook. There are National Schools at Ballymacarry, Tullydish, Buncrana, Cockhill, Illies, and Drumfries. A curious fort, or cairn, composed of loose stones, having similar ones as outposts, may be seen near Ballinary.

In this parish is the town of Buncrana ; its population in 1861 was 685 ; it is distant ten miles from Derry, with which it is connected by rail. Markets are held on Tuesdays and Fridays, and fairs on the 9th of May and 27th of July.* Buncrana was of considerable importance in the reign of Elizabeth, but it afterwards fell into decay, and was restored and laid out in its present form by Sir John Vaughan, in 1717. It is beautifully situated on the western shore of Lough Swilly, and is much frequented as a watering-place. A very costly and spacious building, erected by a local building company on the very edge of the lough, and designed for a hotel, has just been completed. This establishment is well calculated to enhance, among bathers and excursionists, the attractions of Buncrana and its neighbourhood. Lough Swilly here expands into an arm of the sea, bounded by mountains and rocks of majestic character, and forming a capacious harbour, of easy access, suitable for vessels of any burden. Vessels are engaged fishing for sole, plaice, and turbot, which are taken in large quantities, and of a superior kind. Buncrana is the head-quarters of a Constabulary district. In the centre of the town is the Courthouse and Bridewell, a

* Other fairs are held at Buncrana, though, as I believe, they are not enrolled at the Patent Office.

large and handsome building, erected by the late Wm. Todd, Esq., at an outlay of £1,300, and presented by him to the county on this being made a town for holding Quarter Sessions. In the immediate vicinity are extensive mills and factories for spinning and weaving fine and coarse linens, the property of the Messrs. Richardson, of the neighbourhood of Belfast, which employ a great number of hands. The scene of the following legend is the banks of the beautiful river Crannagh, which flows into the sea on the north-west of the town.

Slieve Snaght is at the north east end of a short but beautifully serrated range of peaks, which gradually diminish in height in the direction of Lough Swilly, until they are lost in the steep abrupt crags near the confluence of the Ooanbwee and Crannagh rivers. From their junction the river is called the Crannagh, and at its mouth is situated the town of Buncrana; hence its name, "Foot of the Tree-clad River." Within the memory of the present generation, or perhaps I should say the lingering remains of the past, the valley of the river was one magnificent forest, and, as I heard old people tell, you could walk upon the branches of the trees from Buncrana along the whole course of the river, far up on the mountain sides. A *fringe of stunted oak, hazel, and birch, still grows along the water's edge*, the sole remaining indication of its former leafy grandeur. But at a period long anterior to the past and preceding generations, and during one of those many exciting struggles so common in the end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries, between the ancient Milesian possessors of the soil and their Saxon successors, a *Gow*, or smith, famous for his skill in manufacturing warlike implements, was driven before the victorious conquerors from place to place, until at last he thought he had secured a safe retreat far up among those mountain fastnesses. Whether the patriot smith was any relation to the Gow Crom of Scott's Fair Maid of Perth, or the famous Neal The Man, I know not, but certain it is that for a long time he continued, in defiance of edict and proclamation, to supply the hardy mountaineers with arms of the finest tempered steel, in their many sanguinary raids on their slowly, but surely, advancing foe. At last the keen scouts of the vigilant enemy found out his wild hiding-place and armoury, up at the hill foot, behind those grand old woods, and taking him in the act of preparing supplies for their now broken and scattered, though still undismayed assailants, they determined to quench

for ever, in his heart's blood, that hearth which so often glowed with the red hot iron in preparation for their own destruction. They cut the head off the poor smith, stuck it on a pole, and left it there to give a name for ever to the village which in aftertimes sprang up around the spot, Kin-y-Gow, (pronounced to rhyme with low) or the Smith's Head. But the most wonderful part of the story remains yet to be told ; for though his life-blood was shed by the incensed soldiery, still his hearth was not extinguished, nor his patriotic labours concluded. Ever since, from night-fall till morning, in the calm of the summer and the angry tempests of winter, the ruddy glow of his fire can be distinctly seen by every inhabitant of that wild mountain valley. Often have I gazed upon it at the distance of two miles, with supernatural awe, softened, it is true, by the nightly recurrence of the scene ; and though I could plainly observe the iron borne from the fire to the sounding anvil, yet, owing to the distance, I could never "hear his bellows blow," nor the ring of his ponderous hammer. Let no incredulous philosopher attempt to explain away this nocturnal phenomenon by a Will-o'-the-Wisp theory ; this light is much too fiery red, too steady and unchanging for that. He is engaged, as every old woman can tell you, in the manufacture of arms for the enchanted band of Elagh ; and, from his former dexterity, and his close attention to business, there is every likelihood of his having, "when the time comes," such a supply of needle-guns for them as will enable them to enter the lists with the best military tacticians of the day.

As Lower Fahan was so long the scene of the pastoral labours of the illustrious Bishop Maginn, it is but right that the following *precis* of his life should be inserted here. Edward Maginn was born at Fintona, County Tyrone, on the 16th of December, 1802. When he was four years' old his parents removed from Fintona to Buncrana, and, at the same time, he was put under the tuition of his granduncle, the parish priest of Monaghan, where he remained for eight years. He then rejoined his parents in Inishowen, where he pursued his studies until his 16th year, under Mr. Thomas M'Colgan, of Cregamullin, Clonmany, a graduate of the University of Paris. Mr. M'Colgan was intended for the priesthood, but was obliged to give up his studies on account of ill health. At the age of 16 young Maginn left Ireland, and entered the Irish College, Paris, where he spent seven years. As a scholar he was re-

markable for his ardour and application. In 1823-24, and '25 he received tonsure and minor orders, and was invited by the bishop of Meaux to accept a benefice in his diocese, which offer he gratefully declined. In 1825 he left Paris, was ordained priest by Bishop M'Laughlin, and appointed to the curacy of Moville. Enthusiastic by nature and temperament, fearless in danger, no respecter of persons, "official or officious," an impassioned patriot, an ardent lover of the peasantry, fond of oral controversy, of simple and accessible habits, well used in the traditions of the soil, partial to the ballads and innocent amusements of his flock, he was well qualified for the mission he had begun, and soon became the darling of his people. He continued in Moville till 1829; took part in the "Derry Discussion;" and in the struggles for Catholic Emancipation was O'Connell's great ally in the North. On the death of his uncle, the parish priest of the united parishes of Fahan and Desertegney, he was promoted to the pastorship of those parishes, and zealously exerted himself on the political questions of the day. Of local matters, on which he employed his powerful pen, were the appointment of an exclusively Protestant magistracy in Inishowen in preference to members of the old Catholic families, who were qualified for, and entitled to, the office, and against the violence exercised in 1833 and 1834 in the collection of tithes. In his communications he assumed, without apology, the tone and position of a protector of his people. He was the inveterate enemy of secret agrarian societies and oath-bound associations, and took the greatest pains to root them out. He was the promoter of education, and adopted the national system as the best practical measure for the instruction of the great mass of the people. In his own parish he established five of these schools. In 1843, when Repeal became the leading question in Ireland, Mr. Maginn was most energetic for the promotion of that measure, which was to give his country again a place among the nations of the earth. In 1845, in consequence of Dr. M'Laughlin's inability to discharge the duties of bishop, Rev. Mr. Maginn was elected to that office, and on the 18th of January, 1846, was consecrated Bishop of Orthosia, and Roman Catholic Administrator of Derry. This event gave the greatest satisfaction to his many admirers; and the people of Derry, Moville, Fahan, Buncrana, Maghera, Cloughcorr, Carndonagh, Malin, Clonmany, Coleraine, Faughanvale, Omagh, Strabane, and Cappagh, contributed £200 to present him with a testimonial

of their regard. His administration of the affairs of the diocese was beyond all praise. When the extraordinary calamity of 1846 and 1847 made extraordinary measures necessary, he kept a vigilant eye over the finance committee of the Inishowen Union. Nor were his attentions limited to the locality in which he lived ; he felt for all Ireland, as shown by a letter which he addressed to Paulett Scrope, Esq., M.P., in which he frankly avows his indignation against the Government for allowing the people to die of want, in the following remarkable words :—

“ I don't hesitate to say to you that there is no means under heaven that I would not cheerfully resort to to redeem my people from their present misery ; and sooner than allow it to continue, like the Archbishop of Milan, I would grasp the cross and the green flag of Ireland, and rescue my country or perish with its people.” His famous letters to Lord Stanley on the Confessional are well known, and of themselves sufficient to immortalise his name.

He regarded the Young Irelanders as a band of misguided patriots, and pitied as much as he condemned them. He and his clergy were opposed to that party ; and when a compromise was effected between the more moderate of the young and old Irelanders, under the name of the Irish League, they still held aloof ; a policy which he afterwards regretted, and which, no doubt, was unwise. In giving expression to his sentiments on this topic, and speaking for himself and his clergy, he said :—
“ Their only regret now is that they did not join it at an earlier date, as their example might have been followed by others ; and by the reunion of old and young, and the concentration of public opinion on it, the enthusiasm of the rash but devoted patriots of the country would have been constrained and directed into proper channels, and made conducive to the object all have in view—the restoration of our Irish Parliament.”

On the 15th of January, 1849, on his way to Derry, he was seized with typhus, which terminated in mortification, and on the 17th he died, aged 53, having completed the 3rd year of his pontificate. His remains are interred at Cockhill. It seems most unaccountable that a suitable monument has not yet been raised to the memory of this illustrious prelate, or that nought save a slight temporary wooden shed surrounds the spot where his honoured remains are deposited. There is surely an oversight in this :—

Shall greatness thus forgotten be,
And genius and nobility?
Shall no memento raised on high,
Or storied column testify,
To future times and men unborn,
What virtues did his life adorn?
Forbid it, Heaven, Maginn should be
Forgotten by his country;
Forbid it, you, his people dear,
He pitied, taught, and loved to cheer;
Forbid it all, who nobly do,
Honour to whom there's honour due.

Leaving Lower Fahan, we proceed in a north-westerly direction along the Swilly, and enter the parish of Desertegney, which is thirteen miles from Derry, and bounded on the north by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the west by Lough Swilly. It contains 7,577 acres. Population, 1,524. The land is tolerably fertile, and yields barley, oats, flax, and potatoes. Iron ore is abundant, and there are also indications of copper and lead. The living is a rectory, in the patronage of the Marquis of Donegall, and the tithes amount to £147. The Glebe House stands on a glebe of 166 acres, and the church is a small neat edifice, on the shore of the lough.

In the Roman Catholic divisions, this parish forms part of the union of Lower Fahan and Desertegney, and there is a small chapel at Greenhill. The children of this parish are educated at the national school, which is at Meenagh.

Apart from the wickedness and folly of enacting laws to compel people to worship the Almighty in forms contrary to the dictates of their minds and consciences, the penal laws were productive of another evil of equal, nay, if possible of greater enormity, namely the opportunities which they afforded to the dishonest for dark deeds of treachery, or for satisfying their avarice and cupidity. The civil and military authorities may, in those troubled times, now happily past, now and then have exceeded their duty in administering those cruel laws, and for such they were personally accountable; not so, however, when as officers under the law and doing as it directed and obliged them. In the latter case it is plain they were not the authors of crime, legal or otherwise, but rather the unhappy instruments by which severe laws came into operation. But where can a parallel be found for the wretched being who dogged the footsteps of his friend and kinsman, and who, having discovered the fugitive's lonely retreat, goes, for filthy lucre's sake, and

betrays him to the soldiery? Yes, there is one character sufficiently infamous to be his prototype; and so historically well-known that further allusion to him is unnecessary.

The following story will illustrate what I have above referred to, and show how in those days the authorities had sometimes no option but to enforce the law. In the village of Ballynary, about two miles north-west of Buncrana, on the banks of the Swilly, is a sea cave which served as a hiding-place for an humble and zealous priest of the name of O'Hegarty. From this wild seclusion he was accustomed to steal, under the shadow of night, to carry the ministrations of his religion to the hearths of the faithful fishermen around the coast, and the hardy mountaineer farther inland. His retreat was unknown to all save his sister, who lived with her husband and family in the above-named village. None of her family ever questioned her on the object of her journey, when she departed from her cottage in the grey dawn each morning to carry him the provisions for the day. At last, her husband suspecting her mission, was led by curiosity to watch her unseen, and so became acquainted with the hiding-place of her fugitive brother. This, once known, he had not the fidelity to keep secret, for, tempted by the reward held out for such a discovery, he led a guard of soldiers from the garrison at Buncrana to apprehend the priest, his own brother-in-law, in that lonely dwelling. Often did the poor woman return that morning from the entrance of the rude domicile charging her brother to be wary, and endeavouring to cheer him with the hope that these ruthless times would pass away and be succeeded by others, when he could live in the habitations of men, and go abroad in daylight in the service of his divine Master. But the dawn was brightening, she might, if she remained longer, be discovered, and her object at least suspected. She received the usual parting benediction, and commenced her toilsome ascent, when, horror of horrors, there, full before her, were the soldiers descending by the same path to terminate that life which she had so long and so anxiously laboured to preserve. She called frantically to her brother that the guard was upon him. He rushed from the cave, above him were the soldiers, beneath the whole breadth of the deep flowing Swilly, but deeming it the friendlier of the two, and putting his trust in God, he plunged into its depths with the bold, almost reckless resolve of swimming to the opposite shore. The guard, seeing they were in danger of losing the object of their

pursuit, or fearing that if they fired and killed him in the water they should have no evidence of the fact, called to him to return and they would spare his life, but no sooner had he gained the top of the precipice than they seized him, cut off his head, and buried his body on the spot where they had committed the deed. His poor sister, the informer's wife, seeing all that had been done, became a raving maniac. Though fear of the soldiers' vengeance prevented the peasantry from marking his grave, yet was the memory of the place so engraven on their hearts, and carefully transmitted from father to son, that the villagers' children could at any time point out to the curious stranger that sad memento of the horrors of by-gone days, under the name of Hegarty's rock. Long afterwards, when civilization had made a proper impression on the governing classes, and when the disabilities imposed on the professors of the Catholic faith had been removed, two gentlemen, the Right Rev. Edward Maginn, D.D., and Hugh O'Donnell, Esq., M.D., visited the spot, and with the view of testing the accuracy of the account, dug up the clay, and brought a portion of it to the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, where Mr. O'Donnell was then studying, for analysis. They afterwards raised a green mound on the spot, which now marks the place where the priest was interred.

The old chapel at Cockhill was built by the Rev. John Maginn, uncle of the bishop. Before its erection mass was celebrated on an old altar, of rude construction, near Cockhill. For the last 100 years,* the first priest of whom I could obtain any account in this parish was the Rev. Dr. M'Devitte, who acted for some time as parish priest. He was succeeded by Dean O'Donnell, who was the sole pastor of Upper and Lower Fahan, Desertegney, Donagh, and for a time of Clonmany. He was succeeded by the Rev. John Maginn, who built the little chapel. Mr. Maginn was succeeded by the Rev. Wm. O'Donnell, as administrator, in 1818. Mr. O'Donnell exchanged for Clonmany in 1829, and was succeeded by Dr. Maginn, who held it up to his elevation to the episcopacy, and

* I will give, as I proceed, the names of the several parish priests of each parish for the last hundred years; though they have been obtained from tradition, for there was no registry kept, the account is, in the main, an accurate one. I will also note the little altars on which mass was celebrated during the penal times, and before the erection of the present chapels.

then retained it as his mensal parish. He was succeeded in 1849 by the Rev. Bernard Magill, the present pastor. Eighty years ago so great was the scarcity of priests in this district that it was quite a common thing to spend two or three days searching for the priest in case of a sick call or baptism, or any other clerical duty.

We will now proceed to the parish of Clonmany, but not through the Gap of Mamore, the usual way to it from Desertegney, as I intend to attempt a full description of that famous pass in another chapter. We will, therefore, return and go by the mail car road through Meentagh Glen. Meentaghs, or the Bar of Lach, contains 3,258 statute acres, much of which is coarse mountain pasturage, but some of the low-land lying around the base of the hills is of fair quality. Iron stone is abundant, and quantities of it have been carted to Buncrana recently for exportation. About the centre of the valley is a beautiful sheet of water abounding with trout and eel. The superfluous waters of this lough are carried away by a small river which empties itself into the Cramagh. As we turn down to the lough we pass the National School of Drumfries, which, with its snow-white walls and neatly kept yard, stands out in pleasing contrast with the broad expanse of heath and moorland around. The building in question likewise serves as a post-office, which is kept by the master.

The highway passes along by the verge of the lake, at the north end of which, nestling in a creek at the foot of the hill and surrounded by trees, is Meentagh House, a country residence and shooting lodge, the property of E. Harvey, Esq., of Lancashire, England, owner of an extensive estate in this neighbourhood. The inhabitants of the glen are thrifty and industrious, and derive much of their support from the rearing of cattle and sheep, while for flax raised in it, the Inishowen Farming Society have given their first prize for several years in succession.

CHAPTER X.

Clonmany.

Leaving Meentagh, we enter the parish, and two miles further on, the town of Clonmany or *Gaddyduff*, respecting which an anecdote is related that you will hear by and by. The parish of Clonmany is bounded on the north by the Atlantic, and on

the west by Lough Swilly, where that inlet enters from the ocean.

From Leenan to Dunaff, from Dunaff to Binion, from Binion to Carrickabrachy, from thence to Figart Point, on to Strabreagy, and from Figart Point to Rasheany, the whole of the coast is perhaps as wild and romantic as any other of the same extent even in this county. Along it are bold and elevated cliffs, with spacious caverns open to the sea, picturesque bays and far extended sand beaches, toward which the vast green billows chase each other or expend their unavailing fury upon them in mountains of foam. The interior of the parish too is no less rugged and diversified. Its entire area is 23,376 acres, two-thirds of which are irreclaimable mountain. Beginning at the west we have within it Dunaff Hill, Cruckurris, Bulliba, Raghtan, which is the most elevated, Binion Hill, and the mountains of Giblan and Coolcross; the cultivated land lying chiefly in valleys among these ranges. The mountains are composed of whinstone and clay slate, and at Ardagh are lead veins, which have never been worked. The Clonmany river, which rises in Barnan lough, near the foot of Slieve Snaght, flows through the centre of the parish, and empties itself into the bay of Tullagh. Two corn mills and a flax mill are built along it, and its waters abound with trout, eel, and salmon. This river, before it enters the ocean, passes through a vale of uncommon grandeur. Leaving Clonmany town and crossing the bridge, the road to Urris passes along its western boundary. On the left of this road and quite near it, Raghtan rises proudly to an elevation of 1800 feet above the sea, and in the same range, separated only by Butler's glen from Raghtan, is the almost equally imposing and beautiful Slievecerragh. Passing along these hills the valley extends to the golden sands of Tullagh, which form its north-west boundary, and shut out from view the surface of the ocean in that direction. A beautifully shaded highway, running parallel with the river, goes down along its eastern side to the sea at Binion House, and along this road the beauties of the whole valley may be seen to advantage. First, the Glebe House and village of Straid, which consists of a single row of houses, stand facing us beyond; further down, the parish church, a neat, solid edifice, with low square tower, situated on a gently rising ground below the road; beyond this, stretching to the very foot of the mountain, is the well-wooded demesne of Glen House. We can scarcely discern the

buildings as they are shaded over by the lofty beeches, elms, and other trees growing high and close around them. Finally, on this side we can catch a glimpse of Binion House, a handsome modern mansion, the residence of Mrs. Loughery, the respected proprietress of a considerable portion of this neighbourhood, and of the cliffs in the back ground rising precipitously, tier on tier, to the summit of the hill, and of the broad blue ocean surging around them. What with rolling billows, high towering hills, rich and well cultivated fields, meadows, lawns, and woodlands, this valley is ornate with scenic grandeur, and blessed in a high degree with the riches and bounties of nature. In a line of rocks on the Tullagh beach the sea has scooped out a low cavern, from the roof of which a chink or narrow opening leads like a chimney to the upper surface of the rock, and through this a jet of sea water is thrown vertically for several feet by the force of pressure from below. This natural fountain, with its curious hydrodynamic movement, is an object of considerable interest; such is the view of this valley from the road near Keelogs. We will now cross the fine old bridge which spans the river, and proceed along the western verge of the valley, on our way to Urris and Mamore. A drive of a few minutes brings us to the church, now Protestant. This church was founded by St. Columb in the 6th century; and in connexion with it was also a rich monastery. History makes honourable mention of the clergy of this parish; thus it is said in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, "Loughlin MacGilla-Calma, Vicar of Cuil-Maine, a wise and pious clergyman, died A.D. 1499." The graveyard is at present literally piled with heaps of the dead; it is raised many feet in height, and seems to be wholly vaulted underneath, while almost every grave is covered with a flagstone; nearly all these stones lie flat on the surface of the earth, and are, for the most part, unhewn and uninscribed. But there are inscriptions on some, and several of these cannot fail to attract the visitor's attention. On the north side of the church, and surrounded by a wall, are two tombstones, on one of which he may read—"Underneath this stone lieth the remains of Mrs. Mary Chichester and only daughter to Henry O'Neill of Shane's Castle who died on the 12th day of May 1786. Also those of her son Rev. Dr. Chichester who was for many years Rector of the parish of Clonmany and who to the great grief of his relations, his friends and his parishioners departed

this life on the 31st of August 1815 ; aged 72 years." On the other—"Underneath this stone are the remains of Catherine Ball relict of Samuel Ball Esqr. of Grousehall and daughter of the Rev. Arthur Chichester who departed this life on the 11th day of April 1799 in the 49 year of her age." On another stone, of best Italian marble, which is in the southern half of the yard, is engraved the figure of a stag, with the following inscription :—"Here lyeth the body of Martha, wife of Mr. Henry McNeill daughter of Col. Edward Carey who died the 29th year of her age and on the 17th day of July 1725." Also, "Here lyeth the body of Col. Daniel McNeill who departed this life on the 11th day of September 1709, aged 59 years." I may mention that this Colonel McNeill lived at Binion, and owned some property in the neighbourhood ; but his memory is held in the utmost detestation by the inhabitants of the parish. He led a wild and irregular life, and kept a number of low retainers about him who aided in procuring him the means of gratifying his odious and immoral propensities. The epitaph on another tombstone runneth thus :—"To the memory of Denis O'Donnell, gentleman,* who departed this life on the 9th of April 1778 aged 78 years. Also Anne his wife who departed this life on the 13th of May 1769 ; aged 45 years. Their issue 5 sons and one daughter." On another is engraved a hand, chalice and book, and inscribed, "To the memory of Rev. Patrick M'Faul who departed this life on the 14th March 1805 ; aged 32 years." The last I will note is at the west angle of the yard, and the epitaph runs thus, "Erected to the memory of Archibald M'Murray who departed this life September the 18th 1828 ; aged 77 years." The artist must have had an eye to business, or have longed for fame, for he adds, "Letrd. by James McMurray."

I should not omit to mention that there is also a neat monument in honour of some members of the Doherty family, of Glen House—of Neal Doherty and of Dr. Doherty, who died in Honduras. In the yard is a stone on which, as tradition says, St. Columb prayed, and stations are still made by the people here on St. Columb's day, the 9th of June. At the east end of the church is a small cellar, where one of the Maginnesses lay in fever while on his banishment, and in which the country people used to make malt.

* O'Donnell was a poet, and the author of a celebrated song, entitled "Playraka-na-bhollon."

The following amusing anecdote is related of this church, or rather of an incident which occurred there at one time when it was undergoing repairs. In the neighbouring village there lived a certain bandit who was known by the sobriquet of Gaddydubh or the black thief. This amiable character had an assistant or companion, and they arranged one night to prepare a feast, no matter at whose expense. It was agreed that the chief should effect an entry into the church, kindle a fire, have water boiling and cabbage in readiness, while his companion in iniquity should go and steal a sheep. Accordingly, both went to work with due diligence. At that time a Scottish Roman Catholic lived in Urris, and with commendable friendliness used frequently to visit a Protestant countryman of his who lived about a quarter of a mile from the church. On the night in question, passing by the lonely edifice, he was somewhat startled to see light in the church at an unusual hour. Curiosity prompted him to walk up to the door, and peering through the keyhole he beheld a tall, lank, swarthy form, with a ponderous knife or cleaver chopping what he considered was human heads. A large fire was burning, and over it was fixed a huge pot or cauldron, from which clouds of steam ascended. He then hastened to his friend's house, and found within only his mother, an old lady who was afflicted with rheumatism, and unable to move about without the use of crutches.

"Jeannie," said he, "ye widna ken what I seed the nou."

"Ough, Ranald, sure no, what might it been?"

"Weel, Jeannie," said Ranald, in a whisper, "I seed the deil in your kirk."

"He had on a muckle pot, and was boiling awa' at bodies heeds."

"I widna b'lieve that, Ranald, the deil couldna' come into our kirk, and could I walk I'd go there to convince ye that yer mistaken."

"Ne'er say it again, I'll carry ye," said Ranald.

So getting her on his back they set out to the church. When they arrived there the black thief was still alone, and hearing Ranald's heavy footsteps, he thought it was his companion who was coming with the sheep, and running to the window, in an anxious under-tone cried out, "*Is she fat?*"

To be thus so familiarly accosted by his sable majesty was too much for Ranald's nerves, so, depositing the old woman on the gravel walk, he ungallantly fled back to her house. Still

more wonderful to relate, old Jeannie also got to her feet, and taking a near way through the fields, was home before him, and from that night till her death, many years after, she never felt a pang of rheumatism. The shock wrought an effectual cure. The black thief died in the course of nature, but his village still retains the name of *Gaddyduff*, and is now a stirring little market and fair town, eight miles north of Buncrana. Markets are held in it twice a week, and a fair on the first Tuesday of March, June, September, and December. The living is a rectory and vicarage in the patronage of the Marquis of Donegall, tithes £331. The Glebe House was built in 1819, at a cost of £775, and stands on a glebe of 365 acres.

Just beyond the church, and on the same side of the road, stands Dresden. It is now in ruins; but enough remains to show that it was once a most magnificent seat. An outline of its history and of that of its several occupants will, I am sure, be read with interest. In the first half of the 17th century a man named M'Laughlin lived in the townland of Claar. Claar skirts the river Foyle, and is situated between Moville and Redcastle. M'Laughlin still preserved a moiety of the property which his forefathers once held, for he was owner of the townland of Claar. He had two sons, Domhnall and Peter. These were destined for the Catholic priesthood. On their voyage to the Continent, to enter a Catholic college, the vessel was shipwrecked: so says tradition. They were driven on the English coast, where, a nobleman interested in behalf of the two young men, took them to his home, and offered them the hospitality of his mansion. He proposed, if they conformed to the religion of the Established Church, to have them educated in one of the English Universities. Domhnall, in an evil hour, yielding to the seductions of the evil one, accepted the proposal. Peter met it with a stern refusal. Years rolled on. Peter proceeded on his journey to the Continent, entered college, and was ordained priest; and, after a lapse of time, returned to his native land. Domhnall became a minister of the Established Church. By a singular coincidence one became rector, and the other parish priest of the same parish of Clonmany. Nothing could be more opposite than the circumstances in which they were placed. Domhnall had a large well-built church, but no congregation save two or three members; for, even at the present day, the Protestant population of the parish scarce exceeds a dozen souls. He must have been a man of great

taste, if we are to judge from the residence he built, and the manner in which he beautified and adorned it ; for, though it is now a ruin, the tourist must admit that, of the many lovely spots with which Inishowen abounds, Dresden is the loveliest of them all. The scenery is more than lovely : it is sublime. In fact there is everything which constitutes sublimity ; rich pasture lands, well cultivated fields, venerable old trees, that have seen many decades of years ; and, in the distance, lofty overhanging mountains, a glen and waterfall inferior to nothing of the kind in the north of Ireland ; besides the broad blue waves of the Atlantic roll in at the beach at the distance of about half-a-mile. This beautiful mansion was built by Domhnall M'Laughlin, known by the sobriquet of *Domhnall Gorm*. Peter lived in an humble thatched cabin by the sea-side, in the townland of Crossconnell. His congregation consisted of thousands of souls ; but their only places of worship were the little altars which stood by the sea-side, or on the mountain top. They held but little communication with each other, and both lived to a good old age. Domhnall died first. His death took place in 1711. Peter wept unceasingly for him, and soon followed him to a sorrowful grave. Domhnall was a poet and a wit, and Peter's qualifications in these respects were little inferior. Many of their sallies and repartees are yet remembered. On one occasion Domhnall was coming down to his church when Peter, returning after having celebrated the Sunday mass, met him on the way. Domhnall accosted him thus, " One going over, the other coming back." Peter replied, " Not so ; 'tis one going up, the other going down." Their mother lived for many years after Domhnall's appointment to the rectory, and often gave vent to her grief for his change of faith ; and that too with all the eloquence of the poetry of her native tongue. I subjoin a fragment of one of the ballads she composed on this head ; it contains a translation of her wail as nearly as I can render it :—

" Can it e'er be spoken,
How my heart is broken,
For thy fall, O Domhnall, from the ancient faith !—
With less of sorrow,
Could I view to-morrow,
My lost one herding on the mountain brown,
Than strange doctrines teaching,
And new tenets preaching,

At yon lordly window in his silken gown."

After Domhnall Gorm, the next occupant of Dresden was

one M'Devitte, and after M'Devitte, the next was a Mr. Clarke, or Clarke Mor, as he is called, to distinguish him from his brother. These gentlemen owned extensive properties in Inishowen and the county of Armagh, and it is said they contended with each other for some time for the possession of Dresden. Mr. Clarke had a strong inclination for building mills. He intended to build one in Glenevin, here convenient to his seat, and made a watercourse from Ballyhallion river, near the hill of Bulabin, a distance of two miles, around the sides of Slieve Ceeragh, by his tenantry; some of whom he obliged to come from Grellagh, in the parish of Cloncha, and kept working without food or wages at this watercourse. When the water was within 60 perches of the mill site it sank through the bowels of the mountain through the loose stones, (skildra) and the undertaking had to be abandoned. He then built the mill at Keelogs, on the opposite side of the river. He built another at Tonduff, in the parish of Desertegney, and obliged his Grellagh tenantry, by a covenant in their leases, to bring all their corn there to be ground. The next occupant of Dresden was Dr. Chichester, rector of Clonmany, who, as we have seen, died in 1815. Dr. Chichester is represented as a kind and benevolent man, and was always greatly respected by the Catholic inhabitants of Clonmany. His relative, the Marquis of Donegall, often visited here, and sometimes spent the summer at Dresden. The next occupant of Dresden was the late Major Metcalfe. He was the son of a gentleman of property in Yorkshire, and who was by profession a physician. His father went to reside in Rome, and young Metcalfe was carried thither across the Alps in the arms of his mother. The French Revolution having deprived Mr. Metcalfe of his property, he was obliged to return to England when his son was 12 years of age. While in Rome, the father was introduced to Clement XIV., who was then Pope; and he became acquainted with the unfortunate prince Charles Edward Stuart, and his brother, the Cardinal De York, who, after his brother's death, assumed the title of Henry the IX. of England. Pope Clement remonstrated with him for so doing, on the ground that as the people of England expelled his family from the throne he had no right to assume the title; to which the Cardinal replied, "That, if not king by the authority of the people, he was by the authority of God." Prince Charles was one day shown some articles of vertu by Mr. Metcalfe; he asked

where they were manufactured, and, on being informed that it was in England, replied, "I like everything English." A few years after his return to England, young Metcalfe obtained a commission in a militia regiment quartered at Windsor Castle. When this regiment was about to be disembodied, he was sent for by the king, George III., who questioned him regarding Prince Charles and the Cardinal De York. His interview with the king was of the most satisfactory nature, for in a few days he was gazetted for a commission in the 79th Regiment of foot, commonly called the Cameronians or Highlanders, then commanded by a descendant of Lochiel. The king paid for his outfit from the privy purse. He served in Holland under the Duke of York, was secretary there to General Sir John Moore; and, in 1801, he served in Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. After this he came to Scotland, next to Ireland, and finally to Inishowen. He resided in Dresden from 1816 to 1841, and was the last occupant of that house which has since fallen into ruins. The farm has been added to that of the Glen House, and is now the property of Mrs. Rebecca Doherty. I should mention that the gallant major, at his departure from Dresden, removed to Carnadonagh, where, having lived to a good old age, he died in 1859. His remains are interred in the Catholic burying-ground; he, having for some years previous to his death, belonged to that communion.

Passing Dresden we arrive at the Glen House, a spacious and substantial mansion, situated in a highly improved and richly embellished demesne, the property of Mrs. Doherty, relict of the late Michael Doherty, Esq. Glenevin, or the fair glen, to which I have already alluded, passes through this demesne. Truly has it been called Glenevin, for there is nothing in the north of Ireland, or, for its extent, in all Ireland, can equal its surpassing beauty. It is a narrow glen, its sides are steep, in some places precipitous; for a short distance from Glen House a portion of it is planted; beyond this the tall fern, the glossy birch, the quivering mountain ash, the purple heather, flourish in wild profusion. A copious stream runs along the base of its shelving sides, which rise to the height of more than 100 feet above our heads; these afford cover for grouse and woodcock, and that is plentifully stocked with trout. The leading attraction of this glen, to the tourist at least, is its waterfall. Having travelled along the brook for about half-a-mile, and feasted his eyes with the charms of

the scenery, he rounds a sharp angle of the hill, and all at once this cataract bursts upon his view. The waters come rolling down that sluice-like rock, white and foaming, from a height of 40 feet. The rock itself is as black as ebony. The gorge through which the waters pass before they tumble down the precipice, is wedge-shaped, or has rather the appearance of the frustrum of a wedge ; it is about 30 feet high, 15 yards in breadth at top, and about one and one-half yards at the edge of the fall. The basin into which the waters descend is six feet in depth, and seems to have been worn out of the solid rock. Ivy creeps along the face of the gorge, holly and oak overhang the waters ; while, full 90 feet perpendicular above, the mountain-ash waves his boughs, like feathers of the desert bird in a warrior's plume. The basin underneath is named Pohl-an-eas, or the ferment pool, on account of the foam with which its surface is constantly covered. I should not omit to state that hawks build their nests in the face of the cliff. The following lines regarding this glen and waterfall were composed by one Mr. M'Laughlin, a local poet, and are, I conceive, well worthy of a place in these pages :—

“ The sun's parting beams on the hills are delaying,
The vale's overshadowed where daily I roam ;
But one lingering ray's on the waterfall playing,
Over deep Pohl-an-eas with its bosom of foam.

As I stand in that glen so romantic and lonely,
Where the wild plover screams from its heath-bower of green,
Nought now is heard save the cataract only,
And its echoes, that roll down the mountain ravine.

Pohl-an-eas ! how long, since a lover of nature,
With thrilling sensation of pleasure and awe,
First gazed on thy face ; where each time-worn feature
Bears impress of Him who gave nature its law ?

And ages shall roll, as the spray that rolls o'er thee,
Unheeded, unfelt as the sigh of the gale ;
When the heart that now pours its effusion before thee
Shall be laid in the dust, a mere clod of the vale.”

A little beyond the Glen House, the road turns off sharply to the west ; at this point fully bursts upon our view the isolated peak of Dunaff, tinged with a deep cerulean hue. Raghtan, the mighty Raghtan, is towering above us ; the Bay of Tullagh rolls along at our feet ; and, beyond the bay, Binion Hill rises 818 feet above the surface of the waters. The vegetation which this hill affords is carefully husbanded, if the

numerous walls, running from the base to its summit, be admitted as evidence of the fact. Binion House, the residence of Mrs. Loughery, is here very distinctly visible; a little south is the old graveyard of Both-Chonais, and on the beach below the house are three holy wells, which are called St. Columb's wells.

Directly before us, stretching to a considerable distance into the water, is an extensive tract of low ground, on the further extremity of which is Tullagh. This tract divides Tullagh Bay from the Harbour of Rockstown; and a little examination will suffice to show us that at one time nearly the entire of it lay beneath the waters of the ocean. To be convinced of this, the traveller as he passes along the highway between the National School of Crossconnell and the village of Rockstown, at a place called Drumshee, has only to examine a portion of the former beach of considerable length and great depth, and composed of many thousands of tons of regular shingle, with a little gravel intermixed. This beach is now nearly a mile distant from the waters, and fully sixty feet above their level.

Some time ago Crossconnell was the residence of a very remarkable man. He is now dead; but his memory is held in the greatest veneration, not only in Clonmany, but throughout the diocese of Derry. He was a well-bred gentleman, a soldier, and a priest; with honour and distinction he served the King; with zealous ardour he promoted the glory of God. The household words by which he is known briefly reveal his history—he is familiarly called the “Waterloo Priest.” William O'Donnell was born at Cockhill, in 1779. Soon after his birth his father removed to Rushville, from which one of his ancestors had been removed by Colonel Vaughan, under the influence of that law which precluded a Catholic from possessing a horse above the value of £5 if any of his Protestant neighbours took a fancy to the animal. Young O'Donnell received his primary education from Mr. Tom M'Colgan, the eminent classical teacher. In 1802 he entered Maynooth College, where he finished his philosophical and theological studies. His health being somewhat impaired by his college life, he was unwilling to take orders in the church; and, upon the practice of the law being proposed to him by his family, he declined both it and the medical profession from conscientious scruples. General Hart having got a number of commissions in the army to dispose of among Irish families, and offering an ensigncy to Mr. O'Donnell, he accepted it, and was gazetted to that post in the 20th foot, the 28th

March, 1811. He served with the army throughout the Peninsular war with marked distinction. The following extract from the *Belfast Vindicator* of March 31st, 1849, describing a war medal presented to him, gives a short account of his career during that period :—

“ This medal records the battles of Vittoria and the Pyrenees. The former was a most brilliant display of consummate generalship and military prowess, which has been crowned with the most complete success, over the most scientific and enterprising generals of the age, commanding the most daring, intrepid, veteran troops. The fruits of which victory were upwards of 150 pieces of cannon, and more than 400 waggons of ammunition, with the military chest and all their baggage and provision stores, with many prisoners. This officer witnessed his heroic companions falling on every side, amongst others the honourable and valiant Colonel Cadogan. It also serves as a memorial of the different actions he had been engaged in, through the mountains of the Pyrenees, during that very active and sanguinary campaign, from the battle of Roncesvalles, on the 25th July, 1813, until the victorious British army penetrated into France in November following. On the 25th July, his regiment (the 20th foot) alone sustained the brunt of the action for some hours in that quarter, and nobly kept the enemy in check until re-enforced by the 23rd and 7th Fusiliers ; but not without considerable loss of life. He is one of the very few now surviving officers who have been engaged in that desperate conflict. In the French reports of that action it was stated that the 20th regiment (British) had been totally annihilated. On the 28th July, before the battle commenced near Pampeluna, he had the honour of being selected by the general of the brigade (the late heroic General Ross) his aid-de-camp, (Captain Falls being already sent on duty), to acquaint the Commander-in-chief, the Marquis of Wellington, of the movements of the enemy, when, after discharging this most important duty, and having returned to General Ross with his lordship's orders, he was appointed by him (General Ross) to a post of honour, where, in common with his brave companions, he shared in the high encomiums conferred by the Marquis, as appears in his despatch to Earl Bathurst, in which, in mentioning the gallant 4th division, he makes honourable mention of the 20th foot in particular, when the enemy was completely routed after a most obstinate and sanguinary resistance. The ground where the conflict principally raged

was, I am credibly informed, almost literally covered with bodies of dead and dying soldiers of both armies. The close of the evening put an end to fighting and pursuing. When returning from the field he had the honour of being complimented by his commander, and warmly congratulated by his surviving brother officers upon having so narrowly escaped the death-dealing French bullets, which carried off a portion of his garments. He has also been engaged in different minor actions, where many a fine fellow got his *quietus* made as effectually as it could be accomplished in the far-famed battle of Waterloo. When Napoleon was sent into exile, his Prince and his country dispensed with this gentleman's services in the tented field ; who, soon after, changed the sphere of his exertions, and transferred them in a more special manner to the service of the King of Kings and God of armies, retiring, as he hoped, in *otium cum dignitate*,

" To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose."

The name on the war medal is " W. O'Donnell, lieutenant 20th regiment of foot."

In 1818 he was ordained priest, and succeeded his brother as administrator of Upper and Lower Fahan and Desertegney, where he remained till 1829. During this period he was again called on to join the army, which he proposed to do in the capacity of chaplain to the forces ; but this being refused, he sold his commission and gave up all further connexion with military life. In 1829 the Rev. W. O'Donnell was appointed parish priest of Clonmany. In 1839 he was arrested for arrears of tithe, which accumulated not only on his own property, but on that of some others in the neighbourhood of Buncrana. Though legally advised to resist the payment of this impost, he was incarcerated in Lifford jail ; soon, however, he ordered payment of the money, and his return journey was made quite a triumphal march, by the people of Strabane, Derry, and Inishowen, accompanying him with manifestations of joy as he passed along. As parish priest he devoted himself zealously to the duties of his charge ; he enlarged and improved the old chapel ; and, in 1843, adorned it with a tower and bell. He was the advocate of temperance, and the promoter of popular education ; he erected and furnished five National Schools in different parts of the parish. He closed his eventful life at his residence in Clonmany, on the 10th October, 1856, in the 77th



year of his age, universally esteemed and regretted throughout the length and breadth of Inishowen. His remains are interred in the family burying-ground at Cockhill, where a suitable monument marks the last resting-place of the hero saint.

After passing Crossconnell, the road to the gap turns to the south-west. It passes along the western side of Raghtan, which, on our left, rises proudly to an elevation of 1657 feet. There is but little vegetation on this hill ; its slopes are, for the most part, bare and rocky. On our right, as we pass along, we have a bird's-eye view of the district of Urris, from Ballinacarta to Leenankeel. The little farms are laid out with geometrical precision ; much of the soil is bare and cold, and is of that description known as cut-out bog. It is now undergoing a course of subsoiling and improvement by the thrifty occupiers, who are, as I believe, all tenants-at-will. But, in the neighbourhood of Leenan and Urrismanagh, there is rich alluvial soil, every foot of which is carefully cultivated. The rent here, for the most part, is £1 10s per acre.

Leaving Urrismanagh, a zig-zag road which winds up the acclivity, brings us to the Gap of Mamore. This road passes through the gap ; formerly it was the only highway between Urris and Buncrana, hence its name the *great or principal outlet*. On the Desertegney side of the gap the road is very steep. This mountain pass has many of the features which we read of as belonging to Alpine solitudes. It is elevated about 700 feet above sea level ; it is narrow, in some places being scarcely as wide as a carriage-way ; and, on either side in an almost perpendicular line, the mountains rise nearly seven hundred feet more above the head of the tourist. In the centre is a little glen, containing a lake, which seems to be supplied, chiefly, by the torrents of the surrounding hills, for in summer it is almost dry. A stream which flows from this lake, and gurgles down the ravine, is pleasing to the ear, and refreshing to the sight of the traveller who crosses this dreary wilderness. The gap has on its east side the hill of Mamore ; on its west that of Croaghcarragh ; the former is 1381 feet high, the latter 1307 feet. Near the extremity of the gap is a holy well, where the country people hold a station on the 15th of August. Tradition says that a saint of old retired to this mountain fastness to meditate on the Great Creator, and supplicate his mercy and protection ; and surely no more suitable spot for such a purpose could be found. The extreme solitude of the

place admirably adapts it for drawing off the thoughts from the busy world below ; while the mountains, rising in quiet majesty towards the clouds, are well calculated to direct them to heaven. The extensive view he enjoys of ocean and inlet, island and headland, sun and shade, reminds him of the majesty and goodness of that God who created, and who governs, sustains, and protects the whole. I must not omit to mention that, in the palmy days of smuggling, and when the gap road was the only one to Urris, its natural advantages for embarrassing the military were made use of by the adroit distillers. When their scouts gave intimation of the soldiers' approach, bodies of countrymen would betake themselves to the mountains, which overlook the gap, and hurl huge rocks down their sides with such overwhelming force as to render it impossible for any person to attempt a passage. When this was done the soldiers were obliged to leave without accomplishing anything, and the smugglers returned to their stills.

The range of Croaghcarragh extends westward from the gap, a distance of about one and a half miles, to the waters of the Swilly. It divides the parishes of Clonmany and Desertegny at this point ; and it consists of seven spire-shaped peaks, in a straight line, with deep intervening valleys. I have already stated the elevation of the highest of these peaks. The rock, which is of the hard schistose description, is, in many places, tottering from the top of these cliffs ; and heaps of *debris*, thus formed, lie around their bases. It is somewhat strange that these disruptions have occurred on the eastern, and not, as one would suppose they should, on the western or stormy side. Between the sixth and seventh peaks are two small lakes, which look very romantic. One is named Lough Fad, the other Lough Crunn. The latter is very cosily situated at the base of one of the peaks, which winds round it in a semicircular form. This mountain amphitheatre is overgrown with luxuriant heather, which affords a cover for multitudes of the vulpine species. From the upper lake there is no visible outlet ; but a verdant stripe of grass, about as broad as a carriage-way, connects it with the lower one. This would seem to indicate an underground passage or a winter overflow. From the lower lake issues a copious stream, which, glancing along the adjacent slope, goes leaping and brawling from rock to rock to the sea. A little to the west of these lakes is the brow of the mountain, from which we had a magnificent view of its

steep green sides, with heath and fern overgrown ; and of the bright waters of the Swilly, which were lit up with the rays of the evening sun, and across which was extended " His golden path of rays." Fanet and its lighthouse were plainly visible, so also was the coast-line around almost to Horn Head. Down below us we could faintly see, near the cliffs, three dark chasms, something like the shafts of deep mines ; these are the caves of Leenan. Proceeding towards them, though our journey was *down hill*, it was truly arduous ; it was also dangerous, for we had to cross several places where chasms and deep fissures were partly revealed, beneath a slight covering of bog. A false step here was sure to be attended with serious consequences. At length, however, we arrived at the first cave, which is named Uaimh-na-ban, respecting which a tale of blood and massacre is told similar to that which is related at page 148 of the *Cliff Scenery of South-Western Donegal*. This cave is tunnel shaped, there being an entrance to it on the land side as well as from the sea. The land entrance, which seems to have been formed by the action of mountain torrents on the loose red earth composing one side of it, is about 60 feet in length ; then commences the cave which is about 40 feet in length, 12 in breadth, and in some places 30 feet in height. At about half its length it branches off into another long and spacious hall, about as long, but not so lofty as the former one. The sea at flood tide washes through the whole of this lateral cave, and joins the incoming tide in the other. A portion of the roof has fallen in, at about the centre of the cave, forming a circular aperture, or natural skylight, which throws a faint glimmer through its dingy interior. The north side of the land entrance is composed of compact rock, against which a solitary ivy is growing up ; its stem has attained extraordinary dimensions, being some 15 feet in height and about half a foot in diameter. The stem is quite bare and dry ; and, were it not for the shoots which it gives off, towards the top, and which cover a large portion of the rock with their broad unctuous leaves, one would think it devoid of vitality altogether.

The second or central cave is named Phol-na-baccan, on account of its having been descended by a person named Diver, for the purpose of robbing the nest of an eagle which was situated on a ledge of rock, many feet below the surface within it. This is situated beyond the head of a little creek, in the grazing ground, and several yards distant from the rocks. It

is circular ; and, to the surface of the water, is 25 or 30 feet deep. What depth beyond this it may be, or how far it extends underneath the ground, and beyond this opening, it was impossible to ascertain. Diver, in his favourite pastime for eagle hunting, secured a stout rope, one end of which he tied around him, and the other to a strong wooden peg that he drove into the bank, descended this yawning pit, and so harassed the eagles by his visits that at length they abandoned the cave. The name it now bears implies *the hole of the tether-stick*. Over a portion of the creek, approaching this cave, is a natural bridge of rock about 20 feet above the sea water. In the vernacular tongue it is called "The Bridge of Sighs;" not on account of any supposed connexion between it and the celebrated one of that name at Venice, but because it leads from the second to the third cave, which is named Phol-Erricha, or *the hole of repentance*. The cave has been so called from the melancholy moaning sound made by the waves in pressing in through its subterranean vaults. The sea never recedes from it, and the opening towards the land is a basin of considerable size, about 70 yards from the edge of the cliff, scooped out of the level plain. A small stream of water flows into it, which must have formed the opening at first. The impression on the mind of the tourist, approaching it for the first time, is that persons are talking inside ; but upon descending a spiral path for about 20 feet he discovers the unreality of such a supposition. He has then arrived at the utmost limit of descent ; and, about the same distance below him, can discern the water slowly advancing and receding with each corresponding movement of the sea ; while the weird lamentable wail which, ever and anon, falls upon his ear, is calculated to create an increasing sensation of fear and loneliness. Whether or not the refractory spirits of the "vasty deep" do penance for their misdeeds within the pent up walls of Phol-Erricha, certain it is that in the more airy Uaimh-na-ban, the Leenankeellanders have often and again evoked a potent spirit, and to this day the tourist can plainly observe there the remains of the structure upon which the cauldron was seated while they performed their incantations.

Our path to the village lay along the sheep-walks of the green hill-side ; and a dizzy path it was, for if any one lost his footing upon it, with nothing to hold by, with nothing to grasp, he was sure to be borne, ledge over ledge, for hundreds of feet

along that fearful slope to the brink of the rocky precipice ; then one deep plunge, and it would be his last—

“ To the depths he'd sink with bubbling groan,
Unknell'd, uncoffined, and unknown.”

The little Bay of Leenan is a beautiful sheet of water ; at its farthest extremity is a line of steep rocks ; on this side a handsome canal-like stream, which, running through the alluvial plain, and dividing Leenanmor from Leenankeel, enters it ; its margin is diversified with green knolls and beaches of yellow sand.

In bidding adieu to this mountain wilderness and the lonely shore, which we have safely passed, we must say they have inspired us with feelings which, for a long time, probably never, will be effaced from our hearts. How well calculated are the works of nature, the cloud-capped hill, the shining lake, the towering cliff, the solitary shore, to impress the beholder with the power of their Author. With what ineffable sway they work upon his feelings, and preach, not of this, but of another and a brighter world, where His omnipotence, His tenderness, His glory, His love, His wisdom, His providence, and all His infinite attributes will be revealed ! In a word,

“ If from society we learn to live,
’Tis solitude should teach us how to die.”

We will now glance at Dunaff, but ere we leave I must relate a little incident which occurred on the bridle way between Leenan and Urrismanagh. One of our little party, an inveterate smoker, being in need of tobacco, asked a boy whom he met whether there was any shop in the locality, thinking, of course, that if there was, he could obtain what he required. “ No,” was the reply, “ there is no shap here ; but there’s an usquebaugh house beyond there.” We must say, however, that the usquebaugh house received but little patronage, though there is very good Parliament whisky for sale there.

Dunaff hill is an isolated peak, presenting an elevated wall-like, dark, scowling front to the Atlantic, and pierced with caves that extend far in beneath the mountain, through which the waves pass and repass. On the land side it slopes gradually downward to the plain, and, amid the rocks, is well clothed with good pasturage for sheep. Some years ago an Urris man who, from his infancy, had learned to reach the shore by descending along those fearful rocks, went down one day for the purpose of gathering mussels, limpets, and other shell-

fish, which the poor people, not being able to afford their families better, were thankful to obtain, and accustomed to cook and use largely as an article of food. Having got down to the edge of the water he noticed that the tide had so far receded that he could easily enter one of these caves, where abundance of what he sought lay temptingly before him. He went in and commenced to gather, and worked so eagerly at it that he quite forgot his perilous position till the tide was close upon him. He then saw to his terrible dismay that the way by which he entered was long since covered, that strong surging waves were tumbling over each other through the mouth of the cave, and that all means of egress or escape were completely cut off. No resource was now left him but to fly before the boisterous element as far into the interior of the cave as he could. Here he had the good fortune to explore a recess into which the waters had never apparently entered; but what a prospect lay before him, imprisoned in the bowels of the earth, a fierce storm beginning to rage outside, and the waters of the ocean, as far as he could view them through the vista of his cavern, white with foam. He hoped, however, that to-morrow would bring him relief, that the sea would ebb and restore him to light and liberty and home. In the meantime his poor family were inconsolable. A wintry tempest howled around their dwelling, the night was advancing; they sat watching, still their father returned not; the neighbours came to visit and console them, but none could whisper a word of hope, for all believed he had lost his footing on that dizzy cliff and tumbled into the sea, so they mourned for him as dead, and expected that in a day or two they might find his mangled body somewhere on the coast; but week after week rolled on and not even that melancholy consolation was afforded them.

On the next day the prisoner saw not any possibility of escape, and, in short, three months thus passed without affording him a chance to effect his purpose. But he was not quite alone, for numbers of birds made the cave their nightly retreat, and on the raw flesh of as many of these as he chose to kill, seaweed, and shell-fish, he managed to subsist. At length about the end of March the fury of the waves abated, and the tide ebbed low enough to permit him to depart. When he regained his home, his friends and neighbours had at first some doubts as to his identity, but these were soon cleared up, and the joy of all was uncommonly great. His constitution had suffered

much ; he was lean and feeble ; and, ignorant of the treatment he required in his then debilitated state, they prepared abundance of food, which they served steaming hot, and which his keen appetite prompted him to devour ravenously ; the result was that he died that very evening.

Among the lofty and craggy mountains of this parish the eagle still builds its nest,

" And draws its vigorous young,
Strong-pounced, and ardent with paternal fire ;
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire ; *which in peace,*
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

THOMPSON'S SEASONS.

As we return from Dunaff we pass Rockstown constabulary barrack, a large house of two storeys, and slated ; it faces the harbour of Rockstown. This was formerly called Kinea House, and belonged to one who bore the name of an illustrious Irish sept—to an O'Doherty. This O'Doherty, however, held all Urris in fee-simple from the Marquis of Donegall, and was a follower of, nay, even a captain, in the army of the Prince of Orange. A collateral branch of his family lived in Tullagh, who were of entirely opposite politics, and true and loyal supporters of their legitimate King. At this trying epoch of our history the whole of the people, and nearly the entire of the ancient aristocracy, were strict Jacobites. The exceptions, and they were few, consisted of members of the higher classes ; in fact,

" Here all were noble, save nobility ;
None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen chivalry."

But in some time Captain O'Doherty sold Urris to a Captain Charlton, and emigrated to America. Of the Tullagh family, one who had taken a mortgage on her property from Captain Charlton was, by a legal technicality, deprived of it, and received only the amount of the mortgage. The lady being detained on her journey from Derry to pay the mortgage, was unable to tender the money on the day agreed upon, but did so on the following day, on which Charlton had foreclosed and refused to accept it. Another member of this family was married to Mr. Edward Doherty, of Glenagannon. She, to preserve her estate, used to put in an appearance, according to law, once or twice each year in the Established Church. On

one of those occasions, being called upon to make certain sweeping declarations against the doctrines of the Catholic Church, she heroically refused, and fled the place precipitately, leaving her cloak behind. It is but just to say, however, that she was not deprived of the property, notwithstanding this act of contumacy. One of her descendants is at present an opulent merchant in Carndonagh; one a priest, in the diocese of Derry; and another a learned physician.

Besides the seats already noted, belonging to this parish, are Cleagh, the residence of the Rev. J. M'Laughlin, P.P., and Termaine, the residence of William Doherty, Esq.

The population, according to the last census, was 5,668. The first Catholic Chapel, after the penal times, was erected in this parish by the Rev. Mr. Sheil, in 1795. Previous to this mass was celebrated on a little altar at Urrismanagh; it was of rude construction, and without covering; also at Binion, at Anagh, and at Gaddyduff. The Catholic clergy during the last hundred years belonging to the parish were the Rev. Nathaniel O'Donnell. He succeeded Dean O'Donnell, who was for some time parish priest of Upper and Lower Fahan, Donagh, and Clonmany. Mr. O'Donnell was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Corr, who was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Shiel in 1794. He was succeeded by the Rev. William O'Donnell in 1829. Mr. O'Donnell was succeeded by the Rev. John Doherty in 1856, who was succeeded by the present pastor, the Rev. John M'Laughlin.

There are National Schools at Tiernasligo, Crossconnel, Gaddyduff, (male and female) Rasheney, and Beltra; and constabulary stations at Gaddyduff and Rockstown.

It has been well observed that biography is valuable as an example to imitate and as a beacon to warn. To praise desert can scarcely fail to stimulate virtuous actions, while the thought of being shown up in colours of infamy must frequently repress the vicious machination and forbid the atrocious deed. Such is my apology for introducing a short notice of a remarkable man, who was a native of this parish. But I may add that I should not do so excepting that I have found, upon full inquiry, that there is not one living can claim affinity to him, and, therefore, none to feel annoyed in the slightest degree.

John Toland was a man of great parts, but who was not so happy as to be obscure. He was born in 1669, and brought up a Roman Catholic. At the age of fifteen he turned Protestant,

and afterwards went to the University of Glasgow, from which he removed to Edinburgh. After having visited Leyden and Oxford he returned to Ireland, which he was soon obliged to leave to avoid a prosecution for writing a book styled "Christianity not Mysteriorious." In 1698 he published his life of Milton, which was followed by a deistical book entitled "Nazarenus," and another, the "Atheist's Liturgy," with several other pieces of a like tendency. This miserable reviler of the religion of his country, and who, from his inveterate hatred of all forms of Christianity more resembled Ripperda of Groningen, or Voltaire and Rousseau of France, than a native of Inishowen, was a spy, too, in the pay of Lord Oxford. He died in 1722.

Feller, a French writer, says that Toland was born at Redcastle. Dr. O'Donovan, in his notes to the *Annals of the Four Masters*, says he was born in Iskaheen; but, following the traditions of the people of Clonmany, who, I may observe, have preserved their traditions with the utmost accuracy, I have set down this parish as his birthplace. I believe, too, that I am fully correct in so doing. They seem to have a vivid recollection of his name, and to be aware of his doings, though I am sure wholly unacquainted with Watkins, or Feller, or O'Donovan. They relate that when he was a boy he one day met the priest on the highway; that some conversation ensued between them, and that the priest, after Toland's departure, remarked to one who was near that that boy spoke with the voice of the devil. He is known traditionally as Eoghan-na-Leabhare, or John of the Books.

We will now hasten onward, and as we pass through the village of Ballyliffin, pause to take a moment's notice of the scenery before us. Here we stand on a considerable elevation; on our left, overhanging the main, is Binion Hill, before us,

"The interminable ocean lies beneath,
Far away the broad-curved beach stretched on;
And I can see the quick-paced waves advance,
One after one, and spread upon the sands,
Making a slender edge of pearly foam
Just as they broke; then softly falling back,
Noiseless to me on that tall head of rock
As it had been a picture; or descried
Through optic tube, leagues off."—ATHERSTONE.

Such is Pollin Bay, viewed from this point, with its long curved beach of white sand, at the head of which is Carrick-

abrahay Castle ; and, amid the waters, far in the background, stretches forth the promontory of Malin Head. But the old castle and its surroundings will well repay a visit ; a description has been sent me of the locality, from the fluent pen of a gentleman who ardently loves this old land, and who, I believe, derives as much true enjoyment from the contemplation of its beauties as others from the possession of its broad acres. If not given in his own graphic style the narrative would suffer irreparable loss, so here it is :—“I now proceed to give you some notes of Strabregy and the Isle of Doagh, for the benefit of tourists to our northern coasts, and of those lovers of the sublime and beautiful who may not have an opportunity of visiting this, one of the many romantic but neglected localities of Ireland. I have often thought that many of the lovers of grand natural scenery in Inishowen do not know half the beauty of their native peninsula. While they strain every nerve, and the purse strings, too, to gratify their taste by visiting the glens of Antrim, the wooded beauties of Wicklow, and the enchanting lakes of Killarney, they leave unexplored, at their own doors, so to say, bright spots of rare beauty and historic worth, until their claims to notice are pointed out by some tourist from a distance, or perhaps some modest village scene painter. These thoughts are strengthened by the sensation I observe created by some glowing descriptions lately published in the *Derry Journal* of localities to which they all had easy access, but which were overlooked in the desire to see more distant places of more sounding fame, but which, perhaps, repay the sightseer no better. Are there not many of your Inishowen pleasure-seekers who know more of the Dargle than they do of Glenevin, and of the Gap of Dungloe than of the Gap of Mamore, and yet I have heard a learned D.D. say he saw nothing so bold in the scenery of Wicklow as the same Gap of Mamore ; but of this again, my business now is to show you Strabregy. It's true I've never beheld the beauties of Rhine land, where

‘Blush covered wreaths woo the sun's golden ray,’
nor have I seen the olive groves of Italy, nor sailed on the winding Seine ; but I have steamed up the Thames, crossed the Forth, wandered ‘where Clydie rins smoothly,’ and strolled listlessly on the banks of the Liffey, and yet I have never, in all my wanderings, looked upon a scene of greater natural grandeur than that which is presented to the traveller's ad-

miring gaze as he takes his stand upon the heights above Ballin-da-bo. A hundred feet beneath him he sees the green rolling waves of the Atlantic chasing each other towards the entrance of the inlet, and, after spending their rage upon the Bar for breaking up their sport, proceed calmly into the still smooth waters of the lake. Before him, on the opposite side of the inlet, sweeping boldly round in a splendid curve, rise the Knockamenny Bens, some hundreds of feet, crowned by a richly variegated sward of heath, soft green grass, and wild flowers ; closely adjoining them, embosomed in low sand hills, is Lag Chapel, the oldest in this part of Ireland, and immediately on the other side of the chapel Knockglass rises its lofty front in calm defiance, like a vigilant sentinel keeping watch and ward over the quiet graveyard at its feet. On the richly cultivated shores of the upper part of the lough stand the residences of several gentlemen, magistrates, clergymen, and others. First in order is Malin Hall, a handsome modern mansion, built on the site of one of O'Doherty's castles, whose cellars are said to still remain. It was afterwards occupied by Chichester, Marquis of Donegall, when he gave his fetes-champetre in Inishowen. Contiguous to the demesne is the clean little town of Malin, with its triangular fair green in the centre, and at the head of the lake stands Drumaville, the residence of J. M'Sheffry, Esq. On the same side is the Glebe House of Donagh, and Fairview House. At the western extremity of the lough is Rinacroaghera, (the hangman's portion) a bare, uncultivated point, deserving of notice solely from the circumstances connected with its name. After the attack on the garrison of Derry in 1608, by 'Sir' Cahir O'Doherty, and the burning of Culmore by his lieutenant, M'Davet, and when 'a fortunate shot in the head' had ended the career of the young nobleman 'of great hopes but few years,' a price was set upon the heads of his adherents. One of them, Donal a Billin, was hiding in this neighbourhood, and the reward for his head was his own inheritance. His brother-in-law, with whom he was concealed, contemplated his betrayal, and attempted to justify his treachery and cupidity in obtaining the reward by saying if *he* would not some other would ; and, fortified by this, to him, convincing argument, severing all the ties of kindred, and trampling on the rites of hospitality, he decapitated the fugitive, and proceeded with the head of his murdered kinsman to the English authorities, to claim the reward of his cruel perfidy. On his

way, having to stop at an inn for the night, he attempted to stifle the upbraidings of his seared and guilty conscience by a beastly indulgence in strong drink, and in the course of his carousal disclosed to the innkeeper the object of his journey. The innkeeper, acting on the good old principle that 'he may take who has the power,' proceeded in the morning, while the murderer was sleeping off the drunken debauch of the previous night, with the head to the authorities, and claimed and received as the reward of his guest's villainy the lands of Rashenny; and when he had his title to them fully perfected, he gave the above-named point to the perfidious fratricide as his portion of the spoil. Let us now quit this sickening scene of treachery, and turn to our original stand point, a short distance from which, at the northern extremity of the Isle of Doagh, on a rock called Carrick-a-Brahe, or the Friar's Rock, are the ruins of an old castle built by one M'Fall.* Of this relic of bygone times nothing now remains but a square tower, about 30 feet high, the angles of which, with geometrical precision, point to the four cardinal points, and a few broken ruins, which prove that the structure was once more extensive. The view from this spot, on a fine evening, is singularly beautiful. Stretched out before you, like some immense living creature, its bosom constantly heaving as with the pulses of life, lies the broad surface of the Atlantic ocean. Far away as the eye can reach, like a dim cloud resting on the waters, is the Island of Tory; nearer abruptly rises Glasshedy, with its emerald carpet of rich soft grass; farther distant the bold cliffs of Binion frown up in brown stern majesty, between which and the green heights of Cruick Anghrim (the hill of triumph) the dark sharp form of Bulabin looms up in the background, the whole forming an out-

* In A.D. 834 the monarch Niall Caille led an army into Leinster; one of his officers, Fearghus, son of Badhbhchadh, lord of Carraig-Brachaidhe, was slain by the Munstermen. Seghonnán, its lord, died in 858; Maelfabhaill, its lord, died in 878; Ruare, its lord, died in 907; in 915 its chief fell fighting, with the monarch, Niall Glandubh, against the Danes; in 1014 Cudubh Ua Maelfabhaill, its chief, was slain by the Munstermen; in 1053 its lord died; in 1065 Maelfabhaill, its lord, was slain by O'Meith; in 1082 its lord died; in 1102 Sitrick Ua Maelfabhaill, its lord, was slain; in 1166 Aedh, its lord, of same family, was slain by Niall Ua Lochlainn; in 1198 Cathalan O'Mulfavil, its lord, was slain by O'Dearan, who was himself slain immediately afterwards in revenge. This name is anglicised Mulfaal, and sometimes Mac Paul.—*Annals of the Four Masters.*

line at once singularly bold and attractive. At the eastern extremity of the miniature bay of Ballindabo stand two rocks, well worthy of the attention of the antiquarian and naturalist. They are about 40 feet high, and on the top of one of them, which is insulated by every tide, are the remains of a castle, built by Phelemy Breslaugh O'Doherty, for the purpose of preserving his infant son from the ravages of the smallpox, which at the time was desolating the locality ; but for all his paternal care the child caught the epidemic and died. Although his measures had not the desired effect, Phelemy was surely right in having recourse to sanitary means in order to stem the plague. Through the centre of the other, from side to side, runs a fissure, about 40 feet in length, opening on the side next the water into a splendid lofty hall, capable of containing upwards of 100 persons ; the sides are smooth and polished as the most elegant furniture, and wrought into an endless variety of shapes from the action of the tide. The formation of this rock, the sandhills in the vicinity, and other circumstances, prove that the locality was at one time the scene of some grand natural convulsion or earthquake."

Now, as to Strabreagy itself, it occupies a portion of what I have supposed to be the bed of the ancient deep, but its existence, as it now is, probably dates from the elevation of the land on the Culdaff coast, and the formation of the sand hills of Pollin. There is much reason to conjecture that its present inlet was formed by some sudden convulsion ; and there is a legend told respecting it, which goes to show, if this species of evidence be admissible, that for some time at least afterwards the passage became stopped, and the bed of the gulf underwent some degree of reclamation. The story will commend itself to those who advocate its embankment a second time. Seriously, however, that project, far from being impossible, would, in our humble opinion, not be attended with any very serious engineering difficulties—with much less, we are sure, than have been encountered elsewhere—while its completion would afford for agricultural purposes several thousands of acres of the richest land.

Before commencing the legend of Strabreagy I must observe that the hills of Knockameny, Knockglass, Lag, and Gorey, and even the gulf of Strabreagy, were regarded, time out of mind, as fairy or *gentle* ground. The fairy King of that district, as well as of the lough, was *Niall-na-ard*, or Neil of the Heights.

On the authority of a very ancient Irish tract, written in the shape of a dialogue between St. Patrick and Caoilte MacRonain, of which there are but two copies extant, one in the Bodleian Library, the other in the Book of Lismore, the original of which is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and a copy in the Royal Irish Academy. Dr. O'Donovan infers that the sprites or fairies, with corporeal and material forms, but, as is supposed, indued with immortality, were Tuatha-De-Dananns, who lingered in the country for many centuries, after their subjugation by the Gaedhil, and that they lived in retired situations, where they practised abstruse arts. On account of their mechanical skill and their retired mode of life the Milesians came to regard them as supernatural beings. Some of the De-Danann chiefs who fell in battle fighting against the Milesians were afterwards deified: thus, Manannan was promoted to be the God of the Sea, and was surnamed Mac Lir, or "son of the ocean." From Manannan, the Irish Neptune, the Isle of Man, or Inis-Manannan, takes its name. Through the haze and mists of departed centuries the name of Manannan comes rolling on our ear. Wishing to befriend three young men, whom he took under his special patronage, he entered into a compact with Niall-na-ard, who then resided in the hills of Knockameny, for his good will of the lough of Strabreagy, trusting to his own power over the deep to make it a safe place of residence for the young men. So says the legend. Wondering what use he could put it to, as it was of little service to himself, Niall gave it to him on easy terms. Manannan went forthwith down to the mouth of the bar, the tide being out, and there planted three white osier rods. He then departed, no one knew where. The tide on its return, however, passed not the three rods planted by Manannan; in a few days he returned with the young men, and put them in possession of this bit of territory, rescued, as it were, from his own dominions. The young men here built a splendid palace, and occupied their leisure hours in improving and beautifying their grounds. They succeeded so well that they excited the envy and cupidity of Niall-na-ard's queen, who insisted that he should appropriate the castle and grounds to his own use. Niall easily yielded to the covetous demands of his wife; he turned the three young strangers adrift, and gathering his own retainers and dependants to the ill-gotten castle, there held high carnival. He did not long enjoy the fruits of his perfidy. The

young men returned to Manannan, and told him how they had been dealt with by Niall. Manannan mounted his famous courser, and was next morning galloping swiftly past the castle ; he came from the bar mouth, had with him in his hand the three "sally rods," and at his horse's heels came rolling fiercely the green waves of the ocean. As he passed the castle, he raised his hand in threatening attitude, and addressing Niall-na-ard, said—"For that lie which you imposed upon me, this place shall henceforth be called Tra-na-brega." He galloped round the former limits of the lough, submerging the castle and estate. Thus was formed what to this day is known as Strabreagy, or the lying strand.

We may mention that at Ballymagehan, in the Isle of Doagh, there is an acient burying-ground, and mass used to be celebrated here in the olden time. Leaving the Isle (which, by the way, is really a peninsula) by the same way we entered it, and taking the road to Donagh, we soon arrive at the hamlet of Rasheney, where there is a handsome National School, surrounded by shady trees, with a residence for the master adjoining. A few minutes' drive brings us to the base of Crucknagalcosh, which, in former times, was likewise a stronghold of the fairies. Here a fairy princess, remarkable for the whiteness of her feet, presided at many a joyous meeting, and was on many evenings, and in the bright moonlight, seen to mingle in the dance, with her attendants, to the sound of the most exquisite music, generally that of the violin. A bootmaker, named Shane M'Cool, lived in the neighbourhood, and, in the exercise of his professional duties, his way often led across Crucknagalcosh, for in those times rural artizans migrated from one customer's house to another, where a job awaited them, and where they stopped and boarded while executing it. At length a noble lady in the train of the princess became enamoured of Shane, and day by day her love increased. A secret council was held by the fairy authorities, at which it was resolved to second the lady's designs, and to capture the bootmaker. But Shane had a friend among them who appeared to him, and not only privately disclosed the resolutions of the council, but likewise instructed him to contend with his adversary, and come off victorious in the struggle. Thus we see that *secret associations* even of the fairies, were not proof against the betrayer ; *there* itself there was a "Sham Squire" or a Jemmy O'Brien ever ready to sell the pass. The next time Shane crossed the hill,

being accoutred with the implements of his trade, he beheld the fairy contingent along a narrow glen, formed by the mountain torrent. His instructions were not to retreat, and if he struck to strike but once only ; for a fairy who gets one effectual stab is as vulnerable as any mortal, but give it another and forthwith it is cured. His admirer sat on a huge stone, just where Shane was to cross the brook, and on his approach rose to seize him, when he, drawing his knife, like his prototype, Fingal, when contending with the spirit of Loda, stabbed her to the heart. "Strike again," cried all the fairies. "Enough," said Shane, whereupon there arose from the whole multitude a dismal wail, in which they recounted the genealogy of the deceased lady, her descent from kings and knights, and the misfortune of having her thus murdered by "Shane Gibbagh M'Cool."

Very soon after the fall of O'Doherty the Established Church was introduced, for we find by the Ulster Visitation Book that in 1622 John Sterne, A.M., was minister of Clonmany. In 1655 the parish minister was John Bunbury, as stated by a record in the State Paper Office, Dublin Castle. His salary was £50, which was equal in value to £500 at the present time.

CHAPTER XI.

Donagh.

Continuing our journey we soon arrive at Straths Bridge, where we will halt for a very short time. On the rising ground opposite to us is the hamlet of Carndough. We can only see one of the comfortable farm houses from this point ; it is that of Mr. William Campbell, and the very one to which I would direct attention. The grandfather of the present owner occupied the same place, and at the time there was little toleration for Catholic priests or bishops in these parts, but for one of them, at least, the house of the good Joseph Campbell afforded a safe retreat. The fugitive was Bishop M'Colgan, of whom we shall speak more at length hereafter. His lordship was for some time sheltered by Joseph Campbell in his corn-kiln, but his whereabouts was soon made known, and that too by a Catholic. But the traitor was not destined to earn the reward, for a neighbour, who discovered what he was about, fortunately frustrated his design.

It was a fine evening in early spring. In yonder field, which runneth from the garden wall down to the river, Joseph Campbell was busily engaged in ploughing up the soil. He perceived a man crossing the bridge, and running towards him with breathless haste. On his arrival he knew him well, for he lived in this neighbourhood. He told Mr. Campbell, as hastily as he could, that he had Bishop M'Colgan concealed, that denial now was useless, and that if he did not quickly fly he would surely be apprehended; adding at the same time the name of the party who was intent on committing the evil deed. Campbell saw that all was pretty well understood; he unyoked his horses, placed his lordship on one, while he himself rode upon another, and taking the Clonmany road, stopped not till they were in Leenankeel. Here the bishop took a boat and got in safety to Fannet. They were not an hour gone when the military arrived in Carndough, and going to the kiln they found, as they themselves termed it, "the nest there, but the bird was gone." To his charitable and humane behaviour in concealing the bishop, and finally preserving his liberty, if not his life, by assisting him to effect his escape, the peasantry have been in the habit of attributing the prosperity which blessed Joseph Campbell and his representatives to the present time. But we must hasten on, passing Glassalts National School, which nestles quietly in Primrose Vale, Fairview, once the seat of pleasure and festivity, now silent as the grave, and the Rectory, flanked by tall sheltering elms, and surrounded by a well-improved farm, the residence of the respected parish minister, the Rev. N. Columbine Martin. In that house was born Tristram Kennedy, Esq., M.P., the talented and enlightened representative of the county of Louth. His father was rector here. His successor was the Rev. George Marshall, whose sons, George, James, Bristow, and Hill, so much distinguished themselves in the civil and military service of their country in India and China; and whose daughter, Honora, was married to the illustrious Sir Henry Lawrence, of Indian renown. A little onward, on the densely wooded slopes of Crucknacoiiledare, we have, as already remarked, a specimen of the primitive Irish forests. I think there is scarcely anything which could afford more true delight to the ear than the melody of the feathered songsters of these groves on an early summer morning.

"The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;

Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely silent. Join'd to these,
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
 Of new spring leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert: while the stock dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole."

THOMPSON.

To the left of the road is the landlord's pretty mansion, amid a profusion of tall, venerable oak, ash, and elm trees, with its extensive lawn, parks, and pond. This is the seat of S. Rankin, Esq.

"Should I my steps turn to the rural seat
 Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
 Invite the rook; who, high amid the boughs,
 In early spring, his airy castle builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there well pleased,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around,
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond
 The finely-checker'd duck before her train
 Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
 And arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
 The turkey nigh,
 Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock
 Spreads his every-coloured glory to the sun,
 And swims in radiant majesty along."

THOMPSON'S SPRING.

The above graphic extract is strictly applicable to the spot before us. We will now try to ascend this steep hill on the road. Indeed, 'tis a wonder that now in this age of improvement such a towering eminence on the public highway is not removed. After getting to the top of it, you will probably be panting, so; while you stand to draw your breath, turn to the west and look sharply into yonder glade in the wood. Beneath those waving oaks, though you cannot see it, is a massive stone, four feet high and three broad, of smooth surface, naturally encased in the bank. Here, when the priest and his flock dare no longer appear in a temple made by hands, they were accustomed to meet on Sundays; and on that mural altar was offered the oblation of the Mass.

" Oft hath the holy wine and bread
Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent,
Where many a bright and hoary head
Bowed at that awful sacrament ;
Now all beneath the turf are laid,
Who here had sat, and sang, and pray'd."

WILSON.

There is a cross cut upon this altar ; its top is overgrown with heather, a stunted oak grows beside it, and a holly bush overhangs it. When mass was offered here it was partially sheltered by a large branching oak ; in time of storm staves taken from the crowd and covered with overcoats sheltered the altar, and afforded a protection for the sacrifice. The stones that formed the base are now for the most part displaced ; indeed, some of them were drawn away by a Catholic in the neighbourhood, to be used as building stones, when the late Robert Carey, Esq., of Tiernaleague, hearing of it, did, to his great credit, put an immediate stop to the prosecution of this act of thoughtless Vandalism. At Barrack-Hill, in Carn-donagh, there was another of these little altars, and a third one at or near the place where Owen Doherty's house now stands on Glenmakee Hill. When on this subject I may here state that the small Chapel first erected in Carndonagh was built about 80 years ago by Dean O'Donnell. It was the fourth built in the barony.

We have now arrived near the centre of the parish of Donagh ; its hills and plains, and glens and rivers are before us. At Carn the principal thoroughfares of the barony intersect each other, and radiate from that point. The mountains, the highest of which is Slieve Snaght, consist of whinstone, trap, and schist rocks, but clay-slate, flagstones, and ranges of blue limestone, are found among them. Veins of silver exist among the quartz at Carrowmore, in Glentogher. These silver mines were worked by an English company in 1790, and again in 1855, but abandoned secondly after considerable progress had been made.

The area of the whole parish is 25,259 acres, but much of this is irreclaimable mountain land, unfit for cultivation. In the low grounds are some extensive tracts of bog land, but the bog is speedily disappearing under the demand for fuel, and much of the ground from which it has been cut away is being converted into good land. Underneath these bogs are large quantities of timber ; larch-fir, oak, and sometimes yew are

found in a good state of preservation. The population in 1861 was 4,474.

There is no point on any side of it from which the vast proportions of Slieve Snaght can be viewed so advantageously as at Mullinabantry, on the ridge which separates Glentogher from Glenagannon. To this place we will then proceed. We notice at Churchtown a very neat house, lately erected by M. C. Rankin, Esq., attached to which is an improved and well fenced and sheltered farm; beyond this is a subdivision of the old townland of Magheramore, now known as Longfield, or Magherafoda, which, passing, we soon arrive at the Derry road. From this road, nearly at the Mullin bridge, the way to this place leads off along the slope of Ballyloskey hill. When the traveller places himself on the limestone knoll which occupies the summit of this comparatively unfrequented spot, he will not fail to be impressed with feelings of pleasure and amazement while he surveys the landscape there presented to his view.

"There is a voiceless eloquence in earth,
Telling of him who gave her wonders birth;
And long may I remain the adoring child
Of nature's majesty, sublime or wild;
Hill, flood, and forest, mountain, rock and sea,
All take their terrors and their charms from thee—
From thee, whose hidden but supreme control
Moves through the world a universal soul."

MONTGOMERY.

As the plan which I have designed for myself will not permit me to enter into a full delineation of the varied scenery around, I will, therefore, glance only at the most prominent objects of interest. First, then, lying deep below us is the narrow valley of Glentogher, hemmed in by hills, and nearly three miles in length, with fields and farm houses, and sheep pasturage amid the crags on each side of the river.

"That narrow vale which winds
Among the hills is grey with rocks that peer
Above its shallow soil; the mountain side
With loose stones bestrewn, which oftentimes
Sliding beneath the foot of straggling goat
Clattered adown the steep."

Several bridges span the river to afford the people of the opposite side access to the road. Opposite one of these is the National School, where the children of the glen are educated. Rising far above us is the blue peak of Crunleigh, and over against it is craggy Trosk; then in succession are the two

“Tullys,” which occupy the foreground of Slieve Snaght, and behind them rise the huge shoulders and conical peak of that great monarch, sharply and clearly defined against the western sky. On the north side it declines in a series of stairs or terraces, which terminate at Cregacattin, on the Buncrana road, the regularity of whose gradations are from this point beautifully apparent. Between those twin brothers, the “Tullys,” a rapid brook runs directly down to the main river at Cashel, and on the line of this brook, through the opening in the hills, the best view can be had of that towering elevation of 2,200 feet and more. The sides of the mountain, though steep, are neither bare nor craggy, but covered with a thick coat of short purple heath, interspersed with patches of grass, and throughout the summer months it affords excellent sheep pasturage. Indeed the mutton raised here is said to be peculiarly excellent and sweet flavoured. It is called the snowy mountain, because the snows lie longer on it than on any of the others around. Some years ago a patch lay on it from one winter to the next. The heavy snows of January, 1867, will probably leave their impress on its brows for a long time.

From this stand-point we can also see Bulliba, in Clonmany ; nearer, the Giblan mountains, one of which presents a curious configuration, inasmuch that it appears quite globular and ever ready to tumble into the briny deep. Nearer still is Glenmakee mountain and the green slopes of Cregnahorna, running down to the glen, which is a spot of rare and excelling beauty. On the north, as far as the eye can carry, we see the black mountain of Malin ; on and onward to the sea, lake-like Strabreagy, Culdaff Bay, and the wooded heights of Carthage and Port Redford, the emerald clad Cruck Aughran, and last, though not least, Cruckroosky, which we think we can nearly touch with our extended hand ; not so, however, for a great portion of Glenagannon lies between. But I shall have to speak of this glen more at length when I come to trace the districts remarkable for private distillation.

The place whereon we stand used to be accounted a favourite haunt of the fairies or *gentry*. Micky Gill, who professed himself a medium between mortality and the spiritual world, used frequently to meet troops of them here, and join with them in the most exhilarating pastime. Micky was not of great stature himself, but among these respected beings he seemed a giant. He and they were once seen disporting here,

but when the person who noticed them came forward, the fairies had all vanished, and Micky was alone. An explanation was demanded, but all that Micky could be got to say was that his companions were little boys, who went just into the rock there. This Micky lived at Cashel, and used to tell his neighbours, when their cattle were missing, that he assisted in their seizure by the gentry. He at last disappeared rather mysteriously, and fame had it that it was his adopted friends who wafted him off from the cares and miseries of earth.

We will now proceed to Carn, and discourse by the way. The living in this parish is a rectory, in the patronage of the Marquis of Donegall; tithes, £269. The glebe, on which the rector's house is situate, contains 162 Cunningham acres. There is a Presbyterian Meetinghouse in connexion with the General Assembly, at Hill-head, and adjoining it a Manse has been lately erected for the clergyman. The principal seats are Tier-naleague, The Rectory, Fairview, Bridge Cottage, Hollymount, Gransha, Whitefield, and Cloaghan House. There are National Schools at Glentogher, Craigtown, Glassalts, and Carndonagh, (male and female) named St. Patrick's. There are eight mills in the parish—two for cloth, three for flax, and three corn mills. The occupations of the people are chiefly agricultural, and some progress is being made in improved husbandry, under the auspices of a local farming society. But in farming there is still great room for improvement as regards drainage, rotation of crops, the rearing and feeding of stock, &c. As a remedy, I think the friends of agriculture should endeavour to have it taught practically, and then farming, in the next generation at least, would be skilfully performed. It is all very well to have our youth taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, but with this amount of education we should not rest satisfied, for, as most of them must depend on the cultivation of the soil for their support through life, it is obvious that in this, as in every other branch of industry, they should be properly trained and instructed. Long established habits are hard to be overcome, and the work of improvement progresses slowly.

Sixty years ago, however, farming was in a more backward condition than at present; farm implements were almost nil; the plough then in use was a light wooden thing, which a boy of eighteen could fix on one shoulder and carry from townland to townland; the harrow was also of wood, even the pins or teeth, while carts or wheeled vehicles had scarcely any existence

at all. Any improved implement, when first introduced, was looked upon with a jealous eye, and regarded as an inroad on chartered customs. About this time there lived in the vicinity of Carndonagh a farmer, whom we shall call Mr. Wren. He was of English descent, and, as it was whispered, of the family of the great architect of St. Paul's, or even a distant relation of Royalty itself. Well, Mr. Wren imported a new plough, a solid wooden one, well painted, with improved muzzle and cast iron plate for mould board. The merits of this plough became the sole theme of conversation in the neighbourhood. All the farmers came to inspect it. Of the number was Sandy Faraday. The day on which he came Mr. Wren was at home, and his ploughman at work. Sandy inspected the plough minutely, opened a furrow with it, and bepraised the good taste and enterprise of the owner as much as Mr. Wren could desire, who, to do him justice, was open to a considerable amount of judicious flattery, as which of us is not?

He pronounced it a "bra plu," and declared "she would split a hailstane."

The inspection over they retired to the cottage to discuss the prospects of improved agriculture over a pot of Mr. Wren's home brewed. While the latter was filling the beverage, he managed to intermix Sandy's beer liberally with stout *Inishowen*, which he called putting a *stick in it*, for the purpose of hearing him bestowing his praise, at which he appeared an adept.

Sandy partook of his beer with great gusto, remarking "'tis yersel, Mr. Wren, that keeps the gid small beer, lang life to ye; this is nane o' Carn splash; here's to the new plu."

On his way home Sandy called at the smiddy, where a number of rustics were assembled in busy confab regarding the same said plough.

"Boys," said he, "I ha' just been to see that plu."

"Have ye, have ye, Faraday," they exclaimed. "And what's yer opinion of her?"

"Och, what of her," returned Sandy, "She's only a figaire"—a painted toy.

His judgment was highly satisfactory to the auditory, and was received with a burst of applause; and thus the astute Faraday pleased and laughed at each party in turn.

We are now in sight of Carn. There is the old military barrack perched high above it, still seeming to sentinel all around. The large edifice on our right, which we are now passing

is the Convent building and schoolrooms of Mount St. Mary, lately erected through the exertions of the present respected parish priest, at a cost of £1,300, but not yet in operation. The Convent building occupies a beautiful site, and not only commands a view of the surrounding country, and of the waters of the ocean, but, from it on a clear day, beyond the Bay of Culdaff, may be seen the hills of Jura, on the Scottish coast.

Next, on our left is the Union Workhouse, with accommodations for 650 paupers, and fever hospital adapted for 50 patients. These buildings, being so like others of their kind, require no particular description here.

The town of Carndonagh is situated about the centre of the barony, at a distance of 20 miles from Derry, 10 from Bunrana, and 12 from Moville.

It consists of a square and four streets, and most of the houses are large, new, and substantially built. A great many of the old buildings have been removed by the occupiers, and better ones erected in their stead; and this work of improvement is still steadily progressing. A portion of the interior of the square is occupied by a large structure, of rather ungainly aspect, serving the purposes of a weigh-house and Sessions House, but impairing considerably the general appearance of the town. The population was 645 in 1861. The markets, which are held on Mondays, for the sale of cattle, pigs, horses, grain, flax, potatoes, and agricultural produce generally, are, on account of the central position of the town, well attended, and a great deal of business transacted. Besides these, fairs are held on the 21st of February, May, August, and November, and an extraordinary market on the day after Christmas. The Northern Banking Company have a branch Bank here. The town is the head-quarters of a Constabulary district, and petty sessions are held in it monthly, and road sessions twice in the year. There are likewise the usual public institutions, such as a post-office, with savings bank, dispensary, and a loan fund, which is adjacent to the town. It contains many good shops; there are two shirt factories, a hotel, two bakeries in operation, and two more in course of erection. There are twenty-three houses licensed in it for the sale of spirituous liquors, two of these being wholesale as well as retail establishments. The town is the entrepot and principal place of business for at least 200 square miles of the surrounding country; the number of

public houses, therefore, is not too great for the wants of the place, though some, who erroneously base their calculations on the population of the town only, assert the contrary. The population of the town is evidently no criterion whereby to test this matter. Were their wants only to be consulted, few, indeed, would be the number of public houses required, for the people are generally sober, industrious, and economical. But, as a public question, licensing has lately grown into notoriety and importance; some, regarding every licensed house as an evil, are using their "little brief authority" in waging a crusade against them—suppressing some, and busying themselves in opposing the applications of others, especially of all new applicants, no matter how unimpeachable their character. Such views are not only discouraging to trade, but also unsound. By them, too, *shebeen* houses are directly encouraged, every one of which is a positive evil. Let there be no favour in dispensing the privileges of the law—no monopolies—let it be the rule to grant these licenses, the exception to refuse; and as to the whole number of such houses necessary in the country, it will regularly and steadily adjust itself, without official nonsense, by the unerring operations of the law of demand and supply.

The Roman Catholic Chapel is also situated here. It is a large and spacious edifice, erected at an outlay of £1,200. A tablet, which is affixed to the exterior, informs us that this took place in 1826, "through the unexampled exertions of the Rev. James Quinn, pastor." Mr. Quinn's remains are interred here, and the tablet in question was prepared and placed in its present situation by his successor.

There is a male and female National School adjoining the chapel, and under the management of the parish priest; in another part of the town is a school belonging to the Wesleyans. Besides the two National Schools above referred to, Rev. Mr. Quinn likewise built two of the other National Schools of the parish.

We have here to state that John Colgan, the learned compiler of the "*Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*," or Lives of the Saints of Ireland, was born in Glentogher, in the parish of Donagh. Of his birthplace he himself says:—*Natus apud radices niveæ montis*. He became a Franciscan monk, and completed his studies in the College of St. Anthony, in Louvain. He succeeded the celebrated Hugh Ward, also a county of

Donegal man, in his office as lector of divinity, and his laborious antiquarian pursuits. Colgan was deeply versed in the language and antiquities of his country. He contemplated, even before his departure from Ireland, a revision of the national records, especially that portion of them which embraced the hagiology of his illustrious forefathers. An opportunity for this was now afforded him. On the death of Ward, in 1635, the piles of manuscripts which that great man had in his possession, as well as those which had been collected by O'Clery and Fleming, were all carefully committed to the management of John Colgan.

With these materials Colgan proceeds to put his religious and noble designs into execution. Agreeably to his original intention, he proposed to publish a general synopsis of the ecclesiastical antiquities of Ireland; secondly, the acts of SS. Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille; and thirdly, the acts of all the other saints of Ireland.

This last work he proposed to divide into four parts, each part comprising the festivals and hagiology for three months. He only lived to see the first of these parts—which contained two volumes—published. It appeared in 1645. The remaining parts, enriched with notes, critical and topographical, and with large and complete tables, had been prepared for the press, when the death of the author prevented their publication.

The “*Acta Sanctorum*” is very rare; only a few copies of it exist now in all Ireland. The late Rev. Daniel Doherty, of Cappagh, possessed a copy; the celebrated Dr. Reeves has one; there is one in Trinity College. The average price is from £20 to £30. In the Messrs. Richardson's catalogue it is marked at £20.

In 1647 Colgan completed his favourite hagiology of the three principal patron saints of Ireland. In this work, which consisted of two exceedingly large volumes, the author presents seven lives of St. Patrick, five of St. Columba, and six of St. Brigid. The unwearied research of this eminent man has contributed to shed a new ray of light on the sacred antiquities of his country. John Colgan died at Louvain in the year 1658. Besides the works mentioned he published some others, and after his death several piles of his manuscripts remained at Louvain. It does not appear that any of these had been published; they may, however, be considered as invaluable memorials of the deep research of this learned antiquarian.

Glentogher was likewise the birthplace of the Rev. John M'Laughlin, parish priest of Ballinascreen in the year 1785. Mr. M'Laughlin was eminently skilled in the Irish language. He studied at the Irish College, Paris, and during his residence there was many years employed, by order of the Dublin Society, or some other public body, with transcribing a part of the "Book of Lecan" from a copy in the Royal Library. He was appointed first professor of the Irish language at Maynooth, but declined the offer. He died on the 28th of October, 1813.

In placing before the reader some account of the great and good, whose learning, virtues, or patriotism have conferred imperishable lustre on the fine old barony, it affords me much pleasure to record the following sketch of the life of the late Rev. Patrick Kearney, of Carndonagh. It is taken, by permission of the writer, from the *Ulster Observer* of June 9th, 1864 :—

"Father Kearney was born among the grey mountains of Donegal, in the classical peninsula of Ennishowen. His early years were spent under the shadow of Slieve Snaght, at the base of which the learned author of the 'Acta Sanctorum,' John Colgan, was born. His youthful mind was stored with the religious traditions and the historical reminiscences of the good old barony. Father Kearney was born at Carndonagh, on 10th November, 1831. His mother was an O'Dogherty, a descendant of the good old sept that once reigned supreme in the good old barony. Father Kearney entered the College of Maynooth on the 25th of August, 1846, he being one of five students who had been selected by the late lamented Dr. Maginn a short time after his elevation to the episcopacy. Of these five two, Fathers Kearney and Campbell, joined the order of the Vincetians, at Castleknock; a third, Father Flanagan, went out as a missionary to Trinidad, and two remained in the diocese of Derry—one, the Rev. James M'Closkey, as curate in Dungiven, and the other, the Rev. James M'Laughlin, in Carndonagh. It was often remarked in Maynooth that it was quite an unusual thing for such a number of distinguished students to enter Maynooth at the same time and from the same diocese. At the time Father Kearney entered college he had not attained his fifteenth year. Father Flanagan, another of the Derry students who entered the same class, appeared even younger, though he was older by a few months. When these two candidates presented themselves for examination, the President, the late

Very Rev. Dr. Renahan, was so struck by their youthful appearance, that he remarked, 'Why, Dr. Maginn must surely look on Maynooth as a nursery for little boys.' It soon appeared, however, how prudent and discriminating the great prelate was in the selection of his candidates; for, from the very beginning of his collegiate career, Father Kearney gave most unmistakeable proofs of a strong, vigorous mind, and of abilities far above those of the ordinary class of students. His career in college was long and brilliant. He was always among the first in his class.

"At the end of eight years he entered on the Dunboyne Establishment, where he also obtained the very highest honours. At one time he was adjudicated the *solus*, or prize essay, having obtained a similar honour in the class of *Belles Lettres*. For a short time he discharged the duties of professor. He was specially ordained to act as dean on the 13th of December, 1855. He remained in Maynooth till July, 1856, when he joined the Fathers of the Congregation of the Missions at Castleknock, near Dublin. He spent his noviciate at Paris, in the house of the Order *Rue de Seville*. Here it was that the symptoms of that fatal malady under which he suffered for so long a time, and to which he fell a victim in the end, began to manifest themselves. He revisited his native barony for change of air, and returned again to Castleknock much improved. Some three years ago, when the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon handed over his Diocesan Seminary at Armagh to the Vincentian Fathers, Father Kearney was appointed to act as principal of the establishment. And the end proved how prudent was the choice.

"His vocation was for a college or religious life—for the quietness and peace, for the opportunities of devotion, for the gradual formation of young minds, for the literary leisure which a place of education afforded him. During the short term of his management of the seminary at Armagh the number of students increased in a most wonderful proportion, and the institution acquired a name and a status which it is likely to retain for a long time to come. The duties of principal were, however, too much for Father Kearney's weak constitution and his shattered health. He was obliged to leave Armagh and revisit again the scenes of his early life—to try the effects of his native air. He remained at home for many months, and returned again in August last to Castleknock, where he calmly

breathed his last, surrounded by the Fathers of the Order, on the evening of the 22nd of last month.

“Poor Father Kearney! Peace to his soul! His labours and his pains are now all over. His body sleeps at Castleknock, in the little churchyard of the Order, and under the shadow of the ivy-clad ruins of the old castle. The green grass will soon cover his grave, and a simple stone cross, recording his age and the time of his death and birth, will be all that will be seen by the eye of the devout pilgrim who will visit his grave, but the influence of his good example, and the memory of his learning and of his many virtues will long remain. There was nothing fitful, nothing pretentious in the character of Father Kearney. He was ever one and the same—ever simple, single-minded, blameless, modest, and true. His was a discriminating judgment, which enabled him to cultivate human learning, so that it did not encroach on the time and interest due to sacred studies, and so to consecrate himself to the inward life as to cultivate carefully ‘whatever is lovely, whatever is of good fame.’ He was a pleasing speaker and an elegant writer, with a natural playfulness of thought and manner which made him dear to his friends and agreeable to all. The spirit of evangelical charity shone through the whole man, and made his gentleness and refinement appear what they really were—a growth from that pure harmony of soul which is a supernatural gift.”

The parish priests of Donagh for the last century were, first, the Rev. John M’Colgan, born in Cregamullen, a nephew of the Bishop, and brother of Thomas, the Latin teacher. He retired, from bad health, to Cregamullen, and received a small yearly allowance from the parish. He was buried in Cloncha. He was succeeded by the Rev. Michael M’Colgan, a native of Priesttown, in this parish. This town was formerly called Muff, but since his time it has been called Priesttown. He was parish priest for about six years, and is buried in the west end of Donagh church-yard, in the family burying-ground, where he had erected a monument over the remains of his father and brother. The inscription runs thus:—

“I. H. S.”

“S.M.M.D. ora pro nobis. Pater de cœlis Deus misecere nobis. Omnes sancti angelis et archangelis orate pro nobis. O.M.M. et V. intercedite pro nobis. This monument was erected by the Rev. Michael Colgan, for his father, Roger, who

departed this life January 15th, 1778, aged 65. Also, his son Philip. This is for his own posterity. This stone was erected 1783."

We may observe the Latin is not quite grammatical. A few years after the good priest was buried in the same grave, but no one has taken the trouble to note the time of his death, or have it inscribed on the tomb. He was the last priest of an honoured name who shed lustre on the diocese of Derry, and ministered to the wants of the people during the dark days of the penal times.

Father Colgan attended Meentaghs as well as Donagh, where mass was then celebrated on alternate Sundays. He was succeeded by Dean O'Donnell, who likewise attended to Buncrana. He was parish priest about four years, and, as before stated, built the chapel at Carndonagh. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Diamond, of the County Derry, who lived where Bridge Cottage now stands, and completed the Chapel. He remained here only about five or six years, and was transferred to another parish. His successor was the Rev. John Maginn, who lived at Bridge Cottage also, and was only about four years here when he exchanged for Buncrana. His successor was the Rev. Mr. Gallagher, who lived in Ballylosky and in the town of Carn. He died in the parish. His successor was the Rev. Mr. O'Kane, called "White Kane," a native of County Derry; he lived in Glentogher, and exchanged for Donaghedy. He was succeeded by the Rev. James O'Connor, who lived in Glentogher, and exchanged for Culdaff about the year 1825. He was succeeded by the Rev. James Quinn, a native of the County Derry, who built the present chapel and four National Schools, to the erection of which he himself contributed three or four hundred pounds. He died in Carrick on the 24th of April, 1838, and is buried in the chapel graveyard. He was succeeded by the Very Rev. William M'Cafferty, Dean, who died in Priesttown in 1856, and is buried inside the chapel. He was succeeded by the Rev. Paul Bradley, the present parish priest.

Before taking our departure from Carndonagh we will make a short visit to the old graveyard at the Protestant Church. As the reader is aware this is the famous spot previously spoken of in connexion with the institution of Christianity in Inishowen. Crossing the bridge, on the left is Bridge Cottage, the residence of J. N. Thompson, Esq., J.P., surrounded with

a profusion of tall shady trees; beyond, at the distance of about one-eighth of a mile, and near the base of Cruicknacoidare, we see Carrick, the pretty residence of Captain Penfold, R.N. That neat little garden before the door is pleasing to behold in the summer months. Rows of fruit trees and well-arranged beds, stocked with a profusion of pretty flowers, give evidence of the proprietor's refined taste. That handsome modern edifice to our left is the residence of Mr. R. Moore. It is shaded by the giant ash trees around the old churchyard. We have now got to the brow of the gentle but commanding eminence on which the venerable building stands. This very handsome dwelling near the gate is "The Cottage," the residence of the Rev. James M'Laughlin, C.C. In their season rich flowers are carefully cultivated around the door, and the walls are tastefully festooned with roses and honeysuckle; moreover, the site on which it stands commands a most extensive and picturesque view of the adjacent country and of the distant mountains, as before referred to in treating of the site of the church.

We enter the churchyard, and probably the old bell is tolling above our heads. That bell has its history. It was cast in Italy; it was the old Catholic bell, and it bears on it this inscription—"Sancta Maria, Ora pro nobis." In this churchyard are many curious monuments, well worthy the attention of learned antiquarians. There is one most remarkable one. It is opposite the south sidewall, and not far from the corner of the church. It appears to be of very remote antiquity, probably of the fifth or sixth century. It is most likely the oldest Christian monument in the North of Ireland, and was probably set here before the Roman alphabet was used in Ireland, as there are no characters upon it. It is 3½ feet long, 11 inches broad, and a foot thick. The figures are allegorical. There is a bishop, with pastoral staff, and a monster springing up to devour him. Behind this are two angels carrying a cross surmounted by a crown. The next figure appears to be a round tower, and, after this, there is an Irish cross, with four points deeply indented in the circle.

The other large cross, with its elaborate scroll work, which stands outside the walls, and before referred to, is probably of the 8th century.

Here is also the tomb of Donatus Colgan, who was priest in the reign of Queen Ann, at which time the priests were obliged

to register their names. As the ancient monumental carving throughout Inishowen is almost similar to this, I subjoin a note of the particulars. First, then, is the abbreviation I.H.S., next a flying angel; next a cross, chalice, and book; next the inscription, which is "Donatus Colganus Dounagh me *firi* fecit, 6 Die Augusti, Anno Domini 1703." Then there is a bell, death's head, and cross bones, and lastly, the words, "vive memor lethi, fugit hora."

This churchyard contains several relics of monumental art of very remote antiquity, and, in some cases, displaying the most perfect specimens of art. On the south side of the church there is a large slab of stone, $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad, and 1 foot thick. It is red sandstone, such as can be got in the quarries that lie on the boundaries between Carndonagh and Clonmany parishes. On this stone there is a figure of the Crucifixion. The cross has two arms, an upper and lower arm. In shape and form, and in all but the size, it resembles a pectoral cross found at Youghal, in the county Cork, in 1814, and of which a good description appears in the "Ulster Journal of Archæology." There are also the figures of the two thieves, one on each side of the crucified Redeemer. All these figures are in *relievo*. At the bottom are the letters I.H.S., not in Roman capitals, but in black letter capitals. The workmanship on this stone is of the most elaborate kind, and displays a high state of art. It must be of old date, as black letter characters were not used in monumental art after the 15th century. Below this, and on the same side of the church there is another stone, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad, and 10 inches thick. It is limestone. On this there is an incised floriated cross, surrounded by palm-branch chasings. This also displays a high state of art.

There is also another stone, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, 1 foot 4 inches broad, and 8 inches thick. On this there is an incised coat of mail, and above this there is a battle axe and shield. The battle axe does not resemble the gallowglass axe of later times, but is like that known by the name of the Sparthe—*Sparthe de Hibernia*—such as "Gentle Mortimer" had on his armoury at Wigmore Castle, in 1322. This monument has nothing of a Christian character about it, but it displays a very high state of art, and is probably over the grave of a chieftain.

There is another old monument, of which I subjoin the inscription—"This MONEMENT was erected by Hugh Dogharty, for the intering of Torlagh Dogharty, who died 8th of JULY,

1636." Torlagh seems to have been a priest, as there are carved at the base the bell and chalice. It manifests a very inferior style of art. Allegorical art, as manifested on the stone, containing the figures of the bishop, cross, crown, and angels, is of the earliest Christian period.

The baptismal font used in the church, and which stands in front of the communion table, was the baptismal font that was used in the Catholic times, and is of the best Carrara marble.

Allusion has already been made to the labours of St. Patrick in this parish, but there is a tradition that at Ardnapaesta, in Glentogher, there existed a great serpent, the scourge and terror of all who passed that way—then, as now, one of the principal thoroughfares of the country. No earthly power could dislodge him from his stronghold. At the solicitations of the people St. Patrick took the matter in hand, combated, and pierced him with his pastoral staff, and, bleeding as he was, compelled him by exorcisms to take his departure. Off the fearful thing crawled; nor did he stop till he arrived at Lough Derg, the waters of which he dyed red with his blood. The lake became the serpent's grave, and, from the shedding of its blood therein, it obtained the name which it still bears.

From the "Ulster Visitation Book," preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, we find that in the year 1622 Patrick M'Tally was the Protestant minister of Carndonagh. He is said to be "An Irishman of mean gifts, having a little Latin and no English, but sufficient for a parish consisting wholly of Irish."

CHAPTER XII.

Illicit Distillation.

In a sketch, which purports to treat of Inishowen, it may likely be expected that something should be said of the only product of home manufacture which has become associated with its name. I allude to that celebrated beverage, the synonyme for good spirits all over the world. The distillation of Inishowen whiskey has been carried on from time immemorial, and probably will be so carried on while light and darkness succeed each other. In every season of the year—'mid the howlings of the winter's storm, or the serene calm of summer, the laughing days of spring, and the haste and bustle of the autumn months—hordes of adventurous chemists are daily engaged in the preparation of this article in their highland huts and moun-

tain caverns. Not always with impunity, however, can they carry it on, for the lynx-eyed constables of the Revenue Board, set on sometimes by wretched informers, make many destructive raids upon them, and seriously disturb their avocations. A volume might be written on the subject of still-hunting alone. Many a long and fatiguing chase the mercurial smugglers led the government troops and police over mountains, fens, and morasses. When the hunting party were perceived making their way to the scene of active operations, the smugglers' pickets, prompt to their duty, gave the concerted signal, which was transmitted, or rather telegraphed, with wonderful celerity. Sometimes a sharp, peculiar whistle conveyed the unwelcome intelligence, at others the sounding horn, or if the enemy approached in the night, a line of fiery torches shot off along the hill-side, and, in the eloquence of that mute display, the violator of the excise code had timely warning of impending danger. When the rendezvous happened to be on the sea-shore, as it often was, and the retreat cut off landwise by the approaching guard, then the little band, with the energy of despair, would place their more valuable apparatus in their ready skiff, and betake themselves to sea. On one noted occasion this stratagem was attempted in the little bay of Doughmore, Isle of Dough, but, ere all the valuables were got on board, the troops had possession of the boat, and a large quantity of the contraband which it contained. The latter they destroyed, but not so the boat; that was too conspicuous an object to ruin in obscurity; so, getting in, they brought it across the bay, and a cart being procured, an exploit which they accomplished with the utmost difficulty, both on account of the limited number of those vehicles to be found at the time, and the extreme unwillingness which all manner of people had to hire anything which they owned for carrying out the objects of a penal statute; but after some time the cart was procured, and the obnoxious boat they tied upon it, hoisted its sail, and, under full cloth, trundled off through Glentogher, Ture, Muff, and into Derry. Such an unusual sight created as much wonderment along the road as if the great sea-serpent, conducted by the military, had passed up on a complimentary visit to the Custom-house authorities. After it had taken place all the local prophets concurred in saying that Columbkille had prophesied it, and that it was one of the signs which should precede the world's dissolution.

At Quigley's Point, on the leading road from Derry to

Moville, and about midway between them, a road strikes off nearly at right angles; it runs up the slope of the hill due west for nearly a mile, and then turns sharply to the north, leaving at this point the Clonilly National School embosomed in furze, unprofitably gay, and in its onward course passes through Glentogher, Carn, Malin, and eventually terminates at the sea near Malin Head. From the turn near the school the incline is gradually downward for about three miles, where it enters a narrow gorge or pass; here the mountains on each side seem standing up in stern sullenness, and bidding a grim defiance to their opposite neighbours. Before the days of macadamizing, ere that vicious circle, the surveyor's ring, was known or invented, a bridle road led through here, and along its beaten and devious path horse and foot—pedestrians and equestrians—were wont to make their way from or to the *lower bottom* of Inishowen. The neat bridge which now spans the roaring torrent of the hills was not there, but instead a line of colossal stepping stones ran across the ford, which means of transit was, in the language of the day, termed a *cloghan*. The stepping stones have vanished with the age to which they belonged, but the name, still more enduring, attaches to the place. Before crossing the Cloghan in our downward journey, we all at once and most unexpectedly meet a luxuriant plantation, in the very depth of the mountain wilderness. The trees are birch and Norway firs, larch, elms, and beeches; in the midst there is an excellent farm-house, in good occupation. This Tadmor, oasis, or whatever you may term it, serves to show how adapted are our mountains in most parts for the growth of timber, which, if carefully attended to, would soon afford shelter to beasts and birds, and confer an air of embellishment on their sombre cheerless slopes.

Crossing the Cloghan, a few minutes' walk will bring us to Ardnapaesta (from which the great serpent was expelled by St. Patrick) and the silver mines of Carrowmore; the road passes along them, and on the right, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," is the lone shell of a building designed for a mill for crushing and washing the argentiferous ore. We now enter Glentogher, where

" Oft from out a tiny spout
The bowl of Bacchus flowed."

And well suited is the glen for such a purpose, abundance of water in every part coming gushing down from unfailing foun-

tains in the hills, sparkling and pure as on the morning of Creation, with "hides" and haunts which the keenest experts have as yet failed to discover. Glenagannon, or the glen beyond, in allusion to the former one, because it lies beyond the hill to the east, is a kind of *cul-de-sac*, being hemmed in by mountains on all sides, save the north, where it opens on the plain of Maghtogher, already described; the leading roads terminate at its inner extremity, beyond which is a wide-extended district of bog reaching to the confines of Carrickmaquigley on the Foyle. The history of Glenagannon is embodied in the annals and records of Somerset House, and must be well known to the authorities there, as it is the most notorious region in Inishowen, or, for its extent, perhaps, in Ireland, for this species of manufacture. My object, however, is not to go into detail on these matters, but simply to show how by nature, artifice, or stratagem, the police, &c., have been frustrated and foiled, notwithstanding their most strenuous endeavours to find it out.

The road which enters this glen passes for a considerable distance along the edge of a steep bank, and as there is no fence or protection wall on that side the traveller must take great care to keep to the left; one false step on the edge of the bank, and he is likely to be killed first and drowned after, for along its base deep and swift passes the mill-race of the Rev. Mr. Canning's flax and corn mills. By keeping a steady look-out, then, he may reach in safety the woollen mill of Mr. Gamble, and then all danger is past. From here to a point near its centre the glen widens very considerably, and forms a kind of natural basin, the south side of which is enclosed by the beetling brows and precipitous sides of Cruckroosky. Now, all at once the glen becomes narrow, and winds around the western side of the last-named mountain, passing "Gibraltar," "Pennsylvania," &c., and finally terminates in the swamps of Meenahonar. A rapid river rising in Lough Conn sweeps around the western base of Cruckroosky, down Glenagannon, and goes careering along to the sea at Strabreagy. The habitations in the narrow part of the valley are situate along the very foot of the mountain, and the fields run down to the river. To the inhabitants the sun, moon, and heavenly bodies seem ever to rise through the summit of that mountain ridge, as if they made its interior a temporary resting-place, and bathe the valley in a sudden flood of light, as a refulgent lantern on the battlements of some feudal castle illumines the dark rolling

waters that glide silently along its foundations. The rising of the full moon in the autumn twilight is indescribably magnificent here. One evening, now long ago, a party of the Revenue police was coming down along the river at a pretty brisk pace ; a still was at full work—not, indeed, directly before them, but somewhat to the right—they had passed the sentinels, who, fearing nothing on account of the course the police were taking, did not sound the alarm. When they were within a very short distance of the still-house, two of their number that were rather behind the others made a sudden detour, and were proceeding to the very place where the unconscious smugglers were engaged. What was now to be done ? By raising the alarm all in the house might escape, and there were more than a dozen in at the time, including visitors, all of whom, if taken, were equally amenable to the law ; but, though the parties might escape, there could be little hope of saving the goods—they were virtually lost. Some means, if possible, must be devised to divert the police from their course—to withdraw them from this line, and get them to follow their comrades more directly.

Pat, the tailor, was working at a customer's, and, as it was that time of evening when it is neither light nor dark, he was stepping about, as was his wont, for the half hour which preceded the lighting of his candle ; he perceived the movement of the two policemen, and his quick brain instantly fixed on a mode of saving the smugglers. Desperate cases require desperate remedies ; so I may as well state that Pat's plan was to simulate madness—to make a furious dash in the direction of the men, with the view of being apprehended by them, and escorted to his own home—a plan which, if successful, would completely fulfil his design, for, going to his house, they should change their course, and take the very way of their comrades who had passed. He seized his scissors and a long stripe of brown paper he had stitched together, which served him for a measuring tape, and, without hat or coat, sallied out at his utmost speed in the direction of the mountain. At that moment the full moon had just so far ascended as that her lower limb rested on the hill, and the sharp crags that lay near its summit were beginning to put on a silvery hue. The sight of so odd a personage running towards them bare headed and without his coat, brandishing in one hand a pair of scissors, and in the other a coil of brown paper tape, astonished the policemen

in a high degree ; so, slackening their pace, to try if they could understand what it meant, they recognised Pat as he dashed obliquely past them. "Hallo, Pat ! tear of war, man, will you be after telling us where you are bound ?" said one of them. Pat stood, his eyes glared wildly, and staring at them for about a quarter of a minute, said nothing. Off he was about to start again, when he was laid hold of by both with an iron grasp. "Let me go, you murdering thieves ; how dare you waylay an honest man on business. I must be off at once, for I'm late, I'm late," growled Pat, while he pointed his scissors to the moon. "Pat, asthore," said the sweet-tongued Leitrim men, for such they were, "let us know what's the matter with you, and you may depind on our assistance, for we are sorry to see you in trouble." "Your assistance, ye varmin," said Pat, "I scorn your assistance, for I'm the most honoured tradesman on 'arth ; drap yer hoults, for I tell you I'm going to the tap of Cruckroosky to ketch the moon, and to take the governor's measure for a pair of breeches, which I am to make to order ; do ye understand that, ye neygars ?"

This was enough ; no more was requisite to convince them that Pat was utterly demented ; so they kindly took him in charge, and, with much apparent reluctance on his part, they escorted him home. By this manœuvre the smugglers, with their goods and chattels, escaped. It would be tedious and useless to go on giving incident after incident of capture and escape, to show how extensively this business has been carried on ; suffice it to say that, through the entire of this extensive barony it has prevailed, there being scarcely a townland or subdivision which could be excepted.

Nor was it carried on with impunity ; destructive visitations and numerous arrests testify how well the military and police performed their duties. In those arrests even informers sometimes came to grief. A Revenue officer, now dead, told me that he knew noted smugglers who were informers. A man of this class came to him one evening and told him where he might find a still at work, and named an hour at which, if the party attended, they would be sure to make a haul. It was accordingly arranged that the police should attend at that hour, and the informer departed. The officer, suspecting himself to be a partner, was at the place indicated an hour earlier than the appointed time, and had the gratification of capturing his informant, with the others, at the side of the still. Hints and

gestures were of no avail in softening the obdurate heart of the officer ; he was marched off with the others, and made to share their fate. It may seem incredible that a man should inform against what he was himself part proprietor of, but that paradox is explained by the fact that such was done only when the *run* happened to appear bad or unproductive, and the bribe consequently better to the traitor than his share of the produce. In justice to the officer, I must add that he never gave the slightest idea who that party was, and the secret, like many others, now lies with him in the darkness and silence of the grave.

After arrest the captives were conveyed in due course before the local tribunals, where, being gravely lectured on the mischief and immorality of their trade, they were, in default of payment of the penalty, consigned to the county prison, where by this time the catalogue of the offenders against this branch of our laws must be a long one.

After Glenagannon the most celebrated spot for smuggling in Inishowen is the Meedians, in Iskaheen. The word Meedians means meadows. There are four townlands of this name closely adjoining each other—Meedianmore, Meedianban, Meedianbuidhe, Meedianroe. Some fifteen years ago it was by no means a rare thing to find a dozen stills at work at the same time in these townlands. For the most part they worked in the broad daylight ; sentries were placed on the neighbourin hills to watch the movements of the police, and if it happened to be during the night, a sentinel kept watch on the Revenue barrack to ascertain the direction they would go in case they proceeded to night duty. The process of doubling or singling, however, does not afford such an ample field for the smuggler's ingenuity as the making of the malt or the hiding of the working barrel. The malt is often made on the mountain side ; there is a hole scooped out large enough to admit a human body, and to contain a bag of malt. The entrance is covered by a few overhanging branches of heather, and so well is it concealed that the eye of the most experienced policeman would often fail to discover the spot. The barrel is generally sunk on the public highway, or in a boundary fence, where the ownership of the property is hard to be proved. It is sometimes to be found near running water, and the stream flowing over it. The people of the Meedians were up to all these devices. When the whiskey was made they carried it on horse-

back (and strong swift horses they generally kept,) up to Meenamalt, at the base of Granu's Gap. Here they sold it to dealers, who conveyed it in their loads of turf to Derry. Some of the leading merchants and magistrates connected with the city, aye, and churchmen, too, were its best patrons.

It was a cold day in the month of March, the snow lay to the depth of several inches on the ground ; the venerable pastor of the parish received a sick call to Meedianmore ; without delay he proceeded on his journey. It was a case of confinement, and Dr. B., who at that time resided in Moville, had been called in to attend. Although the old priest was an enemy of intemperance, and no friend to the smuggler, the people of the Meedians had a custom as soon as they found the priest in the district to set the still at work. We believe the cause of this was the Revenue police, who, as a rule, were a most honourable body, had a respect for the venerable old man, and were unwilling to intrude on the house where he held a station or discharged any clerical function. The old man was not aware of this, for he was guileless and unsuspecting as a child. A smuggler belonging to Meedianmore having learned that the priest was in the town and likely to remain there for some time, set his still to work in an old ruined edifice adjoining his dwelling-house. He had scarcely commenced operations when the police officer and twelve men of the Quigley's Point station were seen making their way in the direction of Meedianmore. What was to be done ? To cease operations all the material would be destroyed ; to carry away the still and worm would attract the attention of the police to the place. In this dilemma our smuggler rushed to the house where the priest was, told his story briefly but pathetically. " Sir, can you do anything for me ; I am not one of your flock, it is true, but still I am sure that will make no difference. I am a poor man, have a small family dependent upon me for their support, times are bad, provisions high, there is no labour, if I lose this I lose all I am possessed of ; our house is without money, even without food, do I beseech you strive and do all you can." The appeal was not without its effect. " Doctor," said the priest, " can you leave your patient ? " " Yes," said the doctor, " there is no present necessity for my remaining here." " Well, then, let us have a walk." The doctor and the priest then proceeded in the direction the officer and men were coming. There was a warm shake hands and a cordial greeting between

the officer and the priest, for they were on intimate terms. "Have you a station here to-day?" said the officer. "No," said the priest, "'tis a sick-call, a woman in confinement;" then turning round to the doctor the priest said, "Doctor, perhaps it is not right those police should pass by the door where this sick woman is lying; an alarm in her case might be dangerous!" "I am glad you reminded me of it," said the doctor, "it would be serious." "Oh, then," said the officer, "let them by no means pass that way." Then addressing the sergeant he said, "Sergeant, take those men round by Meedian-ban." The police went this way, the smuggler escaped, and many and fervent were the prayers that he heaped on the head of the good priest. A few days after, when the priest met the officer, he told him the whole affair, and no one enjoyed it more than the officer himself.

Let me not, however, be understood as having any sympathy for this class of craftsmen, or any desire that their trade should continue to flourish. I have neither; moreover, I endorse the opinion that it is a mischievous and immoral trade, engendering irregularities, sloth, intemperance, and other vices, of which many who were employed in it became the victims. The Government and the Legislature I consider responsible for this. And why? Because it was by their imposing unwise restrictions on the legal distillers that smuggling was first started and originated. These restrictions had also the effect of preventing the licensed distillers from producing a good marketable article. So much did the private distillers surpass them in this respect that it was at one time held to be the best recommendation for the sale of whiskey to be able to certify that "the eye of a gauger never saw it." Even now, by maintaining a duty of 300 per cent. on the cost price on spirits consumed in the country, the Government hold out the most tempting inducements to a people already predisposed for smuggling to carry it on. Landlords, too, in former times, were to blame for its encouragement, and they did so because it gave a ready and profitable market for grain, the produce of their land.

But let the duties be given up, and illicit distillation will soon be a thing of the past. Nothing else is likely to put a stop to it or cure society of its attendant evils, as, I believe, we will never be made moral or religious by act of parliament.

CHAPTER XIII.

Cloncha.

We will now proceed to the parish of Cloncha, by the road from Carn to Malin town. There is a bridge on this road where it winds round the head of Strabreagy, and, when the tide is full, a most pleasing view of the lough may be obtained from it even to its inlet at Knockameny, with the white waves of the Atlantic showing their bulky masses each now and then, like hoary elephants at play amidst the sand banks, whilst their deep booming roar is often heard for miles around.

“ There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne’er express, yet cannot all conceal.”—BYRON.

Beyond the bridge we pass a remarkable conical knoll, slightly rounded off at top, and named Doonkintra. It rises boldly and abruptly above the level of the surrounding fields, and its rich emerald covering of luxuriant grass and shamrocks contrasts beautifully with the purplish heath beyond. It is also remarkable as being the spot on which was held the monster Repeal meeting of this barony on the 7th of August, 1843. And singularly suitable for the occasion was the “Green Hill.” Another place could scarcely be obtained at the time on which to hold a meeting for giving expression to the popular mind on the great question of the day. A section of the oligarchy became alarmed, and sheltered themselves behind the muskets of the military. But there was no need for apprehension, all were thoroughly impressed with the maxim of their great director, “He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy,” so that the thousands and tens of thousands who came that day from Faban and from Cloncha, from Clonmany and Moville, from Culdaff and from Donagh, with ardent and hopeful hearts, were most peaceful, orderly, and sober. Naught, then, had the spirited proprietor of the land, J. M’Sheffry, Esq., to regret for permitting them to use it.

The great agitation has gone for naught, O’Connell was

baffled in his aims and object, and Ireland groans under the burthen of her sorrows. But there is a good time coming.

“Freedom’s battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”—BYRON.

At the foot of the Green Hill, on the very edge of the lough, are two holy wells, which were formerly much frequented by the people for the cure of certain diseases.

Crossing a fine old bridge which spans a creek of Strabreagy, we enter the village or little town of Malin, which is about three miles distant from Carn. It contains about thirty houses, and is triangular in shape, enclosing a similarly shaped fair green. I believe there is a patent for holding markets on Tuesdays at this place, but they have long been discontinued. Three fairs are held in it in the year, but these also are declining. There is but one public-house in it, and, therefore, but limited accommodation.

There is a national school, penny post-office, constabulary barrack, and dispensary in it, and petty sessions are held once a month. The parish church, a neat building surmounted with a handsome square tower, stands here. It was erected in 1827 by a loan of £200 from the Board of First Fruits, and a gift of £100 each from Mr. Harvey, of Malin Hall, and Dr. Knox, Bishop of Derry.

The parish of Cloncha contains 19,643 acres. A great portion of the land is hilly. The mountains of Knockbrack and Knockamany constitute the higher grounds, and their sides are covered with heather, coarse grass, and bog. They are composed chiefly of schist and clay slate, with some limestone, chiefly in the low grounds. There are also some detached masses of granite and porphyry. At the bens or precipices near Lag, the stratification of the rocks is beautifully apparent, and at Malin Head is a famous beach composed of pebbles of coral, jasper, chalcedony, opal, agate, and cornelian, some of which are of considerable value, and set in rings, seals, and necklaces. Population, according to last census, 5,929. The natural scenery of Lag and its neighbourhood is singularly attractive—it is, in fact, all that might be imagined regarding some place of enchantment, for it has quite the appearance of fairy land. Passing Gorey, the green slopes of the hill-side are broken up into a series of lofty precipices; these are partly overgrown with ivy, and the emerald foliage thus adhering to them con-

trasts beautifully, especially in the winter months, with the yellow sands extending all down along the sea. The road for a considerable distance passes through these sands, which are partly overgrown with bent-grass, and literally alive with rabbits. The place, I understand, is farmed for the sake of these animals, which are taken in nets and traps in the months of September and October, and exported in large quantities to Glasgow or Liverpool. No dwelling is here; and the tourist, as he passes through it, with towering hills and precipices on one side, and the waters of Strabreagy, the sand-knolls and far extended beach on the other, feels himself quite alone with nature in all her solitary loveliness and bewitching grandeur; and cold indeed must his heart be if he can behold, unmoved, the surpassing beauties of this lovely place. One edifice only stands here; it is situated at the foot of those grand old hills, in view of the ocean, and within bearing of the undying boom of its waters. It is the Catholic Chapel of Lagg, the first erected in the barony, and built by Dean O'Donnell in 1784.

Among the vast precipices on the Atlantic coast of the parish is Malin Head, the most northern point of Ireland, lat. $55^{\circ}20'$, long. $7^{\circ}24'$. Near the head, at a place named Ballyhillion, is the yawning sable chasm denominated "Hell's Hole." The rock here is as hard as adamant, consequently this opening could not have been gradually scooped by the continual action of the waves upon it. It is about 90 yards in length, having a cavern at the inner extremity, through which the waves constantly pass and repass; its breadth is about 8 feet, and depth to the surface of the water 100 feet.

By what magician's wand or Titanic force could this sombre passage have been created? Could the rock have been pierced by the chariot of old Neptune himself, or is it due to the momentum of some shattered world, impinging with fearful crash against the head of old Erin? The ruins of the old signal tower of Ballyhillion are also here.

Eight miles east of the Head is the island of Ennistrahal (meaning the island beyond.) It has a lighthouse with revolving light visible once in every two minutes.

The next object of interest is the "Well." It is a natural basin formed in the rock, and covered by every tide; this is a favourite bathing place, and invalids resort to it for the recovery of their health. It is said to have been blessed by a saint of the olden time, and several wonderful stories are told

of the cures effected by its waters. Near it are the remains of an old conventual Church, which, according to tradition, was built by one Saint Maher, and the stones of which it was built appear to have been imported from Downhill. Nearly the whole northern coast of this parish is one continuous precipice ; it is known by the name of the Bengorms. To be seen to full advantage these stupendous bens must be viewed from the sea. The cliffs can be descended at only a few points, the current runs swiftly along them, and the action of the waves in times of storm is here very violent. It is not unusual to see large pieces of timber and the skeletons of fishes high and dry on a shelf of rock, and which were there lashed up by the waves. The fishermen have much to contend with, and but poor appliances for prosecuting their business ; many speak of the eligibility of Slieveban for a fishing station similar to that established by the Deep Sea Fishing Company at Portnablagh. The country around these bens is mountainous ; a portion of it is called the Black Mountain. Near the summit of this mountain is the lake of Meedianmore, which is of considerable extent, being about a mile in circumference, and from the borders of which many extensive views may be obtained. Away in the west may be seen the rocky, tower-like Isle of Tory ; the broad Atlantic is here upon our right ; and by this coast passes weekly the Canadian packet, freighted with the exiles of the country, who, as they pace her deck, get here almost the last glimpse of the land of their nativity. And enjoyment it is, though a melancholy one, to view these old headlands on the evening of their departure ; for well they know that though to-morrow's sun may arise in all his radiance and majesty, yet within the circle he illuminates they will look in vain for

“ The green hills of holy Ireland.”

Hence it is that here our emigrants give the country their parting benediction, and a long, last, lingering look of farewell. From this lake also may be seen overlooking the ocean the hills of Dunaff and Binion, and, with a moderate telescope, the waters of Lough Foyle, dotted with every species of craft, from the first-rate merchantman down to the tiny fishing boat. From this vantage ground, too, it is pleasant to behold, on a midsummer evening, the sun sinking to his rest in the lap of the ocean.

On the north-west of the parish of Cloncha there is a little

bay. The well-cultivated hill-side of Carnmalin overlooks it from one direction ; on the opposite side green fields, fringed by the rocky coast, rise above it successively to the top of the bens of Knockameny. This little inlet is called the Bay of Killoort. The land about the bay is more than usually fertile. A long course of careful cultivation and abundance of seaweed, cast up by the waves, carefully gathered and converted into manure, have made it so. At the head of the bay is the village of Killoort, a place much frequented by health-seekers during the summer months. In the year 1525 a family bearing an honoured name settled here. The date of their settlement is shown by a carved inscription on a piece of hard oak, kept carefully in the family. The name is O'Doherty. The piece of "glen-wood oak" is not the only interesting record in their possession. There is also a parchment, by which it appears that the head of the house has been Cahir and Conn alternately from the period above mentioned down to the present time. When its young chief fell, and Elagh was dis-mantled, and this peninsula became the property of strangers, Lord Chichester gave an annuity of £10 per annum to that family, in consideration of their claim to the forfeited lands. This annuity was paid regularly down till the death of the father of the present representative of the family. Soon after the payment was discontinued, Captain Hart, being landlord under the Marquis of Donegall, hearing of the curious parchment, sent for it, in order to examine it. His wish was complied with, and, on hearing the account relative to the annuity, he was astonished at its discontinuance. He was highly interested in regard to this humble but ancient peasant family, and promised to use his influence in having their little income restored. But the good captain soon after died, and the matter fell into abeyance. Not far from Killoort is a glen which runs from west to east. A small river of limpid water traverses this glen. The river, though usually small, is often in the winter swollen by the rains of the neighbouring mountains, and is then along its course rapid and unfordable. At the western extremity of this glen is the townland of Keenagh. Keenagh was the residence of Shane O'Doherty, (Macavergy) who was a major in the army of James II. When that pusillanimous monarch, of amiable but ill-fated lineage, took refuge from imaginary dangers in a foreign land, Major O'Doherty returned to his native mountains, and took up his abode in Irish Keenagh.

The major had two sons, one of whom dying left his property to his widow. Some misunderstanding, which led to disagreement, arose between the widow and her brother-in-law, and, in consequence, she determined to dispose of her portion of the property. With these intentions she went to Derry, and there made publication of her design. A carter who drove through the streets, and did jobbing at the inn, hearing of the matter, came to Mrs. O'Doherty, and proposed to purchase her property by private contract. He offered £50. She would not accept it. He then proposed to add thereto a silk gown. With that love of finery for which the gentle sex have ever been so remarkable, she accepted the offer, and the bargain was concluded.

Many have made their fortunes in the famous city of Derry, but our carman made his by leaving it. He forthwith proceeded to Keenagh, and set up a little shop, which he attended to, in addition to the farm. Major O'Doherty's other son became his customer at the shop, and, unfortunately for himself, a too partial one. Strong drink was sold there—aye, and without a license, too ; and bit by bit the lands of O'Doherty dwindled away. Mine host was very obliging. When the flood in Keenagh river was too high for Mr. O'Doherty to make his nocturnal visit to the shop, he used to call, and forthwith the horse was sent to carry him across. This continued for a length of time ; but one night, when O'Doherty made his usual application to be carried over, a stern voice from the opposite bank cried out—"No ! You have now no more land to sell ; take care of the little money which remains with you ; but, at any rate, I won't send the horse."

The enterprising carman became bailiff to the Marquis of Donegall, and afterwards his agent in this locality. Perhaps I should remark that he was of the Presbyterian religion, but this he abandoned for a more aristocratic form of worship, and he became an Episcopalian. Years rolled on and the old man died, but the tide of prosperity continued to flow with his descendants, and at last they became lessees and owners of property under the Marquis.

At that time Dan O'Doherty, a descendant of the major, lived near Keenagh. He was of course of the ancient stock ; the red blood of Cahir was careering in his veins ; he thought himself the inferior, at least, of no one in the district ; and, what was better still, he was thrifty and industrious. Dan had a taste for music ; his favourite instrument was the harp. He

was a farmer by profession, but an amateur harper for his own amusement. He was on friendly and visiting terms with the party above described. On the occasion of removing to their new mansion a ball was given by them, and among many others Dan O'Doherty was present, and occasionally entertained the company by performing on the harp.

When the guests were nearly about to take their departure the master of the mansion rose, and proceeded among them, plate in hand, and made a collection, which he tendered to Dan O'Doherty. The latter, seeing the position in which the host sought to place him, and considering that he had been invited there in order to be publicly insulted, indignantly refused the money, slung his harp across his shoulder and proceeded home. On reaching there he broke his beloved instrument, and was never known to play on any other afterwards.

"The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under,
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, no chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery;
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."—MOORE.

The employment of the people of this parish is chiefly agricultural; but along the entire coast, from Killoort to Glengad, kelp-making and fishing are much followed. There are local agents for purchasing the kelp, and the price varies from 3s 6d to 5s per cwt. What is made here is chiefly exported to the Messrs. Patterson, of Glasgow, under the efficient superintendence of their much respected agent, T. Montague, Esq. Codfish, turbot, plaice, sole, ling, and a very nutritious little fish, which the people call garvan, are taken here. Much of the cod is sold at Moville, sometimes so high as 25s per dozen, and exported to Liverpool and Glasgow; and in summer large quantities of dog-fish are obtained, from which oil is extracted by the fishermen. It would seem that the boats and tackle used are quite too frail for the trade on that boisterous coast, in the winter months especially. Hence wrecks, attended with loss of life, frequently occur. In their slim skiffs these hardy fishermen push off to sea, often out of sight of land, and though the weather may be tranquil at their departure from home, it not unfrequently happens that they are caught in the

tempest ere they return, and sometimes swamped, sometimes driven into the western islands of Scotland.

“ Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise;
The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale-glimmer'd o'er the long protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors crossed, portentous shone,
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails,
Oft deemed a signal of tempestuous gales.”—FALCONER.

Before day of a winter morning, now some years ago, a number of boats from Ballygorman and its vicinity went off for the deep-sea fishing grounds. It was moonlight, and the men understood from the halo which surrounded the moon that a storm was not very far distant. Yet the morning, which was calm, was followed by a fine day, and the whole party arrived at their station in good order, good spirits, and in good time. They set to work, did each boat's crew diligently, for the fish appeared in abundance around them; and the number taken on that day was so great as amply to repay them for their long and wearisome voyage. Towards evening, when they were preparing to return, the sky began to wear a threatening appearance. The clouds began to darken in the west, and, whilst they spread round and round, they were tinged with a fiery redness wherever an opening appeared among them. The wind, too, was cold and hissing, and the surface of the sea getting quickly troubled. In short, there were all the symptoms of a rising storm, and the boatmen began making the best of their way home. One boat's crew remained longer on the fishing ground than the others, and was soon lost sight of by them. So intent were they with the business on hand that they paid too little attention to the change in the weather, and were, therefore, left behind. The storm momentarily increased, high wind, accompanied with blinding torrents of rain and sheets of lightning—a perfect hurricane in fact. The parties who took time by the forelock narrowly escaped drowning; and, after throwing all their fish into the sea, and buffeting the elements for four hours beyond the usual time occupied in the voyage, at length reached home, not only exhausted, but nearly lifeless from fatigue. By the time the last boat began to shape its homeward course they were completely caught in the storm. Their best exertions were of little avail, while their little

boat was carried alternately from the deep trough of the sea to the crest of a coming billow, and then plunged with fearful rapidity as deep on its opposite side. They, too, threw out their cargo, the produce of their whole day's labour, which they had been so particularly anxious to secure ; but it was all, all in vain ; no amount of strength they could command, aided by all expedients, could enable them to make way against that fearful storm.

In this extremity of danger, and considering that they had but little time to live, the four—this was the number of men in the boat—addressed themselves in ardent prayer to the throne of the Almighty, beseeching Him to have compassion upon them, and to grant them forgiveness of their sins ; also, if it were not pleasing to His adorable will to prolong their lives, to strengthen them by His Holy Spirit to bear with Christian resignation the perils of that dreadful hour, and to have mercy on their immortal souls through their Redeemer's merits. I trust we may believe that the prayers of the fishermen were heard, that He who rebuked the winds and calmed the troubled waters of the Sea of Galilee was attentive to their petition. Amid the howling of the tempest a very unexpected sound attracted their attention, it was that of the chirping of a snow-white bird which had perched itself on the stem-head of the boat, a very extraordinary visitant at such a time and place.

“ A bird was perched as fond and tame
And tamer than upon the tree—
A lovely bird, with snow-white wings
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me !
I never saw it's like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more ;
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke the cage to perch on me,
Or if it were in winged guise
A visitant from Paradise.
For, Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile,
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
An angel that came down to me.”

BYRON'S “ PRISONER OF CHILLON.”

The sight of the bird inspired them with courage and with hope ; so, keeping their boat steadily before the gale, they allowed it to drift on and on, whithersoever the waves would carry it—and that was into one of the Hebrides—that group

of islands on the western coast of Scotland. Here they were very kindly received and entertained by the natives, who, before their departure, collected a considerable sum of money, which they presented to them, and sent them home rejoicing. The feelings of their friends and acquaintances on their re-appearance among them, after a fortnight's absence, may be better imagined than described.

The living in this parish is a rectory, in the patronage of the Marquis of Donegall. The glebe contains 370 acres, and the tithes amount to £399 nett. The old church of Cloncha, which has been disused since 1827, appears to have been at first an abbey. Near it is a stone pillar, 18 feet high, which was the shaft of a cross, and is ornamented with scrolls and emblems. The upper part of the cross is broken off, and stands on a small cairn a little to the west. In the burying-ground are tombs of the O'Doughertys and O'Brallaghans, which are of considerable antiquity, some of the inscriptions dating as far back as the beginning of the 16th century.

Within the church, on the gospel side of the sanctuary, is a tomb, over which is a magnificent stone, with an inscription on emblems neatly carved in high relief. The inscription is a monogram in mediæval characters, and the emblems consist of a broad sword, hurl-bat and ball, two *fleur-de-lis*, one erect, the other prostrate, and a large cross in the centre, which runs the whole length of the stone.

In this churchyard are also interred the remains of the Rev. Mr. Sheridan, a Roman Catholic priest, who accompanied Prince Charles Stuart to the Continent, and returned with him when he made an unsuccessful attempt to regain the throne of his fathers. No stone marks the good clergyman's resting-place, though in life he was the attendant and companion of royalty.

In the Roman Catholic divisions the old church of Cloncha is situated in the present parish of Culdaff, and part of Cloncha is united with part of Culdaff, forming, by the same divisions, the union of Cloncha; the remaining portions of both parishes form the parish of Culdaff. In the penal times mass was celebrated at a place known as the cave of Cathal Dubh, near the house of Michael Cramsey, on the road from Malin to Lagg; the remains of a stone altar are still at this place; it was also celebrated at Aughacloy, at Carthage, and at Keenagh.

For the past century the first priest of whom we have any mention is Friar George O'Doherty, a native of the parish, and

who was buried in Lagg. He was succeeded by Dr. O'Donnell, on his return from Paris in 1784; Dr. O'Donnell was merely administrator, as the friar was still alive. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Kane, a native of Terscullion, in the parish of Culdaff. Mr. Kane lived only a short time; he was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Shiel, who, in 1794, was transferred to Clonmany. He was succeeded by the Rev. Philip Doherty, of Priesttown, in the parish of Donagh, who died in 1806, and was buried in Lagg. He was succeeded by the Rev. Patrick M'Kenna, a native of Maghera, who died in 1820, and was also buried in Lagg. Father M'Kenna was educated in Paris, which he quitted along with the Rev. Mr. Morgan during the first days of the Revolution.

It is said that the scenes of bloodshed which they then witnessed affected Mr. Morgan so much that his hair became grey in a single night. Father M'Kenna was succeeded by the Rev. James O'Flaherty, a native of Urney, who died in 1826, and was buried in Lagg. He was succeeded by the Rev. Neil O'Flaherty, a native of Termonamongan, who exchanged for Longfield, in the county Tyrone, and afterwards for his native parish, where he died. He is said to have carried with him the Holy Stone, a relic of the old conventual chapel of Malin Well, kept, until his time, by the O'Gormans, of Ballygorman. He was succeeded by the Rev. Francis M'Hugh, who remained only for a short time, and exchanged for Longfield. Mr. M'Hugh was succeeded in 1839 by the Rev. Philip Porter, the present parish priest.

There are chapels at Lagg, (built in 1784) Aughaclay, (built about 40 years ago) and at Malin Head, which was built in 1847. Outside the chapel of Aughaclay there is a beautiful echo; words of five syllables can be heard pretty distinctly from it, but words of three or four syllables accurately.

At Gorey there is a large Presbyterian Meetinghouse, which is in connexion with the General Assembly.

The patron saint of Cloncha was St. Brolchan. The modern name is Bradley. Another old monastery stood in this parish; it was called Templemoyle, or *Tapal Moule*. There is yet an old burying-ground, surrounded by a stone wall, with an iron gate at the place. Dr. O'Donovan, in his *Annals of the Four Masters*, says that in his time the monastery had ceased to exist, but that there were many books in the neighbourhood written by St. Brolchan.

The principal seats are Malin Hall, the residence of J. Harvey, Esq., J.P. It is situated on the edge or shore of Strabreagy, in a beautifully planted and well-wooded demesne. Rockfort, the residence of the Rev. J. Canning; Gorey Lodge, and Drumaville House, the residence of J. M'Sheffry, Esq. There are National Schools at Malin, Urblereigh, Malin Head, Keenagh, Gorey, Aughaclay, and Cookinny. There are stations of the constabulary and coastguards at Malin Head.

From the "Ulster Visitation Book" it appears that in 1622 Edward Boucher was minister of Cloncha. He is said to be "an honest man, but no licensed preacher; fit, however, to catechise, and speak and read Irish, and sufficient for a parish wholly speaking Irish."

CHAPTER XIV.

Culdaff.

The parish of Culdaff is bounded on the west and south by Cloncha, Donagh, and Upper Moville; on the east by Lower Moville, and on the north-east by the Atlantic. It is six miles distant from the town of Moville. The population in 1861 was 4,895. It contains 20,089 acres; but nearly two-thirds of the entire are mountain and bog. The highest mountain is Croagh, at Glengad; and then follow Carthage, Clonkeen, and Crucanoneen. These ridges are covered with bog, over which grows heath or coarse grass. Limestone is abundant in Gleneely; this name itself implies the glen or vale of lime. Much of it is raised and burned here, and carted off to Clonmany, Donagh, Buncrana, &c., where it is sold for building purposes. At Dunmore there exists a very fine quarry of clay-slate, from which flagstones, lintels, headstones, and grave-stones of best quality, and of a hard and fine-grained texture are obtained. The land is chiefly cold, but in some parts, as in the neighbourhood of Cashell, Baskill, Kindroyhead, and Tierawee, much improved by cultivation. In the several bogs fir and oak, in a good state of preservation, are found embedded. The moorland extends westward to Malin, surrounding, as it approaches the head of Strabreagy, small elevated knolls, known as the "Isles of Grellagh," in the parish of Cloncha; and it is surmised that the sea once flowed around these "islands," as marine exuviae are found beneath the bog. Compare what has

been said regarding Strabreagy where turf bog exists, in deep and extensive beds, beneath the sand and gravel.

There is a considerable indentation of the ocean of a semi-circular form, known as Culdaff Bay, on the boundary of this parish. It is bounded on the north by the rocky promontory of Carthage, and on the opposite side is Redford; between these two points is an extensive sandy beach, composed of coarse red sand, largely intermixed with powdered shells, corals, &c. The big green waves roll in magnificently along this strand, and from its sheltered situation is regarded by many as a favourite bathing place. The bathers sometimes amuse themselves by crouching on the sand and allowing wave after wave to roll *en masse* over them, but unless they are expert swimmers this is rather a dangerous experiment, for sometimes the water, when returning, carries them back along with it. Some years ago a Catholic clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Clarke, I believe, was drowned while bathing here.

Through this bay the locality enjoys a good position for carrying on a coasting trade, but little or nothing is done in the way. On the margin of the bay, and about half way between its two extreme points, stands the village of Culdaff, through which the principal river of the parish flows, and then, winding through sand banks, slowly enters the sea. Trout and salmon of first quality are taken in this river, and for that purpose it is much frequented by anglers. At Moneydarragh is a small lake where trout of the Alpine species are obtained in considerable quantities.

The principal seats are Culdaff House, the residence of G. Young, Esq., J.P. It stands in a highly improved, well-wooded, and well-cultivated demesne, adjacent to the village; Carthage House, Redford, Grousehall, and Kindroyhead House.

The village of Culdaff contains about 35 houses, and, as already stated, is situated on the river near the head of the bay. Fairs for the sale of cattle, sheep, and pigs, are held in it on the 10th of February, May, August, and November. A remarkable circumstance about these fairs is, that from time immemorial the days on which they fell have almost invariably happened to be wet. The village has a Penny Post-office, and is the terminus of the mail car which passes through Moville from Derry. There are also in it a Constabulary Barrack and Dispensary, but they belong, as does the parish, to the Petty

Sessions district of Malin, where the courts are always held. There is also a Loan Fund in the village of Culdaff.

On the leading road from Carn to Moville, which intersects this parish, and about half way between them, a road turns off to the north leading to the village of Culdaff. This is the mail car line. The point of junction with the Moville road is called Dristeran, or, more commonly, Crossroads. There is here a Constabulary Barrack, Penny Post-office, Dispensary, and excellent National School. Fairs, similar to those of Culdaff, are held at Crossroads on the last Tuesday of February, May, August, and November, and are well supplied with stock, and largely attended by buyers. These fairs, though but recently established, promise to be eminently successful.

The Parish Church is in the village of Culdaff. It is a neat structure, with a tower of comparatively recent erection. The living is a rectory, in the patronage of the Marquis of Donegall, and the tithes amount to £361 10s per annum. The glebe lands comprise 105 acres.

The Roman Catholic Chapel is at Bocan, nearly midway between Crossroads and Culdaff. It has been recently enlarged and improved, and is now a spacious and very handsome edifice. The side walls are high, and the whole seems to have been well and substantially built. The windows are Gothic, and very high, reaching almost to the eve. This chapel was first erected in 1805, and enlarged and improved in its present form in 1846.

There are National Schools at Bocan, (male and female) Carrowmore, Dristeran, and Ballyharry. The remains of cromleachs, circles, and pagan temples, which exist so abundantly in this parish, have already been treated of. On a steep rock, which is nearly surrounded by the sea, near Carthage, are the remains of a very ancient castle or fort, said to have been erected by Prince Owen, from whom the peninsula derives its name. Near this is also an ancient cromleach in a very perfect state of preservation. This was not included in the account of the others. At Carrowmore are two very ancient stone crosses, and near them the plinth of another. Adjoining these crosses is a mound which was the site of an abbey or monastery. This monastery was in connexion with that at Cloncha. Both were exceedingly flourishing. It is related by tradition that a certain monk, in a procession from the monastery at Carrowmore to that at Cloncha, forgot his Breviary until he was about to

enter the door of the latter church, and that, turning round, he passed the word to the next, who likewise passed it to his successor, and so the intelligence was conveyed to Carrowmore, and the book forwarded from one to one till it was delivered to the owner, at a distance of three-fourths of a mile, so great was the number of the monks at these monasteries. The land around the site of the ancient monastery at Carrowmore is more than usually fertile, as, indeed, is the case where similar institutions stood.

The patron saint of Culdaff was St. Ultan, and a very ancient stone cross, believed to have been erected by him, stood at Falmore. The hand of time, however, crumbled that cross to fragments, but Mr. Nicholson, the proprietor of the property around which it stood, with praiseworthy generosity got a splendid Irish cross of stone erected on the spot a few years ago.

The time at which the little altars which we find interspersed throughout the country were used, forms an epoch in the history of the Irish Church. Of these altars, some were erected in caverns by the sea-side, or in the recesses of the mountains, and those places were chosen for their situation against the enemy or the persecutor. Others were erected and used when the Catholic religion began to be tolerated, and we find them situate in advantageous spots, where a shelter was to be had against the inclemency of the weather.

These latter are of a type as to position, and structure, and size ; so that the following description of one will serve almost equally well for all. In this parish of Culdaff, at a short distance from the public highway, there is a comfortable farmhouse. The owner is a Protestant, but not a bigot. Beside it there is a neat and well-kept garden. In the rear of this garden, and not far distant, there is a rising ground, which commands a view of the ocean, and of the adjoining mountains—it is called the "Altar-hill." On this elevated plateau there is a rock, not unlike the projecting cliffs to be seen by the sea-side. It affords a shelter from the north wind, more than usually stormy in this cold locality. It is about ten feet high, and its overhanging top forms a sort of semicircular canopy. At its base there is a few loose stones piled together without any mortar or cement. They form a plane, about three feet high, about the same in length, and about two and one-half feet broad. This is overgrown with ivy, and a little stunted thorn

stands hard by. Such was the "little altar." Mass was often celebrated here ; and my guide told me it was only discontinued about the year 1805.

These little altars must have been used in Ireland for at least two centuries. In the Synod of Kilkenny, held in 1642, it was ordained :—"That as priests were frequently obliged to celebrate the divine mysteries in the open air, those places should be selected which would appear most safe and becoming ; the altar, moreover, must be covered almost on all sides ; so that it may be sheltered thereby from the inclemency of the weather." The little altar, standing by a rock, was generally sheltered thereby from the wind ; but if it rained, or if there were a fall of snow during the time the priest was celebrating, then two young men out of the crowd formed a canopy over his head by a cloak kindly given by some one present. Two more formed a like shelter on his right side, and two more on the left.

Near Muff, in the parish of Culdaff, at a distance of about two miles from the altar already described, I have seen four others closely adjoining each other. They were all built at the base of a projecting rock, and never had any covering overhead beyond what the rocks afforded. The reason why there were so many, and so near each other, was, that there might be a shelter from the wind in whatever direction it blew. On Carthage mountain, about half a mile from these, there is another little altar. At Carrowmore, in a most picturesque and beautiful glen, was another. This is not far from the ruins of an old Franciscan monastery, and within view of the two beautiful Irish crosses above described. The spot can scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding objects, for the altar itself is gone. My guide told me that it is usual among many of the Catholics of the place, as they pass the spot, to uncover their heads and sometimes kneel and say a prayer. The altar, which was here, was used till towards the close of the last century.

Those little altars have their traditions and their associations, which would form a history in themselves. They are hallowed spots. No wonder if the Catholic reveres them, and is jealous lest a profane or impious hand should disturb them. They are a short but expressive history of the penal days. They are sometimes spared from a feeling of religious fear. The present is the age of material progress, and the old altar has been

overturned in many places. The mountain was to be reclaimed, the altar stood in the way. The proprietor was a Protestant, and was "above the idle superstitions," as he said, of the more humble professors of his own faith. Still, in many places in Ulster, particularly in Inishowen, the old altars are standing to the present time.

The parish of Culdaff was the birthplace of the celebrated comedian and dramatic writer, Macklin. Charles Macklin was born in 1690; his real name was M'Laughlin, which he changed to Macklin. He became a performer in the Lincoln's Inn Company in 1725, and not long afterwards was tried for killing another player in a quarrel, and found guilty of manslaughter. He had so repulsive a set of features that Quinn one day exclaimed, "If God writes a legible hand that man is a villain." His greatest character was Shylock, his performance of which drew from the poet, Pope, this very remarkable compliment—

"This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

Macklin wrote two plays, *Love a la Mode*, and the *Man of the World*, which are reputed to possess considerable merit, and are frequently performed, though very satirical on courtiers and the Scotch. His last appearance on the stage was in Covent Garden Theatre, January 10th, 1790, in the character of Shylock, at his own benefit, but his memory having failed him, he was unable to go on with the part. He died in 1797, at the advanced age of 107 years.

In the parish of Culdaff there is a lone churchyard, embosomed among the mountains, and in sight of the ocean. In the centre of it stands an old church that was once Catholic, but afterwards passed into the hands of the stranger. The ground for some distance around it is more than usually fertile—for an old monastery once stood there. This churchyard is surrounded by a wall, now fast mouldering to decay. There is free ingress to the beasts of the field; and horses, and sheep, and cows are often seen grazing there, and treading down the graves. None have been buried there for the past 45 years, except the members of a few Protestant families who reside in the district. There are some curious gravestones that tell the history of other times. The inscriptions on some are partly illegible; but on a clear day, and with care, you can decipher several.

Opposite the church door there is a broad slab, of unpolished

stone, covering a vault. On one side it has fallen off the wall on which it rested. There is no inscription. Few, perhaps not four persons at most, know who is buried there. It is the grave of an Irish Bishop—Dr. M'Colgan.

Little is now known of the history of his life. Few could tell the year of his consecration, the time he died, his age, where he was buried, and the circumstances of his death.

Still he was a great and holy prelate. He was descended from an old Irish sept, and bore the honoured name, and was a relative of a most distinguished priest and scholar, who lived and died in a foreign land, but whose many learned and voluminous works reflected an honour on the country of his birth, and adorned the religion of which he was a minister—I mean John Colgan, the learned author of the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae*.

This good Bishop was consecrated in 1760. His predecessor, who had been appointed by Benedict XIV., had found it impossible to reside in his See, and indeed this had been the case with many other Bishops of the Diocese of Derry for nearly the lapse of a century. The worthy prelate, at the beginning of his episcopacy, found religion but a wreck. The priests were few ; and of churches there were none. The ceremonial had disappeared. The faith alone remained standing ; it had taken hold in the hearts of the people, where the hand of persecution was unable to follow it. For a number of years he performed the duties of the most hard-working priest, together with those of the episcopal office. He married, baptised, attended the confessional, visited the sick, and discharged many other duties besides. He lived apart from the city, and the old Cathedral Church, and the thronged haunts of men. His residence was an humble white-washed cottage at Muff, Donegal. The late Thomas Doherty, Esq., Muff, was related to the family to which he belonged. The income of a bishop was small in those days. Years rolled on and bright hopes began to dawn. The revival of religion seemed to have already commenced, and the holy man looked on with a smile of complacency. But his hopes were soon disappointed. The Catholic religion was tolerated, but the penal laws, like a dark pall, hung over the land. This Bishop, in the faithful discharge of his duties, had already become obnoxious to the authorities. They found a ready instrument in a friar, who, some time before, had been visited with canonical censures. For safety the Bishop

quitted his residence, and took a last farewell of the little white-washed cottage, and sought an asylum among his native mountains at Carndoagh. This Carndoagh is in the parish of Donagh, and adjoins Cregamullen, in the parish of Clonmany, where the good Bishop was born. He remained two weeks concealed in the house of a liberal and kind-hearted Presbyterian, named Joseph Campbell. The military soon discovered the place of his retreat, but he had effected his escape as before related. Fatigue and anxiety of mind had already done their work. Two priests attended him on his death-bed. He breathed his last as they sat by his bedside; and his last words have been recorded by one of them. They were spoken in his native Irish, which he knew and loved so well. They were—"My soul to God and the Blessed Virgin."

The place of his death was Omagh; and the year 1769. Dr. M'Colgan's successor in the See of Derry was Dr. M'Davitt, also a native of Inishowen.

Inside the walls of the church, and to the right hand side of the eastern window, there is an old gravestone bearing the following inscription:—

"Erected by Torlagh O'Doherty, priest, to the memory of his brother Hugh—1707."

The following story is connected with the history of this old gravestone. On the public highway that leads from Carndonagh to Moville, and about two miles distant from the former, the traveller must pass through the village of Cashel. Here he cannot fail to observe, hard by the roadside, a slated outhouse, with its quaint fantastic roof. A little farther down there is an orchard surrounded by a high wall. In the latter part of the 17th century a gentleman named Hart resided in the locality. The old slated edifice was his coach-house, and the orchard was his also. He was the landlord of the adjoining property, and had an only son who was to inherit that property and his name, and on whom he doted with paternal affection. In the neighbourhood lived a well-educated young man who was destined for the Catholic priesthood—the above-named Torlagh O'Doherty. Mr. Hart engaged him as a tutor for his son. The young man was obstinate and stiff-necked, as too often happens in the case of young men who are too much indulged; but he found in Torlagh O'Doherty a stern and determined instructor. One day the son complained to the father and mother of the treatment of his teacher; the conse-

quence was that Torlagh was dismissed from his situation as tutor. After a few days, however, on reflection, Mr. Hart again sent for him, and continued him in his service until the young man's education was complete.

Years passed on ; Torlagh O'Doherty went to Spain, became a student of the college of Salamanca, and was ordained a priest. During his residence in Spain he had excited both the sympathy and interest of some of the highest families of the proud aristocracy of that sunny land—for he was an Irishman, and a candidate for the priesthood.

Young Hart had obtained a commission in the army, seen much of foreign service, and gradually rose to a high rank in his profession.

The Rev. Torlagh O'Doherty returned to Ireland, and was appointed a missionary priest in his native Barony of Inishowen. Mr. Hart, after many years of foreign service, was returning to Ireland to revisit his native barony. He had arrived as far as the village of Muff. His attention was attracted by a crowd standing at the door of a house, now occupied by a man named John Bradley, publican. He inquired the cause why the crowd was collected there, and was told there was within a priest who was taken up for the crime of saying Mass. He went to see who he was, and at once recognised his old teacher—Torlagh O'Doherty. He took the officer in command aside, told him who he was, and explained the relation that existed between himself and the prisoner. Soon the priest was unbound, Mr. Hart taking upon himself the responsibility of the act. Mr. Hart afterwards took him into his own carriage, and they drove on to his father's house. The above story was told by an eye-witness to the late Very Rev. Dean M'Cafferty, of Carndonagh.

Near the head of the Gleneely valley, and convenient to the base of a range of mountains, stands Grousehall. The name indicates the purpose for which it was originally intended—namely, as a shooting-lodge. It was built by an alderman of the city of Derry during the past century ; but, since that, has had numerous occupants. At one time the officers connected with the camp at Baskill resided there. The old ruined walls at the rere of the mansion, at that time, before their fall, served as stables for the military horses. Among the many occupants of Grousehall at different times was, too, the venerable parish priest of Culdaff, the Rev. Mr. M'Devitte. In

1816 Grousehall was occupied by a gentleman named Norton Butler. Mr. Butler was agent of some property in the district, among the rest, of the townland of Moneydarragh. Moneydarragh was the stronghold of smuggling in the district. If a still, malt, illicit spirits, or anything connected with its manufacture was discovered in any townland, the inhabitants were liable to pay a penalty of £100. This sum was levied off the innocent as well as those guilty of transgressions against the revenue code. Never was there a better illustration of the difference between law and justice, which, sometimes, unfortunately, do not go hand in hand. This law was not only severe, but evidently unjust; moreover, it also opened an avenue for the gratification of malice and vindictiveness. If a person in one townland entertained a grudge against his neighbour in another, or determined to injure him, all he had to do was to deposit something connected with illicit distillation in his field or garden, have it seized, and forthwith the whole townland were condemned to pay a fearful penalty. As the inhabitants of many districts were frequently reduced to the greatest poverty from the payment of such penalties, Mr. Butler used his utmost efforts to suppress illicit distillation. This rendered him obnoxious to the people of the locality, and a subscription was organised to realize a sum by which an assassin might be employed. It may be said that Mr. Butler should have left the suppression of illicit distillation to the constituted authorities, and have devoted his attention to other affairs. Had Mr. Butler been moved by an appeal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer from his place in Parliament to suppress illicit distillation, as some of our local lords have lately been, to serve the purposes of party, then, indeed, would such objections hold good. But he was not. He consulted the interest of the people only, and strove to save them from utter ruin.

The scene now shifts to a ridge of mountains separating the parish of Culdaff from that of Upper Moville. This ridge is called Crucknanonian—the daisy-clad hill. But a portion of the public highway which leads from Culdaff to Redcastle, and passes through this ridge of mountains is the most dreary and lonely spot to be found anywhere in the peninsula of Inishowen. For a distance of nearly three miles there is not a human habitation. The ascent up this mountain road is precipitous, and it was formed when vehicles were not much in use.

On the eastern side of this mountain there is a valley, on which, for the greater part of the day, the rays of the sun never descend. There are only a few patches of cultivated ground. The occupants of this ground drag out a miserable existence from the precarious support which the barren soil affords. Here at the same time lived four young men, Peter, James, Dan, and William Magennis. Hardy and stalwart as mountain peasantry for the most part are, their manly vigour was increased by constant rambling over their native mountains. Those who have seen them say they were tall, athletic, and of handsome features. Instead of cultivating the miserable patch of land which the father occupied, they were generally found poaching game or smuggling, and early in their lives they became members of secret societies.

On this same east side of the mountain, and when you have descended on the road to the Foyle, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the road takes a sudden turn. For a man intent on committing a dark deed of blood a more solitary place could hardly be selected. There was no house in view, and there was a cavern hard by which affords a place of concealment to the assassin.

One day Mr. Butler was seen making his way over this lone mountain, riding on horseback, and he carried behind him a saddle-bags, on his way to Derry. One of the Magennises was aware he was to pass that way. He lay concealed in the cave at the spot where the road takes a sudden turn. This was James, and it has been supposed that he had then and there with him a young man, named M'Conalogue, as companion, from Mr. Butler's immediate neighbourhood. As the rider passed he took deliberate aim and fired. Aim was taken at the horse, which fell, and the rider was safe. Presently he heard a voice from the cave; it was Magennis's, saying, "This was but a warning; but for your decent wife I would have killed yourself." James Magennis then fled. A small fishing-boat from Glengad conveyed him on board a ship, by which he escaped to America.

On the north side of Grousehall, and at the distance of 200 yards from the residence, there is an old ruin. This was a dwelling-house at the time of which I write. On an evening in the beginning of June, in the year 1816, a young man entered this house and asked permission to cast a few bullets; the request was readily granted. On the following day, at four

o'clock in the afternoon, two young men were seen descending the hill which overlooks Grousehall residence. These were William and Dan Magennis. The country people were busy in their daily avocations—some in the field, others cutting turf in the bog. They (Magennises) assumed no disguise—attempted no concealment. They were armed with guns and provided with a bayonet, and the bullets they used were those manufactured the night before.

Mr. Butler had dined, and was taking his evening walk. In the rear of Grousehall is a garden, which is surrounded by a high wall, now mouldering to decay. There is a good view of the mountains that overlook the place. Mr. Butler was walking beside this wall and smoking. The Magennises were coming down towards him in company. Coolly and deliberately they approached the spot; one took his gun in hand, aimed, and fired. Mr. Butler did not fall. Then the other did the same; yet their victim did not fall. They then closed in upon him, and one took the bayonet and thrust it in his abdomen. Mr. Butler was a strong, powerful man, and he struggled violently with the assassins. Some of the men who were cutting turf in the bog, and who heard the firing, and saw the struggle which was going on, left off their work, and ran at their utmost speed to his assistance. They were too late. Butler tried to wrench the bayonet from them, but immediately received a second stab in the thigh. He fell. The bayonet had passed through his thigh, and its point was found stuck in the ground, thus literally pinning him to the earth. After he was lifted, a little boy ran down his finger in the hole which it made in the ground.

The two assassins, seeing that their purpose was complete, were seen making their way over the same hill whence they came. Mr. Butler was brought into his residence; the wound was found to be mortal. He died the following morning at eight o'clock. It is said that the evening this occurrence happened the Rev. Mr. O'Kane, P.P. of Culdaff, was dining in Grousehall. Certain it is that he had at least visited him on that fatal night.

Mr. Butler stated all the circumstances of the murder in his dying depositions, and the names of the young men who perpetrated it. Warrants were issued for their apprehension. They managed for some time to evade arrest. Dan was sheltered in different parts of the parishes of Moville, Culdaff, and

Donagh for some time. The peasantry did so, not from any sympathy in their crimes, but from an innate reluctance which they entertained against delivering any one up to the laws which at the time, not as now, were one-sided and partially administered. They were on this account generally not respected, and it was considered meritorious to evade them. The following instance will more fully explain what is meant.

Not far from where the murder occurred there is a certain little fair town, and convenient to it was situate the house of a yeoman. In the year 1798 two tinkers, father and son, called at this house one evening. An altercation arose between the young man and the yeoman. The yeoman lodged a complaint, and next day the father and son were brought before two magistrates, who sentenced each to receive fifty lashes, though the son alone was guilty, and that of a trifling assault. A wheel car was set on end in the public street, and the son was bound to it. He received his fifty lashes, but never winced. He was then unbound and the father tied up. Here the son interposed; desired his father should be liberated, that he would be permitted to take his place, and receive the other fifty lashes. This was refused. It was the fair day of the town, 24th June, and a large crowd was assembled. Hearing the denial of the son's request, the people became indignant, rushed through the barriers, liberated the father and son, and carried them off in triumph.

Hunted about from place to place, Dan Magennis sought refuge among the peasantry of Glenagannon, which is situated, as already described, about two miles from the town of Carn-donagh. The distance from Glenagannon to the place where Magennis originally resided is about five miles, and in all Inishowen there is not a more dreary spot. It is one uninterrupted mountain range; pleasing perhaps to the eye of the tourist or the lover of sublime mountain scenery; but in all this distance there is not even the smallest patch of cultivated land nor any human habitation. There are two large lakes frequented by the disciples of Walton; besides these a few smaller lakes. There is also a wide extended quagmire, called by the people of the district "The Sheskan Ban." No one would be safe to cross this unless one well acquainted with the locality. Magennis roamed those mountains during the day time, and in whatever direction he turned himself he commanded a good view of the soldiers' approach. One day in

summer he had been traversing this mountain range as usual. When evening set in he was seen making his way to the townland of Gortayarn, and entering the house of a widow named Mooney. He partook of some refreshments, and being fatigued from the exertions of the day wished to retire to sleep. He slept by the fireside, with his clothes on. He previously examined his pistols; they were charged. He places them under the pillow on which his head reclined. Widow Mooney had retired to a little adjoining room. He is soon fast asleep. George Balfour, another of his companions, quietly opens the door and approaches the spot where Magennis lay. He examined the well-defined, manly, and handsome features, which were strongly marked with the traces of care. Occasionally there is a nervous twitching and a spasmodic movement of the muscles. He eyes him intently for a few minutes, and finds he is fast asleep. Quietly and stealthily he removes the pistols from beneath his head, takes out the flints and pours oil into the barrels. He opens the door, makes his escape, and proceeds to Culdaff House, the residence of Mr. Young. Mr. Young and a number of yeomen, accompanied by Balfour, proceed to the house where Magennis slept. The widow Mooney is not yet in bed, her son has been out late, and she is waiting till he returns. She hears a noise, it is the measured tread of military men. She is nervous and alarmed. The expiring fire emits a faint glimmering light, which she endeavours to extinguish. She approached the spot where Magennis lay, and with a tremulous voice whispers into his ear to be up and away, for she apprehends danger. Instantly the door is opened. Mr. Young and the yeomanry enter. They receive orders to arrest the outlaw. They hesitate and are afraid, for the strength, and determination, and frequent threats of Magennis were no secret to the public. Seeing them hesitate, Mr. Young exclaimed, "Fear not, the pistols can do no harm." He is arrested, strongly handcuffed, and dragged off to Culdaff House.

At the distance of about 200 yards from Grousehall, and on the north-east side of the house, there are dilapidated walls which were inhabited as a dwelling-house by a man named M'Conalogue, in the year 1816. This man had a son who was young, tall, handsome, and of commanding appearance. Unfortunately, however, he seems to have been a member of a confederacy whose ramifications were too extensive at the time of

which we write. He was, besides, an associate and confidant of the Magennises. After he became a member of the secret society, and their companion, it is said he was concerned in a robbery with them, but, unlike the Magennises, M'Conalogue never imbrued his hands in the blood of his fellow-man. One day, at a funeral, an altercation took place, in which, unfortunately, young M'Conalogue was engaged, and for which a warrant was issued for his apprehension. On another occasion he assaulted Mr. Butler at a still-house, and for this, too, a warrant was issued against him. The execution of both warrants was entrusted to the Rev. Mr. Chichester, then the magistrate of the parish. One day Mr. Chichester and the yeomanry proceeded to Grousehall to execute the warrant for his arrest. M'Conalogue seeing them approach the house, made his escape, and proceeded in the direction of the little village of Carahunny. Here, through a feeling of triumph, he turned round and discharged his gun in the direction in which Mr. Chichester was coming. Some say he took deliberate aim at that gentleman; others, that the gun was not loaded with ball at all, and that he merely fired into the air. On the trial it was sworn by two female witnesses that M'Conalogue, hearing of the guard's approach, put some powder only into the gun, in their presence, and that he fired it into the air near his own door. Another witness swore that he did take deliberate aim, and that the ball discharged from the gun tore a portion of the turf near the spot where witness stood. Certain it is, however, Mr. Chichester was unhurt, and that the jury found the prisoner guilty. He was sentenced to be hanged.

A general sympathy has always been manifested for the unfortunate end of this unhappy young man. The circumstances of the case tended much to excite this feeling. He was youthful, tall, handsome, and, as we have already said, not guilty of murder. After the execution his body was handed over to his relatives. He was buried in the Catholic churchyard of Bocan; no stone marks his grave, but the spot can be pointed out to this day. It is at the entrance of the sacristy door. A strange female, with wild look and dishevelled hair, was often seen after the execution to visit this lone churchyard, and spend hours weeping over his grave. This was a young female who was present at Lifford on the day of the execution, and became so enraptured by his beauty and personal appear-

ance, that she became a raving maniac through the influence of love and unbounded grief.

On the east side of Lough Conn there is a lonely mountain valley, named Meenamaddy. At the time of which we write, there lived there a rather notorious person named Shane M'Eleney. He is said to have been the associate of outlaws and desperadoes. At the place of this person, Wm. Magennis sought a shelter, and considered himself secure amid the swamps and morasses of that bleak locality. He assisted M'Eleney in the little of field labour which that person attended to during his stay. One day he was engaged in cutting turf, in the afternoon of which M'Eleney went away on the pretence of looking after some other business. In the evening he had not returned, and Magennis being tired went early to bed. He had scarcely fallen asleep when Mr. Carey, a magistrate, who lived at some distance, arrived with a special guard and apprehended him in the house of Shane M'Eleney. He was immediately lodged in gaol, whither Dan was sent a short time previous. Their subsequent history is easily told. They were tried at the assizes, found guilty of Mr. Butler's murder, and executed. It was a sad sight, two brothers convicted of the murder of the same person, and both executed for the same terrible crime ; it shows the folly and wickedness of being connected with secret societies, as well as of being instrumental in carrying out their orders and designs ; and testifies to the truth of the good old maxim, " Evil communications corrupt good manners." Nor was this all, the treachery of Balfour was not a secret to the members of the wicked confederacy to which he belonged ; moreover, it was feared that he was about to turn approver, and his doom was accordingly sealed. One evening in the month of August, 1816, Balfour, accompanied by another young man, walked out from Carndonagh along the Glenagannon road. They were on their way home. It is supposed that Balfour was induced to come into the town on that particular evening, and there is very little doubt that the person who accompanied him knew all that was to happen. To the east of the town of Carndonagh, and at a distance of a quarter of a mile, there is a bridge. It is called Glenagannon bridge, and spans the river already noticed, which runs through that glen. The parties travelled along, and when within a short distance of the bridge Balfour's companion began to whistle a tune. There can be no doubt that the tune, though not a party one, was intended to give intima-

tion of their approach. Just as they came to the end of the bridge, a man, who lay in ambush, started up, and in the twinkling of an eye dealt Balfour a stunning blow with some blunt heavy instrument. He reeled and fell. The same party immediately drew a sword, which he ran through the body of his victim. A rope was then procured and tied around his neck, and he was pulled into a grass field adjoining, on the north side of the bridge. A multitude of the initiated had by this time assembled, armed with clubs, swords and daggers. A multitude there was ; some say five hundred in number, all armed as described, for the purpose of taking away the life of one unfortunate and faithless wretch. By the rope tied around his neck they dragged him like a dog along the grass, to the edge of a flax dam at a considerable distance from the road ; here the commander stood superintending, till every one of that valiant body inflicted a blow, a stab, or a sabre cut on the corpse which lay before them. They next threw it into the dam, and their hideous and disgusting business was at an end. It is said that the bloody trail was discernable along that grass field, notwithstanding the rains and snows, for several years after that fatal night.

New troubles now awaited the members of the confederation, they feared arrest, they feared each other, and many made a hasty and precipitate retreat. They went chiefly to America. Even there misfortune befel them ; many got sudden and violent deaths. The jail was filled with those who remained ; society was in a state of ferment from assize to assize, and many hearths were made desolate by the fearful incidents of that terrible time.

It is to be feared too that the military authorities who commanded the district at the time were more zealous than discreet in their exertions to discover the parties implicated in the crime, for it was sworn by a witness, named Alexander M'Clure, that Major Dawson offered him a large sum of money if he would swear indiscriminately against a number of the accused ; the result of which was that they were all liberated, and further prosecutions abandoned. Previous to this, however, two persons, named Bradley and M'Eleney, were executed for participation in the murder of Balfour.

In the memorable revolution of 1688, the inhabitants of Inishowen were chiefly attached to the cause of their king, and levies were made here for the purpose of strengthening the

army of James. A young man of the townland of Muff, parish of Culdaff, was of the number called. He was a very well educated young man, and was soon appointed secretary to General Sarsfield, a distinction which, on account of his character and education, he well merited. His name was Henry Doherty. He accompanied Sarsfield at the battle of the Boyne and the siege of Limerick ; and when at that memorable siege Irish blood was spilled profusely, and the valour of her sons was surpassed only by the heroism of the daughters of Limerick ; and when the hitherto victorious army of William quailed before the indomitable defenders of those historic walls ; and when, at last, the belligerents came to terms regarding the capitulation of the city, the articles of the treaty of Limerick were drawn up in the Irish language, by Henry Doherty, as secretary to the general commanding, Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. How soon this important treaty was violated by the Williamites is well known. After the capitulation of Limerick, Doherty returned to his native home, where his descendants have resided down to the present year, when the last member of the family (also named Henry Doherty) emigrated to America.

Owing to the disturbed state of the district in 1814 there was a military encampment at Baskill, in this parish. It numbered about 300, including officers and men. The spot is pointed out to this day. It was below the public highway, and near the Culdaff river.

The public may learn, perhaps with surprise, that a celebrated French nobleman, the Duke de Broglie, is not only of Irish descent, but that his forefathers hail from Culdaff, and the townland of Lisdargan. The Duke has been written to on the subject, and he says that records contained in the family archives testify this, and he is not a little proud of being the descendant of an Irish sept. In Ireland the name was Bradley. In Cloncha churchyard there is an old gravestone bearing that name. Perhaps some relative of the great Duke is buried there. The father of the present Duke sent an autograph letter to the late Denis Bradley, of Coleraine, on some matters of business, in which he refers with pride to his Irish origin and name. I may observe that Denis Bradley was married to a sister of the late Mr. Mulholland, of Derry. Two relatives of the Duke live yet in the same townland, Stephen Butler and Andrew Gillen.

It was from the Inishowen coast that Thomas Darcy M'Ghee, of Young Ireland notoriety, effected his escape to America in 1848. He assumed the dress of a clerical student, changed his name, came to Derry, and from that to Culdaff, where he remained for a short time concealed in a farm-house not far from Kindroyhead. A passage was secured for him in one of the Derry emigrant ships, and when the vessel came along the Culdaff shore a little boat put to sea and conveyed M'Ghee on board. Strange the vicissitudes of life! In 1847 Darcy M'Ghee was a violent partizan of the Young Ireland faction; in 1848 he is an outlaw seeking an asylum among the mountains of Culdaff; and now, in 1867, we find him a Canadian legislator.

Outside the north sidewall of Cloncha church there is a tombstone which, the inscription tells us, was erected to the memory of the Rev. Mr. Elwood. This clergyman had attained nearly the patriarchal age of 100 years. He was 61 years Rector of Cloncha, and died in 1785. The monument was erected by his successor, who that successor was does not appear, but from the date of its erection it would appear to be the Rev. Mr. Chichester, the father of the present Lord O'Neill, of Shane's Castle. There are many traditions still extant among the people of Culdaff regarding this venerable old man. He was said to be very charitable, and his good wife was in the habit of making large webs of woollen cloth, which she distributed among the poor of the district. He lived at Redford, a spot possessing scenery as beautiful as any celebrated in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

A very valuable work of art was discovered in the parish of Culdaff a few years ago by a countryman, when engaged one day in his field operations. He turned up something of the form of a horse shoe, which lay on a flat stone, and was lightly covered with clay. At first he had a mind to throw it away, as something valueless; on reflection he took it home, and he afterwards showed it to a ragman, who offered him half-a-crown for it. The countryman, then, for the first time began to think it might be of some value. He kept it and showed it to a gentleman of experience, by whom it was forwarded to the Royal Irish Academy, and in return he received the handsome sum of £5. It was deposited in the museum of the institution. In the opinion of the members of the academy, to whom it was shown, it dates to a remote antiquity, probably

beyond the Christian era, and exhibits a high degree of art. It was a gold fibula, and used as a cloak-fastener.

It may not be out of place to mention the following observations with regard to this valuable institution. The Royal Irish Academy was founded in 1785 ; its origin was small at first. In 1787 the book of Ballymote was presented to it by Chevalier O'Gorman. In 1789 the book of Leacan was procured through the Abbe Kearney ; and, as already observed, a great portion of it was translated by the Rev. John M'Laughlin, a native of Glentougher. In 1831 the Annals of the Four Masters were secured through Dr. Petrie ; this was the first valuable addition it received. The cross of Cong was presented through the late lamented Professor M'Cullough, of Trinity College. Indeed for a long time the opinion prevailed that Ireland possessed no works of ancient art of any real value. When Dr. Petrie first endeavoured to secure the remains of Irish art, he was told—" Surely you do not mean to say the Irish knew anything of the arts of civilization before the arrival of the English." Time has proved the falsity of this opinion. The museum of the Royal Irish Academy, through the praiseworthy and indefatigable exertions of many men of eminence, such as Sir William Wilde, Dr. Petrie, Dr. Greaves, the late Dr. O'Donovan, and Professor Curry, possesses a large and valuable collection of works on Irish art. Much praise is due to the Commissioners of Public Works and to the Shannon Commissioners, but above all to the Directors of the Ordnance Survey, through whose exertions many of those works have been secured. A fund is now placed at the disposal of the council of the Royal Irish Academy, by which they can engage the services of the constabulary in purchasing, at its full value, any work of art that may be got in the country.

While speaking of antiquities, we may state that we have lately examined an Ogham monument in the parish of Culdaff. There is the cross within the circle, which is almost peculiar to all Ogham monuments. The cross is nearly the same as ones to be found in the illuminations of the Book of Kells. O'Conner, of Belanagar, held that all Ogham monuments were of the pagan period. Now this opinion would appear not to be correct, else why find the cross on an Ogham monument ? This monument has the stem line and the four different groups of incised strokes. First there is the groups of lines to the left ; second, the groups of lines to the right of the edge ; third,

longer strokes crossing obliquely ; and fourth, small notches on the edge itself. It reads thus :—*Nocati maqui maqui Ret.* “That is, the stone of Nocat, the son of Mac Reithe.” Now, we may observe the word Mac Reith occurs in the Book of Leacan. It may also be observed that Ogham monuments were used first as sepulchral monuments, and secondly as boundaries of properties.

From the “*Ulster Visitation Book*,” preserved among the MSS. in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1622, we find Culdaff was written Coldaugh. In the Protestant church at that time Culdaff and Moville were one parish, the minister of which was Robert Kean, A.M. To this is annexed an observation from the bishop. “He also discharges the cure of Coldaugh as occasion is offered, there being one English family in the parish.”

I may observe, in this place, that Eugene O’Doherty, who was consecrated bishop of Derry in 1554, was a native of Inishowen. From the following document, taken from the Barberini archives, it appears he was an Augustinian monk, was of noble origin, and succeeded Rory O’Donnell. His successor was Redmond O’Gallagher. “*Die Lunæ Junii 1554, referente Reverendissimo Carpensi, sua sanctitas providit ecclesie Derensi in regno Hiberniæ vacanti per obitum Rurici Ydomnael, extra Romanam curiam defuncti, de persona Eugenii Odochartaid Abbatis monasterii Cellæ nigre et Derensis ordinis Sancti Augustini, de nobile genere ex utroque parente.*”

The first parish priest of Culdaff for the past century whose name we could obtain was the Rev. Mr. Cramsey, a native of the parish. The following are his successors in regular order, namely :—First, the Rev. Mr. Orr, a native of the parish, who died about eighty-four years ago ; he was succeeded by the Rev. Manasses Divine, a native of county Derry, who lived at Cashel, and remained only a few years in the parish ; he was succeeded by the Rev. Denis O’Donnell, a native of the townland of Gortaherin, in the parish of Donagh, and who died about sixty years ago ; he was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. O’Kane, a native of the county Derry, who lived at Ballinagran for many years, and about 1824 exchanged with the Rev. Mr. Doherty for Moville, where he died ; he was succeeded by the Rev. Gerald Doherty, a native of Urney, who lived only about one year in Culdaff ; he was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. O’Connor, who died in 1831, and was buried in his native

parish in county Derry ; he was succeeded by the Rev. James M'Devitt, the present parish priest. Before the erection of the chapel mass was celebrated four Sundays in succession, and alternately, at each of the little altars.

CHAPTER XV.—*Lower Moville.*

From the parish of Culdaff we will proceed to Lower Moville. For a part of the way the road passes along Brady Glen, which, in ancient times, belonged to the M'Dermotts, who, in the Annals of the Four Masters, are styled the lords of Bradyglen, and the princes of hospitality. There is a bridge in this glen named Friar's Bridge, from a tradition that a friar was drowned in crossing the river at that place. I will take occasion as we travel along this road to relate the following story, and before I begin I simply say that every item it contains is perfectly true. Comment would be superfluous ; let the facts speak for themselves.

It was a cold day in December. The wind blew from the north, and swept over the hills, accompanied with sleet-like rain. A number of men were busily engaged making a new road along the ridge of a wild mountain side. It was a bleak dreary spot. There were little signs of vegetation, even the heather lacked its usual purple hues, and the stunted grass scarce appeared above the surface of the soil. The screaming of the sea-birds and the flight of the wild geese to the mountains bespoke an impending storm. These poor fellows had been working all day amid the pitiless pelting hail, badly fed and badly clothed.

"For whom are you working on such a day, and in such a place," inquired a stranger who was passing by. There was a low subdued whisper, "shall we tell," said they. "Yes," said one, who appeared better instructed than the others, and acted as spokesman ; then, turning to the stranger, he said, "it is for our landlord."

"Does your landlord make the road at his own expense," said the stranger. "No," was the reply, "he is paid for it." "Is he road contractor, then," asked the stranger. "He is not the nominal contractor ; but he is after all the real contractor. His man of business, Bernard Doherty, is the nominal contractor, but it is for his master he acts."

"A curse on that same Barney," said one of the crowd, "he has made many a home desolate in Glenroan."

"Are you well paid," said the stranger, "for this work."

"Nothing," was the reply. "These roads, for the most part, are made by duty days; but we don't so much complain of this (for the road will serve ourselves) as to be obliged to assist in cutting down hills and building walls near our landlord's residence, which serve no public end, but merely ornament the demesne." "And," said the stranger, "are those works paid for by the public?" "Yes," said the other, "and the landlord's man of business is the contractor for them also." "How does it happen that such things are tolerated; I really cannot comprehend them?" "Oh, sir, it is quite simple. If any gentleman wishes to have his demesne beautified by some additional fences, or the approaches to his residence improved, he has only to ask the assistance of the neighbouring gentry, and the job can be easily manufactured, for the associated cess-payers are usually taken from such a class as are known to be the tools of the gentry. The great public thoroughfares are neglected, and what is worse, when the ordinary contractors have their work completed there is great difficulty in having the work approved; but as for the improvements that affect the interests of the gentry there is no such obstacle."

"Really," said the stranger, "this is too bad." "Oh, sir, I can tell you worse, but I would not wish it were told on me. Our landlord is a needy man, his debts amount to a large sum. Now, if he wants money, his custom is to subdivide the estate. He says it is in order to improve it, but the real object is to put money into his own pocket. He will take a few acres from the farm of the poor man and add them to the farm of the rich neighbour, receive £5 to the pound rent for this, and put the money in his pocket."

"Positively," said the stranger, "what you tell me is almost incredible. Do duty days prevail to any extent?" "Well, sir," said the other, "they are claimed by most of the resident landlords, but duty-hens are discontinued. But, I'll tell you, sir, a thing that happened about them before they were done away with. One day Mr. Maxwell, the magistrate who lives over yonder, was walking with an English gentleman who came to visit him, in front of the hall door, and one of the tenants, Jeamie M'Daid, came up to them, took a hen from under his coat, and apologised for being so late by saying, he waited till

she would lay, but he hoped she would be in time for the dinner."

Until 1788 Moville formed but one parish, but it was then divided into the parishes of Upper and Lower Moville. In the Roman Catholic division, however, the whole as yet forms but one parish. Lower Moville is bounded on the north by the Atlantic Ocean, on the east by Lough Foyle, and on the west by Culdaff. It contains 15,950 acres. Population, 5,192. Much of the land is cold and of rather inferior quality; the inhabitants engage themselves with fishing fully as much as agriculture. The coast of the parish, which extends from Glenagivney on the north-west around Inishowen Head and along the Foyle to the town of Moville, is singularly bold and rocky. Doyle, in his *Tours in Ulster*, says:—"Inishowen Head is a place of great interest, and commands magnificent coast and sea views. From this the coast runs westward to Culdaff Bay, and for about eight miles is much varied by steep and lofty cliffs, against which the Atlantic breaks with great fury. The water is very deep, from ten to fifteen fathoms up to the base of the cliffs. The same remarkable variation in the ebb and flow of the tide, observed on the coast of Antrim, occurs here also." I may state that the tides move similarly from Bushmills in Antrim to Bloody Foreland Point in Donegal. Mr. Doyle goes on to say:—"Outside, a line east and west, distant two miles from the shore, the line of flood sets east six hours, and ebbs six hours to the west; but within that line the stream turns at half flood to the westward, and at half ebb to the eastward, a phenomenon of great advantage in navigating this coast." Around Moville the land is in a good state of cultivation, and there are some handsome residences in the neighbourhood. Between Shrove Head on the one side and the point of Magilligan on the Londonderry coast on the other, is the entrance to Lough Foyle. This extensive inlet is admittedly one of the best of our Irish harbours. It is remarkably well sheltered, especially from the westerly winds, and affords safe anchorage for ships of the largest tonnage in all kinds of weather. It is to the facilities for trade which this lough affords, seconded by the energy and enterprise of her inhabitants, that the city of Derry owes her increasing commercial prosperity. The channel which lies near the Inishowen coast is all along indicated by buoys and lights, and at Shrove Head are lighthouses which have been constructed by the Ballast

Board to guard against shipwrecks on the "Tonns," sand banks which lie beyond the entrance to the lough, and which will be noticed by and bye. Herrings, sole, salmon, and oysters are met with abundantly in Lough Foyle, but the Hon. the Irish Society of London claim a several fishery and right to every living thing within it, nay, to the very mud and sand which lie at its bottom, to the exclusion of all interference on the part of the inhabitants of its shores. This anomalous claim is founded on a Charter, which, they say, was granted them by James I., and renewed at the Restoration.

Convenient to the ruins of the old castle of the O'Dohertys at the northern extremity of the parish, the English have erected a fortress, and this, with a battery at Magilligan on the opposite side, commands the entrance to the lough. The Greencastle fortress consists of a battery, tower, and magazine, and there is accommodation within it for forty-two men and four officers. The Magnetic Telegraph Company have an office at Greencastle, from which messages are transmitted to any part of the United Kingdom, &c. Here are also stations of the Pilots and Tide-waiters of the port of Derry, and a Coastguard station; there is also a station of the Coastguards at Port Kennego.

The following fairy tale is related regarding these coasts; the towns are even yet considered "*gentle*."

Manannan M'Lir, the Irish Neptune, lies buried in the Tonn Banks. His spirit sallies from them at intervals. Many shipwrecks have occurred here. The roar of the Tonns is heard several miles off when a storm is impending. They form one of the celebrated "Three waves of Erin." The wave of the North, (here) the wave of Rury, (in Dundrum Bay) and the wave of Cliona, (off Cape Clear.) Whenever Cuchulain smote his shield, the three waves lifted up their voices and answered.

Hosts of fairies had their abode around these coasts, in mid-channel, and along the Scottish shores. Many years ago a young man of the O'Dohertys, of Tullagh, in Clonmany, set out with a view of paying his addresses to a young lady of the name of O'Kane, who lived near Magilligan, in the County Derry, and whose fame for beauty and accomplishments had extended over half the province. O'Doherty took with him his brother as companion, with a train of twenty chosen young men as attendants—ten to each. Railway conveyance has, even yet,

but penetrated slightly the mountain fastnesses of Inishowen. In those days, needless to say, there was not an inch of railway in our peninsula nor in the county Derry, nor, for that matter, in all Ireland. Vans and cars were also unheard of, here at least ; and as our travellers had to cross an arm of the sea, they did not avail themselves of their fleet, well-trained roadsters. They set out on foot across the country. Arrived at Tapal Moule, near Greencastle, they determined to take up their lodging for the night, as it was then too late to cross the ferry. Supper was ordered, and our suitor told his brother that while the meal was in preparation he would retire to the old ruin behind the inn to say a prayer, for he was of a religious turn of mind. Time wore speedily on ; he did not return as soon as expected ; so the company sat down to their meal in his absence. He came at last, and, to his great consternation, found them dead—all dead save his brother, who was badly injured in the *melee* which had just occurred. He demanded to be informed of the cause of the terrible catastrophe which had just occurred. The brother rebuked him very sharply for spending so much of his time in devotion—a habit which, he said, he had had to complain of on various other occasions—but at last explained that he believed they were under the influence of some malignant spell, as the young men, when seated around the supper table, began to contend about some very trifling affair. From words they came to blows ; nor did the conflict cease till each had killed each ; and he himself, in endeavouring to pacify them, received the injuries before mentioned. They now proceed to a doctor to have the sufferer's wounds dressed, and to obtain his opinion regarding their effects. The doctor performed his office, and told the sufferer to keep clear of excitement, and guard against whatever might shock the nervous system, otherwise the consequences might be fatal. On their way back, and while crossing a bit of moorland, a hare started most unexpectedly from beside them, and ran across the heather. The patient was startled ; he swooned and died. Nothing now remained for our suitor but to carry the body to the inn, which he did with much difficulty, as his brother was a tall, athletic, and powerful man. On reaching the inn-yard he left the body in a shed, with the twenty others, and entered the house to make arrangements for having them interred. In a short time he returned to the yard, and, to his amazement, there he beheld every man of those who were dead again alive

and walking about, just as if nothing had happened. Perceiving himself thus made the sport of the elfin or fairy band, O'Doherty resolved to give up his matrimonial pursuits, at least for the present; moreover, he determined to travel until he should find some other who had been tormented as much by them as himself, or until he should be satisfied that none such could be found. He therefore dismissed his brother and the young men, who returned homeward, and, crossing the ferry, he proceeded firstly to the house of O'Kane. He was kindly received, and soon disclosed all that had happened to him on his journey, adding that his object was not to seek a wife just then, but to proceed on and onward, until he should find some one who had been as far duped by the fairies as he had been, or until he should satisfy himself that no such person could be found. "If that is what you seek," replied O'Kane, "you shall not have far to go; for what I am about to relate has happened to myself. It was, of course, all the doings of the *sheeggies*, and is still more wonderful than all you have told me.

"One morning I arranged that the boys and myself should go to work in the bog, and I told my wife to prepare oatmeal bread for the dinner, which we were to carry with us. While the dinner was in preparation, I walked out and strolled listlessly down to the little bay behind the house here. I there beheld a tiny boat—a regular little crab-shell—yet so surpassingly beautiful that I was tempted to go and examine it minutely as it floated lightly on the water. In doing so, and just as I put one foot into it, some invisible power shoved me forward and in I fell altogether. I had barely room to sit down. The wind veered round, and out I was carried to sea. There was not a vessel on the surface of the waters, nor even a boat by which I might be picked up; so on I was carried until every vestige of land had vanished from my view. I had reached mid-channel, and still kept quite composed; it were useless to do else, for, without sail, or helm, or oar, if my life were to be saved, it would be by keeping as quiet as possible in my unsteady little craft. Soon, however, I felt a change coming over me; my brain began to swim, and putting my hand to my head, I found I had got on me a woman's hair. The change kept progressing, and very soon I was metamorphosed into a female. Land at last appeared in view,

and in a short time the boat went aground on the coast of Cantire. Going ashore I perceived at a short distance a stately castle, but not a sign of human occupation. I entered the castle, and in a splendid banqueting hall a sumptuous supper lay prepared, (for it was then dim evening) yet no sign of any living being. I took supper, and no sooner was it over than the candle which burned before me was carried by invisible agency to another apartment, where a downy couch was spread. Here I went to bed, slept, and in the morning found by my side a beautiful little child. I had already ceased wondering at whatever might happen, so I took up the child and proceeded to the shore. In the little port in which I previously landed I beheld the same little boat dancing on the gentle billows. I advanced toward it, and was again involuntarily pushed into it, carrying with me the child. We drifted away to sea, and, self-guided, my little vessel brought me back to Magilligan Strand. On this voyage I was re-transformed, and then, in *propria persona*, I walked back to this house with my little treasure in my arms. She grew up, and is now the handsome girl whose fame has brought you to my door. To add to your astonishment I have further to say that, as I entered the house, my wife told me that the dinner bread was then just hardened at the fire." O'Doherty made no remark when this story was told, but returned home congratulating himself for having escaped matrimonial alliance with a real fairy."

It was a favourite maxim with the Danes to take, and, if possible, keep possession of the principal inlets and harbours, in order to keep up communication with their base of supplies, and when beaten on shore to have their ships as places of refuge to retreat to. We accordingly find them often appearing in Lough Foyle. In 864 they were here defeated by Aldh Finnliath, monarch of Ireland; in the year 893 Armagh was plundered by the Danes of Lough Foyle; in A.D., 919, a fleet of 32 ships landed in Lough Foyle, and Inishowen was plundered by them; but they were checked by Fearghal, who slew the crew of one of the ships, broke the ship itself, and carried off the goods; and more of them were broken on the rocks and sand banks. Lough Foyle attracts notice at a period somewhat later. The annalists say that in 1248 O'Neill, Lord of Tyrone, brought small boats from Lough Foyle into Magh Ithe, and across the country till he reached

Lough Erne. In explanation of this passage O'Donovan says the ancient Irish gave the name of Lough Foyle to the whole extent of water from the mouth of the lake to Lifford. Magh Ithe, he says, lies to the west of what is now called the river Foyle—that is, the plain which extends from Derry to Lifford on the west of the Foyle.

The town of Moville belongs to the parish of Lower Moville, and is situated sixteen miles north of Londonderry. It was formerly called *Bunafobile*, a word signifying the foot of the parish or congregation. The situation of Moville is very favourable, standing as it does on the shore of the lough, and sheltered from the north and westerly winds by that high ridge of land which runs behind it towards Greencastle. Casting his eye across the glassy surface of the lough the traveller has a pleasing view of the fertile districts of Myroe and the vale of the Faughan, in the county Derry, backed by the mountains of Benbraddagh and Beneveny. Moville has of late grown rapidly into importance, and every encouragement for its improvement and extension has been given by its spirited proprietor, the Rev. Mr. Montgomery. The road from Derry to Greencastle passes through it, and at the centre of the town another road strikes off from it at right angles leading to Culdaff, Malin, Carndonagh, &c. The town consists of a square and four principal streets, and there are, besides, many elegant villas and bathing lodges adjoining the town and along the shore. Piers, projecting into deep water, have been constructed for vessels calling here. Steamers from Derry, Glasgow, Liverpool, Portrush, &c., call daily, and the vessels of the Montreal Ocean Steam Navigation Company, trading between Liverpool and Portland, U.S., call weekly on their outward voyage to receive mails and passengers for the several States and cities of North America. One of their homeward bound also calls weekly for the delivery of mails and passengers. In addition to these the vessels of a line lately established by the Messrs. Handyside & Co., of Glasgow, also call here weekly. This is the Anchor Line, and promises to be very popular. Moville has long been highly esteemed as a watering-place, and all available accommodation sought after by bathers in the summer; and though other bathing-places have lately attracted attention, the people of Moville may, by a scale of moderate charges, and by that courtesy to visitors

for which they are remarkable, long continue to maintain the pre-eminence of their town as a fashionable bathing-place.

The population in 1861 was 897. There is a weekly market, (Thursday) and fairs are held on the 28th of January, April, July, and October, for the sale of cattle, sheep, and pigs. A large export trade is done with Glasgow and Liverpool in fish, fowl, eggs, and butter. It has a Constabulary station, which belongs to the district of Carn, a Post-office, Dispensary, and Loan Fund, and Petty Sessions are held in it on every fourth Tuesday.

The houses in Moville are new and well built, but the only edifice that can prefer any claim to beauty or architectural proportion is the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. It stands on a rising ground at the east side of the town. The sight is truly picturesque. Below are the broad blue waves of the Foyle, decked with shipping of every class, from the American liner to the smallest fishing boat; in the distance you can see Magilligan and the Derry mountains; in the background the Inishowen mountains rise their grey heads high into the sky.

The Convent grounds are spacious, have an extensive frontage, and are carefully tended. The schoolrooms are large, lofty, and well ventilated. To the Convent is attached a pretty large chapel for the use of the community, and which affords the townspeople an opportunity of hearing a daily mass. The eastern window is large, and displays much artistic skill. To kneel before the altar during the solemn stillness of the night, and behold the light of the silvery moon streaming through the window, you are reminded of Scott's description of Melrose:—

"The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone."

The education which the good sisters impart does not consist of an empty catalogue of puerilities, which too often constitute the education of the world. Education does not consist in reading, writing, arithmetic, music, and the like. These are mere mechanical arts. They form a part of the grand educational system, but it is only a subordinate part. Religion should be the beginning, middle, and end of all educational

systems. Such is the education which the good Sisters of Mercy impart. Religion, however, is not the chief object of the institution.

Behind the Convent, and at a short distance, there is a large well-conducted National School. All these buildings have been erected within the past few years, and form only one of the many religious and educational establishments that have been founded by the fostering hand of his Lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly.

Of the elegant seats along the Foyle at Moville is Ravenscliff, the sea-side residence of the Very Rev. Dr. Devlin, D.D. It is situated near the water's edge, and behind it there is a beautiful grove. The gardens are surrounded by high walls, and contain graperies and glasshouses, in which the rarest and choicest exotics are brought to admirable perfection. The whole are attended to by a skilful gardener, who seems well practised in his art. I must not omit to mention that there is a courteous and obliging housekeeper who kindly showed me through the premises.

The living is a rectory, in the patronage of the Bishop of Derry ; the Rector's net income is £319. The church, which was built in 1782, is a small neat edifice, and has a tower on its eastern front. It stands on an eminence convenient to the shore of Lough Foyle. Besides the Parish Church, there is another small church, which has lately been erected in the town of Moville. There are two Roman Catholic Chapels, one at Ballybrack, the other at Ballynacrey ; and National Schools at Glenagiveney, Shrove, Moville, and Gulladuff.

Contiguous to Moville is also the residence of his Lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Catholic Bishop of Derry. Moville too is distinguished as being the birth-place of the illustrious Sir Robert Montgomery. The principal seats in the parish of Lower Moville are Moville Lodge, Gortgowan, Ballybrack House, Drumawier House, Leckenny House, Drumagessin House, Ravenscliff, and Rosebank, the residence of Pechell Irvine, Esq., J.P.

The following story has appeared in another form in a Dublin periodical :—

“ In fair Moville lived a maiden named Mary M'Laughlin. Mary was an only child, the faithful nurse and attendant of her aged father, and at the time of which we write she was an orphan, for her mother was dead. Fair, tall, and exceedingly

handsome was Mary ; her hair was as dark as the wing of the raven, her countenance glowed with the bloom of health, her cheeks resembled the fresh blown rose ; of a pure grey tint like the hazel was her lustrous eye. Her fine prepossessing appearance she inherited from her lost dear mother, whose very image she was, and who doted upon her as the idol of her soul, and early instilled into her youthful mind lessons of piety and devotion to her Creator, and a sense of the duties which, as a child, she owed her parents—love, obedience, and filial tenderness, which admirable instructions Mary dearly cherished, and richly profited by. Young, elegant, comely, it was no wonder that Mary was admired. Two suitable young men strove eagerly for her hand. The ardent affections of both were reciprocated by her, insomuch that in her heart of hearts she could not obtain a sunnier spot for either, nor entertain a preference for one over the other. She loved both with equal ardour, and it was a source of the greatest discomfort to her as she tried, but tried in vain, to make in her affections a distinction between them. Often, too, had she to endure the exquisite raillery of her comrades, who used to tell her she should marry either of the young men ; but, if she intended not to marry she should tell them so, and leave others a chance ; and then they would mischievously ask her would she not herself expect from others a course similar to what they recommended.

“ Under circumstances less trying how often have we heard of young village maids, yea, and of high born dames, the daughters of the proud and wealthy, consenting to be preyed upon by crafty spae-wives, fortune-tellers, and cup-tossers, who audaciously pretend to penetrate the mysterious future, and to trace their fair clients’ destinies in the lines which intersect each other on the palms of their hands, or in the gyrations of sedimentary matter at the bottom of a tea cup. Though the mind of our heroine was fairly clouded and darkened with grief and anxiety, she despised all such hollow quackery.

“ In a quiet retired spot in the neighbourhood of Mary’s abode was a holy well. One evening, at the time we treat of, a young female might be seen underneath the sheltering thorn, beside this holy well, kneeling in fervent prayer. She was all alone, nor dreaded aught which might disturb her devotions. In the still evening hour two young men approached this spot from opposite directions. At the same moment they beheld the female in prayerful attitude at the well, and they beheld each

other. They start back amazed, for the meeting was wholly unexpected ; neither uttered a word, but their uneasy and embarrassed looks spoke volumes. I need hardly say that the group now before us are Mary and her lovers. Both were unnoticed by her, hence they stood quite still, not daring to disturb her. When she arose to depart, there stood both before her, face to face ; seeing them her colour came and went ; she was red and pale alternately ; she could not on the moment proceed on her way, so, with throbbing heart and in deep confusion, she sat herself down on a little mossy bank hard by. One of the young men then stepped forward and said—‘ Mary, I perceive your difficulty, and can easily judge how painful it would be for you to favour one of us, as I take it, at the expense of the other ; but, in order that you may have time and leisure for reflection and an opportunity to judge of the dictates of your own heart, I hereby propose to depart on to-morrow morning, nor shall I thereafter set foot on Irish soil for a twelvemonth and a day. At the end of that time I hope to return, and if your feelings be still favourable to me, I will press you to accept me as your future husband. In the meantime, you are to consider yourself perfectly free to dispose of your hand and affections as you please ; and, on my return, if I find you have done so, however I may regret it, I shall not complain.’

“ With equal generosity his rival replied, ‘ My aged mother is dependent on me for support ; I cannot leave Ireland, but shall be careful not to intrude myself on Mary’s presence for twelve months, and to make sure of this I will quit Moville to-morrow and reside at Greencastle till the expiration of that time.’ Deeply thankful to both, Mary bade them an affectionate farewell, and hastened back to her father’s cottage. Next morning Hugh M’Dermott shipped as a sailor on board a merchantman which lay at anchor in the Foyle, and Peter M’Gonagle, equally prompt to the fulfilment of his design, removed to Greencastle, and followed the occupation of a fisherman. Months rolled on ; Peter’s mother died and was buried at Cooley. Dearly as her son had loved her, the honourable engagement which he had entered into was still dearer to him, and, lest he should violate his promise, he did not attend her funeral, as the procession had to pass through the town of Moville on their way to the graveyard.

“The twelve months had just passed, and the night of the following day was one fraught with anxiety to the fisherman of Greencastle. With anxious nervous longing he waited for the morrow—waited to know whether his rival might return—waited to know whether Mary’s decision should be pronounced in his favour. These were the thoughts that occupied his mind, as he sat at his fireside ; but now a howling storm began to rage without, the Tonns were roaring, so was the thunder peal, and flashes of forked lightning glared fitfully through the pitchy darkness. He went at last to bed ; his sleep was broken and uneasy, and ever and anon, as he awoke, he prayed for the safety of those who, on that awful night, might be tossed about on the stormy main ; yet he could not sleep, and getting up he went out in the night and climbed the summit of a rocky cliff, from which he looked intently across the sea. There he could perceive the deep, furrowed up by the tempest, and at a distance along its surface he beheld a flash. It is not heaven’s lightning ; soon again it is repeated. Ah ! he understands it ; it is the minute gun at sea. He darted from the cliff and ran to his cot, which he immediately set all on fire as a signal to the distressed mariners. His next act was to launch his own boat, and in a few moments more he was off, rowing it all alone, over the stormy billows. At length he gained the ship ; by the dim light burning faintly he soon perceived that the crew had just abandoned her, invited perhaps to land by the flames which shot up from his own consuming cottage. He could also perceive evidence of strife and struggle before their departure, and much gold and valuables strewn about the deck. But what is this lying along the mast ? Taking the lamp he goes to examine. He hears a moan—the moan of a wounded man. He was a strong, robust man ; and his face was bronzed by a tropical sun, save the forehead, which was white and fair as the lily. Amid his pain and sufferings he knows the wounded sailor ; it is his rival, Hugh M’Dermott. Had Peter M’Gonagle been less of a Christian he would have said, ‘I shall not encumber myself with this wounded man, but secure the wealth which will recompense me for the loss of my dwelling, and be sure to render my suit successful ; if this man die here it was his fate, not any fault of mine.’ But no ; such were not Peter’s sentiments ; he had come of parents who taught him the divine precept of doing to others as he would wish to be done by, and raising up the wounded man, he kindly and

tenderly assisted him into his boat, and going in along with him, he shaped his course for land.

"The storm raged throughout the night, its fury had hardly abated. At the grey dawn of the following morning, on the high rocky knoll which juts into the Foyle at the town of Moville, Mary M'Laughlin might be seen looking over the sea—looking intently across the still disturbed waters. No sail met her anxious gaze as the moments sped rapidly on. Tired of waiting, she was about to take her departure, when lo, she dimly sees a small boat buffeting the waves, and slowly advancing to the land. I shall not attempt to describe her feelings as she awaited its arrival; it at last entered the little port and gained the shore. The boat was that which bore to land the wounded, now dying, sailor, manned and conducted by Peter M'Gonagle. She recognised his manly handsome features, though changed so much by a foreign clime, and she is quickly bending over him in silent poignant grief, for she knows that a few brief moments must terminate his earthly career. It is twelve months since Mary and her lovers parted; they are now all three again together; but what a melancholy meeting. The sufferer opened his eyes as Mary gazed down upon him, and smiled a last smile of recognition and of thanks. A priest was soon at hand, who administered to him the consoling last rites of his church. In a few short words he expressed his admiration of his rival's noble spirit, blessed them both, and expired.

"Mary and Peter M'Gonagle were afterwards united; they lived contented, and the gratitude expressed by the dying sailor made her devotion for her husband doubly great through life. Thus ends the story of the lovers of Moville."

In a former chapter allusion has been made to the erection of Greencastle, and what is there stated is given on the authority of Lewis. On reference, however, to the *Annals of the Four Masters* we find another account respecting it. It is here stated that in 1305 Richard Burke, the Red Earl of Ulster, erected it to subdue the O'Neills and O'Donnells, and check the incursions of the Scots. It was then called New Castle. In 1332 Walter, son of Sir Walter Burke, was taken prisoner by the Dun Earl of Ulster, William Burke, and imprisoned here, where he was starved to death by order of the Earl. On that account the Earl was murdered the following year at Carrickfergus, in the 21st year of his age. He left an only daughter,

who was married to Lionel, son of Edward III. of England, and this prince was then created in her right Earl of Ulster and Lord of Connaught, and these titles were enjoyed by different princes of the Royal blood, until at length they became, in the person of Edward IV., the special inheritance of the Crown of England. On the Earl's death the chiefs of the junior branches of the Burke family seized upon his estates in Connaught. One of these was Sir Ulick Burke, the ancestor of the Earls of Clanrickard, and another, Sir Edmund, the progenitor of the Viscounts of Mayo. The Duke of Clarence laid claim to their possessions, but the Government appears to have been too weak to assert the authority of the English laws, and the territories of the Burkes were suffered to remain with them. In 1555 Greencastle was demolished by Calvagh O'Donnell, at the head of an army of mercenary Scots.

CHAPTER XVI.—*Upper Moville.*

The parish of Upper Moville is contiguous to the former, and is traversed by the road from Derry to Greencastle. It contains 19,081 acres ; population, 4,207. The land rises gradually from the shores of the lough to the summits of the mountains of Crucknanonian, Crunlieve, Drung, and Leemacrosson. Nearly one-half of it, therefore, is mountainous, and through the rest are detached patches of bog land. The soil is tolerably rich near the shore, and in a fair state of cultivation. Excellent sandstone is to be found near Whitecastle, with indications of coal, and convenient to Whitecastle there is a very extraordinary whin dyke. The produce of the land is chiefly corn and flax. At the northern boundary of the parish a pier has been constructed, which is called Carrickarory Pier. Carrickarory means the knoll or rock of Rory. There is a tradition among the people that a friar, named Roger or Rory Hegarty, once lodged here. When a sick call came to him, and when inquiry was made for the priest, the answer generally was, "he is walking around the rock." It was said he had also another brother a priest, some say two. At Drung are the remains of an ancient cromlech ; and terraces and remains of ancient buildings may be traced near Redcastle, Whitecastle, and at Castlecarey. As before remarked, the French writer, Feller, says that Redcastle was the birthplace of that misguided

genius, John Toland, but in compliance with traditions and local information received by me, and which I believe to be accurate, I have set down the parish of Clonmany as the place where he was born, and where he lived to the age of twelve or thirteen years.

Near the church of Cooley stands a lofty handsome stone cross. We believe there are few places in Ireland of the same extent so rich in stone crosses as Inishowen, and few whose workmanship bespeaks a more remote origin and higher degree of art ; the wonder is how so many have been preserved up to the present time. Dr. Reeves, in a lecture which he delivered a few years ago, speaks in strong terms of the vandalism that was practised on Irish crosses and other works of art in Down and Antrim, and elsewhere. It appears some were broken in fragments by the disciples of M'Adam, and strewn on the public highway ; others were used as lintels of doors, others as chimney-stones, and some in building fences. It is really creditable that such vandalism has not been practised in Inishowen ; still there are exceptions, for that cross of Cooley has its history. Probably it can date its origin to the time of St. Finian, who was abbot of that celebrated monastery, and patron of the parish, or perhaps even to the time of St. Patrick, by whom the monastery was first founded. It has its religious memories and its old associations. The good monks of Cooley often knelt and prayed before it ; the stranger, who was hospitably received at the door, and lodged for the night within Cooley's walls, knelt before it in the morning ere he departed from the monastery gate. When the monastery was destroyed during the civil wars of 1688, the cross survived the wreck, and in the dark days of persecution, when religion was proscribed and its ministers banished, the descendants of the old Celtic race who inhabited these mountains and preserved the faith of their fathers, revered that cross and paid it a passing visit.

In the beginning of the present century a new road was to pass by Cooley—the cross was in its way, and hence it must be tumbled ; so, at least, said a magistrate, and some of the surrounding gentry. The good Dr. Callaghan, however, who was at that time pastor of Moville, thought otherwise. The power of a magistrate and of the gentry was great in those times ; the influence of a priest was insignificant indeed. Who dare gainsay what the lords of the soil would determine ? Yes, Dr.

Callaghan did oppose them, and opposed them effectually. The labourers were at work, the gentry stood by, the old cross was about to fall, but the worthy parish priest, backed by his people, rushed to the rescue, and preserved it as it stands up to the present day. We admire the heroism of the Roman, Horatius Cocles, defending the bridge till the last plank was cut, and then flinging himself, amid showers of darts, into old father Tiber, and swimming to the opposite shore ; we admire the courage of the stalwart blacksmith of Limerick, quitting his forge, seizing a sledge hammer, and rushing to the defence of Limerick's walls ; but far more noble the Christian heroism of the good old priest who rushed to the rescue of this time-honoured and hallowed symbol of man's redemption.

The living is a rectory, in the patronage of the Bishop of Derry ; Rector's net income, £270 per annum. The glebe house was built in 1775, at a cost of £590. The glebe contains 74 Cunningham acres, valued at £66 12s per annum.

In the Roman Catholic divisions this parish is united to Lower Moville. There is a small chapel at Drung, on a commanding eminence on the shore of the lough. The building is a plain unpretending edifice. Some years of the present century elapsed before it was built ; previous to this there was a little altar near the same spot, and on a Sunday morning the good people of the district might be seen tripping along the mountains and across the fields to the Sunday mass, which was celebrated in the open air, a broad stone for an altar, and the blue vault of heaven for its covering ; and on a cold day in winter one could hardly imagine a more dreary and exposed locality. At last the good priest of the district made an appeal to the people, but the appeal was for the most part unheeded ; he appealed again, and with no better effect. On a cold day in February, and while the wind blew a perfect hurricane, the people knelt around the rude altar, and the priest read the morning prayer, previous to which the good man made a third appeal for subscriptions to raise a chapel, but, as before, without effect. He was a venerable old man, his locks were as white as the snow that fell thickly around him, his tremulous hands were pinched with cold, and there knelt his flock around him—the old, the decrepid, the infirm, as well as the strong and stalwart. They, too, felt the excessive rigour of the cold ; it was a good opportunity, and the priest did not allow it to pass. “How long,” said the venerable old man, “shall ye continue

to worship God in the open air? Time was when ye were not allowed to build a church; fortunately that time has passed away. I have appealed to you before, I appeal to you now again." The words of the good priest produced their effect, a subscription was organised, and the church, as it now stands, was built. I may observe, however, that as this church is found inadequate for the accommodation of the people, another is about to be built in its place, and there is a large sum of money on hand for the purpose.

Passing by that little chapel of Drung reminds me of an old story that occurred some years ago up in the Drung mountains. An old man was dangerously ill; he had no family, and his patrimony consisted of two cows and the little articles of furniture which his house contained. The priest was sent for, and, as usual, was prompt in his attendance. After administering the consolations of religion to the dying man, his attention was attracted by a noise in the kitchen. He proceeded to see what it was; he returned again to the sick man's room, and was asked what they were disputing about. "Well," said the priest, "they are disputing about those two cows of yours." "Is that the regard they have for me," said the dying man; "Do you know what it is, father dear, if I thought I could get grass for them where I'm going, they would never enjoy a hair of their tail!"

There is a neat Presbyterian Meetinghouse at Claar; and another very elegant one has lately been erected on Greenbank, at Paul's Strand, on the shore of Lough Foyle. A third one stands near the town of Moville. These Meetinghouses are in connexion with the General Assembly; and the latter has been erected for the accommodation of the members of the Presbyterian religion resident in Iskaheen, and the southern limits of the parish of Upper Moville.

The National Schools are at Terryroan, Ballylawn, Carrickmaquigley, Drung, and Cabry.

The principal seats are Carrownaff, the residence of William Haslett, Esq., J.P. The grounds are embellished with terraces and flower gardens, skilfully and tastefully arranged. Redcastle, the residence of R. Doherty, Esq., M.D., J.P.; the Cottage, the residence of Mrs. Sheil Doherty. Mrs. Doherty's maiden name is Sheil; she is a native of Ballyshannon, and her mother was a sister of the late O'Connor Don, of Roscommon. She is also a relative of the M'Dermotts, the princes of Cool-

avin, a name rendered so famous by the graphic pen of the late Lady Morgan. Whitecastle, Foyleview, the residence of R. Lepper, Esq., J.P. ; Beech Cottage, of A. L. Carey, Esq., J.P. ; Ballylawn, Greenbank, and the Glebe House.

Moville, in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, is written Maghbile. It appears that St. Finian was not the only saint that parish produced, for we find from the same source that St. Sillan, Bishop and Abbot of Maghbile, died on the 25th August, 618. We may observe that the territory known as Bradach Glen, comprised about one-half of the eastern half of Inishowen. John Colgan, in his celebrated work, "Trias Thaum," alludes to the river that flows through this glen in the following terms :—

"Breadach est fluviolus peninsulae de Inis-Eoguin qui in sinum de Loch Fabhail apud Maghbile exoneratus."

At Quigley's Point, the junction of the Carndonagh and Moville lines with the Derry road, there is a Constabulary Station and a Coastguard Station. There are here, too, a Penny Post-office and Dispensary. At Carrickmaquigley, a village near Redcastle, fairs are held on the 1st of January, 14th February, 13th March, 17th April, 1st June, 12th August, and 13th of November. Peter, one of the ill-fated Magennises, fled to Connaught, because he fired a gun at a man named Gallagher, in Carrickmaquigley, by which he lost his eyes.

As we pass Quigley's Point and enter on Paul's Strand, I am reminded of an incident that occurred not far off, nearly 20 years ago. During the famine years of 1847 and 1848, many of the peasantry of Inishowen were obliged to abandon country and home, and seek an asylum in a foreign land, and, consequently, many farms remained unoccupied. An old man belonging to the county Derry sold his farm, scraped together some money, came over to Inishowen, and settled down somewhere near the Drung mountains, in a farm for which he had nothing to pay. He was one day passing through Quigley's Point, and he carried a basket on each arm. One of the baskets contained a few old hens, the other some dozens of eggs, which he was about to dispose of in Derry. His appearance, on the whole, was exceedingly grotesque. Shall I attempt to describe him ? Well, then, I must tell you, he wore a long coat extending to near his ankle, and this garment was diversified by about one hundred and one patches, of various contrast-

ing colours, the largest and most conspicuous of which was a piece of bed-curtain, extending to its nether extremity, and on account of which he got the sobriquet of "Curtaintail," by which name, gentle reader, with your leave, we shall henceforth know him. Around this coat, by way of girdle, he had knotted a neatly plaited straw rope. His feet were stockingless, and the toes protruded from an aperture in the front of his shoes. Seeing an advertisement posted on a wall, his curiosity prompted him to read it ; it was a farm of land to be let. He entered a public house, and after staring vacantly about him, was told by the good dame that, at that particular moment, she was in no mood for assisting mendicants ; it was then he inquired about the landlord, who proposed to let the farm, and was told that he was just then sitting in an adjoining room. The gentleman of property eyeing the strange intruder with a look of sullen sternness, demanded what his business there was. "I see," said our friend Curtaintail, "a farm of land to be let, and being told that you are the owner, come to make you a proposal." "Begone," said the landlord, "I have too many of your class. I have no intention to give lands to such a fellow as you."

Curtaintail said nothing, but, shutting the door, soon disappeared. After the lapse of a few moments he returned, knocked at the door, and being told to enter, presented himself a second time before the landlord.

This gentleman grew irritated, and contracting his brows and raising his voice to stentorian pitch, shouted aloud, "Begone, sir, have you not got your answer already?"

"I beg to be excused," replied Curtaintail, "it is not land I want ; but could you tell me any one who would take £100 at interest ?"

"Be seated," said the landlord, mildly ; tell me, have you seen this farm ?"

"I have not," said the other.

Ringling the bell, he told the servant to kindly accompany this man to the bailiff's house, and to bear his orders to that functionary to show him the farm which was to be let, "and," said he, addressing himself to our motley friend, "after you have seen it come back again, and, probably, we will strike a bargain." Curtaintail did so, and the bargain was made on his return.

During the penal times, mass was celebrated in the parish of Moville, at Ballinacray, Carrickarory, Summerhill, and Drung.

The Rev. Henry O'Crilly became parish priest of Moville in 1721, and died on the 13th December, 1756, aged 78 years. He was, therefore, for 35 years P.P. of Moville; he is buried in Cooley. We have not been able to ascertain who his successor was. The Rev. Eugene O'Callaghan became parish priest in 1771, and died on the 27th September, 1815, aged 75 years. He is buried in Cooley.

Dr. O'Callaghan was a native of the parish of Donagh. He was succeeded by the Rev. Gerald Doherty, who exchanged in 1823 for Culdaff, where he died in 1825; he is buried in the churchyard of Drung. In the same grave are also buried Friar M'Closkey, and the Rev. Mr. O'Kane. The grave occupies the spot where mass was celebrated before the chapel of Drung was built. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. O'Kane. Mr. O'Kane was succeeded by the Very Rev. Wm. M'Cafferty in 1829, who was transferred to Donagh in 1838, and was succeeded by the Right Rev. John M'Laughlin, who selected it as his mensal parish. He was succeeded by the Rev. George Doherty, on whose death the Right Rev. Dr. Kelly selected it as his mensal parish.

CHAPTER XVII.—*Iskaheen.*

We have now arrived at what is known as the Muff Ecclesiastical District, which formerly belonged to the parish of Templemore. This district was erected in 1809, when thirteen townlands were separated from Templemore. The living is a perpetual curacy, in the patronage of the Dean of Derry, to whom the tithes go. The curate's income is £88 yearly. The church is a neat edifice, in the Gothic style of architecture, and was built by one of the Harts of Kilderry.

The district comprises 15,030 statute acres—about four-fifths of which are good land, under an excellent system of cultivation. The remainder is mountainous, but affords pasturage for sheep. The population is 3,052.

In the Roman Catholic divisions, Muff Ecclesiastical district, to which 80 families of the parish of Upper Moville have been added, forms the parish of Iskaheen. Iskaheen, Burt, and Inch were separated from Templemore in 1811, and given to the late Rev. Wm. M'Laughlin, a priest remarkable for his great piety and energetic advocacy of the temperance cause.

Father M'Laughlin remained here as parish priest until the year 1836, and then left for Donaghedy, where he lived for 11 years. After this he returned to Iskaheen, where he ministered till his death in 1856.

He generously bequeathed his house as a parochial residence for his successors. A memorial worthy of the great priest has been erected to his memory by the exertions of the Rev. Jas. M'Laughlin, of Carndonagh, then a young missionary priest and curate of Iskaheen, and who himself gave the munificent donation of £20 towards the cost of its erection. The monument is a mural tablet; it cost near £100, and was executed by Mr. Kell, of Derry. As a work of art it is supposed to be unequalled in the north of Ireland. The chapel of Iskaheen was built in 1782, by the ancestor of one of the leading Catholics of Derry.

The village of Muff, though small, has an air of neatness and cleanliness about it. Fairs are held on the 4th of May, 5th August, 25th October, and 11th of December. It has a Penny Post-office, Constabulary Barrack, which belongs to Bunrana district, and a Dispensary. It was beside the old mill in this village that the late Thomas Doherty, Esq., was born. Near Muff is Kilderry, the property of Lieutenant Hart, descendant of the late General Hart, who at one time represented the County Donegal in Parliament.

Since these chapters have commenced I have occasionally taken the liberty of introducing some legends regarding fairies, the popular superstition of the ancient Irish. This superstition is dying away, and properly so, in this age of progress. We have had others, or perhaps I should say we have still the lingering remains of others, such as witchcraft, blinking, or the evil eye; these are not Irish; they are Scottish importations. How often do we hear, from those who pretend to move in fashionable circles, the expression, "Oh, that is merely an Irish superstition," just as if the Irish, and they alone, were the superstitious of the earth; the fact is, however, that among the nations the Irish were really the least so, and the extent or character of their fairy delusions was neither dangerous nor alarming. It comes not within the scope of my design to enter at any length into the subject, yet I cannot forbear a passing glance at the evils which witchcraft has wrought among some of the neighbouring countries.

On reference to Chambers's "Information for the People,"

we find that about 1524 the execution of persons suspected of witchcraft was very great in Spain, France, and Northern Germany, and that in 1515 five hundred were burned in Geneva in three months, and in France many thousands. In Germany this plague raged to a degree almost incredible. A catalogue of the executions at Wurtzburg for two years and two months, from 1627 to 1629, is divided into twenty-nine burnings, and contains the names of 157 persons. The greater part of this catalogue consists of old women or foreign travellers, seized, as it would appear, as foreigners were at Paris during the days of Marat and Robespierre; it contains children of twelve, eleven, ten, and nine years of age; fourteen vicars of the cathedral; two boys of noble families, two little sons of the Senator Stolbzenburg; a strange boy; a blind girl; Gobel Babelin, the handsomest girl in Wurtzemburg, &c. From 1610 to 1660 was the great epoch of the witch trials, and so late as 1749 Maria Renata was executed at Wurtzburg for witchcraft. The number of victims who fell by these prosecutions exceeds 100,000.

In Scotland the statutes against witchcraft were carried out in their full integrity under James VI., "the Scottish Solomon," who considered himself an object of especial hatred to the witches, and who wrote a book on their alleged craft, styled "Daemonologie." From the removal of the sapient James to England, and particularly after his death, the witch prosecutions slackened considerably; but as the spirit of puritanism gained strength, which it did during the latter part of the reign of Charles I., the partially cleared horizon became again overcast. The number of victims, says Chambers, it would be difficult accurately to compute, but the black scroll would include, according to those who have most attentively inquired into the subject, upwards of four thousand persons!

Witchcraft was denounced in England by formal and explicit statutes in the reign of Henry VIII. But they were groping in the dark, as it were, till James I. ascended the English throne. He conceived it to be his duty to illuminate the southerners on the subject of witchcraft. An act of the first year of his reign runs thus:—"Any one that shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain, or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit, *to or for any purpose*; or take up any dead man, &c., &c., such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and

attainted, shall suffer death." Here witchcraft is made a capital crime, and soon we find the frenzy devastating every corner of England. We accordingly find such wholesale murders as the following:—1612, twelve persons condemned at Lancaster; 1622, six at York; 1634, seventeen in Lancashire; 1644, sixteen at Yarmouth; 1645, fifteen at Chelmsford; and in 1645 and 1646, sixty persons perished in Suffolk, and nearly an equal number at the same time in Huntingdon. The poor creatures who usually composed these ill-fated bands, are thus described by an able observer:—"An old woman, with a wrinkled face, a furred brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, or a scolding tongue, having a ragged coat on her back, a spindle in her hand, and a dog by her side—a wretched, infirm, and impotent creature, pelted and persecuted by all the neighbours, because the farmer's cart had stuck in the gateway, or some idle boy had pretended to spit needles and pins for the sake of a holiday from school or work"—such were the poor unfortunates selected to undergo the last tests and tortures sanctioned by the laws, and which tests were of a nature so severe that no one would have dreamt of inflicting them on the vilest murderers.

Chief-Justices North and Holt were the first who set their faces against the continuance of these destructive delusions, and after their time some of the judges went a step farther in their course of improvement, and spared the accused in spite of condemnatory verdicts, as for instance Chief-Justice Powell, in 1711, who pardoned an old woman when she was found guilty by an "intelligent" jury for conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat. Barrington, in his observations on the statute of Henry VI., does not hesitate to estimate the numbers of those put to death in England on the charge of witchcraft at thirty thousand.

Having said so much to show that superstitions, and of a more dangerous type than our Irish ones, have existed elsewhere, I now proceed to give what will probably be my last fairy story:—

"Is the priest at home?" said an aged woman who presented herself at the back entrance of the good man's residence. "He is," said Nancy Patterson, the housekeeper; "but is just now at dinner, you can see him presently." After the lapse of a few minutes the old man appeared. To judge from his looks he would seem to have seen near four score summers. He was

a man of temperate habits, and his face still preserved the firm oval of health. His step was firm, steady, and had all the elasticity of youth. He was tall and walked erect as if he were only a youth of twenty. His head was massive, its front was expansive, but perhaps a good physiognomist would say it was too retreating for the development of strong intellectual powers. His looks were venerable, his manner was formal, and if he had a fault it was perhaps too much stern reserve. To see him and converse with him you must of necessity admire and respect him. "Is it a sick call?" said the venerable old man. "No," said Nancy Lynch, for this was the old woman's name. "Well, is it a blinking case, Nancy?" "No, your reverence, ever since the time I heard the story of Jack Rice, of Dunrain, I have no faith in blinking."

"Pray, Nancy, what is that?" "Well, sir, Jack was confined to his bed one time for six months; he was not able to rise unless he was lifted. Jack lived in a lonely house by the river side; he was a married man but had no children. One day, Sally Robinson, his wife, went over to her brother Billy's, in Erganagh, on some business; a dozen of the neighbours' cows came into Jack's haggard, and commenced tearing and eating the corn. Poor Jack lay in his bed looking on at his corn destroyed. You may be sure he had a heavy heart. He began to curse them, and to fig prayers on them, but there they stood, none of them fell. Then Jack thought of blinking them; he turned his eyes upwards and downwards and crossways, but still, after all, none of them fell, and with all his prayers, and curses, and blinking, they ate away till Sally, the wife, came home and hunted the dogs on them. Now, sir, Jack's a very smart man, and he says from that day he never put the least faith in blinking or cursing, for no man was ever better inclined to blink or curse than he was, and he believes if anybody could have done it he would have done it on that day." "Well, now, Nancy, since you have not come with a sick call nor on a business connected with blinking, be so good as to tell me as quickly as possible what you really have come about," said the priest. "Father, dear," said Nancy, in a whisper, "it's all about the fairies. It was Paddy Lynch and his family that sent me. Oh, sir, if you would know how that poor family is annoyed." A smile began to play over the old man's face, and you could easily see from the expression of his countenance that he was not devoid of

humour. "Nancy," said he, "have you ever seen any fairies?" "I did, father," she said, "but it is now fifty years ago. Mary Duffy and me were one day herding in Glackmore mountain; a number of our sheep strayed away into Femuck mountain, not far from the Illies. Mary and me went in search of them; on our return home, and on this side of the hill, we saw a regiment of fairies following after us." "What were they like," said the priest, still smiling. "They were about two feet high," said Nancy, "wore red jackets and blue trousers, had caps like the soldiers, and carried guns over their shoulders. Mary and me took to our heels; Mary was bigger and older than me, and could run faster. In my hurry to keep up with her I fell; it was God assisted me to rise or they would have been up and killed me. Sir, that was the first time I saw the fairies, and I trust in God it will be the last." "But," said the priest, "you are still keeping me in the dark about the object of your visit." "Well, sir, if you knew how the fairies treat Paddy Lynch and his family you would really pity them. In the town of Glacknadrummon, the place where they live, there are a great many holly bushes and thorn. There's not one of these that's not choking full of fairies. When the horses are ploughing in the fields, and turning at the corner of the ridge, they're often knocked down by the fairies; but, sir, that is not the worst of it, they annoy poor Mary, Paddy Lynch's daughter, the most of all. Every evening at the gloaming the fairies are heard shouting about the house 'Mary Lynch, Mary Lynch.' When Mary goes to bed she covers her head through fear, and then the fairies attacks her, and beats her, and bruises her till she's really black and blue. There's not one of Mary's coats that the fairies have not cut up into diamond holes, and if any one goes to the barrel for meal, as soon as they lift the lid a number of fairies leap out in their face, and run away laughing, and when they go to the press for clothes or anything else they require, when they open the door the fairies skip out as wild as two-year-old colts. Father dear, they sent me to try what you can do; I know you have power, and I know you will exercise it; *manaam* your heart, priest dear, if ever you did a good act do it for poor Mary, for if there's not something done she'll not be long in it." The old man listened to her story with patience, a smile lighted up his countenance, and sometimes he laughed heartily at Nancy's story.

"Be not annoyed, Nancy, I shall soon settle those fairies,

they seem troublesome neighbours, they deserve a good punishment, and I promise you I shall not spare them." "Thank your reverence, thank you, father, it's yourself was always the priest in the pinch. Arrah what would we do without you? what will we do when you're gone? God keep that day far distant. Amen, achierna!" "Well, Nancy, my remedy for getting rid of the fairies is a very simple one, and if you or Paddy Lynch's family only take my advice the fairies will soon cease to trouble you. These fairies are very plenty you say?" "Yes, father, as plenty as midges on a summer evening, or as the blades of grass in the field." "You say when they go to the meal barrel to fetch meal, and when they lift the lid the fairies spring up in their face. Is that true, Nancy?" "Yes, your reverence, quite true; God forbid I would tell your reverence a lie." "Well, Nancy, when they endeavour to spring out put the lid on the barrel, catch two or three of them, or even one; you'll have no trouble, as you say they are so plenty; bring one of them to me, and I promise you I will give it such a beating as will frighten others from playing such tricks in future." The old priest's advice produced the desired effect. Whether it was that the fairies were afraid of the punishment that awaited them at the hands of the priest, and thus fled the locality, or whether it was that Nancy and Paddy Lynch's family were unable to catch any, we cannot now affirm. One thing is certain, Nancy did not return again.

Months passed on, and in the meantime the priest forgot all about Nancy and the fairies. At last he happened to see her one day. "Nancy," said he, "what about the fairies; you did not bring many?" "Father, dear," said she, "forgive me, it was all a mistake; I can tell you the truth now. Mary Lynch, sir, had a stepmother, and she wished to get rid of poor Mary; it was she raised the story about the fairies; it was she went around the house every evening, calling 'Mary Lynch, Mary Lynch;' it was she cut my poor Mary's coat into diamond holes; and it was she bruised her and beat her when in bed. I was ashamed, father dear, to come and tell you, seeing how things turned out." "No matter, Nancy," said the good priest, "I am glad we hunted them, and I trust they will not annoy the district for the future."

I have already referred to the situation of Clonilly National School, which is not far from the boundary of the parish of Iskaheen. From the mail-car road, at the head of the Carrow-

keel incline, a line of road leads off in the direction of the school, and passes through that district of the parish which is called the *Meedians*, which term signifies meadows. There are three townlands that go by this name, of which I shall have something more to say by-and-bye. The people of the district in question are of the old Celtic race, religious, moral, and strictly honest. They are charitable, too, for the benighted stranger, or mendicant, whose face they are familiar with, is never rudely repulsed from their door; and I am sure they would share their last meal with anyone whom they saw in want. There is not, I think, on the face of the globe a more virtuous people; indeed, this character of charitableness, integrity, and purity of morals, is applicable to almost every district of the barony. I have it on the authority of a priest, with whom I was in conversation on the subject, and who had ministered for ten years in two different parishes of it, that, during all that time, he never baptized one illegitimate child.

Religion and virtue, however, are not incompatible with gaiety, and humour, and fun. Indeed I think it could easily be shown that harmless mirth, periodical amusements, and athletic sports, judiciously practised by the young, give pleasure and enjoyment to the aged, as they recal to their minds the manly exercises and pleasing rivalries of their younger days; and, secondly, confer benefits on society and religion by purifying and exalting the minds, and developing the muscular energies of all who take part in them. Athletic exercises prevailed much more in our fathers' days than in ours; we have come to imagine them almost fools, and have ourselves become grave, serious, philosophic, and precocious; sometimes haughty and overbearing. We have grown fond of hoarding money, and we have got to be very wily and clever in pursuit of it; we have learned to snuff, and to chew and smoke tobacco, to export our beef and our mutton, our eggs and our butter, to the English and Scotch; we have learned to wear broadcloth, and to drink tea every day; but, after all, I do not think that we are better men, or happier men, or that we live a longer life than our forefathers. Praying to be excused for this digression, I take occasion to say that no people are fonder of the dance, the fair, the wake, and the like, than the good people of the *Meedians*. There is no one thing, however, they can enjoy more than the wedding. Weddings, are, however, not now what they were in the good old times. The wedding then usually

lasted for five days, sometimes the entire week. During all this time mirth and festivity prevailed, and but seldom was the enjoyment interrupted by a quarrel. The marriage was solemnized on Tuesday or Thursday ; any other day of the week was deemed unlucky. The "Bottle Night" was that which preceded the day of marriage. On this evening the friends of the "happy pair" came, uninvited, to visit them at the house of the intended bride. Each man took with him a bottle of the "native," and was sometimes accompanied by a female relative ; after drinking the health of the "young couple," he delivered the remainder of the contents of his bottle to the "best men" for distribution among the general company. The wedding guests were usually chosen from those who attended on this night, and great care was taken that the number of males and females should be exactly alike, and, similarly, that the number invited by the bridegroom should equal that invited by the father of the bride. After the "wedding day" came the "old wedding day ;" the next Sunday was "out-going Sunday," and the following day was "out-going Monday," when the whole company again assembled in order to proceed together to the market of Carn. In all their movements, whether to church or market, they marched in regular procession, and not quite like the wild geese, (pardon me) for they went in double file. When the distance was too far for walking conveniently, they rode on horseback, and in the same order. The wedding ended with the market ; "but the "infare" sometimes occurred on the same day, that is, the escorting of the bride to her new home.

It is now more than forty years since a young man from the Meedians came to Donagh in search of a wife. The fair partner of his life was from Glenagannon. When the marriage ceremony was ended, and after they had all been refreshed with good strong draughts of pure *Inishowen*, the party proceeded to the young man's residence in the Meedians. There were some twenty or thirty horsemen, and most of them carried behind them, on a "*pillion*," a member of the fair sex. Ladies at this time wore not the Leghorn bonnets, nor the shovel bonnets or sky-scrapers, nor the "kiss-me-quicks," nor the little wide-awakes which we have seen on them since, nor the decorated oyster shells which we see on them now ; but regular tall beaver hats with feathers. Many wore neat riding-habits, and some red cloaks ; but hoops were regarded, and properly so, with universal and religious abhorrence. The country was

covered with snow, and large wreaths were accumulated in the mountain pass of Glentogher. They rode at a furious pace, competing with each other for the bottle, which it was customary to present on such occasions to the first horseman of the party who should arrive at the wedding house. They were just about to emerge from the glen and ascend the steep hill of the Cloghan, when one of the riders fell. Whether it was that he was a bad horseman, or that his weak head was unable to bear the mountain dew, at this distance of time I cannot determine, but certain it is that he fell, and the riderless horse galloped away over the mountain. His fall was unheeded or unobserved by the others. When the party reached the Meedians, a distance of about three miles from where our hero was unhorsed, they found there was one man wanting. Anxious about his fate, now that the goal had been reached, three or four returned in search of him. They travelled on, retracing the course they had just run, even to the Cloghan, and still there was no trace of the missing man. On the right hand side of the old Cloghan hill, as we travel upward, there is a considerable expanse of firm moorland, overgrown with short heath and herbage fully the height of the heather. By the clear light of the moon they were able to discern a horse grazing among the heather, near the crown of the hill. Needless to say it was the horse of our fallen friend. They proceeded a little farther on, and still no trace of the lost one. They were now beginning to dread the worst, that probably he was tramped to death by the horse, or that in his fall he had tumbled into the river and been drowned. While thus cogitating on his probable fate, and just as they had got to the foot of the hill, and near the spot where the new road now branches off, they espied the missing man, not dead, not drowned, but riding on a sod fence, his hat off, using both whip and spur against the sides of the fence, and shouting at the top of his voice !

On the road which leads from Quigley's Point to Derry, and at the distance of about two miles from the former, the traveller passes through the townland of Ture. There is a residence near the shore, known as Ture House. About thirty years ago a gentleman named Edmund O'Neill resided here. Mr. O'Neill was a son of Bryan O'Neill, of the county Antrim ; his brother, Neill John O'Neill, was late Crown Solicitor for the county Antrim. Mr. O'Neill was a lineal descendant of

Con Bacagh, the first Earl of Tyrone. The late Dr. O'Donovan says, for the space of fourteen years he made anxious inquiries to ascertain if any descendant of the first earl could be found. Dr. Reeves informed him that there are no less than three septs still extant, who claim their descent from Con Bacagh; and the late Edmund O'Neill was one of these. Mr. O'Neill being aware that he was a real descendant of the Earl of Tyrone, endeavoured, about thirty years ago, to have the extinct earldom of Tyrone revived in his favour—in one word, he wished to be elevated to the peerage, under the title of Baron Clan O'Neill. Fortified by the sworn testimony of the Ulster King at Arms, he drew up a memorial embodying his claims, and which was signed by the late Dr. Peter M'Laughlin, Catholic Bishop of Derry, and Dr. Kiernan, Bishop of Clogher, and forwarded in due course to the Duke of Wellington, who was then at the head of the Government. I have been in conversation with a gentleman who saw the memorial and the pedigree attested by the Ulster King at Arms, and autograph letters of the Duke of Wellington, Earl Russell, and Earl Grey, relating to the matter. It is needless to observe that Mr. O'Neill was not successful in his claim.

Iskaheen, or Eskaaheen, was formerly called Uisce Chaoin. As before stated, Eoghan, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, who died in 465, was buried here, as we learn from the Annals of the Four Masters. There is no trace of his grave, however, extant.

I now proceed to give some biographical notes of Dr. O'Donnell, a native of Inishowen, who succeeded Dr. M'Davitt as Roman Catholic Bishop of Derry. He performed the duties of parish priest for some time in Iskaheen, to which I shall hereafter revert. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Donnell was a student of the College of the Lombards, at Paris. The following extracts from his diary show his outfit, and the course of his journey to that celebrated institution:—

“July, 1777.—Invoice of things put into my saddle-bags at the Rev. Dr. M'Davitt's house, near Strabane—9 shirts of fine linen, marked C.D.; 6 do. of coarse kind, 8 stocks, 9 pair of stockings, 2 pair of breeches, 2 flannel waistcoats, 1 French grammar, 2 Irish hymn-books, 2 pocket-handkerchiefs, 6 pair of ruffled sleeves.”

“1777—Left Strabane July 8th. Slept that night at Augher, at Widow Duggan's; second night at Castleblaney.

Third day rode to Drogheda. Stayed there two nights. Supped and took breakfast with the ladies of the nunnery. Became acquainted with Father Burell, and some gentlemen besides. Fourth day of my journey went to Dublin on the stage coach. Stayed there two nights. Took the packet-boat for Liverpool, at five o'clock afternoon. Had a pleasant view of the country going down the Liffey, the Hill of Howth to the left hand, the Wicklow mountains to the right, which we had in view next morning, likewise Holyhead; sailed down the Welch coast, and arrived at Liverpool on the 16th, at 8 p.m. Took a slight view of the docks, which were well supplied with ships. Saw also the floodgates, drawbridges, with some other curiosities. The most pleasing view was off the Exchange, from which the whole town could be seen. That evening (the next, we presume, after his arrival) I took my seat in the Liverpool Fly, and set out for London, at five o'clock. Drove all night. Dined at Lichfield, about 100 miles from Liverpool, a country village, not very large, but remarkable for an ancient church, adorned with three spires, and a great many pictures of saints and other religious people—as they seemed to me to be—set up in places outside the church, all made for them. Supped that night at Meridon, about 30 miles off. Went by Coventry, St. Albans, and Highgate. From thence to London, where I arrived by 8 o'clock p.m., on the 19th day of the month. Stayed there two nights, having heard high mass in Lincoln Field Chapel. Saw the royal apartments in the King's Palace. Took an outside passage on the Dover stage, being anxious to see the country. Went out by the Queen's-Head Inn, 8 miles from London to Rochester, a long, narrow town, but few streets, having the Thames running through the middle. From thence to Canterbury, 25 miles; to Dover, 15 miles; 73 miles from London to Dover. The country seemed very productive; beans, wheat, and hops; no flax or potatoes, but great quantities of brush or wood. That day the rain fell prodigiously; we had little pleasure on the journey, but very wet skins from our curiosities. That night we slept at Dover. Entered the College of the Lombards on the 26th July, 1777."

We regret that the diary is interrupted here. Dr. O'Donnell was ordained and officiated as a priest for some time before he left Ireland. We find from another entry in the diary the following extract:—

“Left in the hands of my uncle a chalice, pixis, and patina, all of silver, which I bought for six guineas.”

He preached his first sermon in the College of the Lombarda, on the 6th of April, 1780. The following critique, which he records in this diary, shows he was a man of great humility :—

“Languid in the first part, monotonous throughout the most part, awkward in some of my gestures, stiff in my body, and a few faults in language.”

It would appear from many entries in this diary that the Irish students were able to defray their collegiate expenses from religious foundations established by many of the Catholic families of France, as the following entry will show :—

“April 17—Received 55 retributions from the sacristan of St. Jean Greve, of which I sent 20 to Ireland.”

The practice of borrowing and transcribing sermons seems to have been very common at this time, as the following extracts will show :—

“July 1st, 1781—Gave Mr. M’Kiernan two sermons, one on the ‘Passion,’ the other on the ‘Last Judgment.’ ”

“August 29th—Gave Mr. M’Nally one on ‘Final Impenitence,’ and received from Mr. M’Nally, at this time, a sermon on the ‘Love of God,’ and one on ‘Heaven,’ and a third on ‘Unworthy Communion,’ and another on the ‘Small number of the Elect’ (returned these,) with a dissertation on the ‘Real Presence.’ ”

There is another entry without a date :—“Borrowed from Mr. Egan two sermons and a controversy on ‘Purgatory,’ of which I returned one sermon.”

Dr. O’Donnell took the degrees of B.D., and afterwards of D.D., after two hard-contested theses. The expenses attendant on the taking of a degree in such a famed university as the old Sorbonne may be interesting even at this remote period. We subjoin a copy of a few of the items :—

“Inscription, 9f. ; supplication, 12c. ; right of examen, 18f. ; to Blundean, 3f. ; right of thesis, 86f. ; engraver, 7f. ; printer and carrier, 6f. 10c. ; after the thesis, 10f. 4c. ; for the president, 9f. ; letter of bachelor, 3f. 12c. ; books, 2f. 10c. ; the whole amount was 164f. 8c. For the second thesis for D.D. the expenses were, inscription and right of examen, 27f. ; to Blundean, 3f.”

From another entry in his diary it appears Dr. O’Donnell,

while in Paris, was witness to a family arrangement between Lord Massarene and his agent.

He seems to have remained in Paris for the period of six or seven years. The first mention we have of him in Ireland is on the 1st of October, 1784. He was living at this time in the little village of Muff, near Culdaff, in the house of a man named John Doherty. His jurisdiction extended over all the parish of Malin, and a great portion of Culdaff, from Moneydarragh to Ballyhillion, of which he was the sole priest—a district attended at present by no less than seven priests.

Dr. M'Davitt died in 1797 ; Dr. O'Donnell succeeded him the following year as Bishop of Derry. In 1819 Dr. Peter M'Laughlin, a native of Donaghmore, was transferred from Raphoe, as coadjutor to Dr. O'Donnell, in which capacity he remained till 1821, when, on the death of Dr. O'Donnell, he succeeded to the undivided jurisdiction of the diocese.

After Dr. O'Donnell's elevation to the episcopal office he continued, like his predecessors, to perform the duties of the most hard-working priest. He visited the sick, heard confessions, attended stations and the like. During a part of the time he was thus engaged, he sojourned in the house of a gentleman named Gwynne, not far from Ture, in the parish of Iskaheen. Mr. Gwynne was a Protestant, and a very liberal, kind-hearted man. One raw, gusty morning in the month of March, the ground being covered with a deep layer of snow, the good bishop stood in Mr. Gwynne's hall awaiting the return of the servant, who went to saddle and bring his horse. The other inmates of the house were yet in bed, save Mr. Gwynne himself, for it was before sunrise. Considering the long journey which the bishop should perform ere he reached the station-house on that inclement morning, Mr. Gwynne placed a decanter of *pure Inishowen* on the parlour table, and bringing him in he filled a bumper, which he earnestly pressed his lordship to accept. "Mr. Gwynne," said the bishop, "I thank you kindly for your thoughtful attention, but I am to celebrate mass at the station-house." "What matter, my lord, take this, the morning, you see, is awful, it may save your life ; take it, and I pass you my word and honour no third person will ever be the wiser of it." It is needless to say the bishop did not comply, but his gratitude to Mr. Gwynne was none the less.

In an old rath not far from Iskaheen a curious ring pin was found about twelve years ago. The material is of bronze, and

it is $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. The shank of the pin is decorated, the head is cleft with recurved spires, like what is often seen on some of the pommels of a Danish sword. The decoration on the shaft is the well-known scroll pattern, which is common in the illustrative art of Ireland from the seventh century downwards.

There was found at the same time and at the same place a brooch, the scroll-work on which is of a most peculiar form, and displays great artistic skill. Perhaps it may be considered as one of the finest specimens of bronze workmanship. The decoration on the clasp ends partakes of the Celtic trumpet pattern, while the central connecting curved strap is decorated with a raised intertwinement, like that seen on some of our sculptured crosses, and on the illumination of ancient manuscripts.

Next to Slieve Snaght Iskaheen mountain is one of the highest in Inishowen, and some splendid views of the surrounding country and of Lough Foyle and Lough Swilly may be had from its summit. There are National Schools at Clonilly, Ture, and Muff, (male and female) in this parish.

Allusion has already been made to the Very Rev. William M'Laughlin, the venerable parish priest of Iskaheen. I here subjoin a biographical sketch of his life :—

The Very Rev. William M'Laughlin was born in the year 1780, in the townland of Aught, parish of Iskaheen, and barony of Inishowen. His mother was O'Kane, from the country of the O'Cahans. The rudiments of Latin he received from a person named M'Colgan,* who taught school near Carndonagh. He was after this sent to school near Buncrana, where he was schoolfellow of the late Rev. William O'Donnell, and his two brothers.

He entered the Roman Catholic Seminary of Derry in the early part of the present century. One of his professors there was the late pastor of Strabane, the Rev. Mr. M'Caffrey. His Lordship, Doctor O'Donnell, was president of the institution. He was ordained priest in the year 1806. For five years he served as curate in Derry and the parish of Templemore. In 1811 he was appointed parish priest of Iskaheen, which up to that time had been united with Templemore. In the year 1829, shortly after Emancipation had been gained, he paid a

* Mr. Thomas M'Colgan, of Cregamullan.

short visit to America. In 1836 he was transferred, at his own request, to the united parishes of Leck and Donagheady, where he spent eleven years of a most useful and laborious mission. He returned again to Iskaheen in 1847, that his ashes might repose, as he often said, in his native parish.

His whole life was regulated with the same punctilious precision as that of the inmates of a religious community. He had a time for everything, and everything was done according to order. He rose at four o'clock in the morning. An hour at least, but oftener three hours, were spent in meditation at the foot of the crucifix. During the time of stations he had the divine office, as far as vespers, finished before six o'clock; and at other times before eight o'clock, which was his time for celebrating mass. After a frugal breakfast, he took a short walk around his little farm. Next he studied a portion of moral theology. Neyraguet's Compendium of Liguori was his favourite author on this subject. He called it his "Manual of Theology." Before dinner he read a chapter of the *Memoriale Vitæ Sacerdotalis*, and a chapter from the "Imitation of Christ." His evenings were spent in prayer, in reading the works of St. Bernard, in preparing his moral discourses for the instruction of his flock, and in the study of the Sacred Scriptures. In the latter, Estius and A'Lapide were his favourite authors. It was his custom, for the last few years of his life, to tell the entire beads seven times each day.

Such was his rule of life, unless interrupted by stations, visiting the sick, or other missionary labours. He attended to his own spiritual concerns, but he neglected not at the same time those of the flock entrusted to his care. No priest ever toiled more, or laboured more incessantly for the spiritual welfare of the people committed to his charge. He was the most laborious and hard working priest that ever laboured. For more than forty-five years of his life there was scarce a Sunday in which he did not preach to his congregation. In the parish of Donagheady he attended alternately the three chapels of the parish, and always preached in each. In his early days, when priests were but few, and the labours of the mission were most laborious, he has been known to sit for hours after night hearing confessions at the stations. Missionary labour was to him but a labour of love. During the last jubilee it was a common practice for this pious priest, already in his 75th year, to sit ten consecutive hours in the confessional. Often he could

be seen, in the dim dawn of a cold winter morning, riding along the mountain road, or by the lone hill-side, on his way to the station-house. The drenching rain, the pelting hail, or the drifting snow, could never delay him, even for a moment. The surrounding world was, perhaps, fast asleep, but this holy man had already performed half the ordinary labour of a day. Like other holy men, he was strict on himself, and most indulgent to others. He was kind to his curates, and always manifested towards them the loving affection of a father. He always considered the position of a parish priest, as it was the more exalted than that of a curate, so it required more arduous exertion. With his curates he not only equally participated the labours of the parish, but was certain of performing the largest share. If he heard that any one of his parishioners required his spiritual ministrations, he would not wait till sent for, but instantly hurried to the spot. If a sick-call came to his door at the dark hour of midnight, the messenger was not sent to the curate—no! he would cheerfully rise from his warm bed, and quietly unlock the door, lest he might disturb his domestics. And he might be seen in his 75th year, in a cold night of winter, ride along the rugged glen, or across the mountains, to the wretched hovel of some sick parishioner. Having performed the ministrations of religion to some dying sinner, and prepared the soul to meet its God, he would quickly return home and retire to rest, and in the morning few of his domestics would know that he had attended a sick-call the night preceding.

Though he was exempted from fasting, owing to his advanced age, and a complication of diseases, under which he was suffering, still he observed the fasts of Lent with the most rigorous austerity. When his attendant often endeavoured to dissuade him from such severe mortification, his meek answer was, that “he would lose all his flesh before he would enter the grave, and even if it did remain so long, it would, in the end, only become the food of worms.”

The schools he has founded, the churches he has ornamented, the confraternities he has established in Iskaheen, in Leck, and Donaghedy, and the many sermons he has preached, are silent witnesses of his zeal for the glory of God, and monuments of his memory as imperishable as the everlasting mountains of his native Inishowen.

But the great feature of his life remains to be told—his ad-

vocacy of the temperance movement. Father Mathew was the Apostle of Temperance in the south, and Father M'Laughlin in the north of Ireland. Long before the time of the good Father Mathew, and when teetotalism was anything but a popular movement, he advocated the good cause.

The glory of God and the honour of religion were his ruling motives during life. Both remained with him till the end of his career. The greater part of what he possessed he bequeathed to religion, directly or indirectly. His bequests, though not large, were proportionate to his means. His house, on which he expended a large sum of money, he has left to the parish of Iskaheen, as a parochial residence. There is a bequest to the new Derry Cathedral, and another to the Derry Convent.

Culmore, or the great angle, occupies the base of a gently sloping hill, and projects into the Foyle at the distance of four and one-half miles from Londonderry. As before stated, Culmore was forfeited by John O'Doherty, and was not included in the re-grant of his possessions to his son, Sir Cahir. The fort or fortress of Culmore was founded by Sir Henry Docwra, in the year 1600. In 1603 it was garrisoned by 20 men, under Captain Hart. In 1608, as before stated, it was taken by Sir Cahir O'Doherty. On the 29th of January, 1612, the Irish Society was formed, and they received their charter of incorporation on the 29th of March of the same year, under the style and title of the Governors and Assistants of the new Plantation of Ulster. In 1616 Mr. Alderman Proby and Mr. Mathias Springham were sent over to Derry to take a survey of the plantation. On the 27th of July they reported that the twelve children sent from Christ's Hospital to be apprenticed had arrived safe in Derry, and they caused ten to be apprenticed in Derry and two in Coleraine. They considered it would be proper in future a market-house and town-house should be erected in Derry, by which the city of London would gain the rent of three houses then used as a town-house there. They continued Thomas Raven as surveyor for two years, holding his service necessary for measuring and setting out the fortifications at Derry and Culmore. Towards the close of the year 1643 the parliament having taken the Solemn League and Covenant, the London adventurers sent over an agent with letters, desiring it to be taken within their Plantation. On the 15th of April, 1644, the Mayor of Derry was ordered by the

Lord Lieutenant and Council to publish a proclamation against the Covenant. Colonel Mervin was made governor of Derry by the Marquis of Ormonde. He was obliged for expedience to take the Covenant, which was generally received by the people. In 1645 Colonel Mervin having become obnoxious to the parliament, was displaced, and Lord Folliot appointed in his place. In 1648 Sir C. Coote treacherously seized the person of Sir Robert Hamilton, forced him to order his castle of Culmore to be delivered up, and then sent him to prison in London. The Independents were now masters of all the north of Ireland, and the forts of Ulster, except Charlemont. The Marquis of Ormonde having failed to draw over Sir C. Coote to the King's interest, Derry and Culmore were besieged by Sir Robert Stewart in 1649. After a protracted siege the parliamentary party were successful, and in gratitude for the services of the citizens of Derry, the usurper, Cromwell, re-granted the original charter of James the First, which had been cancelled and condemned by warrants of Charles I. At the Restoration Cromwell's charter shared the same fate as its predecessor, and a new one was granted by Charles II. on the 10th April, 1662, which is the one under which the Irish Society now act.

Previous to the siege of Derry a strong garrison was placed in Culmore, under the governor, William Adair, Esq., of Ballymena. The garrison, however, acquired little distinction by its defence. A body of the King's troops, consisting of 400 foot, a regiment of cavalry, and a body of dragoons, under the command of General Hamilton and the Duke of Berwick, having chosen their quarters near the fort, the commander surrendered and capitulated.

Lord Chichester was the first governor of Culmore fort. His appointment dates the 30th of June, 1609, and from that period until within a few years ago a regular succession of governors was kept up, although for more than a century and a half Culmore has been disused as a military station.

"It appears from an inquisition taken at Derry, that Sir John O'Dogherty was possessed of the townlands of Ballyarnett, Ballymagroarty, Coshquin, Culmore (then called Leharden,) and Elaghmore, being a part of his principality of Inishowen, all which was upon a surrender confirmed to him by letters patent in the 30th year of the reign of Elizabeth. In the year 1599 Sir John O'Dogherty rebelled, and forfeited all Inishowen,

but it was afterwards re-granted to his son, Sir Cahir, as appears from an inquisition taken at Derry in the 7th year of James the 1st, with the exception of the quarter of Ballyarnett, the half-quarter of Leharden, (now Culmore townland) and 300 acres allotted to the castle of Culmore. In the year 1608 Sir Cahir also rebelled, and his letters patent, therefore, becoming *null and void*, his whole property was granted to Arthur, Lord Chichester, of Belfast, by letters patent, bearing date the 20th of November, in the 19th year of the reign of James the 1st. It appears from the same inquisitions that Lord Chichester being thus seized, leased his possessions here to Faithful Fortesque, Knt., Arthur Usher, Tristram Berrisford, and Charles Points, and to their heirs."

Iskaheen, which was formerly united to Templemore, was erected into a parish in 1811 by the Right Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, and given to the Rev. William M'Laughlin, who exchanged for Donaghedy in 1836. He was succeeded by the Rev. Simon M'Leer, who exchanged for Lower Badoney, and was succeeded by the Rev. Manassés O'Kane, who exchanged for Omagh. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. M'Kenna, who exchanged for Donaghedy, and was succeeded in 1847 by the Rev. William M'Laughlin, who returned to his native parish, where he died in 1856. He was succeeded by the Rev. Wm. Logue, who died in 1865, and was succeeded by the Rev. James Devlin, the present parish priest.

CHAPTER XVIII.—*Bishops of Derry—Conclusion.*

The history of the origin of many of the Irish Sees is involved in much obscurity, nor do their limits seem to be accurately defined. This seems to be peculiarly the case with regard to the See of Derry. The present See seems in the early ages of Christianity to have been divided into no less than three separate and independent Sees—namely, the See of Inishowen, the See of Ardstraw, and the See of Coleraine. There can be no doubt that Inishowen was, for one time, and indeed for many centuries, a separate See; in fact, its insular position would seem to indicate this, but there are other and stronger arguments. As we have shown in an early chapter St. Patrick visited Inishowen and founded two churches, one of which was the church of Donagh. MacCarthan, a disciple of

St. Patrick, was appointed bishop of this church; no doubt his jurisdiction extended over the barony. The Annals of the Four Masters tell us that in the year 618 St. Sillan, bishop, died at Moville. He, too, must have been Bishop of Inishowen. Besides this, there is strong intrinsic evidence in the archaeological remains to be found in the churchyard of Donagh, to indicate that the locality was once a cathedral church and an episcopal residence. We have alluded to these in a preceding chapter. One of the most interesting, and certainly the most important, is the stone on which is carved, among other figures, the likeness of a bishop in pontificals, with crozier in hand.

Having said so much with regard to the See of Inishowen, we will now make a few observations regarding Ardstraw, which means the height overlooking the valley. St. Eugene is the patron saint of this See, and, indeed, of the diocese of Derry. His festival is celebrated on the 23d of August. He was a disciple of St. Patrick, and consecrated by the saint himself. He lived to an advanced age, for the annals of Clonmacnoise say that he died in 618. There is, however, a difficulty with regard to this, which has been noticed by Ussher and the Bollandists in the history of his life—namely, how to reconcile the two facts, that he died in 618, and was consecrated by St. Patrick. Ardstraw remained an Episcopal See for the space of seven centuries. It extended on the east of the Foyle from Ardstraw to Magilligan. It was called indiscriminately the See of Ardstraw, Kinel-Owen, or Tyrone. The Annals of the Four Masters tell us of a bishop residing there in 705, and of A. Engus, Bishop of Ardstraw, who died in 878. From the same source we learn that the Cathedral Church of Ardstraw possessed valuable relics. This church was called Daimhliag, or great stone church, and was burned in the year 1099. There is much uncertainty as to the time when the See was changed to Rathlury or Maghera; some say it was in the year 1118, after the council of Rathbreasil, at which the legate Gelasius presided. Rathlury appears never to have been a separate and independent See, but rather the place of the cathedral church of the diocese of Ardstraw, and where the Bishop of Ardstraw resided after the cathedral church was burned. Derry was elevated to a bishopric in the year 1158, under the episcopacy of Flaherty O'Brolchan. It was this bishop who, in union with the monarch, M'Laughlin, built the Cathedral Church of Derry in the short space of 40 days, as

the Four Masters testify. Ware and Ussher make a succession of Bishops in the See of Derry since the days of Brolchan; others say there was no regular succession till the year 1293, for that the four bishops who succeeded Brolchan were styled Bishops of Ardstraw. After the episcopal residence was changed from Ardstraw to Rathlury, a portion of the diocese of Ardstraw was annexed to Clogher, which, however, was added to Derry in the year 1266, as the following extract from O'Flagherty's *Ogygia* will show :—

“Hyfiachre is a country of Tyrone, in which Ardstrathalies, formerly an Episcopal See near the river Derg, afterwards annexed to the See of Clogher, (in Tyrone, first the residence of the princes of Orgiellia, afterwards converted into a cathedral,) but about the year 1266 it was taken from the See of Clogher, with many other churches of Hyfiachre, in the gift of the Tyronians, and was incorporated with the See of Londonderry.”

The diocese of Derry, as it now stands, seems to have been established in 1266. Nowhere do I find that Inishowen formed a portion of the diocese of Raphoe. In fact, it seems to have been a separate and independent See till it was incorporated with Derry, either in the year 1158 or 1266. It is true that towards the end of the 13th century the Bishop of Raphoe claimed it, and went to Rome for that purpose; but, had his claim been a valid one, no doubt he would have succeeded. Towards the close of the last century another Bishop of Raphoe (Dr. Coyle) renewed his claim, but with no better effect. In fact, the only foundation for the claim seems to be the county in which Inishowen is situate.

Having said so much regarding the origin of this See, we will subjoin an account of the Catholic Bishops who have presided in it since the period of the Reformation. We have already given a lengthened account of some of them. Rory O'Donnell succeeded in 1529, died in 1551. Eugene O'Doherty succeeded in 1554. The Ordnance Memoir gives the name of Magennis instead of O'Doherty. This is an error, as we have quoted in a former chapter the document sanctioning his appointment, which was taken from the Barberini Archives. O'Doherty was succeeded by Edmond O'Gallagher, an Augustinian monk, who was translated from Killala in the year 1569, as the following document, which was discovered in the Barberini Archives last year, will show :—

“22^o Junii, 1569, referente Cardinal Morone, sua sanctitas

absolvit Reverendum patrem dominum Edmundum O'Galhur, Episcopum Alladensem, a vinculo quo ecclesie Alladensi tenebatur, et eum transtulit ad ecclesiam Derensem, vacantem per obitum Eugenii Idocharti, ipsumque illi in episcopum præfecit, cum retentione prioratus de Eachinis ordinis canonicorum regularium sancti Augustini cum suis annexis Alladensis diocesis valoris XXIV. marcarum sterlingorum."

O'Gallagher was killed in the year 1601 during the civil wars that prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth. The place was the county Derry, in the country of the O'Cahans, on a little rising ground adjoining the old church of Drumachose. After the death of O'Gallagher the See of Derry was without a bishop for the space of 120 years. The diocese was governed during those eventful times by Vicars. History mentions the names of four, Bernard Geraghty, Patrick M'Mahon, and Terence Kelly. The name of the other is given in Moran's Life of Oliver Plunket. These Vicars exercised to a great extent episcopal jurisdiction, but could neither ordain, consecrate chalices, nor bless altar stones. The first bishop after O'Gallagher was Terence Donnelly, who succeeded in 1717. Was Vicar of Down and Connor before this. His successor was Neil Conway, a native of Ballinascreen, who resided there, and was buried in Ballinascreen churchyard. He died in 1738. Dr. O'Reilly succeeded in 1739. This bishop is the author of the Cathecism which is in general use in Ulster. He was succeeded by Dr. Brolaghan, in 1751. This bishop, who was chaplain to the Sardinian Embassy, never resided in his See. The revival of religion, and, indeed, we may say, of the episcopacy in the diocese of Derry seems to date from the year 1760, when Dr. M'Colgan, of whom we have already spoken, was elevated to the See of Derry. This good bishop lived at Muff, and is buried in an unknown grave in the lone churchyard of Cloncha. He died in 1769. He was succeeded by Dr. MacDevitte, who died in 1797. Dr. O'Donnell succeeded in 1798, and died in 1823. Dr. Peter M'Laughlin, a native of Donaghmore, who was educated for 9 years in a college at Paris, and who returned to Ireland in 1790, was appointed parish priest of Omagh, where he remained till 1802, when he was elected Bishop of Raphoe. He was translated from this See in 1819, as coadjutor to Dr. O'Donnell. He governed the diocese for many years, and died in 1840. Dr. John M'Laughlin was appointed Coadjutor in 1837. Dr. Maginn succeeded in 1846, and died

in 1849. He was succeeded by his Lordship, Dr. Kelly, the present bishop.

In commencing the foregoing chapters I designed to sketch what I may term the physical aspect and topography of the peninsula of Inishowen. I wished to draw the attention of its people to the prominent and proud position which this territory holds in the ancient history of our country; to the illustrious line of princes of the Kinel-Owen, born and reared within the walls of Aileach, who wielded the monarchical sceptre, and who proved themselves the fathers of their people and the defenders of the rights of their country; to notice the old druidical temples, and other remains of pagan times, as illustrating the colonisation of the district and the form of worship at that remote period; to show the childlike docility with which its people received the light of the gospel, and to point to the churches and monasteries which they founded and endowed; to call to remembrance the struggles which our forefathers maintained with the Dane and Saxon, successfully against the first, and though to the other they were forced to yield, it was not till after a most obstinate defence, when all Ireland besides had been subdued, and more than four centuries after Henry received the submission of the southern princes. Then, after their subjugation, when wholly deprived of all political liberty, the mere serfs and slaves of the conqueror, or, not daring to appear in their former homes, timid fugitives occupying rude huts in the depths of the mountains when all else was lost, how they cherished and clung to the faith of their fathers, their attachment to the ancient worship increasing with persecution's rage. I designed to glance at the remains of the ancient churches and religious houses, and the monumental art and christian antiquities found in connexion with them; at the seats and strongholds of the ancient chieftains whose

“Ivy-clad turrets, the pride of past ages,
Though mouldering in ruin do grandeur impart”—

and to treat of some of the eminent and remarkable men of this district who flourished in later times. I aimed at interspersing with the descriptive, historical, and biographical matter, such anecdotes and legends as would illustrate the customs, habits, and inclinations of the people, and prevent that satiety attending, more or less, the perusal of a dry enumeration of abstract facts.

Whether this programme has been carried out with any degree of satisfaction it is for the reader now to determine.

Before concluding, I would remark that it has been stated on good authority that most of the descendants of the ancient aristocracy of Ireland are to be found among the humbler classes, hedging, ditching, or cultivating the fields ; in lineage, therefore, the peasantry are not inferior to their would-be masters. Again, riches merely cannot be accepted as the standard of superiority, for money makes boors of many, but real gentlemen of few, and poverty is no disgrace, unless it is the offspring of sloth or extravagance. Pope truly says—

“ Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies ;
Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunello.”

How pleasing, then, would it be to find the people acting on such principles, appreciating their own dignity, manifesting a spirit of manly, generous independence in every relation of life, and despising all cringing, hollow sycophancy. Knowledge always improves mankind ; it is, therefore, the duty of all to encourage its dissemination, and to avail themselves of every means of attaining it. To the inhabitants of the old peninsula I say briefly, read, note, and digest, so that when opportunity offers, as it assuredly will, you may be the better able to assist your country. Finally, I crave the forbearance of the readers for the shortcomings and blemishes of this little work, and now

“ My task is done—my theme
Has died into an echo ; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream ;
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ is writ.
Would it were worthier !”—BYRON.

APPENDIX.

A gentleman signing himself "O'Doherty" has taken me to task for stating that Grianan was used as a temple for the worship of the sun. In a series of letters published in the *Journal* he affirms, on the authority of Dr. Petrie, that the ruins of Grianan are the ruins of Aileach—that is, that Aileach, the royal residence of the Cinel-Eoghain, and Grianan were identical. I subjoin everything tangible in that correspondence, and it will be seen how much Dr. Petrie relies on that very etymology which both he and "O'Doherty" affect to despise. "O'Doherty" says with reference to myself:—

"He states that the remains on the summit of Greenan Hill, in Burt, are the ruins of a temple of the sun, but he does not give us the authority on which this important assertion rests." He then goes on—"I am aware that this same view was advocated in an interesting and ingenious article by Mr. Peter M'Laughlin, of Newtowncunningham, in the *Dublin Penny Journal* of 1834 or '35, and, if I remember rightly, was made by him to rest on the derivation of the word *Grianan*. The opinion of that talented and accomplished scholar (whose early death was a serious loss to our local history) was generally adopted, until the publication of the 'Ordnance Survey of Londonderry,' when the searching labours of Mr. Petrie and the illustrious Dr. O'Donovan dispelled the illusion."

He quotes Petrie as follows:—"It has, indeed, been supposed by some ingenious writers that this curious remain of antiquity was erected as a temple of the sun—a conjecture resting on the etymology of its name, *Grianan*, which, as they state, does literally mean 'the place of the sun,' or 'appertaining to the sun.' * * * * *

"That Grian or the Sun was an object of worship among the Pagan Irish is not to be denied, but that the word *Grianan* was ever applied to denote a temple of the sun, or a temple of any kind, no authority has been as yet adduced or found, while there are abundant evidences that it was constantly used in a

*figurative** sense, to signify a distinguished residence or a royal palace. It is thus explained by O'Reilly :—‘Grianan, a summer-house, a walk, arched or covered over on a hill for a commodious prospect, (a balcony) a Royal seat.’” But, even though it were allowed that the word *Grianan* was sometimes applied to a temple of the sun, the Irish authorities still abundantly prove that this—the Grianan of Aileach—was not a monument of that description. In all the Irish histories the palace of the northern Irish kings is designated by the name of *Aileach* simply, or Grianan-Aileach, Aileach-Neid, or Aileach-Frírive; and its situation is stated to have been on a hill in the vicinity of Derry. * * *

This name *Aileach* was also applied to the surrounding country, anciently called *Tyr Ailig*, or the country of Aileach, but now preserved only in two adjacent† townlands, called Elaghmore and Elaghbeg, or the Great and Little Elagh.

All doubt of the identity of *Grianan Fort* and the ancient palace is, however, removed by the following passage in a poem on the history of the Tuatha-De-Denauns, composed by Flann of the Monastery—that is, of Monasterboice—in the commencement of the 11th century, and preserved in the Books of Lecan and Ballymote :—

“ Fell on the eastern shore,
At the very side of the rath of Aileach,
Indai More, the son of Delwy Lib, (the Lybian ?)
By Gann, the son of Dera, of the white hand.”

It is certain that the words *eastern shore*, here used, could only be applied to that of Lough Swilly, which approaches the foot of the hill at that point only. The present castle of Elagh is some miles from any shore.‡ A further evidence of this identity is furnished by a description of the royal fortress, preserved in the *Dinnseanchus*—an Irish topographical work of very high antiquity, if not, as Dr. O'Connor states, the earliest treatise of the kind which any country now possesses.”

In reply to this I wrote and quoted the first eight lines of that poem, the *Dinnseanchus*, as follows :—

* I have italicised the word *figurative*.

† These townlands are nearly three miles distant from Grianan.

‡ This is incorrect.

“ Oileach Fredreann, seat of the kings royal of the world;
 Dun, through which ran *roads* under heroes, through *five ramparts*;
 Hill on which slept the Dagda; *red its flowers*,
 Many its houses, just its plunders, *scarce its stones*;
 Lofty Caislen is Ailech Frigrenn, fort of the good man,
 Dun, the shelter of heroes, *Noble lime house*,
 Delightful place is Oilech Gabran, *green its bushes*.
 Sod, where placed the Dagda, the resting mound of Aedh.”

Now Petrie himself says the stones of this building on the hill were *wholly uncemented*, and I fear the parts of the description which I have italicised will scarcely apply to it. In answer to this O'Doherty wrote, saying the words “ Noble lime house,” in one edition of the Ordnance Memoir, were converted into “ Noble stone house” in another edition. The Irish words in the poem are “ *aeilteach emir*,” and I confess I know not how they can be translated “ Noble stone house.” I quite agree that the structure was ante-Christian, but deny that this passage says or implies so. I also deny that *all* the buildings of the De-Dananns were constructed of stones; their temples indeed were; their dwellings were not. Referring to this amended edition of the Survey, O'Doherty says:—

“ In it the translation of the poem in the Dinnseanchus differs considerably from the translation in the first edition. Thus we have

‘ Dun, place of shelter of heroes, *noble stone house*,’
 instead of ‘ *noble lime house*,’ which latter phrase would have been entirely against Dr. Petrie.* He had been arguing that the ruin on Greenan was the Grianan-Aileach of historic fame, because Grianan meant ‘ a royal seat,’ and Aileach, ‘ stone house or habitation;’ he had confidently referred its erection to the Tuatha-De-Dananus, the chief characteristic of whose buildings was that they were constructed of stones, (not of clay or timber) and that these stones were ‘ wholly uncemented,’ and in confirmation of what he has said he quotes the poem referred to, which treats of the very place there is question about. The use of lime in building was not introduced into Ireland until after the introduction of Christianity, and as this edifice was constructed without lime or cement, Dr. Petrie concludes that it existed before the Christian era. In his ‘ Round Towers’ Dr. Petrie treats the subject of the buildings of the Firbolgs and Tuatha-De-Dananus at length, and some interesting

* For or against let us have the true translation of those words “ *aeilteach emir*.”

information may be had on the point from 'Madden's Shrines and Sepulchres,' vol. I., chap. 20. The opening stanzas of the poem prove another point for our antiquarian—viz., the existence of five ramparts. The relative position of these he carefully indicates.

"Your correspondent, however, seems to think that a difficulty arises from the words 'green its bushes.' If we look at Greenan as it is now, that is quite true; but it is not as it *now* is, but as it *then* was, that we are considering it. Walker in his 'Irish Bards,' tells us that the bardic colleges were built in the midst of vast groves, that one of these colleges was in Inishowen, and that the whole face of the peninsula was then covered with trees. Later still, Mr. Sampson tells us this district was called 'Dair-coillragh, that is, the country of the oaks. The ancient chieftains of the western bank, including the peninsula of Inishowen, were called Hy-daher-teagh, that is, chiefs of the habitations of the oaks; this name is now spelled and pronounced O'Dogherty.'—(Sampson's Survey, chap. V., sec. 27.) It is at present destitute of trees, but so are the other hills and mountains—and I might add the lowlands—of the barony."

In a third letter O'Doherty says:—"As regards the extract from Colonel Blacker, I will merely say that it is both specious and ingenious, but entirely fanciful, and unsupported by any historical evidence. I do not mean to depreciate the Colonel's labours, nor to deny that we owe him much for first drawing attention to the venerable pile, but I don't think I am bound to adopt a man's opinions when mistaken, simply because he happens to be perfectly sincere and correct on other points."

But coming back to Aileach itself, as noticed in the second edition of the Ordnance Memoir, Dr. Petrie says:—"The signification of this name—Aileach—independently of its attendant epithets, is obviously '*stone house, or habitation*;' and it is so explained by Michael O'Clery, the chief of the Four Masters, in his Glossary of ancient Irish words—Aileach, or Ailteach, *i.e.*, a name for a habitation, which (name) was given from *stones*.* This derivation of the word is strictly borne out by the Dinnsenchus, in its history of the name of Aileach. After stating that Corgeann, in punishment of his crime, was sentenced to carry on his back the dead body of his victim until

* Oileag-Neid or Nead was the primitive name, which clearly enough implies "Swan's-Nest."

he should find a fitting stone for his tomb, the poem states that he (Corgeann) 'soon reached the promontory of the bright lake of Febhal,' where he found what he required." Then (I quote from the first edition of the poem)—

"When Corgeann saw the stone of Febhal he soon seized it,
And carried it with him, tho' a heavy load.
He told the Dagda truly without boasting—
'There is the stone outside, O restrainer of pride!
The Dagda said, with countenance of protection—*Truly*
The houses and the place shall take name from this stone.
'Aileach shall be the name of this town of Banba (Ireland.)
Beyond every hill like the hill of great Temur,' said Dagda's Druid."

In a poem of Farrell Oge Mac Ward, (who lived in 1655) addressed to Calvagh Roe O'Donnell, and which was found in manuscript by Mr. Eugene O'Curry, in the papers of the Rev. Dr. Todd, F.T.C.D., it is said that the coming of O'Donnell was long predicted and expected at Emania, at Tara, at Aileach. Of the latter it says:—

"Nor was Aileach Neid, too, less expectant
Of one like thee to arise unto her
Hoping thou wouldst relieve her anguish."
 &c., &c., &c.

In a foot note the illustrious Dr. O'Donovan explains the locality of Aileach thus:—"Aileach Neid—Now ELAGH, one of the ancient palaces of Ulster." This very formal explanation from Dr. O'Donovan should have much weight.

THE END.

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