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DUBLIN

IRELAND:

ITS

SCENERY, CHARACTER, &c.

BY

MR. & MRS. S. C. HALL.

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BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS TO THE QUEEN,
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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE ALBERT,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness condescended to accept the Dedication of this Work, when it had made small progress towards completion. We trust that now, when it is submitted to you, in its finished state, you will not consider that your confidence has been misplaced; but that your Royal Highness will permit us to enjoy the high privilege of inscribing your name upon the concluding page, as we had the honour to do upon the page that commenced these Volumes.

With devoted attachment and profound respect, we have the honour to subscribe ourselves,

Your Royal Highness'

Ever dutiful and faithful Servants,

THE AUTHORS.

THE ROSERY, OLD BROMPTON,
December 28th, 1812.

BELFAST.

IRISH CENTRAL LIBRARY FOR STUDENTS * THE
DUBLIN

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TYRONE & DOWN.

	Population	English Acres
Tyrone	304,468	774,560
Down	330,617	608,815

Irish Miles

English Miles

LONDONDERRY

TYRONE

FERMANAGH

LOUGH NEAGH

ANTRIM

DOWN

ARMAGH

MONAGHAN

LOUGH ERNE

Lifford

Strabane

Omagh

Fintona

Clogher

Dungannon

Ballygawley

Charlemont

Portadown

Armagh

Market Hill

Newtownards

Belfast

Lisburn

Moira

Hillsborough

Downpatrick

Dunmurry

Ballynahinch

Banbridge

Rathfriland

Castlewellan

Newry

Warrenpoint

Rosstrevor

Kilkeel

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THE IRISH CENTRAL LIBRARY FOR STUDENTS * DUBLIN

IRELAND,

ITS SCENERY, CHARACTER, &c. &c.

DOWN.

THE maritime county of Down, in the province of Ulster, is bounded on the east and south by the Irish Sea (Carlingford Bay separating it from Louth), on the north by the county of Antrim and Belfast Lough, and on the west by the county of Armagh. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 611,404 acres, of which 502,677 are cultivated; the proportion of mountain and bog, hitherto unproductive, being somewhat more than a sixth. In 1821, the population amounted to 325,410; and in 1831, to 352,012. It is divided into the baronies of Ards, Castlereagh, Dufferin, Lower Iveagh, Upper Iveagh, Kinealearty, Lecale, and Mourne. Its principal towns are Newry (part of which is in the county of Armagh), the assize-town of Downpatrick, one of the most ancient boroughs in Ireland; Newtown-Ards, Hillsborough, Castle-wellan, Banbridge, Warrens-point, Strangford, Bangor, and Donaghadee. The county is remarkable for its inequality of surface; for, although the mountains are chiefly confined to the southern district, where they are magnificent, the lesser hills are abundant in all parts; hence it is said to have derived its ancient name, Dunum, "which signifies a hill, or a hilly country." This peculiar character—a perpetual rise and fall in the landscape—renders it highly picturesque*; it is not

* In the old Survey of Down, (1740,) this peculiarity is thus oddly described. "The whole county is remarkable for its number of hills, being compared to wooden bowls inverted, or eggs set in salt; from whence it took the name of Down, which signifies a hilly situation." In the elevated parts of the county, the great multitude of hills naturally produces basins, from which there is no egress, and lakes are formed. These are very numerous, and in some parts meet the traveller so frequently that he might almost conceive himself in Westmoreland. Some in the parish of Annahilt, near the leading road from Hillsborough to Ballynahinch, are extremely curious: they contain floating islands of two or three perches in area, which sometimes sink to the bottom, and are sometimes moored to the sides. The substance of which they are composed is chiefly a vegetable deposit like "flow moss," buoyant under certain circumstances with all its

ill wooded; it contains many rivers; the ocean is its boundary on three sides; and the huge inland sea, "Strangford Lough," forms another striking and interesting feature of the county.

The tourist proceeding northwards to Belfast, or *en route* to "the Causeway," will pass through the pleasant and flourishing town of Newry*—distant fifty miles from Dublin; from which, if he be in search of the picturesque, he must verge to the right, for about seven miles, along the banks of the Newry-water, to visit the beautiful village of Rosstrevor—not inaptly termed the "Montpelier of Ireland." The drive, all the way, is full of interest; on the opposite side of the river are seen the lofty range of the Carlingford Mountains, while the still loftier and more famous mountains of Mourne form its northern boundary, stretching far up into the county, hanging over the sea, and forming indeed a huge peninsula that juts out into the ocean, extending from Dundrum Bay to the Bay of Carlingford.

The ruined castle of Narrow-Water stands about two miles from Newry; but its date is no more remote than the reign of the second Charles, having

shrubs and verdure. In others, indications exist of a state of society very remote. In a small lake situated between Ballynahinch and Clough, a canoe was found some years ago of a very curious construction, but no iron seemed to have been employed in it.

* Newry, from Na yur, the yew-tree, owes its importance to Sir Nicholas Bagnal, "marshall of Ireland," during the reign of Elizabeth, by whom it was surrounded with walls and converted into a fortified town. Its monastic establishment, however, had been celebrated many centuries before. Its ancient abbey is said to have been founded by Mac Loughlin, king of Ireland, A. D. 1157, and is styled in the charter Ibar cyn tracta, "the flourishing head of the yew-tree," from a number of large and venerable yews that formerly flourished there—one of which tradition reported to have been planted by the hands of St. Patrick. Its endowments were confirmed by Hugh de Lacy, after the Anglo-Norman conquest, in 1237. The town was destroyed by the Irish in 1641; and again by the Duke of Berwick in 1689; "a square castle or two, and five or six houses only escaping." It recovered rapidly, however, and is now exceedingly prosperous, being very advantageously situated for commerce, on the borders of the counties of Armagh, Louth, and Down, with a river rendered navigable by a canal, continued to Lough Neagh. The houses are well built, the streets remarkably clean, and the suburbs in all directions of great beauty.

been built after "the restoration" by the great Duke of Ormonde, as a protection to the river, to which it still renders essential service as contributing largely to its pictorial effect. A modern "castle" has, however, been erected upon the "rising ground" above it, by Roger Hall, Esq., a principal proprietor of the district. There are few mansions in the kingdom of more perfect construction or more happily situated. The avenue extends for nearly two miles from the entrance-gate to the house, through lines of finely-grown trees, and the view from every part of the demesne is magnificent in the extreme. The building reflects the highest credit upon the architect—a native-resident of the town of Newry. A little farther on, is the village of Warrens-point;* backed by the mountains, and facing the broad bay; some three miles to the east is "beautiful Rosstrevor." There are few places in Great Britain that offer stronger temptations to visitors—who love the picturesque, enjoy the magnificence of nature, or desire tranquil and healthful retirement. Although completely open to the sea, it is approached only by mild southern breezes; the adjacent hills protect it completely on the north and east, and a promontory, covered with luxuriantly-grown trees, juts between it and the west; villas, mansions, and cottages *ornées*, surround it on all sides, wherever the mountains have left small nooks of verdure; and streamlets innumerable are rippling down into the valley from the hill-sides. Under the fostering care of its owner, David Ross, Esq., the village has within the last few years grown to the magnitude and importance of a town; its natural beauties have been appreciated—it seems the very temple of health—and persons from all the northern and midland counties of Ireland have made it their place of residence—at least for a season. Consequently, neat, clean, and well-built cottages have sprung up along the banks of the bay, which are furnished for, and let to, lodgers. It is difficult to conceive a spot that looks more happy and prospering than this—so beautifully situated; nestling at the foot of a mighty mountain and bordering upon the ocean, into which its gardens absolutely run.

It was on a Sabbath morning, early, that we set out to climb the great hill of Clough-Mor, one of the Mourne range; the one that hangs directly

* "In one direction the houses form a little square, and in another, stretch along the edge of the shore, where there is a convenient quay, at which there are in general several sailing and steam vessels. It is esteemed one of the best and most frequented bathing-places in the north of Ireland. In 1827 a neat small church was erected here; and immediately adjoining the town there is a Presbyterian meeting-house, and also a Roman Catholic chapel. Although, but a few years since, this was a very inconsiderable village, it at present contains a thousand inhabitants. A large windmill stands nearly in its centre, and adds considerably to the picturesque and pleasing appearance which the village presents at a distance. There was formerly a very extensive rabbit-warren here, from which circumstance the place derives its name."

over Rosstrevor, sheltering it from all unkindly winds. High as it looked, soaring above us, as we stood at the door of a very comfortable inn, it is one of the smallest of the chain to which it belongs, which are said to be upwards of thirty-six miles in circumference; the loftiest, Slieve-Donard, being, according to the Ordnance Survey, 2796 feet above the level of the sea. Clough-Mor, "the great stone," is so called from a huge mass of granite weighing perhaps thirty tons, which stands upon the summit of a projecting cliff nearly midway up the mountain. How it got there is one of the buried secrets of the past; if placed there by human labour, if indeed "the work of Druid hands of old," it would almost sanction the belief that they had the assistance of fallen spirits—the giant sons of Anaak, who rebelled against the Creator. There are, nevertheless, several circumstances which encourage the idea that its singular situation was not the result of chance. It stands upon the brow of a small hill; and under it are remains of oblong stones,

such as we commonly find supporting the cap-stones of cairns; it is hollowed beneath, sloping gradually to — by comparison — a pivot. It is almost impossible to conceive that it could have been dropped into its place—a contribution from one of the adjacent mountains; for the greater elevations are at a considerable distance, and a valley of some depth and space intervenes between its site and the heights that look down upon it. There are also other indications of cromleachs in various directions around it. When we had reached this singular summit—singular if it be a natural deposite, and most wonderful if a record of art—and examined it some time with attention, we found that little more than a third of the mountain had been climbed; and as we gazed over an extensive prospect, and stood as it were directly over the fair grounds of Mr. Ross, and the sweetly sheltered village, we found that time had passed far more rapidly than we had imagined, for the chimes of the Sabbath bell—the sound that so emphatically speaks of civilisation—came from the valley up the mountain with a clear, sharp, and shrill sound; and we saw groups assembling in the distance, down, on their way to church. We had never so complete a feeling of entire solitude; even then we were too high to have the companionship of the lark; there was no sound except

the wind among the long grass, or the rushes that grew in the hollows where the waters had congregated; the great stones about us seemed as if they bore dates of an age before the flood, and had a solemn and impressive awe in their shapeless forms. We made our way to the mountain top. That which from the valley seemed a peak, was a large flat of several acres, covered with wet moss. How magnificent was the prospect! we involuntarily quoted the line applied to a very different subject—a city where the smoke was ascending from tens of thousands of human habitations,—

"Earth hath not any thing to show more fair!"

Immediately below us was the bay with its innumerable tiny creeks; in one of which, just under shelter of the mountain opposite, lies the pretty town of Carlingford; and, to the north, on the other side of a long flat that stretches out into the sea, is the bay, behind which lies the town, of Dundrum. Beautiful Rosstrevor seemed as if sleeping at our feet. Behind us were the everlasting hills; and ocean-ward, the sight was arrested for a moment by a shadow upon the waters; this was the Isle of Man, very dimly seen; to the south the Hill of Howth appeared distinctly. Looking inland, the mountains rose one above another, over the bay; and the bay seemed so directly under us, that we fancied a stone thrown from the spot on which we stood might have fallen into it; opening among the hills was a most rich valley, continued all the way to Lough Neagh, a distance of forty miles; and the lake, or rather a haze which indicates it, is clearly perceptible. In the foreground, carrying the eye beyond Rosstrevor, with the tall spire of its pretty church, the green verdure of its encompassing fields, and the fine foliage of its abundant trees, we trace the course of the river winding up to Newry, with the village of Warrens-point midway. And still we had the mountains, look where we would; bleak and barren, and rudely picturesque; with here and there the brown tracks of footways, and patches of cultivation, marking them as objects which industry was labouring to subdue. The interest of the scene was enhanced by the perpetual alternations of light and shade which passed over the fair and glorious landscape. The bay was very tranquil; so calm, it seemed as if the mountains kept even the breezes from it; a single vessel was riding there; its sails were hanging loosely—quite unmoved. A grasshopper was singing amid the long grass; and a hawk more than once soared from his nest in some neighbouring cliff; lazily and idly, for there was nothing near which could afford him prey. The day had become bright and hot as we commenced the descent; the sun was shining somewhat fiercely upon us; when suddenly, and by the merest chance, we

heard the trickle of a little well, the only one to be found upon the mountain; the draught of water was, in truth, delicious; it was clear and pure as crystal as it oozed apparently out of the solid rock, rambled for a brief space among the stones that lay scattered at its base, and was again lost—to re-appear, probably, within a few yards of the ocean it was on its way to join.

The day was drawing to a close when, pleasantly and profitably wearied, we reached the inn; its occupation will endure as one of the happiest of our memories. We long to visit the lovely village of Rosstrevor once again*.

Some fourteen or fifteen miles from Rosstrevor, a short distance from the town of Newcastle, and on the northern side of the Mourne Mountains, is the beautiful seat of the Earl of Roden, Tullamore Park, a place which nature had prepared to receive the improvements of art. It is situated in the midst of most sublime scenery, with the wide expanse of ocean open before it; yet nowhere do the trees grow with greater luxuriance. Through this delicious spot rush the assembled mountain rivulets, creating, in their passage, cascades of every variety of force and form. It is scarcely possible to imagine a scene where natural beauties and advantages have been

* Immediately above the beach is an obelisk erected to the memory of General Ross, a native of Rosstrevor, where his estimable family still reside. He fell at Baltimore in September 1814. The four sides of the monument contain inscriptions, of which the following is the principal :—

THE OFFICERS OF A GRATEFUL ARMY,
WHICH, UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE LAMENTED
MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT ROSS,
ATTACKED AND DISPERSED THE AMERICAN FORCES
AT BLADENSBERG, ON THE 24th OF AUGUST, 1814,
AND ON THE SAME DAY VICTORIOUSLY ENTERED WASHINGTON,
THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES,
INSCRIBE UPON THIS TABLET
THEIR ADMIRATION OF HIS PROFESSIONAL SKILL,
AND THEIR ESTEEM FOR HIS AMIABLE PRIVATE CHARACTER.
HIS WELL EARNED FAME IS ALSO RECORDED
BY THE MONUMENT ERECTED AT HIS GRAVE
IN HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, BY THE ARMY IN THAT COMMAND;
BY THAT WHICH HIS MOURNING BROTHER OFFICERS OF THE 20th FOOT
RAISED IN HIS PARISH CHURCH AT ROSSTREVOR;
AND
THAT PLACED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,
AS THE LAST TRIBUTE OF A NATION'S PRAISE,
BY HIS COUNTRY.

ROSSTREVOR.

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turned to more valuable account by judgment, skill, and taste, than this, which lies at the foot of Slieve-Donard, and almost on the brink of ocean *.

Still keeping along the coast, the tourist reaches Dundrum Bay—very beautiful, though less so than the Bay of Carlingford. Here also are the remains of an ancient castle, standing on a high rock, which commands an extensive prospect:—"It was formerly," writes Harris, "while in repair, a good guard to the pass, and an offensive neighbour to the English planted in Lecale, according to the hands that possessed it†." In 1652, it was dismantled

* Slieve Donard is the highest of the Mourne Mountains. We borrow a description of it from a writer in the Dublin Penny Journal. "Slieve Donard is supposed to rise nearly four miles in gradual ascent, while the perpendicular height is estimated at nearly three thousand feet.—From the northern brow of the mountain issues an exuberant fountain, which emits more than half a foot of water exceedingly rapid and pure. This stream, and many others, meet in their descent, and form a river, which, running through a channel of white stone, by ten thousand different breaks and windings, makes in summer a prospect of waterfalls, cascades, jets-d'eau, ponds, &c. the most various and delightful; but in winter floods, the roar and impetuosity of this fall are terrible in the extreme. From the top down to the rocks hanging over the sea is one continued descent, and the lower parts, though craggy and rude enough, are covered with hazel, holly, &c. those next to the sea-clifts being old, bowed, stunted, and languishing; while it is worthy of notice, that those most remote, though situated higher, are flourishing and healthy; and all this on the face of a mountain exposed to a wide, open, eastern sea. In the descent southward, near the bottom, one is forced to slide down a sort of thatch, composed of furze, long grass, and juniper. St. Donard, a disciple of St. Patrick, is said to have spent the life of a hermit on this mountain, and built a cell or oratory on the top of it towards the close of the fifth century." Near the summit are the remains of two rude edifices, where in "old times," on the Saint's patron day, the peasantry used to assemble in throngs to do penance and pay their devotions. "A deep, narrow vale divides Slieve Donard from Slieve Snaven, or the Creeping Mountain, so called because it must be climbed in a creeping posture; and through this vale winds a pretty serpentine stream, which discharges itself into the sea to the eastward of the mountains. The Creeping Mountain stands to the south-west of this stream, and presents to the view a huge rock, resembling at a distance an old fortification, very high, overhanging, and detached, as it were, from the eastern side of the mountain. After rain a stream rushes from the west side of the rock, which, shooting from the top, falls in a large cascade; to the east of which is a vast natural cave, affording an entrance as wide as the cave itself. This frightful chamber is lined with fern, grass, and several other mountain plants, and inhabited by a vast number of hawks, jackdaws, owls, &c., and at the further end of it the light breaks in through natural crevices. To the left of this you climb up through a very narrow passage to the top of the rock, and arrive at one of the most beautiful, most magnificent, and romantic spots that can well be conceived. You there find that the rock mentioned is only the advanced part of a large shelf, which projects at about half the height of the mountain with a sweep, and leaves the space of about two acres on the top. Round the north-west, the west, and south of this area, the mountain rises to a great height, and stands like a vast wall; the area itself is almost round, and slopes gently from all sides towards the middle, where is formed a beautiful circular lake, as clear as crystal. To the west you see the rocky top of Slieve Beingan, to the east Slieve Donard's stately cone, and in front the ocean and the Isle of Man. There are several verdant vales to be met with in the deserts among the mountains, which, by the help of due culture, would be exceedingly fruitful. There is a remarkable flat rock on the top of a mountain here, called by the natives Sephin, through which springs up transparent water, without any perceptible fissure, which never fails even in the warmest seasons."

† According to the old Down Survey, "the Castle with seven Town-lands adjoining it, formerly belonged to the Magenis's, Irish lords of this country; but after their forfeiture, became the property of the Earl of Ardglass, and then the estate of the Lord Viscount Blundell."

by order of Cromwell, and the broken walls were left to moulder to decay. Harris adds, that "there is no inscription on it to discover the founder or the time it was erected;" but, according to Mr. Mc Skimin, "the style of its architecture sufficiently points out the era of its foundation, and corroborates the general traditions which ascribe it to the conqueror of Ulster, as De Courcy is usually called." The ruins consist of a great circular keep or tower, surrounded by fragments of smaller towers and other outer works, of which the barbican is the most striking and picturesque object. To the south of the castle there are ruins of a large mansion or dwelling-house, of the style of domestic architecture usual in the sixteenth century*.

A few miles farther north and we arrive at the very ancient and venerable town of Downpatrick—venerable not alone because of its antiquity; here were interred the mortal remains of the great patron saint of Ireland—St. Patrick†. The town is built upon a group of small hills, on the south-east shore of Strangford Lough. Its corporate rank was recognised as far back as 1403;

* On the south side of Dundrum Bay is the favourite watering place of New-Castle, formerly called Black Rock; adjoining which is the residence of the Earl of Annesley. The bay is noted for its sand banks, upon which many a good ship has struck. Such catastrophes are, however, likely to be averted in future; a light-house being now in course of erection.

† The grave of St. Patrick is still a favourite resort for devotees, especially near midsummer. It is said that no plant will grow on it but grass and shamrock; probably because it is kept in the state of red earth, by the removal of mould. About a mile and a half east of Downpatrick, in a rugged district, which is perhaps more suited for melancholy than devotion, there is the favourite "station" the Struel Well. Until within the last few years it was resorted to by pilgrims from all parts of the county, and by some from Antrim, Armagh, and Louth; who came to partake of the benefits attending the miraculous flowing of the water on the Vigil of St. John. Notwithstanding the cures said to have been performed here, the annual assembly is nearly abandoned. In the days of Harris (1744) the devotees also assembled on the Friday before Lammas. Struel is derived from *Strath fuile*, the stream of blood; and the origin of the name, tradition accounts for thus: St. Patrick and St. Bridget were coming over the ground, and the younger saint feeling thirsty, doubted the capability of Patrick to procure him drink as miraculously as Moses did for the Israelites. The latter then struck him on the foot with the wand which he held in his hand, and a stream of blood issued forth, which was converted into water and has remained so ever since.

but its date is probably much more remote. It is said to have been the residence of the native kings of Ulidia; its ancient name having been (according to the old Down Survey) "Aras Keltair and Rath Keltair Mac Duach, which signifies the fortification of Keltair the son of Duach*."

Its leading object of attraction is the Cathedral—a modern structure. "It is situated on an eminence to the west of the town, and is a stately embattled edifice, chiefly of unhewn stone, supported externally by buttresses, and

comprising a nave, choir, and aisles, with a lofty square tower at the west end, embattled and pinnacled, and smaller square towers at each corner of the east gable, in one of which is a spiral stone staircase leading to the roof. The aisles are separated from the nave by lofty elegant arches resting on massive piers, from the corbels of which spring ribs supporting the roof, which is richly groined and ornamented at the intersections with clusters of foliage. The lofty windows of the aisles are divided by a single mullion;

* The Anglo-Normans took possession of the town in 1177. It was then the residence of Mac Dunleve, Prince of Ullagh, who retreated before the forces of Sir John de Courcy, "as worthy a knight," writes Dr. Hanmer, "for martiall prowesse as ever trod upon Irish ground." "He builded," according to the same authority, "many castles in Ulster, made bridges, mended highwayes, repaired churches, and governed the country in great peace." King John, however, jealous of his growing power, sent Sir Hugh De Lacey to displace him. The two English lords met at "Dune" and fought a "cruell battaille;" the victory fell to Courcy. "Then Lacy practised how he might betray him." The results of these practices, and the brave resistance of De Courcy, we copied from the old Chronicler into page 123, vol. 1.

the nave is lighted by a long range of clerestory windows, and the choir by a handsome east window divided by mullions into twelve compartments, which appears to be the only window remaining of the splendid edifice erected in 1412, and destroyed by Lord de Grey*. Over the east window are three elegant niches with ogee-pointed arches, which, formerly containing on pedestals the remains of the mutilated effigies of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbkill." Its site, however, is that of one of the most ancient edifices in Ireland. In the old cathedral church were the tombs, of St. Patrick its founder, St. Bridget, and St. Columb; their tombs had, it is said, this distich in old monkish verse " writ over them,"—

" Hi tres in Duno tumulo tumulantur in uno,
Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba pius."

" One tomb three saints contains, one vault below
Does Bridget, Patrick, and Columba show."

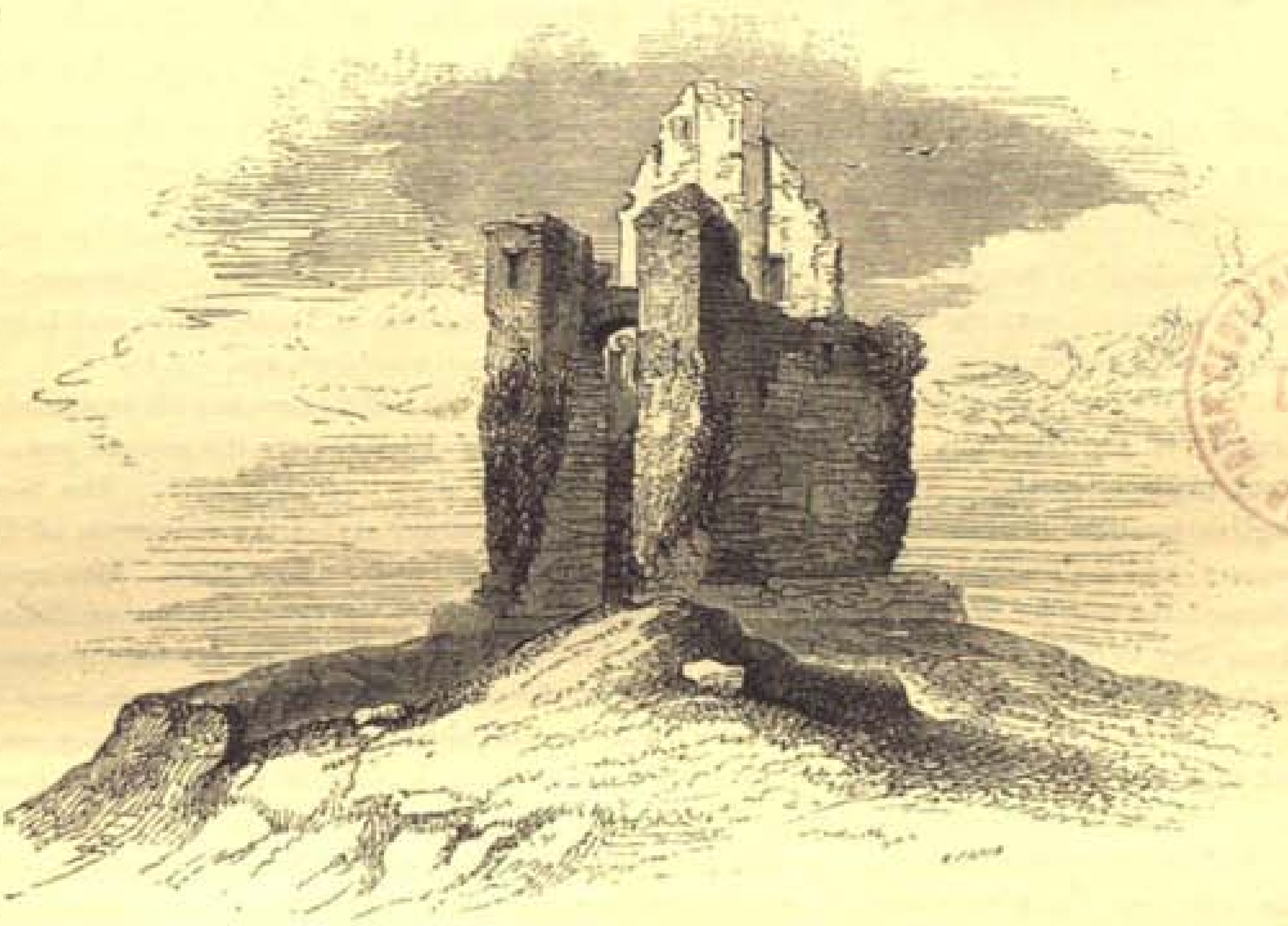
There were anciently, according to the old Down Survey, " no fewer than five religious houses in and near the town, reckoning the cathedral as one; viz. convents of Benedictines, Augustines, Cistertian monks, friars, and nuns, founded by John De Courcy, conqueror of Ulidia, Hugh De Lacy, Earl of Ulster, and others." Of these establishments, however, there are now no remains. The ancient bishopric, afterwards united with the see of Connor, is said to have originated with St. Patrick, who appointed St. Carlan its first bishop†.

* The ancient church and its renowned monument were destroyed by the Lord Deputy, Leonard de Grey, A.D. 1538. The profanation of the church of St. Patrick was one of the articles exhibited against him when he was impeached; he was subsequently beheaded. Cambrensis thus records the event. " He rased St. Patrike his church in Doune, an old auncient citie of Ulster, and burnt the monuments of Patrike, Brigide, and Colme, who are said to have been there entoomed. This fact lost him sundrie harts in that countrie, alwaies after detesting and abhorring his prophane tyrannie, as they did name it." The article which lays this crime to his charge thus runneth :—

" Item, that without any warrant from the king or councell, he prophaned the church of St. Patrike in Doune, turning it to a stable, after plucked it doune, and stript the notable ring of bels that did hang in the steeple, meaning to have sent them to England, had not God of his justice prevented his iniquitie by sinking the vessell and passengers wherein the said belles should have beene conveid."

† The marl pits in Lecale, in which barony Downpatrick is situated, are exceedingly interesting; and contribute to make it (" the isle of kale ") rich and fertile as it is. The regular deposition of alluvium and limy matter, in alternate layers, shows that the origin of these was perhaps the following. The district has been partially covered with water, in ponds, lakes, and rivers, most probably connected in general with the lough of Strangford ; and the winter floods annually carried down a layer of mud, sufficient to bury the whelks and other minute shell-fish that had sported through the water in the summer. Next summer a new generation was called into existence, to be destroyed in like manner during the next winter. Thus the period in which a marl-pit was formed can often be ascertained by the layers, like the age of a tree. Microscopic observations have shown the accuracy of this theory ; the minute limy fragments are found to be shells, in many instances whole, in others shattered ; and a careful examination of the vegetable substances to which they are attached, has enabled Sir William Hooker to corroborate it. Large horns, supposed to be those of

Strangford Lough, which stretches from Downpatrick almost to the northern border of the county, is in reality an arm of the sea, the entrance to which is, however, remarkably narrow, being somewhat less than a mile, although the breadth of the lake is in most parts above five miles; the length from north to south being about seventeen miles. It contains a vast number of islands, some so small as to be mere dots, others comprising above one hundred acres. The lake is, indeed, popularly said to be studded by three hundred and sixty-five islands, "one for each day in the year*." Along the whole of its borders —north, south, east, and west—are the ruins of numerous castles. The character of the scenery, indeed, strongly reminded us of the "Barony of Forth," in the County of Wexford; for everywhere we noted indications that a comparatively small number of strangers had been living in the midst of enemies, whom they had "come to spoil," and who were, consequently, compelled to keep watch and ward at all seasons in or about their "strong houses of stone." One of the most picturesque of these castles—Audley Castle—we have here engraved.



the Irish elk, and bones evidently belonging to that animal, are frequently found: it is supposed that the animals had perished in attempting to cross the rivers or lakes, and that their bones became imbedded with the shells in the yielding bottom. The turf bogs are disappearing rapidly. With the exception of Drumlough "Moss," between Hillsborough and Dromara, Crossgar Bog near Downpatrick, and a few others, scarcely any are to be found, except in small portions of valleys, furnishing "peats" enough for the owners of the farms. An extensive district along the banks of the Lagan, between Moira and the Maze Course, is called "The Bogs," or "The Bogs of Kilwarlin," though no turbary exists there at present.

* Six of the islands are inhabited, viz. Castle Island, Rea Island, Wood Island, Tagart Island, Island-bawn, and Maghea Island. Strangford Lough is a safe and deep harbour; but its entrance is dangerous, from the rapidity of its tides and the number of rocks. "It is reckoned," says the Down Survey, "the strongest current in Europe." The town of Strangford stands on its southern border. The lake was anciently called Lough Coine. The facts of the tragical story of "Will Watch, the bold smuggler," occurred in the

At the south-western end of the lake, and adjacent to the small town of Killclief, are the remains of another ancient Castle; which we also picture.

Our visit to this singular and interesting part of the county of Down was made from Belfast.

Passing through a peculiarly fertile country, we first reached the town of Newtown-Ards; beautifully situated on the northern extremity of the Lough, and where commences the barony of Ards, a narrow peninsula, which extends a distance of several miles, between the lake of Strangford and the sea, and is in many places not more than three or four miles in width*.

neighbourhood of Strangford Lough. The hero of the tale was a native of Newtown-Ards, and was killed on the County Down coast. Dibdin was staying for some time in Donaghadee, and being told the facts by a barber while shaving him, he promised to write a song on the subject, and did so.

* "Writers," we quote the old Down Survey, "have not unfitly compared it to a bended arm. The whole territory of the Ards was anciently called the heights of Ulster, near the eastern sea—'Altitudo Ultorum juxta mare orientale.' The soil in it is for the most part tolerably good. The Savages and some few English families settled here early, under John de Courcy, styled the conqueror of Ulidia, in the twelfth century, and maintained themselves in a flourishing condition for a long time. But upon the confusion that followed the murder of the Lord William Burgh, Earl of Ulster, in the reign of Edward III., the sept of Hugh Boy O'Neil, who were inheritors of part of Tyrone, drove the Savages for the most part out of it, and confined them to a little territory in the south of the Ards, called the little Ards, near the river of Strangford; and from that time the Ards came to be called the Upper Clane-Hugh-boy, or Clanebois, from the sept of this Hugh; as the Rout and Glynnes in the County of Antrim are, for the same reason, called the Lower Clane-Hugh-boy, being possessed about the same time by the same sept."

"This South Claneboy, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was able to make forty horse and eighty foot.—In this territory was a very savage and barbarous sept, called the Kelles, given altogether to spoil and robbery, greatly affected to the Scotch, whom they often brought into the country for the sake of spoiling the subjects. They contributed only according to pleasure to the chieftain of South Claneboy, and were able at this time to make no horsemen but twenty kerne and shot. Many of this family in time degenerated into the Irish customs and manners, and were often in rebellion against the Crown of England, and as often engaged in broils and disputes between each other, which in the event much diminished their strength and power; so that, in the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, they submitted their disputes to the decision of Sir William Fitz-Williams, Lord Deputy, who then made a division between Roland and Reymund Savage, of several towns and territories in the Ardes. In 11th Elizabeth, an act passed for investing the Queen with all the lands of Claneboy and the great Ardes that belonged to Shane O'Neal, or any of the sept of O'Neals, who joined in rebellion with the said Shane; which territories were granted by patent the same year to Sir Thomas Smyth, the father, and Thomas Smyth, the son, upon condition that they should expel all the rebels out of the said lands, and plant the same with faithful subjects. That they should maintain for every plowland of one hundred and twenty acres one English foot soldier, armed after the English manner; and for every two plowlands one light horseman armed the same way; that they should attend for fourty days the Lord Deputy at all hostings in the earldom of Ulster, and at fifteen days warning with the third part of all such horse and foot as they covenanted to maintain by the said tenures; that they should pay to the Crown twenty shillings per annum rent for every plowland."

The town is very ancient, and retains its primitive character. Nearly in the centre stands a handsome octagonal building of hewn stone, decorated with canopied niches; it was no doubt formerly surmounted by a cross, of which, however, there are no remains. Over one of the niches is carved the following inscription:—"Theis armes which the Rebells threw down and defaced 1653, are by this Loyal Burrough Replaced 1666." Elsewhere the date of its erection is recorded—1636. The "armes" referred to appear to have been those of the Montgomeries *. Adjoining this somewhat singular, although picturesque, structure, are the ruins of a mansion, in which the late Marquis of Londonderry is said to have been born. Until lately it had been used as a yarn-mill; but it is now completely dilapidated. The artist has introduced it into his sketch.

* The original settlement of this ancient family in Ireland is singular and romantic. They trace their ancestry, in France, to the ages of Pepin and Charlemagne; and among them were many "famous men," in especial that Gabriel Montgomery, whose renown in arms led to an unfortunate catastrophe. When Henry II. succeeded to the throne of France, and during the ceremonials of his marriage, he appointed a tournament to be held in Paris. After having shivered many of his opponents' lances, the king proposed to tilt with the accomplished Montgomery, an honour which the knight desired to decline. The king, however, insisted upon trying his skill, and Montgomery, whose lance had been broken in the first shock of their encounter, omitted in the agitation of the moment to throw the fragment aside. In the next charge he struck the king, and a splinter passed through the vizor and entered his eye, inflicting a wound of which he died a few days afterwards; having first, however, acquitted Montgomery of all blame, and strictly enjoining that no harm should come to him in consequence of the accident. But, distrusting the temper of Catherine de Medicis, Montgomery thought it prudent to remove to England; some years afterwards he was taken by the implacable Catherine, put to the torture, and beheaded, with the additional penalty of having his children degraded to *villanage*. On his way to execution he pronounced this noble and memorable sentence in reference to the punishment inflicted on his children—"if they have not the virtue to raise themselves again, I consent to their degradation." Of the same gallant race was that Sir Hugh Montgomery, who, about the year 1600, obtained estates in the north of Ireland. He was the "sixth Lord of Braidstone," and followed James I. from Scotland to Westminster. Irish forfeited lands being then plenty enough, Sir Hugh coveted a share, and contrived to get it "even with the free consent of the forfeiting owner." We copy the story as we find it:—

"Con M'Neale Mac Brian Fertagh O'Neile, Lord of the Claneboyes, making a grand debauch at Castlereagh with his brothers, friends, and followers, sent his servants with runletts, to bring a supply of wine from Belfast; where getting intoxicated with liquor, they quarrelled with the garrison, and returned to their master without wine, bleeding, and complaining that the soldiers had taken the wine and casks from them by force. *Con* examined into the matter strictly, and extorting a confession, that their number twice exceeded

Another interesting structure, and one of a very olden time, has been also permitted to fall into decay. It is the church built in Newtown by the first of the Montgomeries*. Of the exterior—the ancient doorway, so elaborately embellished — we procured a sketch; the interior is used as a sessions-house. We were given to understand that although a fine and beautiful example of architecture, no attempt whatever has been made to preserve it from sinking into ruin.

The town of Newtown-Ards, and the country adjacent to it, along the banks of Strangford Lough, is the property of the Marquis of Londonderry. It would be difficult to find a better managed estate, or more flourishing farmers, in the most prosperous of the English counties.

that of the soldiers, reproached them bitterly, and swore by his father's and all his noble ancestors' souls, none of them should ever serve him or his family, if they went not instantly back and avenged the affront done to him and themselves, by those few *Boddagh Sassenagh Soldiers*, as he termed them. The servants (not yet sober) vowed to execute that revenge, and arming themselves in the best manner they could, returned to Belfast, assaulted the garrison, and killed one of the soldiers; but were at length beaten off and pursued, some being wounded and others killed. Within a week after, an office of inquiry was held, which found *Con*, with his friends, followers, and servants, guilty of levying war against the queen; and all, whom the provost-marshal could seize, were imprisoned.

"Sir Hugh Montgomery being informed of this whole transaction, and of *Con's* imprisonment, contrived his escape; and by the assistance of Thomas Montgomery of Blackstown, owner of a trading vessel with corn to Carrickfergus, accomplished it; the said Thomas, by making love to the town-marshal's daughter, called Anna Dobbin, removed all suspicion of his design; and after concerting the affair with Con, by contrivance with his mistress, had an opportunity given, to convey him by night on board his vessel, as it were by force; which they privately did, and the next morning arrived with him safe at *the Larggs* in Scotland, whence he was conducted to, and kindly received at Braidstane."

Subsequently, O'Neale entered into indentures with Montgomery to divide his estate with him, on condition that he should procure his pardon. The business was easily managed; the Irish chieftain was graciously received at court, and kissed the king's hands; but a third slice of his numerous estates was allotted to another lucky follower of James—"one Hamilton." The immense tract of country, "Clandeboyes and Great Ardes," was divided between them; and in 1613 Newtown was erected into a corporation. Montgomery was created a peer in 1622. The "one Hamilton" was the ancestor of the late Archibald Hamilton Rowan, and former of the family entitled "the Lords Hamilton of the Ardes."

* The building of the church at Newtown is thus described in "the Montgomery MSS." The passage also strikingly pictures the results that followed "the settlement of Ulster" by James I.

"In the spring time, 1606, those parishes were now more wasted than America, (when the Spaniards

The county of Down is pre-eminent for good landlords, and the Marquis of Londonderry ranks among the best of them.

We encountered only admirably-constructed farmhouses, well furnished with barns and byres, corn-fields and pasture lands, the natural richness of which had been enhanced by industry and well-applied science; every dwelling bore numerous tokens of comfort; every peasant looked cheerful and happy; and we found, by after-inquiry, that these signs of prosperity were not merely superficial, but that the noble owner of the soil, and his agents, under his directions, invariably act upon the principle of "live and let live." It is matter of regret that the Marquis is seldom a resident in the county of Down; his beautiful seat—Mount-Stuart—a few miles from Newtown, had a grievously sad aspect, tenanted as it is but by a solitary care-taker. The view from a small temple, built on the purest Grecian model, in the demesne, is exceedingly beautiful and magnificent, commanding a prospect of the "Lough" with its hundreds of islands. It lies in the route to Grey-

landed there,) but were not at all encumbered with great woods to be felled and grubbed, to the discouragement or hindrance of the inhabitants; for in all those three parishes aforesaid, thirty cabins could not be found, nor any stone walls, but ruined, roofless churches, and a few vaults at Grey Abbey, and a stump of an old castle in Newtown, in each of which some gentlemen sheltered themselves at their first coming over. But Sir Hugh, in the said spring, brought with him divers artificers, as smiths, masons, carpenters, &c. They soon made cottages and booths for themselves, because sods and saplins of ashes, alders, and birch trees (above thirty years old) with rushes for thatch, and bushes for wattles, were at hand. And also they made a shelter of the said stump of the castle for Sir Hugh, whose residence was mostly there, as in the centre of being supplied with necessaries from Belfast (but six miles thence), who, therefore, came and set up a market in Newtown, for profit for both the towns. As likewise in the summer season (twice, sometimes thrice, every week), they were supplied from Scotland, as Donaghadee was oftener, because but three hours' sail from Port-Patrick, where they bespoke provisions and necessaries to lade in, to be brought over by their own or that town's boats, whenever wind and weather served them, for there was a constant flux of passengers coming daily over ..... 1607, you might see streets and tenements regularly set out, and houses rising, as it were, out of the ground (like Cadmus's colony) on a sudden, so that these dwellings became towns immediately. Yet among all this care and indefatigable industry for their families, a place of God's honour to dwell in was not forgotten or neglected; for, indeed, our forefathers were more pious than ourselves, and so soon as said stump of the old castle was so repaired (as it was in the spring time, 1606,) as might be shelter for the year's summer and harvest, for Sir Hugh and his servants that winter, his piety made some good store of provisions in those fair seasons, towards roofing and fitting the chancel of that church, for the worship of God; and therein he needeth not withdraw his own planters from working for themselves, because there were Irish Gibeonets and Garrons enough in his woods, to hew and draw timber for his sanctuary; and the general free contribution of the planters, some with money, others with handicrafts, and many with labouring, was so great and willingly given, that the next year after this, before winter, it was made decently serviceable; and Sir Hugh had brought over at first two or three chaplains with him for these parishes. In summer, 1608, some of the priory walls were roofed and fitted for his lady and children, and servants (which were many) to live in. Now everybody minded their trades, and the plough and the spade, building and setting fruit-trees, &c., in orchards and gardens, and by ditching in their grounds. The old women spun, and the young girls plied their nimble fingers at knitting—and everybody was innocently busy. Now the golden peaceable age renewed; no strife, contention, querulous lawyers, or Scottish or Irish feuds between clans and families, and surnames, disturbing the tranquillity of those times; and the towns and temples were erected, with other great works done, even in troublesome years."

Abbey, to visit which we had made a day's journey to Belfast. We quitted the road, however, a mile or two, to examine the interesting ruins of the old monastery of Moville—a monastery of the Augustine friars; once very richly endowed, and said to have been originally founded by a St. Finian, son of Ultach, king of Ulster. At the dissolution, when it was granted to Viscount Claneboys, it appears to have been possessed of "seven town-lands and the spiritualities of sixteen and a half besides." Traces of extensive foundations may still be clearly made out; and of the ruins that yet remain there are some, parts of which indicate a high finish of workmanship. Mr. Burgess, by whom we were accompanied, made for us the sketch we have given above; and while he used his pencil, we were led by another friend through long grass and dank weeds to look upon the tomb of one whose name is still green in the memories of thousands—who loved the man, and mourn, not without bitterness approaching to fierceness, over the fate to which he was subjected nearly half a century ago. The grave contains the dust of the Reverend Archibald Warwick, the Presbyterian clergyman of the parish, "hung in rebellion," during the melancholy year 1798.

There were two old grey-headed Presbyterians in the churchyard—who regarded the grave with undivided attention; the younger of the two was evidently a native of Scotland. His companion, we soon learned, had witnessed the execution of him who, however mistaken his views, was—if love of country and zeal to do it service can merit the title—a Patriot—a Patriot in the highest sense of the term. It was touching to hear the old man's hard, stern, voice tremble—and to see the muscles of his firm-set mouth relax while he spoke of the Pastor, who, in love, was nearer to him than a brother. He stood erect at the foot of the grave that had been green for many years; and spoke as if he wished "the strangers" to hear and remember his words—and when his voice faltered, he did not appear ashamed of his emotion, but paused, removed

his hat, and wiped the heavy dew from his forehead, pushing back his white hair—and thus having regained his self-possession, continued his theme, as if it had not been interrupted. No ordinary person could have created an attachment of such an enduring nature in so stern and firm a man, as was he, whose affection had outlived his other feelings. Love is the first feeling that springs up within our hearts, but if it be not the first to wither, it is often the first to change; in this man it had endured in all its freshness, even to the end—for his body was bowed down towards the earth that would soon demand the shrunken frame which contained a spirit that age could not chill, and a heart which misfortune had not altered.

"I was much his senior," he said, "yet I was left when he was taken;—so brave, so disinterested—the love of his country was rooted in his heart, and flourished until death destroyed the life he held but in trust for his country's good. He was born to a high place on earth," added the old man poetically, "but he was not destined to fill it; it was reserved for him in heaven. Young, handsome, eloquent, and of a presence so endearing that those who looked upon him once never forgot him; he commanded esteem while he won affection. If he had been less engaging he would have been more fortunate, for then he could not have been regarded as an object of such danger to the Government, but as one to whom they would gladly have extended mercy for the sake of conciliation. I do not know," he continued, "how it is, but when we regard those we love and cherish it seems impossible that we should bear to be separated from them. I thought when I looked upon his features that were rendered so composed, so dignified by the approach of a death which filled the hearts of all his friends with uncontrollable anguish—I thought it was not possible I could survive the cherished boy I had watched from infancy to manhood. This was a wicked rebellion to God's will, but I was reproved—and even by him who counted death a triumph in the cause. I was reproved by a patience and fortitude that passed all understanding. He stood at the fatal tree as a conqueror rather than a victim, and yet, triumphing before men, his spirit bowed before his God. They had ordered a strong guard to prevent commotion, for as a Christian teacher he was beloved by his flock, while those who held the same political faith regarded him as a martyr, and thousands had assembled from all parts of the country to take the last farewell of so extraordinary a man. Mothers held up their children, hoping that his eyes might rest upon them. And strong men, who would have been ashamed of tears, hung down their heads, and wept—yet there he stood, in the sight of the people who looked more like a congregation than a multitude come to view an execution—erect before the God he was to meet within the hour—erect in

mind and body. He was, literally, in the centre of his church, dying a shameful death in the presence of hundreds to whom he had taught humility, charity, and peace—their duty to God and their duty to their neighbour. He was within sight of his own house; every cottage where he had been a comforter was in his view—for the spot upon which he was sacrificed was a height above the valley, upon the side of yonder lofty mountain; his eye could roam over the landscape for many miles. He spoke a few words—their tone entered into my heart; but I could not comprehend their meaning—I was bewildered—God knows how I should have embraced death if by it I could have saved HIS life. He prayed fervently, and then, while (as they told me, for in the assembly I could see but one object) the soldiers turned aside in sorrow, the people—*his own* people, burst forth into one loud hymn, filling the space with harmony; in that burst of heavenly music he passed away, and on it his spirit ascended to his Master."

Grey-Abbey was founded for Cistertian monks by Africa, the wife of Sir John de Courcy, and daughter of Godfred, king of the Isle of Man, A.D. 1193. It was destroyed by the army of O'Neil in the "great rebellion" of 1641, and was never afterwards repaired. "The remains of the abbey," says Dr. Stephenson in its brief History, "show it to have been a large and sumptuous building. The east window of the church is a noble piece of Gothic structure, composed of three compartments, each six feet and more

wide, and upwards of twenty feet high. On each side the altar, in the north and south walls, is also a stately window of freestone, neatly hewn and carved, of the same breadth as the great east window, but something lower.

They are now grown over with ivy, which gives them an awful appearance. The cells, dormitories, and other buildings for the uses of the family, are in ruins; only enough remaining to trace out the compass of ground which the whole structure took up*." The vicinity of these ruins is beautiful and picturesque; the residence of the heir of the Montgomeries immediately adjoins them; and a pretty little temple has been erected on the grounds, in order to afford accommodation to visitors; the place being, as it ought to be, in high favour with the townspeople of Belfast, who occasionally luxuriate in the delicious neighbourhood.

From Grey-Abbey we took the main road to Donaghadee, a neat and prosperous town, only twenty-two miles distant from Portpatrick, in Scotland. Its natural harbour is inclosed by piers and furnished with a lighthouse†. From Donaghadee we proceeded to Bangor, a famous "city of the saints," in old times. It is said to have been founded A.D. 555 by St. Comgall, who established here an abbey of regular canons; the fame of its learning was spread throughout Europe; and its school—which "St. Carthagus directed"—became so celebrated that it was resorted to by students from all parts of the world; nay, *according to some writers, it was the germ out of which arose Oxford*; for when King Alfred "founded or restored that university, he sent to the great school of Bangor for professors." "It hath even been controverted," says the writer of the Down Survey, "whether the arch heretic Pelagius was of this Bangor or of Bangor in Wales. But we shall cheerfully give him up to whoever thinks him worth claiming." Early in the ninth century the establishment was subjected to the merciless visitations of the Danes; who, it is said, in the year 818, massacred the abbot and above nine hundred of the monks; the total number of monks who were at that period residing there being about

* The abbey is thus quaintly described in the old work entitled the Montgomery MSS.—"Neare and in view of Rosemount-house, are the walls of a large abby of curious work (ruinated in Tireowen's rebellion); it is called in inquisitions and patents Abathium de Fuga Dei; in Irish, Monestrelea; in English, Grey (or Hoare) Abby, from the order of fryars who enjoyed it; and had, in ancient times, belonged thereunto, all its own parish, both in spiritualibus et temporalibus, conferred by De Courcy, at the instance of his wife, the king of the Isle of Man's daughter, as Cambden reports (if I remember aright) in the annales of that island. To this abby belonged also divers lands and tithes in the county of Antrim. Campion reports that the said abby, Innes and Comer, were built A.D. 1198 and 1199; but in all my researches I could not find figures or any stones either of the abbey or of the castles aforesaid, to denote the year when they were erected; and who views the walls and ruines of this monastery, will allow many years to the building. The church thereof was in part roofed, and slated, and re-edifyed, and a yeard thereunto walled about, and a competent stipend given for that by the said first Lord Montgomery; and, in A.D. 1685, it was new roofed again by the heirs of William Montgomery, and by contributions of gentlemen concerned therein."

† Donaghadee is the Scotch mail station, and has a magnificent harbour. It is now found, however, that in consequence of the strong tides in the channel, that point is not the best, and perhaps Belfast will be ultimately fixed upon as the station.

three thousand. The old castle of Bangor stands upon the quay; it is in good condition, and retains tokens of huge strength.

Through the whole of this district—the Barony of Ards, and that of Castlereagh—a large proportion of the peasantry are employed in what is technically termed "flowering"—embroidering muslin, chiefly for the Glasgow manufacturers, who supply the unwrought material, and pay fixed sums for the workmanship. The workers earn generally about three shillings a week—a small sum—but as the majority of the inmates of a cottage are similarly employed, sufficient is obtained to procure the necessaries of life; and, indeed, some of its luxuries, for the interiors of many of the cabins presented an aspect of cheerfulness and comfort. We found upon inquiry from the sources best informed upon the subject, that the number of girls occupied in this branch of industry may be thus stated:—Between 2000 and 3000 girls, from five to twelve years of age, employed at veining, at weekly wages averaging from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*; sewers employed at needle-work for Belfast houses, between 2000 and 3000, at weekly wages averaging 3*s.*; about 10,000 employed as needle-workers for Glasgow houses, at weekly wages averaging 4*s.* Thus, upwards of 3000*l.* are paid, weekly, in the north of Ireland, for the manufacture of needle-work. Nearly the whole of the work sent from Glasgow to London, and other parts of England, is produced in this district. It is bleached in Scotland, and sold as "Scotch work." The manufacture is chiefly of collars, cuffs, &c.

From Bangor to Belfast the road passes along Belfast Lough, or Carrickfergus Bay—a beautiful harbour, to which we shall more particularly refer when we describe the most cheering, interesting, and prospering of all the towns of Ireland. The banks on the Down side are extensively wooded; and the scenery, all along, is very charming; now and then, the high hills on the Antrim borders are seen to great advantage; and the beauty of the country

through which we pass is enhanced by the aspect of industry producing improvement that everywhere presents itself. As we near Belfast, on this road, there are many interesting objects; not only in reference to modern improvements, the results of well-directed and well-recompensed industry, but to remains of remote ages. The ruined church of Knockbreda forms an exceedingly picturesque object considerably elevated above the valley of the Lagan, and commanding a fine view of the town and Lough. The church is rapidly mouldering to decay; little of it now remains.

Our tour thus far through the county of Down has been limited to its coast*; nor will the interior call for very particular notice. The towns of Dromore—the ancient episcopal see—Hillsborough and Banbridge †, are populous and extensive, and are supported chiefly by the produce of linen in the various branches of the manufacture; a subject, however, that will be more fitly introduced in treating of Belfast—the great mart for the commodity.

* As so much of this county lies along the coast, it would naturally be supposed that its fisheries are extensive; but the ordinary causes which have impeded the fisheries on all other parts of the coast, such as antiquated notions, want of capital, improvidence, insufficient clothing, &c., exist here too. In addition to this, it appeared in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that the young fish (*gravel*) are destroyed in great numbers, about Dundrum Bay and Kilkeel, when they are totally unfit for any useful purpose.

† The River Bann was at one period famous for its pearl fishery, and pearls are still occasionally found there. In the old Down Survey we find the following particulars. "The pearls are found in fresh-water muscles, in shape and colour like the sea muscles, but of a larger size; the shells of which are sometimes used by the poorer people instead of spoons. The fish of this muscle cuts like the oyster, is of a dark green colour, and soon corrupts; but being of an insipid, disagreeable taste, it is seldom eaten even by the poor. The shell is fastened by two cartilages, one at each end, and in this particular differs from the oyster and scallop, which have only one in the middle. Sir Robert Reading (in a letter to the Royal Society, dated 13th Oct., 1688) from his own experience gives an account of these fish, and the manner of fishing for them in some rivers in the county of Tyrone; which, as it differs little from the Bann practice, may be applicable here. He tells us, "he saw the muscles lying in part opened, putting forth their white fins, like a tongue out of the mouth, which direct the eye of the fisher to them, being otherwise black as the stones in the river.

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The people of the county Down, as a whole, are of Scotch origin. There are, of course, numerous exceptions; but so small a proportion do they bear to the whole, that the lowland or Ayrshire dialect was commonly spoken all over the county till about the middle or towards the end of the last century. At this moment a sort of mongrel Scotch is spoken in and near Ballynahinch, Dromara, Saintfield, Combe, Killinchy, Holywood, Bangor, Newtonards, Donaghadee, Kirkcubbin, Portaferry, &c. "The nearness" of this county to the Mull of Galloway has made the districts, on the two sides, scarcely distinguishable; and the stream of Scottish population can be traced most distinctly from Donaghadee and Bangor, upwards to the interior. In the eastern part of the parish of Hillsborough, the Scottish dialect and religion are still preserved; its western extremity is among the colonists of James I., where the dialect is much more interesting, being a mixture of pure English with that of the olden time. The eastern district of the county, about Ardglass, lies opposite to the Isle of Man, and is one of the nearest points to any English sea-port. Hence, the settlers there at an early

That the backs of the shells above the hinges, on which the valves open, are broken and bruised, and discover the several crusts and scales that form the shell, which (he thinks) is caused by great stones driven over them by the impetuosity of the floods. The insides of the shells are of a pearly colour, and of a substance like a flat pearl, especially when first opened; and he was told by an ingenious person on the spot, that he had observed in some shells under the first coat a liquor orient and clear, that would move on the pressure of the finger; but that such a muscle never had a pearl: and Sir Robert judges this liquor to be the true mother of pearl. He tells us that the pearl lies in the toe or lesser end of the shell, at the extremity of the gut, and out of the body of the fish between the two films that line the shell. He is of opinion (with some naturalists) that the pearl answers to the stone in other animals, and, like that, increaseth by several crusts growing over one another, which appears by pinching the pearl in a vice, when the upper coat will crack and leap away; and that this stone is cast off by the muscle, and voided as it is able.

He affirms "that the shells containing the best pearls are wrinkled, twisted or bunched, and not smooth and equal as those that have none; which the fishers so well know, that though they are carefully watched, yet they will open such shells under the water and conceal the pearls. That those pearls, if once dark, will never clear upon any alteration in the health or age of the muscle; and that if the first seed be black, all the coats superinduced will be clouded." He adds, "that a vast number of fair merchantable pearls are offered to sale every summer assize, some gentlemen of the country making good advantage thereof. That he saw one pearl bought for fifty shillings that weighed thirty-six carats, and was valued at forty pounds; and that had it been as clear as some others produced with it, would have been very valuable. That a miller found a pearl, which he sold for four pounds ten shillings to a man that sold it for ten pounds, who disposed of it to the Lady Glenawly for thirty pounds, with whom he saw it in a necklace, for which she refused eighty pounds from the old Duchess of Ormond."

The common method of fishing for these muscles in the Bann is very simple. In the warm months, while the river is low and clear, the poor people wade into the water, and some with their toes, some with wooden tongues, and others with sharp sticks thrust into the opening of the shells, take them up. But these methods can be practised only in shallow water; whereas the large muscles and the greater quantities are found in deep smooth water, as is experienced in the pearl fisheries of the East and West Indies, where they fish by divers sometimes above sixty feet under water. If dredges, or other mechanical contrivances, were used to fish the deep waters of the Bann, they might probably meet with better success in the size, and, it may be, in the colour of the pearls."

period, as well as at present, were English, as its castles and towers amply prove. The remains of three or four are still in existence, and it appears from Harris that they formed part of a long range of "booths" for the sale of merchandise, open towards the land for the purposes of trade, and having loopholes towards the sea, with a view to defence. The English settlers spread to a little distance round; hence in Downpatrick, as well as in various other towns of Ireland, the three leading streets are the English, Irish, and Scotch quarters, respectively. Until about a century ago, an extensive "Irish-speaking" population existed near Downpatrick; but they have all disappeared; and the only traces of the language are to be found in the mountainous districts, where the people are almost exclusively Irish, or in the neighbourhood of Carlingford Bay at the south. The English settlers under the various Knights of the Plantation of Ulster, spread up the valley of the Lagan, meeting the Scotch and Irish on the banks of the Lagan, from Belfast to Lisburn, then by Hillsborough (formerly called Crommelin, or the village of the crooked stream, and changed by Sir Moyses Hill to "Hillburrough"), Druibh Mor (Dromore), and "the bridge of the Baun" (Bannbridge). At various points of this line, the people are as distinct in religion, dialect, habits, wealth, and other characteristics, as their respective nations are on the opposite sides of the border. It is even said that a Down farmer (Scotch) can be known from an Antrim one (English) in a fair or market, by his "hardness in driving a bargain *."

* The names of the people are interesting, both as illustrating their origin, and as showing the extraordinary corruptions which names sometimes undergo. When the Graemes of the Debateable land, near Carlisle, had made themselves odious to the people on both sides of the border, they were obliged to emigrate in large numbers. Some of them settled on the north coast, near Bangor, and hence the name Graemsport (now Groomsport). The word, however, was not carefully preserved, nor indeed was it possible to preserve words of any kind pure, that passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, and were rarely committed to writing: accordingly we have Graeme, Graham, Grimes, Groom, &c. The "clan Savages of the Ardes" had early effected a settlement, and their predatory attacks on the natives in various parts, but chiefly on the clan Mac Gillmore, were felt severely. During the various contentions in Scotland, multitudes of the people came over to Ireland. The proscribed clan Mac Gregor (see Sir W. Scott's Preliminary Dissertation to *Rob Roy*) migrated here in great numbers, and their descendants are still to be found under the names of Grier, Greer, Gregor, &c.—the *Mac* being in general dropped. In the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, as well as during the religious troubles, many came over, but in general the names have undergone a great change. The Mac Kinnons from the Isle of Skye are now Mac Kenna, Mac Kean, Mac Cannon, &c.; Mac Nish is Mac Neice, Menees, Munnis, Monies, &c. In the English district the soldiers first introduced by Cromwell have transmitted their English names, Standfield, Turner, Tate, Johnson, Thomson; the settlers from Conway in Wales are still known as Welsh, Price (ap Rice), Hughes (originally ap Hugh), &c. The Irish names are usually altered to a more English euphony, and indeed in the Irish statutes English names were *enforced*, which explains the origin of some curious patronymics usually said to have originated with foundlings.

For much valuable information relative to the county of Down, we are indebted to Mr. A. Hume, the principal English master in the High School, Mount Street, Liverpool. He announces for early publication a

Soon after entering the county of Down, we began to feel we were in another country; in a district, at least, where the habits as well as the *looks* of the people were altogether different from those to which we had been accustomed. We neither encountered the sallow countenances, illuminated by brilliant black eyes, and shadowed by the long silken dark hair, of the Milesian Irish; nor those of the round, rosy, soft Munster beauties, who seem very pictures of roguish good-humour, and are always ready to laugh with you, or at you, as occasion serves. The faces we now met had a square, stolid, "look-forward" sort of expression; the cheek-bones were high and broad; the eyes somewhat sunk, and rather blue than either black or grey; —the complexions, in general, were what they term "sandy" in Ireland: —several of the heads of the children being decidedly "red." Both men and women wore neat and well-mended clothes. Tartan shawls, ribands, and even waistcoats, intimated our close approximation to the Scottish coast. We met a little rosy girl, and her replies to our questions proved that we had left behind us the soft, *woolly* brogue of the south, and should, for some time at all events, hear nothing but the hard, dry rasping of the Scottish accent, the economic tones of which disdain to give an iota more breath or expression to a word than is absolutely necessary to render it intelligible.

"Where are you going, my dear?" we inquired.

"I'm ganging to scule," was the little maid's reply.

"And where do you live?"

"Is it whar I leive?—joost wi' mee faither and mee mither."

"How old are you?"

"Joost sax." And off she trotted, apparently regretting that she had wasted so much time upon inquisitive travellers. We entered the cottage she had quitted; and, though we confess to our affection for the soft southern accent, we would most sincerely rejoice to see the same habitual industry and

work that promises to be of rare value,—on "The Language of Ulster." His announcement is thus expressed:—

"The attention of the writer has been occasionally directed to this work for several years; during which he has been aided in the collection of materials by various literary friends. It will be divided into three sections, as follows:—I. *An Analysis of the Language of Ulster;* in which the various forms of expression, differing from pure English, will be stated and accounted for. The laws of language illustrated by these peculiarities will be carefully pointed out; and several interesting facts will be noticed, particularly the connexion of modern vulgarisms with the language of past ages. II. *A Glossary of Words and Phrases.* Each word will be referred to the explanatory paragraphs in the preceding section; and the more important ones will be illustrated by appropriate quotations. III. *Illustrations of the Dialect;* consisting of wrong readings, selections from the Hibernian classic writers, traditionary ballads, proverbs, &c. As the peculiarities of the dialect, which is characteristic of the island, are all contained, with a few in that of Ulster, a complete treatise on the Irish Dialect will necessarily be included in the book.

painstaking in the south as in the north. The cottage, though small, was neat and orderly; the man was working at his loom; his wife was spinning, rocking the cradle with one foot, and turning her wheel with the other; while an elder girl was carding flax. We observed a peculiarly-formed candlestick upon the dresser. It is used very generally, throughout the district, for burning the peeled rush soaked in tallow. There were very few articles of furniture; but there was a large Bible on a book-shelf, made evidently on purpose to support it; the holy book was covered with a well-worn, dark green tartan; and there were two or three smaller volumes, and a few old numbers, stitched together, of "Chambers' Journal;" there was also a meal-chest, and the woman told us that the pot, which hung upon the crook ready to be turned over the fire when it was time to prepare dinner, contained greens and potatoes mashed together, with a small portion of pork chopped into squares—poor enough, the English reader will say; but those who know Ireland will wish that all the peasantry fared as well. We looked out of the window; the little patch of ground called a garden was well cultivated, and a boy was busily occupied in trenching a piece, from which cabbages had been removed; there was the usual northern group of orange lilies. Though the woman did not invite us immediately to sit down, with the ready hospitality and cheerful manner of a southern, yet the few words she spoke were full of meaning, and she was pleased with our well-earned commendation of her industry.

"In the country," she said, "a puir mon an' his family could mak out life, by God's help; for the earth was gracious, and every blade was a blessin'; but it was hard for those in the close toons to put up wi' starvation, an' not even the clear sky to look at."

The boy in the garden was so unlike the other two children, that we inquired if he was their son.

She said, not their *born* son, "though I love him as weel as if I had suffered the same pain for him I did for my ain. He 's my husband's brother's child; and his faythe r and mither are gane their ain gait to Canada; an' if they find a' prosperin', why they 'll send hame word, and we'll follow. The bairn was weakly when they went, and so I asked him to bide, for it 's ill movin' in a strange kintree wi' sickness."

"And shall you not be sorry to leave your own country?"

"Ay," said the weaver, who now joined the conversation for the first time,

and spoke with a less northern accent than his wife; "ay, that I will; and there is a text against it. It is written—'Dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

"Aweel," answered the woman, in a tone and with a manner which proved her the more adventurous person of the two; "but the Israelites were commanded to depart out of the lan' o' Egypt. Now, you wad hae remained suner than quit the lan' o' bondage you were born in."

"Ah!" observed the poor fellow, shaking his head, and speaking to us of his wife; "she left her ain canny Aberdeen when she was a wee bairn, and came ower to Belfast, and that unsettled her airly; but I was born in yon bed, and I followed my gran'fayther an' gran'mither, and my ain parents, out of that door to their graves, and I thought to lay beside them. I 'll no' quit the auld place till I ken mair of the new, and sae I tauld the wife: but women," he added, smiling, "are aye for gadding; we might gang farther and fare waur than in the county Down, bad as times are."

To this we most cordially assented; it was new to us to hear the words of Scripture quoted in an Irish cottage, by a mere peasant. The woman's admirable Scotch thrift came out at the conclusion of the, certainly not ungentle, strife.

"Weel, weel," she exclaimed, "Alick, yee 'll joost do as you like at the end, ga' or stay. It wa'd break my heart to see you mourn the country when you 'd be far frae it; and it would break my heart to bring up the children to meesery; but, come what may, there 's nae harm in sávin' all we can, though sometimes it 's nae mair nor a ha'penny a-week, again' a saft day, either at hame or abroad."

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MONAGHAN.

The inland county of Monaghan, in the province of Ulster, is bounded on the north by the county of Tyrone, on the south by that of Meath, on the east by the counties of Louth and Armagh, and on the west by those of Fermanagh and Cavan. According to the Ordnance Survey, it comprises an area of 327,048 statute acres, of which 9,236 are unimproved mountain and bog, 6167 are under water, and the remainder are cultivated land. In 1821 the population was 174,697; in 1831 it amounted to 195,536. Its baronies are five—Cremorne, Dartree, Farney, Monaghan, and Trough.

The county was anciently called Mac Mahon's country, from the powerful sept who ruled it, and who proved very troublesome neighbours to the early English settlers—manifesting a strong indisposition to part with their lands at the command of the Anglo-Norman intruders. The earliest of them having entered into a treaty with the native chieftain, confided to him the two forts he had erected; which Mac Mahon soon afterwards deserted and destroyed; and when questioned concerning his breach of faith, proudly answered that "he had not bound himself to keep stone walls, and scorned to shut himself up within so dreary a dwelling, while his native woods were near at hand to give him shelter and afford him protection." The brave and haughty chiefs continued their opposition to the English settlers down to the period of Elizabeth, when the representative of the clan was taken and hanged, his county was made shire-ground, and divided according to the baronial arrangement which it still retains *. The strong arm of power was, however, unable

* The circumstances connected with this legal murder are recorded by old Fynes Moryson—an authority by no means over indulgent to the Irish claus or their chieftains. "About this time [An. 1590] *Mac Mahoune*, chieftain of Monaghan, died, who in his lifetime had surrendered this his countrey, held by *Tanistry*, the Irish Law, into her Majestics hands, and received a regrant thereof, under the broad seal of *England*, to him and his heirs male, and for default of such, to his brother *Hugh Roe Mac Mahoune*, with other remainders. And this man dying without heires males, his said brother came up to the state, that he might be settled in his inheritance, hoping to be countenanced and cherished as her Majesties Patentee, but he found (as the Irish say) that he could not be admitted till he had promised to give about sixe hundred cows (for such and no other are the Irish bribes). After he was imprisoned (the

to subdue his descendants; and when, during the reign of James II., the famous attorney-general, Sir John Davies, made, with the lord-deputy, a tour of inspection into the county, their forces were compelled to encamp in the open field, "pitching their tents about a quarter of a mile from Monaghan town," which the historian describes as "not deserving the name of a good village," while of the Mac Mahons he reported that "undoubtedly they are the proudest and most barbarous sept among the Irish; and do ever soonest repine, and kick, and spurn at the English government*." New titles to lands were given;

Irish say for failing in part of this payment), and within few daies againe inlarged, with promise that the Lord Deputy himself would go to settle him in his countrey of Monaghan, whither his lordship tooke his journey shortly after, with him in his company. At their first arrival, the gentleman was clapt in bolts, and within two dayes after, indited, arraigned, and executed, at his owne house, all done (as the Irish said) by such officers as the Lord Deputy carried with him to that purpose. The Irish said, he was found guilty by a jury of souldiers, but no gentlemen or freeholders, and that of them four English souldiers were suffered to goe and come at plesure; but the other, being Irish kerne, were kept straight, and starved, till they found him guilty. The treason for which he was condemned, was because some two yeeres before, he pretending a rent due unto him out of the Ferney, upon that pretence levied forces, and so marching into the Ferney in warlike manner, made a distresse for the same (which by the English law may perhaps be treason, but in that countrey, never before subject to law, it was thought no rare thing, nor great offence). The greatest part of the countrey was divided betweene four gentlemen of that name, under a yeerely rent to the queene, and (as they said) not without payment of a good fine under hand. The marshall, *Sir Henry Bagnall*, had part of the countrey, Captain *Henstowe* was made seneschall of the countrey, and had the gentleman's chiefe house, with a portion of land, and to divers other smaller portions of lands were assigned, and the Irish spared not to say that these men were all the contrivers of his death, and that every one paid something for his share. Hereupon the Irish of that name, besides the former allegations, exclaimed that their kinsman was treacherously executed, to intitle the queen to his land, and to extinguish the name of *Mac Mahoune*, and that his substance was divided betweene the Lord Deputy and the marshall—yea, that a pardon was offered to one of the jury for his son, being in danger of the law, upon condition hee would consent to find this his kinsman guilty. Certaine it is, that upon *Mac Mahoune's* execution, heart-burnings and lothings of the English government began to grow in the northerne lords against the state, and they shunned, as much as they could, to admit any sheriffes or any English to live among them, pretending to feare like practises to overthrow them."

* Of the mode adopted by the attorney-general to humble the pride of the Mac Mahons, and bring their people under shelter of the wings of the English government, we have a striking and characteristic account in the "letter of Sir John Davies to Robert Earl of Salisbury." "Touching the service performed in this country by the justices of Assize: albeit they found few prisoners in the gaols, the most part being bailed by Sir Edward Blaney, to the end the fort where the gaol is kept might not be pestered with them; yet when such as were bailed came in upon their recognisances, the number was greater than we expected. One grand jury was so well chosen, as they found with good expedition all the bills of indictment true; but on the other side, the juries, that were impannelled for trial of the prisoners, did acquit them as fast, and found them not guilty; which whether it was done for favour, or for fear, it is hard to judge: for the whole county, consisting of three or four names only, viz. M'Mahoune, M'Rena, M'Cabe, and O'Connaly, the chief was ever of one of those names, and of these names this jury did consist; so that it was impossible to try him but by his kinsmen, and therefore it was probable that the malefactors were acquitted for favour: but on the other part, we were induced to think that fear might be the cause; forasmuch as the poor people seemed very unwilling to be sworn of the juries, alleging, that if they condemned any man, his friends in revenge would rob, or burn, or kill them for it; and that the like mischief had happened to divers jurors since the last session holden there: such is the barbarous malice and impiety of this people. Notwithstanding, when we

the old ones having been of course "found defective," being indeed no other than those derived from "old time;" and all difficulties having been adjusted—the troops being all the while close at hand—"his lordship, the lord-deputy, did," according to the testimony of his attorney-general, "make the year a year of jubilee to the inhabitants of this county of Monaghan."

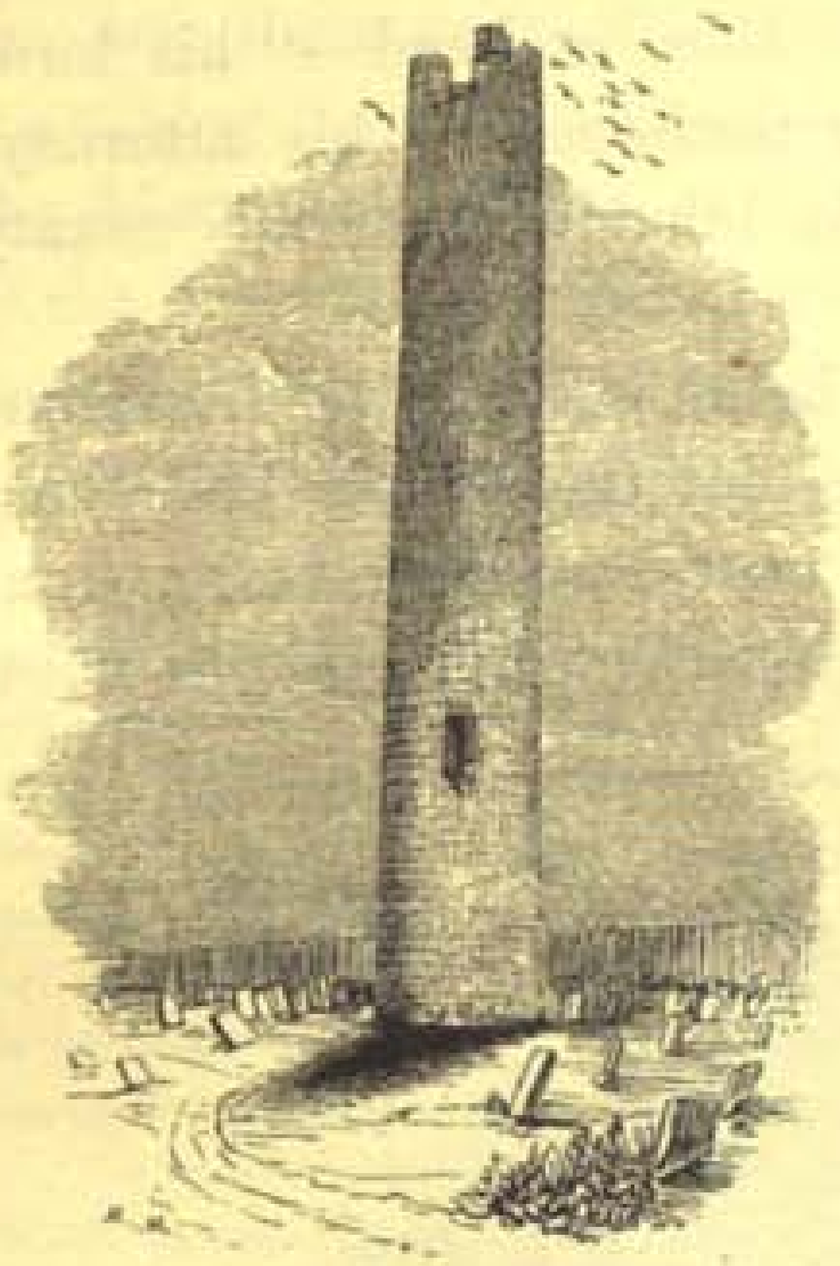
The county is described by old writers as being not only mountainous, but covered with wood; the mountains endure, but the forests have long since vanished. The lakes, of which there are many, are, however, of considerable beauty, and supply abundant subjects for the pencil of the artist.

We supply an example, borrowed from a lough which divides Monaghan from Cavan, close to the lovely demesne of Lord Cremorne, in the barony of Dartree. In the distance is seen, peering above luxuriant foliage, the spire of Kilcrow church.

The principal town of the county is the town of Monaghan, from which,

had punished one jury with good round fines and imprisonment, for acquitting some prisoners, contrary to direct and pregnant evidence, another jury being impannelled for trial of others, found two notorious malefactors guilty; whereof one was a notable thief, and the other a receiver of thieves; both which were presently executed, and their execution struck some terror in the best men of the country; for the beef, which they eat in their houses, is for the most part stolen out of the English Pale; and for that purpose, every one of them keepeth a cunning thief, which he calleth his Cater. Brian Oge M'Mahoune, and the Art M'Rorie, two of the principal gentlemen before named, were indicted for the receiving of such stealths; but they acknowledging their faults upon their knees before my lord-deputy, had their pardon granted unto them; so that I believe stolen flesh will not be so sweet unto them hereafter."

indeed, the county is said to have taken its name, derived from Muinechan, the dwelling of the monks, although all traces of monastic establishments have disappeared from its vicinity. Vestiges of ancient structures, either of religious houses or castellated mansions, are indeed rare throughout Monaghan; and in this respect it forms a singular contrast to its immediate neighbours, Armagh, Louth, and Down. The abbey of Clones is perhaps the only ecclesiastical building of which any remains exist; and these are of small account; but adjoining them is one of the far-famed and long-famed Round-towers: the cap is gone; the doorway is nearer to the ground than usual; and it possesses another somewhat peculiar feature, being composed of rough stones without, and of smooth stones within. Of relics of a more remote antiquity Monaghan has its full share, druidical temples and raths being found in nearly every district of it*.



* Within the present year a singular discovery was made about three miles from Monaghan; from its perfect state of preservation it forms a most curious relic of antiquity. It is an ancient structure—a dwelling-house. A man who had recently got possession of the farm upon which it is situated went to remove an unsightly hillock in a small meadow close to his cottage; this little field had been reclaimed a few years ago after the turf had been cut off it, and from it to the small lake of Keshlin (about three hundred yards below it) was, in the memory of an old man living near it, one continued heath moor, with several spades deep of turf under it; and he had seen seven spits deep of turf cut off the hillock which formed the roof of the house. The outer wall is forty-six feet by about sixteen. Outside the entrance is a semicircular courtyard; the base of the wall surrounding it, as well as all the other walls, is composed of large rough stones, some of them several tons weight, standing on their ends, something like Stonehenge. The entrance divided the semicircular wall into two equal segments, and was formed with two larger stones than the others, sufficiently apart to admit a man with ease. Inside the entrance was an oval apartment about twelve feet by eight, which was arched over from within about four feet of the base. The arch was composed of flat stones of different sizes, so carefully selected and fitted (though there was not a cut stone in the whole building), that the point of a penknife could scarcely be inserted between them. Each stone projected about a quarter of an inch over the underneath one, until they met at the top of the roof, which was about six feet from the ground. Opposite the entrance, at the other side of this room, was a similar entrance into the lobby which led straight to the other extremity of the building, and in which were six other apartments, all square and built and roofed in the same manner as the first oval one. The two standing stones forming the entrance from this latter room into the corridor stood somewhat narrower than those of the principal part, and seemed rubbed and worn on one particular part, as it were from the weapons of the inhabitants returning from their hunting or plundering excursions. The whole of the floor inside was flagged with slabs of the same stone, and the outside of the roof covered with the same material, which is the most remarkable circumstance connected with it, as the nearest freestone quarry is on Carronmore mountain in Fermanagh, about twenty miles from this place, and the stone there does not split into slabs, and is of a quite different grain, the former exactly resembling the Scotch sandstone found along the Clyde. Some maintain that this antique piece of architecture must

As the county of Monaghan affords us but a scanty supply of materials of an original character, we shall avail ourselves of an opportunity to relate some anecdotes illustrative of the habits and peculiarities of the "good people;"—the good people of Ireland being, as everybody knows, fairies. It is necessary, indeed, that we should no longer postpone the treatment of this subject; for in the comparatively matter-of-fact north, they lose their reputation and their influence, and cease to extort that respect, arising from fear, with which they are still almost universally regarded in the more poetical south. A belief in fairies is certainly on the decline throughout Ireland: national schools are ruining their repute; education is turning their memories into a mockery; and little growing-up urchins are found absolutely to laugh at the tiny beings about whom their fathers have so many stories—to the truth of which they will swear, in spite of all that is taught by reason or written in books. We have already "said our say" concerning the Phooka; of the Banshee we shall record some startling "facts" when we visit Shane Castle—the ruined castle of the O'Neils, among the broken walls of which the spectre wails over the fallen grandeur of the once proudest and most powerful of the ancient Irish kings. Of the Cluricaune we shall here relate an illustrative tale or two; and these three seem to us to be the only "spirits," strictly speaking, peculiar to Ireland *. For the fairies in the "gross," if we

be antediluvian: but the circumstance of the interior having been found perfectly clean, with the exception of the juice of the bog-stuff covering it having trickled down the walls (and this black appearance may have been caused by the effect of smoke, although there were no other indications of fire having been used inside), it may be concluded, from the number of what are called in the south of Ireland "follagh feeah" (deer fire), that this edifice has been the abode of hunters, and that the turf-mould was first excavated in order to build it, and then laid back again for the purpose of concealment. Many of his neighbours say that the owner of the ground, who has dug up part of the house, found some great curiosities in it, but he himself denies it, with the exception of a round slab of sandstone, with some characters scratched on it, and one of his children let it fall and broke it.

* Mr. Crofton Croker, the historian of the "good people," who has indeed left little for other writers upon the subject, states that the Cluricaune of the county of Cork, the Luricaune of Kerry, the Lurigadawne of Tipperary, appear to be the same as the Leprechan or Leprochaune of Leinster, and Logheryman of Ulster; and that these words are probably all provincialisms of the Irish name for a pigmy. Mr. Croker has pictured his person and described his habits so accurately, that we do not apologise for extracting his account. "The Cluricaune is never met with in company, but always alone. He is much more corporeal, and appears in the day-time as a little old man with a wrinkled countenance, in an antiquated dress. His pea-green coat is adorned with large buttons, and he seems to take a particular delight in having large metal shoe-buckles. He wears a cocked hat in the ancient French style. He is detested on account of his evil disposition, and his name is used as an expression of contempt. People try to become his master, and therefore often threaten him; sometimes they succeed in outwitting him, sometimes he is more cunning, and cheats them. He employs himself in making shoes, at the same time whistling a tune. If he is surprised by man when thus engaged, he is indeed afraid of his superior strength, but endowed with the power of vanishing, if he can contrive to make the mortal turn his eyes from him even for an instant. The Cluricaune possesses a knowledge of hidden treasures, but does not discover them till he is pressed to the utmost. He frequently

may so misapply a term, we shall reserve ourselves until, perhaps, we reach the "far west," or at least the wild mountains and iron-bound coast of Donegal.

All authorities agree in describing this little gentleman as one of the most archly mischievous and amusing of the fairy tribe. While the dark and stormy Phooka performs acts of desperate daring, whirling people from mountain to mountain, and then casting them into the deepest morass he can discover; while the elves, the legitimate moonlight fairies, sport in "the rings," the woods, along the yellow sands, and through the halls of the olden time; while the lonely Banshee flits about the relics of old places, frighting the lone owl with the wail of death; the Cluricaune curls himself under a hedge to mend his tiny "brogue;" seats himself astride a butt of the best wine in the cellar of a friend's house, and taps the juice of the grape for his own advantage; or, it may be, counts over the treasures which he loves to conceal in the caves of the earth, or among the stones that betoken past magnificence. In fine, while others of fairy land

relieves himself when a man fancies that he is wholly in his power. A common trick of his is infinitely to multiply the mark showing where the treasure lies, whether it is a bush, a thistle, or a branch, that it may no longer serve as a guide to the person who has fetched an instrument to dig up the ground. The Cluricaune has a small leathern purse with a shilling, which, however often he may pay it away, always returns, and which is called the lucky shilling (sprè na skillenagh). He frequently carries about him two purses; the one contains the magic shilling, and the other a copper coin; and if compelled to deliver, he cunningly presents the latter, the weight of which is satisfactory, and when the person who has seized it is examining whether it is correct, he watches the opportunity and disappears.

"His enjoyments consist in smoking and drinking. He knows the secret, which the Danes are said to have brought into Ireland, of making beer from heather. The small tobacco-pipes of antique form which are frequently found in Ireland in digging or ploughing, especially in the vicinity of those circular entrenchments called Danish forts, are supposed to belong to the Cluricaune; and if they are discovered, broken, or in any way damaged, it is looked upon as a sort of atonement for the tricks which their pretended owners are presumed to have played.

"The Cluricaune also appears connected with men, and then attaches himself to a family, with which he remains as long as a member of it survives, who are at the same time unable to get rid of him. With all his propensity to mischief and roguery, he usually has a degree of respect for the master of the house, and treats him with deference. He lends a helping hand, and wards off secret dangers; but is extremely angry and enraged if they forget him, and neglect to put his food in the usual place."

are more intent upon pastime and pleasure, the Cluricaune, Leprehaun, Lewricaun, or whatever you may please to call him, is intent upon business, and a quaint methodical enjoyment of the comforts of life, seasoned with a sprinkling of mischief to prevent insipidity. He has a decided preference for some families over others; for he will eat of their bread and drink of their cup as long as it continues to be supplied so as to suit his own ideas of respect and convenience; but if they neglect him, though he does not desert, he punishes them in return, and sometimes so severely, that his absence might be esteemed a favour; he is, moreover, an insolent little fellow—cutting and sarcastic—an elderly Puck, a systematic "Robin-goodfellow." In fact, the Irish Cluricaune seems to have monopolised the forethought of the country; and, as an old Irish gardener remarked to us, "if he has a respect for anything in the world, it is for an ancient family—as long as it keeps a good cellar." The old man told us that "his ould master—God be good to him!—had a Cluricaune in his family for more than five hundred years, and that he was always trated as a gentleman because of the way he bothered Queen Elizabeth and Oliver Crommell; more particularly the last thief o' the world, who, when he thought he had a cellar full of wine, and gathered all his crop-ears together, to have a spree with the claret, sorra a drop was in e'er a butt of the whole thirteen, but salt wather! And my great great grandfather, who *see* it," he continued, "said there never was finer fun in the world than to watch them try first one and then the other; and the soldiers took up the word to the geniral himself, saying the way it was; and he wouldn't believe it, but walked, as black as murder, down to the cellar himself, and tastes first one and then the other of the whole set; and when he tasted the last, he flings the glass from him. 'Blur' an' ounds an' ages! what's this?' he says. 'Oh, is that you, you wonderful saint!' answers a voice; 'I'm ashamed to hear your saintship swearing.' And ould Oliver looked round, and there as 'cute as a rat sits the little Cluricaune on a bame of the cellar, resting his elbows on his knees, and his chin on his hands, and grinning like a basket o' chips.

"'Fire at him and defy Satan!' shouts Crummell.

"'Fire away, Flanagan!' answers the little chap,—'Fire away; but even if ye put your own red nose to the touch-hole, you'd miss fire. And now, ould depredaator, if it isn't a rude question, might a body make bould to ax how much the painting of your nose cost? I've been above a thousand years on the world, and so fine a nose as that I never looked at before. I didn't think you'd have the *face* to show such a nose in the country.' Crummell began all sorts of prayers at this; but 'Knock,' as he was called, little feared him or his prayers, but kept on at the jibe and the jeer in a surprising manner.

'I've turned the wine into wather for your health's sake,' says the chap at last, as knowing as a lawyer's magpie; and if ye don't be off out o' this, it's hard saying what I'll do next; maybe make an honest and a marciful man of ould Noll! and sure then his power would be ended,' says the Cluricaune. But the wonder of the world is, that when the counthry got shut of the thieving crew, and the ould ancient residenther came back to his own again, sure the claret was to the fore as good as ever, barring just one cask not worth talking of, a morsel of a quarther cask of the claret, which the Cluricaune it is to be supposed gave among his friends.'"

We inquired if he was still attached to the same family. The old man shook his head mournfully. "I know the boy that heard him mending his bits of brogues under the shadow of the tombstone, of the very last of that line; and by the same token he dodged him round and round the stone by the top of his red cap, until at last the 'cuteness of the creature to get his eye off him, made him toss up the cap in the air; and my poor Barney's look followed the cap instead of watching the Cluricaune; and so the thing gave a wild screech and was gone. I followed one of them myself along the side of a hedge for as good as a mile, and if I'd had the luck to catch him, I'd engage I'd have held him till he told me of his crock of *goold;* but after leading me the dickon's own dance, there was a jibe of a sneering laugh up a tree, and when I looked sorra a thing could I see but a bit of a woodpecker running round and round the stem like mad." He also told us, that when distress obliged the "ould residenther" to sell all he had, a great red-headed "Sassanach" bought the estates, and having heard of the family Cluricaune, determined to banish him. "He had the cellar cleaned, and locks ('the tame nagur') put on the wine bins, and wine in by the dozen bottles, instead of the dozen pipes, and sent for the clergyman of the parish; and while the two were '*colloguing*' together, just after the fine powder puff of a butler had laid a bottle of Burgundy on the table, and they were growing mighty cozy, the 'clargy' raised the glass to his lips—and yah! before he tasted it, it was empty!

"'That wine 's just like the man that owns it,' says Knock; for it was he sure enough that emptied the glass, and then spoke from under the table—'It's just like the man that owns it—*it is too new.*' Well, the parson took out his book. 'Maybe,' says Knock, out of the curl of his bag wig—'Maybe I'm as well read in that as yerself; I'm neither Turk, Jew, nor haythin; and look here, you poor whey-faced, trembling, starved and starving, clodhopping, huxter-selling spawn of English trade, ye need be under no apprehension of my giving you the pleasure of my company; I wouldn't demane myself by living under the same roof with you. I only

remained here to *shoot* my own convaynience. But I'm going to tell you what you have to expect; a ferret will keep away rats, and a rat will keep away mice—one plague is better than a thousand.' Somehow the candles were out in an instant, and the glass all broke to smithereens. And the last thing the master saw, and his head whirling round, was little Knock whirring through the ceiling, and hissing like a thousand *sarpints*. The upshot of it was, that the house, which had been one of the most *pa*ceable in the whole counthry (for every one made allowance for Knock's little ways) became a hurricane; no one could stand the place at all. Morning, noon, or night, it was all the same; if the masther had known where to send for the Cluricaune, he'd have sent; but as he did not, why he did the next best thing he could—he quit the counthry—and by the same token, the place is a ruin to this day."

Stories of peasants who have seen the Cluricaune are plenty enough; although few have had the luck actually to "catch" the little schemer. It is by no means uncommon, however, to attribute some apparently sudden accession of wealth to a discovery of "goold," through the interference of this its peculiar guardian, from whom the secret of its burial-place has been extorted, not by love, but fear. We have never been so fortunate as to converse with a party so circumstanced; although, scores of times, holes under the foundations of old abbeys, or pits in fallow fields, have been pointed out to us as places from which the treasure had been delved up, that "made a man of" Tim this or Jerry that. One anecdote we remember, and it may be worth recording. It was told us by "a comfortable farmer," in Wexford county—long ago.

"A man by the name of Jack Cassidy was the only one I ever knew, who, out an' out, had a *hoult* of a Cluricaune; and this was the way of it: Jack was a frolicsome, gay sort of fellow, full of spirit and fun and divarshin of all kinds, a gay boy intirely, and one that had no more care for the world than the world for him; and Jack had been making fierce love to a very purty slip of a girl, with a good penny o' money, but Peggy's father wouldn't listen to any rason that wasn't set to the tune of 'guinea goold;' and this a'most drove Jack beside himself. And he had often heard tell of a Cluricaune that used to be below the bathered farm-house of Eddyconner; and, bedad! Jack let his uncle's ploughing and sowing take care of itself, and set to watch the little ould chap day and night, hearing him, sometimes in one corner, and sometimes in another, until after creeping, creeping along the hedge, he fixes his eye on him, and he sitting as sly as murder, hammering away at the old brogue. Well, in course he knew that as long as ever he kept his eye on the little rogue he couldn't stir; and the 'cute nagur turns round, and says,

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'Good morrow, Jack.' 'Good evenin' to you kindly,' answers Jack. 'Evenin' and mornin''s the same to a lazy man,' says the Cluricanue. 'Who said you was lazy?' answers Jack; and he catches up the little broguemender in his fist. 'Take it asy,' says the chap, 'and give me my hammer.' 'Do ye see any dust in my eye?' says Jack, who knew every trick the likes of them are up to, to get off with themselves. 'The dickons a grain,' says the Cluricaune, 'and no wonder the pretty Peggy 's so taken with them fine eyes of yours; it 's a pity her father doesn't see their beauty as well as the daughter.' 'Never fear, my jewel,' replies Jack, 'he 'll discern a wonderful improvement in my features when you find me the crock o' goold.' 'Well, you 're a fine sportin' fellow,' answers the Cluricaune, 'and if you'll carry me fair and asy, without pinching my toes off, as if I was a bird, into the middle of the nine-acre field, I'll show you something worth looking for.' Well, to get at the nine-acre at all, Jack had to cross as deep and as dirty a bit of bog as was on the country side, and he had on his Sunday clothes so that he had no fancy at all for thramping through a slob: but this was not all; he had just got into the very middle of it, when a sudden blast of wind whirled off his bran-new hat. Still he was up to the tricks of his prisoner, for he kept his eyes steady upon ould Devilskin. 'I'm sorry for yer loss, Jack,' grins the lying imp, as fair and smooth as if it was the truth he told. 'Thankye for nothing,' says the poor fellow, 'but ye 'll not get off for either sorrow or sympathy; I 'm quite up to your tricks; sure if I 'd gone the way over the bog *you* told me, it 's drown'd I 'd be in it, long ago.' 'Look ye, Jack Cassidy,' croaks out the little scamp, though it was the truth he told then, anyhow; 'if you kept your thoughts as steadily fixed on your work as you have kept your eyes on me, you 'd have money enough without hunting for Cluricaunes; but keep on to that bouchlawn there, in the very middle of the nine-acre; bedad! you put me in mind of the girl who set one eye to watch her father and the other to watch her sweetheart, for you see everything without looking' 'Ah!' laughs Jack, 'I 'd go blindfold through the country.' 'A bad sign,' observed the ould fellow, shaking his daushy head. 'A roving blade gathers no more *goold* than a rolling stone does moss.' And Jack had the sense to think to himself that, even if he got no money out of the Cluricaune, he got good advice. 'Now let me go, Jack,' shouts the little fellow; 'dig up that bouchlawn, and you 'll find a pot of *goold*.' 'Dig it for me yourself, this instant,' shouts Jack, shaking him almost into smithereens. 'Sorra a spade I have,' answers the other, 'or I would with all the veins.' 'If you don't, I 'll strangle you,' exclaimed Jack again. 'Oh, Jack! save me, save me!' cries Peggy's voice at his elbow. Poor Jack turned; there

was no Peggy, and the Cluricaune was gone, with a laugh and a shout that made the bog shake again. Well, Jack took off his garter, and tied it three times round the bouchlawn, and cut a slip of witch hazel off a tree that grew *convanyent*, and making a ring of it, dropt on his knees, saying an avy over it, and then let it fall over the bouchlawn, so that he might preserve it from harm, and then went home; and by break of day he was back again at the nine-acre, and as true as that you are standing there, there war above nine hundred bouchlawns sprung up in the night, with nine hundred garters tied to them, and in the midst of as many hazel rings! His heart was splitting into halves, and he sat down in the bames of the rising sun, and cried just like a babby that had lost its mother; and all of a sudden the words of the Cluricaune came into his head—'If you kept your thoughts as steadily fixed on your work as you have kept your eyes on me, you'd have money enough without hunting for Cluricaunes.' From that day out Jack was a new man; he took the little brogue-maker's hint, and in five years told down two guineas for Peggy's one, all through the fortune; and, maybe, they haven't thirteen to the dozen of children this blessed day!"

That Cluricaunes, however, have been caught, is established upon "undoubted authority;" and that they have been forced to yield up their gold, to disburse their treasures, to reveal the secrets of the earth, and confess where the diamond, and the emerald, and amethyst were hidden "underground," is an acknowledged fact. A man called by the plain name of Tom, "Steady Tom Murphy," was believed by all his neighbours to have had the singular good fortune; and though he himself denied it, yet, according, to the old adage, "what everybody said must be true." The most remarkable thing was, that "Steady Tom" never wasted an hour looking for a Cluricaune in all his life, which made it very provoking that he should have been the "boy" to catch one; the neighbours, those popular soothsayers of every village, always declared that if luck came to "Steady Tom," it must come of itself, for he never had a turn but for two things,—the hardest of work, and driving a *dry* bargain; a dry bargain signifying one that is not ratified and washed down by a glass of whiskey. But even in those intemperate times, "Steady Tom" never patronised the burning alcohol; on the contrary, he was never known to toss off a glass, or raise his elbow in a "manly manner" at a fair; this would have brought him into contempt, had it not been for his indomitable courage, and there is a story told of his having once sided suddenly with the Mac Murroughs, and so turned the day against a field full of the Mac Sweeny faction; and after he had set the quarrel right, he wiped his brow, shouldered his shillala, and walked home, though several of his own

dear friends, the Mac Murroughs, swore, "they'd have his life, if he didn't steep their luck in a gallon of punch." But "Steady Tom" continued of the same mind, and the next morning was at work by the Fairy-folly before the lazy sun got over an inch of his morning's march.

It was reported that Tom's Cluricaune had become so fond of the good usage of Tom's house, that he had a little place "*under the baine*" to himself, and that "he'd sit there enjoying innocent divarshin with the family, unknown to any stranger; every creature in the place would be at Tom to tell how he 'caught the cratur,' hoping to have the same chance; but he'd toss off the questions with a dry, hard laugh, and seeing that he *never was overtaken*, (that is to say, never intoxicated,) there was no way of getting anything out of him that he hadn't a mind to tell; and moreover, he wasn't one that would spend an hour chatting to a neighbour; go when you would to his little place, he was always turning his hand to something, and even a poor blind boy he had, made bee-hives and potatoe-baskets for the whole country. There was, after a few years," added our informant, "so extraordinary an improvement in everything belonging to Steady Tom Murphy, that if he hadn't caught the heel of a Leprehaun's leather purse, or found a crock of gold, there was no other way of accounting for his growing so much above his neighbours, for he wasn't a bit better nor them, though every man of us remembered him a cottier, and then saw him grow and grow, and spread and spread, into a warm farmer. My wife in a joky way, one summer evening, asked him the name of the Cluricaune he caught down by the Fairy's Folly, and he said it was 'Workall,' rather an unmannerly answer, that one might take two meanings out of; for I've heard tell of 'Knock,' and 'Moonbeam,' and 'Robin,' and 'Larkspur,' and little innocent names that way, but such a name as 'Workall' never was on a right Cluricaune since Ireland was Ireland; and it was only as a back-handed hit to others who wouldn't slave themselves into nagurs, that made him say that to my dacent woman."

TYRONE.

TYRONE is an inland county of the province of Ulster. Its boundaries are, on the north, the county of Londonderry; on the south the counties of Fermanagh and Monaghan; on the west the counties of Donegal and Fermanagh; and on the east the county of Armagh and Lough Neagh. It comprises, according to the Ordnance survey, an area of 754,395 statute acres; 555,820 of which are unimproved mountain and bog, and 27,261 of which are covered with water. The population in 1821 amounted to 261,865; and in 1831, to 302,943. It is divided into four baronies—Clogher, Dungannon, Strabane, and Omagh. The towns of size are Omagh, Strabane, Clogher, and Dungannon.

The county is conspicuous in history; it was the principal arena of the contests, incident to the rebellion, recognised as the "Tyrone rebellion," of Hugh O'Neale in 1597; a very circumstantial account of which is given by Fynes Moryson, who was actively employed in its suppression, and by whom it was published in his "Itenerary"—London, 1617.

The O'Neils were kings in Ireland antecedent to Christianity,—"tyrannising it in Ulster," according to Camden, "before the coming of St. Patricke." The "great rebel" was the son of an illegitimate son of Con O'Neil, who was slain by his legitimate brother, Shane O'Neil; and Shane was, in his turn, assassinated by Mc Donnell, the leader of the Scots in Ulster, to whom he had fled for refuge from the English. The chieftainry was claimed by Tirlogh O'Neil, to whose daughter Hugh was married; but Tirlogh being old, was persuaded to relinquish his right in favour of Hugh. Hugh had previously been a frequent visitor at the English court, and at one time stood high in favour with Elizabeth. This portrait of him is drawn by Fynes Moryson:—"He was of a meane stature, but a strong body, able to indure labors, watching and hard fare, being with-all industrious and active, valiant, affable, and apt to mannage great affaires, and of a high, dissembling, subtile, and profound wit, so as many deemed him borne either for the good or ill of his countrey." For some time after his creation as Earl of Tyr-Oen, or Tyrone, he continued "a good subject," having entered into a series of articles—one of which was "to cause the wearing of English apparell, and that none of his men wear glibbes

(or long haire)." The first intimation of his design to turn out "an arch-rebell" was given on the death of Tirlogh, who had resigned in his favour; when the earl took the title of the O'Neal—"which was treason by act of parliament;" still, however, "excusing himselfe that he tooke it upon him least some other should usurpe it."

During the subsequent five or six years, he devoted his energies—with considerable skill and cunning—to the forming, equipping, and disciplining an army; first obtaining permission to train his men for the ostensible purpose of employing them against the queen's enemies; next getting licence to cover his house at Dungannon with lead, which lead he converted into bullets; and succeeding all the while in lulling the suspicions of the lords justices, venturing even to present himself before them in Dublin, "where he was not stayed." Thus he continued, "with all subtilty, and a thousand sleights abusing the state," until he conceived himself ready for action. In 1597, he struck the first blow against the queen's forces; in an attempt to relieve the fort of the Blackwater, they were attacked by the Kernes of Tyrone, and utterly routed; losing "thirteen valiant captaines and fifteen hundred common soldiers," their commander, Sir Henry Bagnall, "Marshall of Ireland," being among the slain. In consequence of this victory, "all Ulster was in arms; all Connaught revolted; the rebels of Leinster swarmed in the English Pale;" and subsequently Munster was "corrupted." Still Tyrone continued his attempts at deception; "though now," writes Fynes Moryson, "the gentleman was growne higher in the instep, as appeared by the insolent conditions he required;"—so that "Carthage never bred such a dissembling fœdifragous wretch." The unfortunate Earl of Essex was sent to Ireland to subdue Tyrone; the favourite of Queen Elizabeth was, however, no match for the subtle Irishman; and so the enemies of Essex well knew, for the mission was a plot to accomplish his destruction, which it completely effected. His successor was the Lord Mountjoy; "a bookish man," at whom the daring outlaw laughed; bu t by "woful experience, he found his jeasting to bee the laughter of Salomon's fool;" although "the meere Irish, now puffed up with good successe, and blinded with happy encounters, did boldly keepe the fielde, and proudly disdaine the English forces."

The new lord-deputy pursued the "bloody and bold rebells" with fire and sword, slaying them without mercy, cutting down their corn, and subjecting them to frightful visitations of pestilence and famine *. "Proclaiming

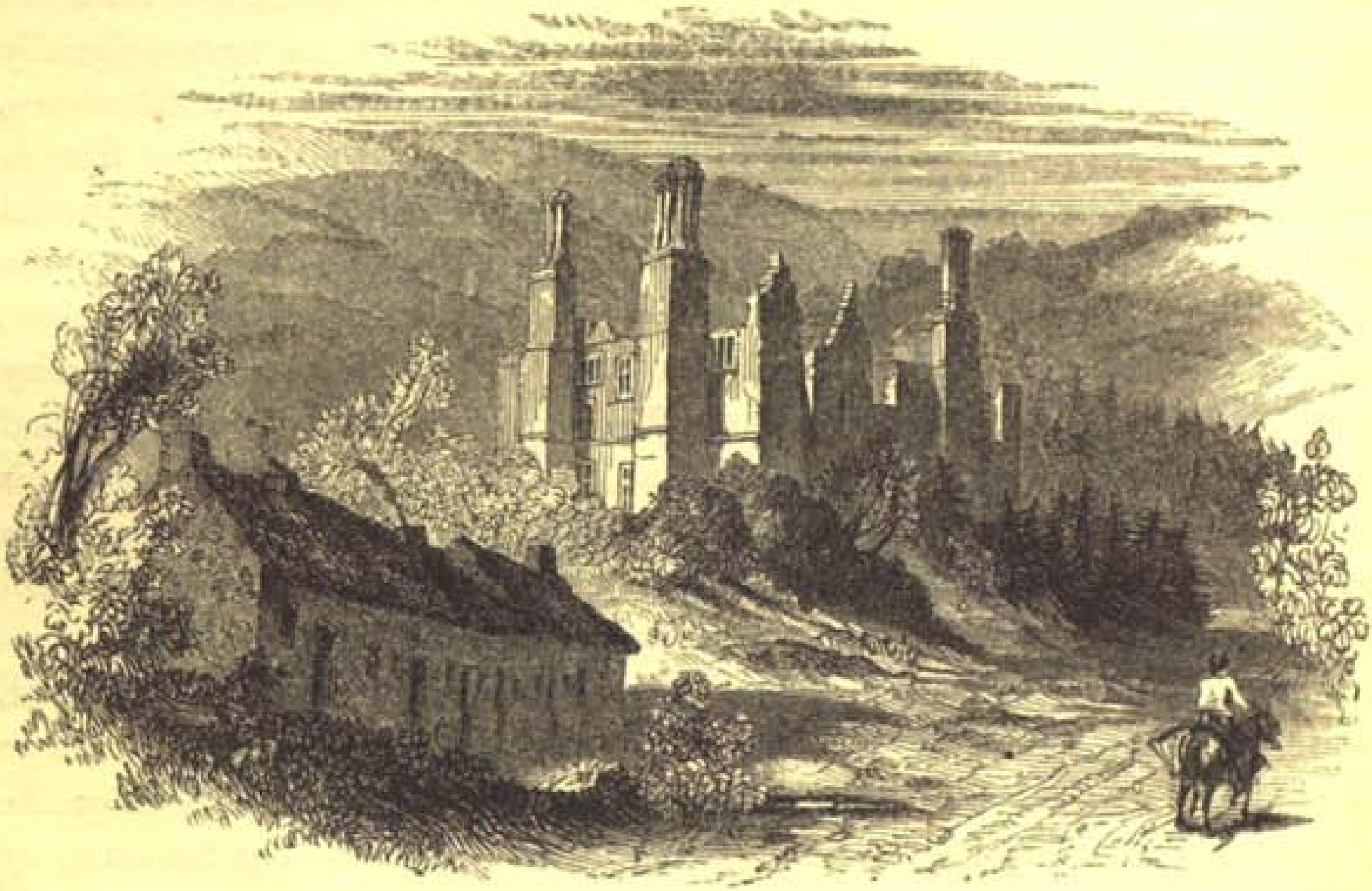
* Fynes Moryson, who seems to consider the mere Irish as mere savages, and takes every opportunity so to describe them, bears, occasionally, reluctant testimony to their civilised habits as well as indomitable courage. In reference to the cutting down of the rebels' corn in the Queen's County, he says, "It seemed

the heads" of their leaders, and adopting every available means for subduing Ireland. And this was at length effected. One by one, the chieftains submitted, making "humble suite for mercy," while Tyrone, who had long calculated upon maintaining his position only by aid of the Spaniards, saw his allies "walled up" at Kinsale (1601); he was himself, with all his forces, signally defeated, in an attempt to relieve them; he retired to his own fastnesses, where he "drew faintly his last breath, without hope of better living than as a wood-kerne, or as a fugitive abroad," and abandoning all hope of a successful issue, did, in 1602, signify his desire to make absolute submission to the queen's mercy, humbly beseeching her to remember that "he was a nobleman, and to take compassion on him, that the overthrow of his house and posterity might be prevented." He received "security for his life only;" and subsequently accompanied the Lord Mountjoy to London, so that, "upon his knees," he might obtain mercy from King James the First. On his way from Beaumauris, "no respect to his lordship could prevent many women who had lost husbands and children in the Irish warres, from flinging dirt and stones at the earle as he passed, and reviling him with bitter words." He returned, however, to Ireland; his rank, power, and estates were partially restored to him; but being, some time after, suspected of attempting a new rebellion, he fled into Spain, leaving his enormous property at the disposal of the king, by whom it was parcelled out and distributed among English settlers; out of this rebellion, therefore, arose the famous "plantation of Ulster"—a subject to which we shall refer in treating of the county of Londonderry; which was principally given, or rather sold, to the "London Companies," and of which they are still in possession.

It is scarcely necessary to add that out of this prolonged warfare in the province of Ulster, arose many of the castles, the ruins of which exist as records of its history, and, at least, add something to the picturesque character of the scenery. Among the most striking of them, is Castle Caulfield, which owes its erection to Sir Toby Caulfield, afterwards Lord Charlemont. Having previously "performed many serviceable and memorable actions" in Spain and the Low Countries, he was appointed to the command of 150 men against the "formidable traitor" O'Neil. He was rewarded by the queen with a

incredible that by so barbarous inhabitants the ground should be so manured, the fields so orderly fenced, the townes so frequently intersected, and the high wayes and paths so well beaten as the Lord Deputy here found them." The horrible straits to which the unhappy Irish were reduced during this rebellion are too revolting for publication. Fynes Moryson, an eye-witness, concludes a more frightful picture by stating that "no spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of townes, and especially in wasted counties, than to see multitudes of these poor people dead, with their mouths all coloured greene, by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend up above ground."

grant of part of Tyrone's estate, and other lands in the province of Ulster; and on the accession of James I. was honoured with knighthood, and made governor of the fort of Charlemont, and of the counties of Tyrone and Armagh.



At the plantation of Ulster he received further grants of lands, and among them 1000 acres called Ballydonnelly, or O'Donnelly's town, in the barony of Dungannon, on which, in 1614, he commenced the erection of the mansion subsequently called Castle-Caulfield*. The ruins are those of a "fair house;" and they have been so since the year 1641, when it was destroyed by the army of Sir Phelim O'Neil, by whose directions, it is said, the third baron was murdered†.

* This mansion is described by Pynnar in his Survey of Ulster in 1618-19, in the following words:—

"Sir Toby Caulfield hath one thousand acres called Ballydonnell [*recte* Ballydonnelly], whereunto is added beside what was certified by Sir Josias Bodley, a fair house or castle, the front whereof is eighty feet in length and twenty-eight feet in breadth from outside to outside, two cross ends fifty feet in length and twenty-eight feet in breadth: the walls are five feet thick at the bottom, and four at the top, very good cellars under ground, and all the windows are of hewn stone. Between the two cross ends there goeth a wall, which is eighteen feet high, and maketh a small court within the building. This work at this time is but thirteen feet high, and a number of men at work for the sudden finishing of it. There is also a strong bridge over the river, which is of lime and stone, with strong buttresses for the supporting of it. And to this is joined a good water-mill for corn, all built of lime and stone. This is at this time the fairest building I have seen. Near unto this Bawne there is built a town, in which there is fifteen English families, who are able to make twenty men with arms."

† O'Neil had taken prisoner the Lord Charlemont. His death is thus recorded in Lodge:—

"And after keeping his lordship, with his mother, sisters, brothers, and the rest of his family fifteen weeks

In the county Tyrone, and within a distance of little more than three miles from Strabane, is to be found one of the most interesting establishments it has ever been our good fortune to visit in any country. We have inspected manufactories of much greater extent than the "Sion Mills," but have never witnessed with greater gratification the practical and efficient working of a fine moral system. The Mills are situated on the river Mourne, which rushes along with a rapid and continued current, and is about one of the best water powers in Great Britain, the supply being not only large, but constant. About eighty horse power is now employed to drive eight thousand spindles; yet but a small portion of the water is necessary for the purpose. Instead of the hot furnace, long chimneys, and dense smoke, rendering still more unhealthy the necessarily close atmosphere of manufactories devoted exclusively to the spinning of flax and tow into linen yarn, there is a clean, handsome, well-ventilated building where nearly seven hundred of a peasantry, which, before the establishment of this manufactory, were starving and idle—not from choice but necessity—are now constantly employed; and the air is as pure and as fresh as on the borders of the wildest prairie, or the boldest coast. The bare fact of such a population being taught industrious habits, and receiving *full* remuneration for their time and labour, is a blessing; but not the only one enjoyed by this favoured peasantry; agricultural labour is not neglected, because five out of the seven hundred are women and girls—creatures, who but for the spirit and enterprise of the Messrs. Herdman, (to whom, and the Mulhollands of Belfast, Tyrone is indebted for this establishment,) would be found cowering over the embers of their turf fires, or begging along the way-sides for morsels of food. But this system of social order and social industry is not, as we have said, the only advantage enjoyed at Sion Mills. Cottages, of simple construction, but sound and comfortable, have been built for the workmen and their families; a school is established, and to the Sunday-school the Messrs. Herdman themselves attend, taking the greatest interest in the

prisoners in Charlemont, sent them about five miles distance to Killenane, the house of Laurence Netterville; and the next day, sending away Major Patrick Dory, the Lord Caulfield earnestly desired Sir Phelim, that the major might stay with him because he could speak the Irish language; but Sir Phelim answered that the major was a traitor, and should not stay with his lordship, but that he should have better company before night; and the same day, in the major's presence, committed the charge of his lordship to Captain Neale, Modder O'Neile, and Captain Neale Mac Kenna of *the Trough*, in the county of Monaghan, with directions to convey him to Cloughowter Castle. That night he was taken to Kinard, Sir Phelim's own castle, when going into the castle, between the said two captains, the latter spoke to Edmond Boy O'Hugh, foster brother to Sir Phelim, saying, *Where is your heart now?* Whereupon the said Edmond shot his lordship in the back, whereof he then died; and that same night there were also fifteen or sixteen of Sir Phelim's servants and tenants, all English and Scots, murdered at Kinard; among whom was a base son of Sir Phelim's also murdered, because his mother was a British woman."

educational progress of their workpeople, and distributing *motives* to improvement, lavishly and judiciously *. Nor are they behind London in the idea that "the people" may derive benefit from the introduction of more refined tastes into the business of every-day life. The traveller's ear is refreshed, if he pass along during the long evenings of winter, or the bright cheerful ones of summer, by the music of a full band; and instead of the saddened hearts and saddened features he has been led to suppose inseparable from the crowded factory, he hears a chorus of cheerful voices, or the echoes of dancing feet.

The Messrs. Herdman are also anxious that the minds of their "operatives" should not only be softened, but expanded, and have purchased for their instruction a splendid apparatus for the exhibition of astronomical diagrams.

We visited several of the factory dwellings, and found that, in many instances, they combined the small comforts of town rooms with the peculiar advantages of country cottages. We never saw a more healthy population, and the watchful care of the proprietors has effectually prevented the growth of immorality, supposed to be inseparable from the "factory system." Of this we had some very cheering proofs. One girl, whom we heard called only "Mary Anne," had long been remarkable as a vigilant Sunday-school teacher, and had expended the small sums generally spent in finery in the purchase of a few books; but a serious misfortune deprived her of the power of possessing any more treasures of this kind; her mother died, and her last act was to place her infant in Mary Anne's arms, and request her to act towards it as a mother. From that hour the poor girl, who was not then seventeen, set herself diligently to the discharge of her new duties. She had a numerous family of brothers and sisters to attend to, and also to alleviate the sorrow of her distracted father. She did not falter in her resolve to take her mother's place; we never saw a small household under better regulation than hers—the children were clean, well fed, and happy, and they seemed to watch every word she spoke with more than sisterly attention; the youngest was a sort of specimen child—so healthful and neat — yet Mary Anne seemed perfectly unconscious that in devoting her thoughts and energies to her family—nay, in even shunning the addresses of several young men, who justly argued that so good a daughter would make a most admirable wife, she had done anything extraordinary: her invariable observation was, "'Deed, and sure they're my own flesh and blood; and if they were not, sure my mother placed the child in my arms."

* The Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, who have extensive estates in the neighbourhood, have taken great interest in the establishment of the Messrs. Herdman, and especially in the advancement of the schools. They visit the mill frequently, and are at all times ready to second any of their projects for improving the moral and social condition of the peasantry.

It was also pleasant to observe that many of the persons employed were fully conscious of the advantages they enjoyed; and though less eloquent than our friends in the south, their words were firm and reasonable—their reason was convinced that they were better off than they were formerly, and we had been long enough in the north to know that to convince the *reason* of a northern is always to gain your object—in the south, you must work upon the feelings—in the north, the reason is your stronghold.

In this immediate neighbourhood we met a cottager whose story so completely verified our own opinion as to the admirable effect of the establishment upon the habits and prosperity of the people, that, simple as are the annals of the poor, it seems worth recording. He had been a day labourer, employed regularly, and receiving the usual rate of remuneration—enough "to starve upon." "It pleased God," he said, "to send him seven children, and he had often sat down among them when there were only four potatoes to each, and they were bad ones. "God knows," he added, "I used to think myself a selfish wretch for eating even one, when the children's hungry eyes were on them; but I was hungry too, and faint from work. My poor wife would go into Strabane, and some there would do her a good turn of a hard summer, or in winter; and she had a better command over the hunger than I had, for she would purtend sickness of some sort or other after she'd throw the potatoes out on the table, and go and lay on the straw that was our bed, and strive to sleep it away. My eldest boy was more weakly than the others, and he had a great relish for learning, and a gentleman took him as a 'boy about the place,' to do a little of everything and learn when he could, which he did, poor fellow; still there were eight of us on tenpence a day, and the morsel of garden! All of a suddent, came the talk of great buildings that were to be, and some said they were for good, while others said harm would come of them, which I could not understand, for all the country grew alive, and the rate of wages was raised, and it was then we began to feel what hope was; and seeing how there was a chance of all the country doing better, the gentry took heart to relieve the poor more than they used, knowing that there was a way for the strain upon them coming to an end, for soon the poor would be able to help themselves; and my second boy and myself were took on, and well paid; and the building flourished, and my poor wife used to say that the very water of the Mourne rolled stronger through the country; and then there was no need for her to go away when her children fed, for though we had little but the potatoes, we had enough of them. From the day the first stone of the Sion Mills was laid, me nor mine never knew hunger. I never could account for it," he continued, after a pause, and passing his rough hand

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across his brow, " but she who had stood out so manfully against all trouble—when the hard, bitter, cruel trouble was in it—failed, when we grew better off. She'd bring our dinner down to the works, and bid God bless our labour, with as bright a smile as the sunbeam on the waters of the Mourne, and yet the tears would be in her eyes, and she'd gather our little ragged girls round her, and tell them what turned out as true as gospel—that in two or three years they'd be able to earn better clothes for themselves than ever their parents wore; and one evenin' after she had said this, the youngest, who now earns her five shillings a week of Mr. Herdman's money, clung her arms round her neck, and 'My own darlin' Mamy,' cries the poor child, 'the first coat I earn shall be for you.' 'Darlin',' answered the mother, 'I shall have a coat of green before that,' and there was a meaning in her face when she said it which they could not read, but I could, and to hide my grief I went out of the house and prayed, but the Lord did not see fit to take the sorrow from me, and by that day twelve months, when the power of the waters that had wandered idly through the lands for so many years—like ourselves, able and willing to work, if we were only put in the way of it—turned the spindles; and two of our girls had constant employ, and put their earnings to mine after I returned to field work; though we had plenty, and I could bring her a bit of fresh meat and a cake of white bread from Strabane, yet by that day twelve months, she was gone. I am proud the children all remember her, and the *weenock* who wanted to buy her the gown laid her money by and gave me a Sunday hat; and instead of poverty we have plenty, and the boy that got the learning is an overseer, and the other might have done as well, but he never would go to the Sunday-school, so hard labour is before him, but not the labour I went through, for it is just as if the Lord had put away hunger and misery from all around the mills. My children are employed and happy, and each has something to give, instead of taking all—*not that we ever grudged it*," and there spoke the true Irish spirit, " but that we hadn't it. If the Lord took me took me to-morrow, I would bless him, for I should go to joy, and leave no sorrow behind me; my coat will be as green as *hers* before very long, and my last prayer will be for the prosperity of the Sion Mills."

Certainly an establishment such as we have endeavoured to describe has many advantages—situated as the Sion Mills are in a healthy and open district—over a factory pent up, as it were, in a populous town. The difference consists not only in the healthier atmosphere, to which sufficient value is seldom attached; but the people have opportunities for the cultivation of *moral health*, which enables them to be more efficacious, because more

conscientious, workmen. We are too prone to regard the human being whom we designate a "mere mechanic," as one upon whom *moral* culture is thrown away; and the very persons who reproach the industrious instruments of their wealth, are often those who most zealously endeavour to keep them the "mere mechanics" they contemn.

We remember visiting some years ago a cotton printing mill, the property of Mr. Thomas Warner, situated a few miles from Manchester, called either "Spring Water" or "Sweet Water," we forget which: it is hard to fancy a more picturesque spot. The mill is sweetly situated in the hollow of a little ravine, and we gazed with pleasure from the wooded slopes upon the industry and evident happiness of the workpeople, who looked cheerful and contented, and were, like those we have described at Sion Mills, sufficiently apart from the contagion of "a great town." The labourers in this "happy valley" had imbibed a taste for the cultivation of flowers, and it was wisely and kindly encouraged by their employers. One of the overseers of the works had an exquisite dahlia garden, which might put to shame, both in richness and variety, our London growers; and every cottage window in the immediate neighbourhood had store of sweet, if not rare, flowers—almost an invariable evidence of humble wealth, and that peculiar taste which is at once both natural and refined. Yet it was very near the "congregation of chimneys," and the misery and vice which lived around them. It is not, therefore, so auspiciously located as that upon which we are commenting,—built beside the rapid current of the River Mourne.

We hope the gentry of Ireland will use the exertions which are called for, and are easily made, to aid the agriculturist—by creating fresh consumption for the country's produce. The establishment of such factories as that of Messrs. Herdman increases a demand for the ordinary necessaries of life, and by judicious management one class might be brought to work for the other, thus combining the rural and manufacturing interests, so as to aid the prosperity of the country. We had so often grieved beside the noble waters rushing their race, with power to turn the sand they sport with into gold, that the sound became almost as "a dirge;" for wherever we went, we saw them, like strong giants, eager to wrestle with something worthy their strength. The factory in the wilds of Tyrone was so perfectly what we had often desired to see established and prospering in Ireland, that we have dwelt upon it longer than may be interesting to *all* our readers, though the safe working of such a system carries so much moral influence with it—induces such genuine prosperity—that we have been more than commonly anxious to satisfy our English readers of the proof being in existence—that in a peculiarly wild

district in the north of Ireland, capital may be safely and advantageously invested to any amount, and a peasantry found, not only to work, but to understand the respect due to property, and the advantage which it gives where it is diffused.

It is slander to characterise the Irish peasant as an idler; he is often idle, it is true, but it is only because, as often, his time is worth so little as to seem scarcely worthy of consideration. Not unfrequently, the waste of an hour involves the loss of but a single halfpenny; and it can seldom be said to cause the sacrifice of a solitary comfort or enjoyment—much less a luxury. A time is no doubt approaching, when hard labour will procure something more for the hard labourer than the mere means of preserving existence; habits of continuous industry and proper thrift will come with the change.

Agitation, even since we commenced this work, has been gradually but surely losing strength; *causes* of complaint are, every day, becoming less and less numerous and infinitely less substantial; there now appears to be but one subject left to the agitator—and that one is not only not responded to—it is scorned and scouted by all the rational and right-thinking of the country, who are "Patriots" in the true sense of the term. The agitators are like workmen who have broken their tools.

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ANTRIM.

The maritime county of Antrim, in the province of Ulster, is bounded on the north by the Northern Ocean, on the east and north-east by the North Channel, on the south-east by Belfast Lough and the river Lagan, which separate it from the county of Down; on the south by the county of Down; on the south-west by Lough Neagh, and on the west by the county of Londonderry—the river Bann, which issues from Lough Beg, dividing the two counties, but leaving the Liberties of Coleraine, as the north-west boundary of Antrim. It is therefore encompassed by water—on the west and south-west by the magnificent river Bann, and the great inland sea, Lough Neagh; on the south and south-east by the river Lagan and Belfast Lough; and on all other sides by the ocean. Hence its ancient name, Endruim, "the habitation upon the waters"—easily corrupted into Antrim. It contains, according to the Ordnance survey (exclusive of the extensive parish of Carrickfergus, "a county of a town in itself," consisting of 16,700 acres), 761,877¾ statute acres; of which 466,564 are cultivated land; 53,487½ are under water, and the remainder are unimproved mountain and bog. In 1821 the population was 262,860, and in 1831, 316,909. It is divided into the baronies of Upper Belfast, Lower Belfast, Upper Mazzareene, Lower Mazzareene, Upper Antrim, Lower Antrim, Upper Toome, Lower Toome, Upper Glenarm, Lower Glenarm, Upper Dunluce, Lower Dunluce, Kilconway and Cary *. The principal towns are Belfast, Carrickfergus, Lisburn, Antrim, Larne, Ballycastle, Portrush, Glenarm, Ballymoney, Ballymena, Bushmills, and Cushendall.

* It is uncertain at what period Antrim was erected into a county. It was arranged into baronies by the Lord Deputy, Sir John Perrot, A.D. 1584; although the arrangement continued to be merely nominal for a long time afterwards. Prior to these divisions, the different districts appear to have been, 1st, North Clandeboy; 2nd, Bryan Currough's country; 3rd, the Glynnes; 4th, the Rout or Reuta, called also Mac Sorley Boy's country. Bryan Currough's country was originally a part of North Clandeboy, won from it by the Scots of the sept of Clandonnel (Macdonnell); North Clandeboy was so called to distinguish it from South Clandeboy, a district of Down county; and the Glynnes derived their names "from the form of the grounds,"—the intersection of its surface by many rocky dells. In the ancient divisions of Ireland, the county towards the south and south-west was denominated Dalaradia; the west and north-western part, Dalrieda; and the whole "Endruim."

We entered the county of Antrim at Lisburn, a pretty and flourishing town on the Antrim side of the river Lagan. It consists principally of one long street; at the eastern end of which is the picturesque and interesting

church—containing two very remarkable monuments, one to the memory of Lieut. Dobbs, who was killed in an engagement off the coast with the famous Paul Jones*; the other to that of the great and good Jeremy Taylor, some-time Bishop of Down and Connor, who died here in the year 1667.

There is probably no town in Ireland where the happy effects of English taste and industry are more conspicuous than at Lisburn. From the Drum Bridge and the banks of the Lagan on one side, to the shores of Lough Neagh on the other, the people are almost exclusively the descendants

* The action took place on the 24th of April, 1778, off Carrickfergus Bay. Paul Jones commanded the Ranger, an American vessel. The famous buccaneer had been amusing himself for some days previously upon the coast; and on the 23rd, landed a party near Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, with the intention of taking Lord Selkirk prisoner; but finding his lordship from home, he "walked for some time on the beach," while his men visited the Castle and took from thence the plate, which was delivered to them by Lady Selkirk. On his subsequent arrival at Brest, this plate was sold for the benefit of the crew, but was "bought in" by Jones, who returned it safely to Lord Selkirk, paying even for the carriage of it to Scotland. The Drake, an English sloop-of-war, was in harbour at Carrickfergus; and on the 24th, she bore down upon the Ranger, when an engagement ensued about mid-channel. "Captain Burden, who commanded the Drake, was killed early in the action; Lieutenant Dobbs was mortally wounded; and the vessel being much cut up in her rigging, the men, who were mostly young hands, got into confusion, and she was forced to strike to the Ranger, after an action of one hour and fifteen minutes. The Drake had two men killed, and twenty-five wounded; the Ranger three killed, and five wounded. The comparative force of the vessels, with respect to guns, was nearly equal. The Drake carried twenty guns, four-pounders: the Ranger eighteen six-pounders, besides swivels. On board the Ranger were 155 able seamen, some of whom were Irishmen—one a native of Carrickfergus: the Drake had fewer hands, most of whom were ordinary seamen."

of English settlers. Those in the immediate neighbourhood of the town were chiefly Welch, but great numbers arrived from the northern shires, and from the neighbourhood of the Bristol Channel. It is interesting to trace their annals from existing facts; which may be easily done, even were they not duly recorded. In the village of Lambeg, situated only a few perches from the Belfast road, the old English games and pastimes were regularly celebrated on Easter Monday, within the last twenty years. The English language is, perhaps, spoken more purely by the populace in this district, than by the same class in any other part of Ireland. The names of the places are modern; as Solders-town, English-town, the Half-town, Stonyford, &c. &c.; and the people of all ranks have, for their stations, high ideas of domestic comfort. The neatness of the cottages, and the good taste displayed in many of the farms, are little, if at all, inferior to aught that we find in England; and the tourist who visits Lough Neagh, passing through Ballinderry, will consider it to have been justly designated "the garden of the north." The original pursuits of the adventurers of the Plantation, have been transmitted from father to son; those who settled from the cider counties having invariably an orchard of some extent attached to their dwellings. The multitude of pretty little villages scattered over the landscape, each announcing itself by the tapering spire of a church, would almost beguile the traveller into believing that he is passing through a rural district in one of the midland counties of England *.

* The ancient name of Lisburn was Linsley Garvin (probably from the founder), and till 1641, when the town was burned by the Irish, it was called Lisnegarvy. Since that time it has been named Lisburn. From its geographical position, Lisburn was naturally regarded as an important station by the English of the Pale, and by the native Irish. It was on the leading road southwards, and here was the bridge by which the Lagan was passed. Hence during "the '41 wars," as well as the previous and succeeding "risings," Lisburn was the scene of considerable excitement. Its inhabitants are in general social and well educated; and the class of shopkeepers and other business people, will, at least, bear comparison, for intelligence, with the same class in any other provincial town of the kingdom. Its chief points of attraction are the *Castle gardens*, in which are the remains of the castle, and two gigantic elm trees, called "the two sisters,"—the damask factory of the Messrs. Coulson,—and the extensive thread manufactory of Mr. Barber, in the neighbourhood. The iron-works, so frequently alluded to in Captain Lawson's account of the rebellion, 1641, do not now exist. It is doubtful if even their site is known, though from the quantity of fuel and other property destroyed, they must have been conducted on a large scale.

The manufacture of damask table-linen was established at Lisburn, by the late William Coulson, the father of the present proprietors, about seventy years ago. It advanced to its present state of improvement under the particular patronage of George the Fourth. Two of the firm of the Messrs. Coulson, the late Walter Coulson and one of the present proprietors, William Coulson, devoted much time and persevering application to the devising of designs, which obtained deserved approbation.

Many of the looms of this establishment are not inferior in capacity of single work, or in number of designs, to those of Germany; in some parts of which country the manufacture has been in progress for centuries. The damask linen of Germany may have been considered as unrivalled, and certainly was so under its old draw-loom system. The Jacquard frames are, however, in many cases, more particularly common

From Lisburn we proceeded by railway, a distance of eight English miles, to Belfast*. As we drew near the only manufacturing town of Ireland —alas that it should be so!—its peculiar character became apparent. It was something new to perceive, rising above the houses, numerous tall and thin chimneys indicative of industry, occupation, commerce, and prosperity; the volumes of smoke that issued from them giving unquestionable tokens of full employment; while its vicinity to the ocean removed at once all idea that the labour was unwholesome, or the labourers unhealthy.

table linen, becoming prevalent; but they ought not perhaps to supersede altogether the system of cordage for the most comprehensive designs and heraldic bearings. The Jacquard frames are now in course of adoption at the Lisburn manufactory for some of its patterns; and thus either species of machinery can be applied there, according as it may appear best suited to the work in contemplation.

There is one peculiarity in the usage of this establishment which deserves attention—that no yarn but hand-spun yarn is used in its superior fabrics. This increases the trouble of the manufacture, but is said to be conducive to its durability;—the continuity of the fibres rendering the texture strong, and the cloth of firmer body. In the composition of designs the late Walter Coulson was peculiarly successful; and indeed his whole management of this establishment was as energetic and admirable as his private life was pure and beneficent. Such is the general sentiment of the neighbourhood concerning his memory, which it seems scarcely out of place to mention in any notice of the art with reference to Lisburn.

The manufacturing of linen had received a strong impulse long before, at Lisburn, from the settlement of certain Huguenots there who had quitted France in consequence of the repeal of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. But this art was in existence in that town before their arrival.

A few miles from Lisburn, on the road to Moira, stands the comfortable farm-house of Trummery. The ruins of the abbey close by it, and its vicinity to the celebrated "Pass of Kilwarlin," often attract tourists and sketchers, but to a poetic mind it possesses more interesting associations, as it was the residence of a member of Edmund Spenser's family. Considerable doubt hangs over the destinies of this family; but it is clearly ascertained that in 1623 (25 years after the death of the poet), Captain Henry Spenser was governor of the fort called Innislochlin, at the pass. He was not a direct descendant of the author of the "Faery Queene," for the names of his sons and grandsons do not correspond with his. He was probably a nephew: the name is still preserved in "Spencer's Bridge" over the Lagan.

* The Ulster Railway originated at a meeting of gentlemen held in Belfast by public notice in the latter end of 1835, the object being to open up a communication from Belfast to the West of Ireland. The line passes through or near the towns of Lisburn, Moira, Lurgan, the village of Seagoe, and terminates at Portadown, from whence there is water communication by the Ulster Canal (which joins Lough Neagh, and Lough Erne) to Enniskillen and Sligo, in the west. The line is now completed and working to Seagoe, a distance of twenty-four miles from Belfast, and in a very short time will be opened to the terminus at Portadown; the entire distance will then be about twenty-six miles from Belfast. Besides opening the communication with the west of Ireland, and affording the means of speedy transit for the produce of the western districts, to the rapidly increasing shipping port of Belfast, from whence there is almost daily steam communication with Glasgow and Greenock, Carlisle, Liverpool, London and Dublin,—this railway passes through an important linen manufacturing district in the counties of Antrim and Armagh, and bordering on the county of Down.

The cost of the line, including act of parliament, purchase of ground, terminuses, dépôts at the different stations, carriages, first, second, and third classes, engines and trucks for goods, has been about 12,000*l.* per mile for a single line. The railway has succeeded, so far as it has gone, fully as much as was expected, and it is considered will increase in prosperity when completed. It would be a great advantage to Ulster were the railway continued, viâ Armagh, to Monaghan, and there is no doubt that in a few years it would pay the persons who engaged in the undertaking. At present it does not do so.

The pleasant and cheering impression we received was increased as we trod the streets; there was so much bustle; such an "aspect" of business; a total absence of all suspicion of idleness, such unerring evidence of ample, continual, and general employment, so many proofs of activity—results of past, and anticipations of future, success—that the contrast between this town and the towns of the south startled us, making us for the moment believe we were in a clean Manchester; where hearty breezes swept into the neighbouring sea all the impurities usually inseparable from a concourse of factories. And this notion was not evanescent; it remained during our week's stay; and we now revert to it with exceeding satisfaction, for it received confirmation by our subsequent examinations and after inquiries. It is undoubtedly the healthiest manufacturing town in the kingdom; although densely populated, there is far less wretchedness in its lanes and alleys, and about its suburbs, than elsewhere in Ireland; the main streets are wide and regularly built; it contains a large number of public edifices; the vicinity is remarkably picturesque; the mountains are sufficiently near to produce pictorial effect, and the open ocean is within a few miles of its quays. The situation of Belfast is therefore most auspicious. It is a new town, and has a new look. It is an improving town, and signs of improvement, recent and progressing, are everywhere apparent. Unhappily, such remarks are applicable to very few other towns of the country. Yet nature has been by no means exclusively lavish to Belfast; its natural advantages are in no way greater—nay, they are somewhat less—than those enjoyed by some other towns,—where the heart and mind are sickened and depressed by the contemplation of apparently universal poverty; a people who seem incapable of making an effort for their social and physical advancement, rich and poor existing equally in apathy; great resources never sought to be made available; and wealth, actually deposited, as it were, at their very thresholds,—useless, because of the lack of active energy to turn it to account. The elements of vast prosperity are at least equally rife throughout the island; the *natural* elements—for enterprise, activity, and that essential adjunct, capital, have been introduced into Belfast, and have made it what is, by many degrees, the most flourishing town of Ireland, and second in prosperity to few of the commercial or manufacturing towns of England.

Belfast is, as we have said, a "new town;" but it would appear that some importance was attached to it at a very remote period, for it is mentioned by Spenser as among the "good towns and strong-holds" destroyed, in 1315, by Edward Bruce; and the "castle of Belfast" was twice converted

to a ruin*, in 1503 and in 1512, by the Lord Deputy Kildare. Until the end of the sixteenth century, however, it was "without the English Pale," and in possession of the Irish clans†. In 1612, it was granted, by James I., to Sir Arthur Chichester, ancestor of the Marquis of Donegal, elevated into a corporation, and commenced its progress to importance. Yet, during the greater part of the seventeenth century, its rank was only that of a small garrison town, "dependent on Carrickfergus." A map of the town published in 1660 gives the names of but five streets and five rows, which consisted of one hundred and fifty houses; so late as 1720, all the houses in one of the principal streets were thatched with straw; in 1757, it contained no more than "1779 houses and 8549 people;" in 1779, Arthur Young estimates the number of the inhabitants at 15,000, "who," he adds, "make the place appear lively and busy;" but even this estimate was exaggerated, for in 1782, the number of houses was only 2026, and the inhabitants no more than 13,105; and in 1791, the population amounted only to 18,320. In 1816, the town contained 5,578 houses and 30,720 inhabitants; in 1821, the population was 44,177; and in 1834, it had increased to 60,763, the houses "above the annual value of five pounds" being 6,223. The population, at present, including the suburb of Ballymacarret, is *not less than* 100,000. Probably the old world does not supply another instance of growth so rapid and so substantial.

Society in Belfast is, as may be expected, almost exclusively of a

* In 1708, the castle was also destroyed by fire, by the carelessness of a servant; and three daughters of Arthur, third earl of Donegal, perished in the flames. Till lately some vestiges of the castle were to be seen, but now all trace of it has vanished, and its site is chiefly occupied by a fish and vegetable market. It is thus described by an English gentleman who visited Ireland in 1635:—"At Belfast, my Lord Chichester hath a daintie stately palace, which is indeed the glory and beauty of that town, where he is mostly resident."

† It is a remarkable proof of the slight importance that Belfast had attained previously to 1586, that in Holinshed's Chronicle, printed in that year, there is no mention whatever made of it in the enumeration of the chief towns and havens of the counties of Down and Antrim, among which are mentioned more than one which at this day are but mere fishing villages. The influx of English and Scotch Protestants immediately after, on the "Plantation of Ulster," must have raised Belfast rapidly into importance, and accordingly we find that in 1635 a much more dignified account of it is given. A few years after, when the opposition to the measures of Charles I. broke out in Scotland, the effects were felt in the North of Ireland; and subsequently in 1641, at the time of "the great rebellion," both the castle and town of Belfast appear to have been of great importance. They sustained no injury on this occasion, however, as the insurgents were effectually stopped at Lisburn, which was then justly characterised as "the key to the north." In the following year, an army of 10,000 Scots landed at Carrickfergus for the purpose of co-operating with the local forces, in completely extinguishing the flames of rebellion; but from motives of personal aggrandizement, they were slow and unsatisfactory in their movements, till the contentions between the king and the parliament introduced disunion here. Monroe, the Scottish commander, who took part with the parliamentarians, surprised and took the castle by guile, not by force, and without striking a single blow. At this time Belfast appears to have been a fortified town; the fortifications consisting of huge earthen mounds, the last portion of which was removed in 1785, to make way for the building of the White Linen Hall.

"commercial character." There are few resident gentry—that is to say, gentry independent of commerce—in the town, although many reside in the immediate neighbourhood; its prosperity being mainly attributable to the enterprise and integrity of the merchants, aided, in some degree, at first, by the liberality of the house of Chichester. The high tone which literature and science have given to its people, have, as it were, created a somewhat peculiar class; for knowledge elevates while it improves; and a large proportion of the merchants and manufacturers of Belfast are "gentry" in the most emphatic sense of the term; education, and a thirst for learning, having, in a remarkable degree, prevented the sordid habits too frequently engendered by trade.

The fair fame of its merchants seems to have been acquired early, the name of Belfast appearing in the first rank in the scale of credit of the several commercial towns of Europe on the Exchange of Amsterdam, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, when scarcely a hundred years had elapsed after the plantation of Ulster. This "good repute" they have maintained without interruption. It has kept pace with their prosperity*. One proof may be referred to. Although the Belfast branch of the

* The customs in 1688 were estimated at 20,000*l.*; for the year ending the 10th October, 1832, they amounted to 210,177*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* In 1835, the exports were valued at 4,341,794*l.*; the imports, to 3,695,437*l.* In 1810, they had scarcely reached half these amounts. The number of vessels belonging to the port of Belfast in 1682 was but 67, the tonnage of which was rated at 3,307 tons. The largest of these was the Antelope, of 200 tons, which traded to Virginia. In 1827, the registered tonnage was 21,557. On the 31st of December, 1832, the number of vessels registered at the port of Belfast, as engaged with others from various parts, both British and foreign, in its trade, was 219, the tonnage of which amounted to 23,681 tons. Of these sixty vessels, measuring 13,554 tons (averaging 225 tons to each ship), were employed in foreign commerce, and the remaining 159 (averaging 60 tons each) in the coasting and cross-channel trade. In 1835, the registered tonnage was 32,545; being only less than that of Dublin by between 6,000 and 7,000 tons; and exceeding that of Cork by upwards of 11,000 tons. In 1834 there was entered inwards British tonnage, 30,733; foreign, 2395; and in the same year cleared outwards coastwise 174,894, for foreign ports 31,665.

The courtesy of John Cramsie, Esq., a merchant of Belfast, and proprietor of the "Belfast Mercantile Register," has enabled us to bring these returns down to the present time. The trade of this port gradually but very steadily keeps on the increase, and has done so the last half century. Taking the average of the past three years, the value of our exports annually is close upon 6,000,000*l.* value, and of our imports about four millions and a half. Our exports consist of linen cloth in all its various fabrics, from fine cambrics of 10*s.* to 15*s.* per yard, down to coarse sacking or bagging of 2½*d.* to 4*d.* per yard, sent to all parts of the world; of linen yarns, sent principally to France, of linen thread, of provisions, such as butter, cured beef, pork, bacon, hams, rendered lard, and eggs; of live stock, oxen, cows, calves, pigs, horses, and poultry; of oats, oatmeal, and flour; of starch, soap, flax, feathers, limestone, moulder's sand, whiskey; potatoes, bleaching powder, bricks, bones, and bone manure; with a great variety of minor productions.

Our imports consist of such articles of foreign and colonial productions, as are in usual consumption; besides which may be named flax-seed for sowing, the average of which is 10,000 hogsheads annually; large quantities of foreign clover-seed, flax, hemp, tallow, barilla, pot-ashes, timber.

And from Great Britain we import alkalies, window-glass, coals, salt, slates, herrings (about 20,000 barrels

Agricultural and Commercial Bank (a Dublin bubble) failed a few years ago, for at least a century no Bank, *bona fide* of Belfast, has suspended payment.

The cleanly and bustling appearance of Belfast is decidedly un-national. That it is in Ireland, but not of it, is a remark ever on the lips of visitors from the south or west. Like most other Irish towns, the character of its streets is by no means uniform, the commercial quarter differing much from that to the south, in the neighbourhood of College and Donegal Squares; where the houses are large and handsome; although almost invariably constructed of brick. But to the business portion of the town also contains excellent streets. High-street is broad and spacious, reaching upwards from the river, and terminated by the Northern Bank, a lofty brick building, occupying its further end. Donegal-street, Bridge-street, and Warren-street, are well-built and regular streets, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Commercial Buildings or Exchange. The Northern district, and the suburb of Ballymacarret, on the Down side of the Lagan, are the poorer and meaner parts of the town.

annually), cider, linen yarn, furniture, besides large quantities of all the ordinary British manufactures. By a revised list made out from our Customhouse records, on the 1st of January, 1842, of ships owned at the port of Belfast, it appears that the number of vessels (exclusive of very small ones) is three hundred and forty-eight, registering 48,123 tons, new measurement. Of these there are one hundred and two vessels registering 32,728 tons (averaging three hundred and twenty tons each vessel) employed in foreign trade, and the remaining two hundred and forty-six, averaging sixty-three tons each, employed in our coasting and British trade.

On comparison with last year's list, we find that the number of coasting vessels now registered is about the same. Why the usual increase did not take place in this class, may be accounted for by the coal trade paying so very poorly; however, in the large class of vessels employed in the foreign trade, there is an increase, on the previous year, of fourteen ships, and the increase of tonnage is 4,060 tons, being much the same as the increase of 1840 over 1839; and this increase is over and above the number which have been lost, and sold to other ports, within the last twelve months. So far, we find there is a regular and progressive increase of investure of capital in this kind of property. It is true that the ship-owners have been paid but indifferently, these two years past; but, previously, they were well remunerated; and this species of property must again, as commerce improves, give good return to its enterprising owners.

We may draw the attention of the many respectable owners of our large vessels to the opening of new lines of trading from this port, which still present themselves; namely, by direct intercourse with the East Indies, and with our rapidly increasing colonies in Australia and the Eastern seas. And we must not omit mentioning a weighty part of our exports; namely, 5,283 emigrants, who embarked in vessels direct to the following respective countries, within the year 1841; viz.:—

For Canada	3,831
New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island	830
West Indies	14
United States	608
Total	5,283

And about the same number left the port of Belfast, to embark at Liverpool and at Greenock.

Connected with ship-owning is ship-building, and it is highly gratifying to find that the establishments in this line are in full operation of building new vessels. Most eligible sites for ship-building yards will be gained by the embankment on the south side of the river, now making by the present harbour improvements.

The public buildings are sufficiently numerous, though certainly possessing but few architectural claims to consideration. The want of steeples has been often noticed; the wooden tower of the parish church of St. Anne's being the only approach to that form of construction, if we except the somewhat paltry spire of the poor-house. Indeed the northern architects seem to have imagined, especially in the erection of places of worship, that the portico alone formed the proper object on which to display their taste and knowledge, uniformly neglecting the other external portions of the structure to add to the importance of the favoured member. One of the finest of these is that of the meeting-house of the third Presbyterian congregation, which presents a tasteful example of Grecian Doric, occupying a most un-Hellenistic site in a lane where nothing but the portico itself is visible. Another, a very handsome tetrastyle Corinthian, attached to St. George's church, a plain building situated in High-street, once formed part of Ballyscullen House, the Irish Fonthill, built by the eccentric Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry, and the rival of Lord Charlemont in the leadership of the Volunteers. On the taking down of that edifice, it was procured by the then Bishop of Down and Connor, and placed in its present position.

One of the most important public edifices is the Commercial Buildings, erected by an incorporated company at the cost of £20,000. It contains an excellent news-room, frequented by most of the respectable merchants, an assembly-room, and several offices. Here the Exchange is held. The structure terminates one end of Donegal-street, to which it presents a granite front, consisting of Ionic columns, resting on a rusticated basement. Nearly opposite, at the divergence of North-street and Donegal-street, stands the Old Exchange, a heavy building, now but little used, the property of the Donegal family. The Royal Academical Institution is a massive brick edifice, forming one side of College Square, and surrounded by a grass inclosure of several acres in extent. It is wholly occupied by schools and class-rooms, and residences for two of the masters. The Theatre—a mean building with a very neat interior—has long been neglected. A handsome music-hall, for concerts and similar entertainments, has been recently erected—a sufficient indication of the taste of the town. The churches of Belfast are St. Anne's, St. George's, and Christ's—the last a partly free church, built a few years ago. The Roman Catholics have but two chapels; one large and commodious, situated in Donegal-street; and the other, a dingy brick building, in Chapel-lane. Of Presbyterian meeting-houses there are no fewer than thirteen; ten, we believe, in connexion with the General Assembly, and three belonging to congregations professing Unitarianism. Several of these are not without architectural pre-

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tensions. That in Fisherwick-place is a large and well situated structure with an Ionic portico. The meeting-house of the Reverend Doctor Cook in May-street is also handsome and extensive. Of the remaining places of worship five belong to the Methodists; and one each to the Independents, the Covenanters or Reformed Presbyters, and the Society of Friends.

Belfast is honourably distinguished by the number of its charitable institutions; and these are almost wholly supported by voluntary contributions. The Poor-house of the Belfast Charitable Society, incorporated in 1774, is an extensive structure, situated at the north end of Donegal-street, fronting the Commercial Buildings. It is supported, at considerable expense, by annual subscriptions, and a vested fund, the produce of former donations. Notwithstanding the introduction of poor-laws, and the erection of a Union Workhouse, the continuance of the Poor-house has been resolved on by the subscribers. The Fever-hospital, opened in 1817, and capable of accommodating above two hundred patients, is partly maintained by the county. A Lying-in Hospital, two Female Penitentiaries, a House of Refuge, and an institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, are entirely supported by voluntary subscriptions. A loan-fund has been recently established with every prospect of success. The Savings' Bank has been hitherto highly prosperous.*

The attention of the inhabitants has of late years been much directed to the improvement of the harbour. As the corporation of the town had long been inefficient, a body was incorporated under the title of the Ballast Corporation, to whom the general care of the harbour was entrusted. Under their superintendence important improvements have been already effected; and a comprehensive plan of Messrs. Walker and Burges of London, having for its main object the formation of a straight channel to the river, between the new floating-dock and the pool of Garmoyle, a deep and secure anchorage about three miles down the Lough, has been adopted and partially executed. The completion of these improvements—the opening of the commodious bridge at present in construction across the Lagan, on the site of the old bridge of twenty-one arches, built in 1682; and the further extension of the Ulster Railway, will go far to ensure the continued prosperity of the town.

* Among the other advantages of Belfast, we may not omit to notice the hotels, of which there are several that may vie in all respects with the best in Great Britain. We resided at the "Donegal Arms," situated in the principal street—High Street. Its exterior is very elegant, having indeed the character of a grand edifice. It is impossible to praise too highly the whole of the well-ordered *ménage*; a courteous and "inquiring" landlord, exceedingly attentive servants, good posting; everything, in short, connected with the establishment is creditable to the excellent and flourishing town. We cannot say as much for the hotels of the north generally.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Belfast is varied and picturesque. The bold range of mountains, stretching northward of the town, and skirting the western side of the valley of the Lagan, contrasts strongly with the fertility of the valley itself, and the rich cultivation of the opposite hills of Down. From these mountains the views are, for the most part, strikingly beautiful. We would notice particularly that from Mc Art's Fort on the summit of the Cave Hill,* the most eastern of the chain, which almost overhangs the town, and towers, with imposing effect, over the road to Carrickfergus. The fort, an ancient stronghold of a sept cruelly exterminated by Mountjoy, in the reign of Elizabeth, occupies the highest point of a range of precipitous cliffs, in the face of which the caves are hollowed which give name to the mountain. Almost at its foot is the town, and, beyond, stretches the fertile county of Down, intersected by the Lough of Strangford, with its numerous islets; to the right, lies the valley of the Lagan, bordered by the other members of the chain, the horizon being bounded by the mountains of Mourne. In the opposite direction, the eye rests on the waters of the Lough, the Carrickfergus district of Antrim, and the northern shores of Down, while, in the extreme distance, the hills of Scotland are dimly visible. To the north-west of the mountain, though unseen from this point, lies the vast sheet of Lough Neagh.

Before we enter upon matters more immediately appertaining to Belfast, there is one subject connected with it, upon which we feel bound to offer a few remarks; the more especially because in our previous treatment of it, we omitted to render justice to the true source from which has flowed the great and fertilising river, the happy influence of which has been felt in all parts of the country.

In Belfast the temperance reformation originated: the originator—in the Old World, that is to say—being the Rev. John Edgar, D.D., a Presbyterian clergyman of this town. When, in August 1829, Dr. Edgar's first appeal was issued, a dire and terrible necessity demanded reform. In that year, twenty-seven millions five hundred thousand gallons of proof spirits were consumed in the United Kingdom; more than double the quantity consumed

* The chieftain Bryan Mac Art, who resided for some time at Castle Reagh, or the royal castle, has perpetuated his name in the suburban village of Ballymacarret (Bally-Mac-Art), which he is supposed to have built. His stronghold was on the top of Ben Madigan (Cave Hill), still known as Mc Art's Fort. The town-land of Ligoneil in the parish of Belfast, means O'Neil's place of loosing his hounds; and Skeigoneil, O'Neil's thorn (or fortification), so called from the annoyance which it gave to his enemies. Coa O'Neil, so long known in connexion with the Reagh Castle, is still recognised in Conn's Brook. Many other illustrations of old times and old people might be added in a similar way.

A singular peculiarity connected with Cave Hill was pointed out to us; seen from nearly every part of the southern suburbs, its outline resembles, in a very remarkable manner, the profile of Napoleon.

in 1819. Ireland's share of this cost her above six millions sterling, or three guineas for every family.

Temperance societies first produced conviction of the enormous evil—the hideous consequences of the almost universal practice of spirit-drinking. They furnished abundant evidence that the use of distilled spirit as an ordinary beverage, is a personal, a domestic, a national, curse; and they advanced proof from the highest sources, that three-fourths of the hopeless beggary, four-fifths of the crime tried in courts of justice, and a fearful, although undefinable, amount of the disease and wretchedness under which Ireland groaned, were the natural and necessary results of spirit-drinking. The surgeon-general for Ireland testified, that, in Dublin, nearly one-fourth of all deaths in persons above twenty years of age were caused prematurely by spirit-drinking: a magistrate of the county Antrim furnished a list of forty-eight persons, who, in his own recollection, and within two miles of his own country residence, had perished miserably by spirit-drinking: while from a published history, for three years, of the public-houses on a mile of road in the county of Antrim, and of seventeen houses, constituting one side of a street in a village of the county Down, it appeared that not a single family had escaped most direful and hideous ruin.

The origin of temperance societies, in the old world, is this:—In June and July 1829, efforts were made in Belfast to prevent the desecration of the Sabbath, by placarding the laws for its observance, and appointing officers to enforce them. Dr. Edgar, professing little faith in such measures for promoting genuine reformation, was appointed to write an address to the understandings and conscience of the public. While thus engaged, he was visited by his friend Dr. Penny of America, who having told him of the great reformation commenced there, he seized eagerly on the discovery, and published his first appeal on behalf of the temperance societies on the 14th of August 1829.

The first address was soon followed by others, all of which were copied into many journals; and these and others from the same pen being published as pamphlets, and sold by four travelling agents, within a year from the commencement of the reform, a hundred thousand small works on temperance were in circulation; and, before three years, two hundred and thirty thousand were issued from the Belfast press alone *.

* Dr. Edgar has written about eighty works of various sizes on Temperance, nearly all of which have been frequently republished in different parts of the United Kingdom, and of America; and they are in circulation in all parts of the world; and besides keeping his great subject continually before the public eye in various periodicals, he edited the Belfast Temperance Advocate, and for a length of time, the periodical of

This great and good man has happily lived to see the small seed he planted become a great tree. We hope that, ere long, he will publish *one* other pamphlet—a CONTRAST between things as they were and things as they are, to show the wonderful changes that have been wrought in the habits, morals, properties, and constitutions of the people.

Belfast abounds, as we have said, in charitable institutions; they are for the most part common to the country, but remarkable for good management, adequate support, and freedom from anything approaching to "jobbing." There are two, however, that call for more than a passing remark:—the "Ulster Female Penitentiary," and the "Society for the Encouragement and Reward of Good Conduct in Female Servants."

Some years age, an attempt to support a female penitentiary in Belfast had been, through the negligence of its managing committee, signally unsuccessful; and its benevolent matron, after having expended the whole of her small property in endeavouring to preserve it in being, was forced to break up the establishment, and cast herself on the charity of her friends. Some compensation was afterwards made her by benevolent individuals; but the cause fell into disrepute; and though, through the labours of the late Thomas Greer Jacob, an institution, founded on the ruins of the former, struggled on for a time in a sort of dying existence, yet with all the influence he could use, he left, at his decease, a dilapidated building, under a heavy rent, with no suitable accommodations, and considerably in debt. Subsequently, this debt was unexpectedly cleared off, yet the relief was but temporary; and the institution was hastening rapidly to dissolution, when its committee requested the Rev. Dr. Edgar to raise a sum sufficient to erect such buildings and provide such accommodation as the province of Ulster required. His success was triumphant. In Belfast alone, in a few weeks, he collected, in sums of ten pounds and upwards, eighteen hundred pounds, and afterwards nearly double that amount; enabling the committee to pay off the debt of the old institution, all the expense of the new, and to fine down the ground rent to four pounds annually. With the sum thus so generously contributed, a suitable and effective establishment has been erected, and the *separate apartment for each inmate*, the lending library, the system of literary and religious instruction, and the whole facilities for economy, order, and industry, supply a model for similar establishments.

the British and Foreign Temperance Society. Wherever invited, whether in England, Ireland, or Scotland, he went to advocate the cause; and in London, Dublin, Glasgow, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, York, and very many other places, he has repeatedly addressed immense multitudes from the platform and the pulpit; and twelve years of the best of his life have been sedulously and gratuitously devoted to the cause.

Not a single applicant has been refused admittance since the opening of the new institution, and every wretched outcast desirous of forsaking the evil of her ways, may find in it a shelter and a home. From the common jails, and from the lowest dens of infamy and crime, its inmates are taken; yet such is the admirable system maintained by its excellent matron, such the kindness and decision of her most judicious management, and such the effective superintendence of the female committee; that, in few private families, are there more peace, and harmony, and kindness; more industry, economy, and good management, than distinguish the "family circle" of the Ulster Female Penitentiary; strangers though its inmates have been to each other, habituated to crime, neglected or perverted by parents from earliest infancy, tempted and ruined by seducers, and thrust out and deserted by the world. Though the ordinary fare of the institution is not superior to that of prisoners in jail, and though no recompense whatever is given for labour, yet such is the regular and persevering industry of the inmates, and such the perfection of the whole apparatus for work, that, on an average, ten pounds annually are received for the work of each of the girls, though one half of them are enfeebled by disease and hardship, or, previously, unacquainted with any species of employment; and though all of them belong to a class proverbially known as '*idle*.'

One most valuable improvement has been fully carried out in this Institution—that of separate and detached sleeping rooms; each penitent has a small chamber *of her own;* this at once gives her an impression that she—so late the outcast and despised—has recovered an inheritance; her room, large enough to hold her bed, table, chair, and from its height certain of a healthy temperature, *is her own:*—a spot where she can retire to,—where she can think,—and read,—and pray,—and weep, without being observed; where she can commune with her own heart, think over the past; and even *hope* for the future; there she cannot be disturbed—the house is her refuge—her asylum, but the room is *her own*—HER HOME.

In one of these little rooms the Matron told us a poor girl was dying of consumption. She was wasted to a shadow, but her eyes were bright, and full of that delusive hope which lights but to the grave. "She was very happy," she said, "and thankful to God who had saved her; and when she got better she would tell others of that great salvation;" but she could hardly say even so much, panting as she was, for the treacherous breath that was flitting from her lips. There was a rose in a small jug on her little table, that had dropped away, leaf by leaf, upon the white cloth that covered it—there were only two or three remaining, and the yellow stamens, the very heart of

the once blooming flower, had a crushed and withering look; the similitude was painful in the extreme; it is impossible to say if she read our feelings: but while we could hardly repress our tears, her thin white lips smiled joyfully: it was more than we could bear.

The "Society for the Encouragement and Reward of Good Conduct in Female Servants," was established in 1836. It has hitherto worked admirably. The principal rule of the Institution is this:—

"That a premium of four guineas be given at the expiration of four uninterrupted years of faithful service, or ten guineas at the expiration of seven years, on the claimant producing from her employer a certificate to the following effect:—*A. B. has served me faithfully for four (or seven) successive years, during which time I believe her to have been sober and honest, and of good moral conduct.*"

No plan can be more beneficial to Ireland than a steady perseverance in such a system. The Irish are so peculiarly susceptible of kindness, so alive to praise, that nothing, we feel assured, would more tend to the improvement of the servant class than rewards, properly apportioned; but to make such institutions useful they must be, as we believe they have been in Belfast, truthfully and firmly conducted; there must be no favouritism—no equivocation—no concealment of faults. The honest, faithful, long-serving attendant should be liberally rewarded; she should have (as in Belfast) her card of merit, (to *her* as precious as the Waterloo medal we see so frequently glittering on the breasts of our brave veterans,) so that she might leave it as a legacy on her death-bed to some dear relative or friend; there should be a positive certainty that none would be rewarded who did not, in every sense of the word, deserve it; the knowledge of this would stimulate to good conduct. There are fine institutions in Belfast, as well as in every other town in Ireland; but there are none more worthy of support, or more likely to be attended with beneficial results, than the one we have named. We have only to call to mind how greatly and continually our comforts are influenced by our domestics, to show the necessity of improving in every possible way this important class*.

* We extract a few passages from the original prospectus of the Society:—

"The periodical changes of servants which take place in this town, are universally acknowledged to be a great evil—seriously to operate against the interest and comfort of families, and to have a most injurious effect upon the conduct of servants themselves.

"By wandering continually from place to place, young women encounter temptations of every description; and many a promising character has thus been ruined, and ultimately sunk to the lowest state of degradation who might, in her station, have become a valuable member of society, if she had, in the first instance, retained a respectable situation.

We have alluded to the intellectual character of Belfast, as forming its leading feature. That character has been long established. The town is, so to speak, "full of schools," from those for the highest to those for the lowest classes. Here Joseph Lancaster opened his first seminary in Ireland; and it still flourishes.*

"To be served faithfully is a point of the utmost importance to all housekeepers; yet there are comparatively few who find it possible to keep their servants long enough to consider them worthy of confidence; even those who appear to be the most deserving often, without scruple, leave the best mistresses, sometimes for a trifling increase of wages, and sometimes only for the sake of change.

"In order in some measure to counteract these evils, it is proposed to establish an Institution for the encouragement and reward of good conduct in female servants, to be entitled, THE BELFAST SERVANTS' FRIEND SOCIETY."

* Belfast has been long and very intimately connected with the history of educational improvement. Here flourished some seventy or eighty years ago, a schoolmaster, named David Manson, to whom the world owes more than it is aware. His seminary was both a boarding and a day school. His boarders were the sons of the principal nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood; and his day scholars, the children of the principal inhabitants of the town,—both boys and girls. This mixture, repulsive to modern notions, was at that time quite common in Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Manson had, indeed, a sister who shared in his labours, and occupied a separate schoolroom; but her province was to conduct the junior classes without distinction of sex; and the young ladies and young gentlemen mixed together in both schoolrooms, and sat in the same classes. One of Mr. Manson's little girls was the celebrated Elizabeth Hamilton, a native of Scotland, but then resident in Belfast. Her old master is affectionately and honourably mentioned in her "Cottagers of Glenburnie," and some of her other works, and in her Life, by Miss Benger. He appears to have been a man of great talent, and great benevolence, with just as much eccentricity as gave him the courage to do bold and new things, without diminishing the respect of his pupils, his friends, or the public. The precise methods on which he conducted his school we have not ascertained; but it is clear that he made the children fond of lessons, and that he used corporal punishment seldom: and as an excitement to study, never. One curious and characteristic piece of school discipline we may record. To repress quarrelling and fighting, he had a large wooden figure in the schoolroom which he called "The Conqueror." Whenever two boys were known to box, he compelled them to face this figure, and attack it with their fists, till they were heartily tired. It will be readily believed, that any moderately sized organ of combativeness would soon exhaust itself on the "passive resistance" of such an antagonist. With a few such odd and whimsical things, Manson combined many plans which were beautiful, and natural, and strikingly in accordance with the philosophical views soon after given to the world by Miss Edgeworth, in her admirable work on "Practical Education." His delightful and grateful pupil Miss Hamilton, when she grew to womanhood, traced this accordance; she saw, too, that her master's practice pointed to several phenomena of the human mind, which Miss Edgeworth had not taken up, or had touched but slightly. Living in Edinburgh, in the society of which Dugald Stewart was the ornament, she had the best opportunities of studying mental science; and walking in Miss Edgeworth's footsteps, she gave a more regular form to the philosophy of education, and enriched it with much new matter.

Dr. Crombie was the pastor and friend of Manson; and we have reason to believe, that his idea of founding a public seminary on a large scale, was suggested by the necessity of filling up the blank that was created when that gentleman, sinking under years and infirmities, gave up his school. How much good has sprung from that idea, we shall presently make our readers aware.

The pre-eminence of Belfast in educational improvement continues, as we have intimated, to the present day; the philosophy of education having been taken up where Elizabeth Hamilton left it, with the view of reducing it to a regular and complete science, by the Rev. R. J. Bryce, LL.D., the present principal of "the Academy." As yet he has not published any system; but in answer to a call made upon him at a public meeting in Belfast, he recently undertook to do so.

Belfast contains two Seminaries of public foundation, the history of which is interesting in itself, and derives additional value from the fact that they have furnished models for important educational improvements in other places, and are intimately connected with a great religious change which has recently taken place in Ulster.

The "BELFAST ACADEMY" was founded, by subscription, in the year 1785. It was intended to contain a higher, or college, department, on the plan of the Scotch Universities, and a lower, or school, department, in which, for the first time, the principle of the division of labour, as acted on in the Scotch Universities, was applied to the more elementary parts of education. It consisted of a number of separate schools, each of which had a separate school-room and a separate master. Over the whole was placed a "PRINCIPAL," charged with the general superintendence of the institution. The first mover of this undertaking was the Rev. Dr. Crombie, a presbyterian minister in Belfast. The original prospectus, drawn up by him, is still extant; it proves him to have been a man of most enlarged views, and far in advance of his age. He was appointed the first Principal; and it seems certain that in accepting the office he had no other motive than to benefit his country and his fellow-men. It brought him no emolument at all proportioned to the sacrifice of time and ease which its duties implied. He died in March, 1790, and was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Bruce, who, for a short time, continued Dr. Crombie's endeavours to sustain the college department. But the political excitement of those days withdrew men's attention from all other objects; and Dr. Bruce, constitutionally less ardent and enterprising than his predecessor, gave up the attempt as hopeless, and confined his attention to the effective administration of the lower department *.

The founders of the Belfast Academy had contemplated that it should furnish candidates for the Presbyterian Ministry with that college education which they had hitherto sought in the Scotch Universities; and this had been

* This contained five schools—1. The Classical School. 2. The Mathematical and Mercantile School (for arithmetic, geography, and mathematics). 3. The Writing School (for penmanship and short-hand alone). 4. The English School (in which were taught reading, spelling, grammar, elocution, and the elements of composition). 5. The French School. The masters of these schools, though subordinate to the Principal, were not his *employés*; they stood to him nearly in the same relation which the Fellows of a College bear to its Head, or the officers of a regiment to its Colonel. Justice to the respectable, and in some instances distinguished, men who have filled these mastershipe, requires this to be stated; for in the present day every man who sets up a private school calls it an "Academy," dubs himself its "Principal," and calls his ushers "Masters." But, in the language of Dr. Crombie and his fellow labourers, "Academy" means an assemblage of distinct schools; the Head of each of these schools is called its "Master;" he is paid independently, by his own pupils, and employs ushers or assistants under him as occasion may require. His situation gives him a comfortable income, and a respectable position in society.

eagerly desired by a large portion of the public. Accordingly, in 1810, when political excitement had comparatively subsided, some public-spirited men turned their thoughts to the subject; and various causes led them to undertake the founding of a new institution, instead of endeavouring to revive the college department of the old. Thus arose the "BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION." Its plan was exactly copied from that of the "Belfast Academy," except that it was not to have a head or "Principal."

The new seminary was pushed forward with a degree of vigour and energy which reflected the highest honour on its founders. A sum of £30,000 was raised by subscription; a parliamentary grant of £1500 per annum was obtained; the college department was opened with a complete corps of professors, and the Presbyterian Synods were induced to sanction the Institution as a place of education for their students. In 1816, however, government withdrew the grant, in consequence of some leading subscribers and managers of the Institution having been present at a public dinner at which some objectionable political toasts had been given. Notwithstanding this, the "Institution" went on and prospered; and the "Academy" was, for a time, completely eclipsed.

In the year 1821, the Greek chair in the new seminary became vacant; the orthodox part of the Presbyterian body had complained of some recent appointments of Unitarians to literary situations in the Institution; the two leading candidates on this occasion were an Arian and a Trinitarian; the Arian was successful, less however on account of his theology, than from an opinion that some of his friends would have influence with Government sufficient to procure the restoration of the grant. From this arose a controversy which has raged, at intervals, with great violence for the last twenty years, and which has not yet terminated. The advocates of the Institution maintain that the orthodox have no just grounds of complaint, inasmuch as the fundamental principle of the seminary was, to recognise no religious distinctions; on which grounds men of all religious parties had subscribed to its erection. The orthodox party contend that some deference is due to the opinions and feelings of those who furnish the great majority of the students; and allege that in filling the chairs, Arians have been unduly preferred to orthodox candidates of higher literary qualifications. One important result of this controversy was, that the Arians seceded from the bulk of the Presbyterian body and constituted themselves into a separate synod, in the year 1829, under the name of "Remonstrants."

Instead of promoting, the result of the professorial election of 1821 retarded, the restoration of the parliamentary grant. The alarm of Unitarianism furnished the Government with a new ground of refusal; parliamentary com-

mittees examined into the subject, and ultimately the Commission of Education Inquiry, then in existence, was sent down to Belfast to investigate the matter on the spot. The result of their labours was, to recommend the renewal of the grant, on condition that the "Institution" should adopt certain regulations in the shape of bye-laws, which it was thought would give the Trinitarians sufficient security against the dangers they apprehended. These bye-laws were passed, and the grant was restored in 1828; and has since been enlarged to upwards of £2000.

But, in 1829, a Professor of Moral Philosophy was appointed, of whose orthodoxy the synod were not satisfied; and, to make the matter worse, the foremost of the rejected candidates was a member of their own body, highly distinguished for his talents and piety. The storm of controversy again burst forth, and lasted, with few intermissions, for two or three years. The result was, that the synod appointed two of its own members to teach moral philosophy to its students, who were thus withdrawn from the instruction of the obnoxious professor, though allowed to continue their attendance on the other classes of the Institution.

In 1822, Dr. Bruce retired from the principality of the "Academy," full of years and honour, and was succeeded by the Rev. James Gray. Mr. Gray accepted an ecclesiastical preferment in India, in 1826; and his place was filled by the Rev. Dr. Bryce.

In 1830 the "Academical Institution" obtained the king's permission to use the prefix "ROYAL."

In 1831, an attempt was made to revive the college department of the old "Academy," and a request was conveyed to the Presbyterian Synod to "open the trade" of education, by receiving the certificates of that seminary on the same footing as those of the "Royal Academical Institution," leaving it to the option of the students to which of the two they would resort. At first this application seemed sure of success. It was strenuously supported by Dr. Cooke and others who generally swayed the synod; Dr. Bryce, the head of the seminary from which it proceeded, had been the favourite orthodox candidate for the Greek Professorship in the other institution, in 1821; and in the fierce discussion which had broken out twice or thrice during the ten intervening years, the Calvinistic leaders had always loudly complained of the injustice done to him, and to their party through him, by the result of that election. Nevertheless the proposal was unsuccessful; and the college classes of the "Academy," being denied the support of professional students, were not continued for more than three or four years.

This decision, which caused much surprise among the Evangelical party, both of the Established Church and of the Presbyterians, was owing to several

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causes. But of these we need only mention one,—a hope, on the part of the more calculating members, that by a gentle and steady pressure upon the "Royal Academical Institution," they could succeed in gaining an ascendancy which would be sufficient for their purpose; and that it was more desirable to acquire such influence over a large and flourishing institution, than to endeavour to check what they deemed its errors by encouraging the competition with which it was threatened. On this plan the synod acted; and at first the Institution readily acceded to their demands. At length, however, they began to see the tendency of the synod's policy, and resisted; and the war broke out more fiercely than ever. The managers and proprietors of the "Institution" charge the Presbyterian clergy with violating, or wishing to violate, the original compact on which the institution was founded; and insist that a national seminary, erected by the liberality of men of all religious denominations, and supported from the public purse, must not be suffered to become the property of a sect. The synod, on the other hand, maintain, that the bye-laws passed at the period of the restoration of the parliamentary grant, give them a full right to all they demand, and loudly declare that they will make no compromise with Arianism, which they denounce as a "soul-destroying heresy."

The immediate cause of difference, at present, is the following:—At a very early period in the history of the "Academical Institution," it was proposed to provide accommodation within its walls, for Theological Professors, to be appointed by the different churches in Ireland; and an offer to this effect was made to the Bishops of the Established and Roman Catholic Churches, and to the different bodies of Dissenters. This offer was accepted by two of the Presbyterian Synods (since merged into one); and by a subsequent act all professors, those appointed by the synods as well as those chosen by and responsible to the Institution itself, were formed into a "Board of Faculty" for the internal government of the college department. Two Theological Professors have recently been appointed by the "Remonstrant Synod" (Arian). These gentlemen claim seats in the Faculty:—the majority of the Faculty, supported by the United Synod (Trinitarian), resist their admission; and the managers of the Institution are trying to enforce it.

It would be out of our province to enter into the merits of these controversies. The above is an impartial narrative of the facts, the views of each party being stated as nearly as possible in their own words *.

* The school department of the "Academy" at present contains the five schools mentioned in the note to page 65, with the addition of a drawing-class. It also offers opportunities of acquiring the Hebrew, Spanish, Italian, and German languages. The office of Principal continues to be filled by Dr. Bryce.

The "Natural History and Philosophical Society," of Belfast is an institution of high and important rank. The members read papers in rotation on some branch of natural history or general science. The society does not publish Transactions, but many of the members contribute memoirs to the transactions of other societies, and to the scientific periodicals. The building in which the members meet, is a handsome and most convenient edifice, situated on the north side of College-square. It contains their valuable and extensive museum, consisting of Irish antiquities, works of art, and a collection of minerals, rocks, and fossils, and of specimens in different departments of zoology and in botany *.

Its college department may be considered as dormant, except that there is occasionally a logic class, which is conducted on the plan of that in the University of Glasgow.

This seminary possesses a small library, and a very valuable museum, the latter collected within the last few years by the exertions of James Bryce, Esq., who fills the mathematical mastership. It is particularly rich in minerals and petrifactions. An interesting account of the origin of this collection, and of the manner in which Mr. Bryce has introduced natural science as a regular branch of elementary education, may be found in Dr. Drummond's "Letters to a Young Naturalist;" and in an appendix to Maria Hack's "Geological Sketches and Glimpses of an Ancient Earth."

The affairs of the Academy are managed by the Board of "the Principal and Masters" and by a committee of the subscribers jointly.

The buildings are old and inconvenient, but a subscription is in progress for renewing them, after a very beautiful design by a Belfast architect, Mr. Jackson.

The school department of the "Royal Academical Institution" is, in plan and in extent, almost exactly the same as that of the "Academy." It has, however, no individual Head, and the Masters preside in rotation.

The college department contains the following Professorships.

I. Professors appointed by and responsible to the Institution:—

1. Natural Philosophy. 2. Moral Philosophy. 3. Logic and Belles-Lettres. 4. Mathematics. 5. Oriental Languages. 6. Greek and Latin. 7. Anatomy and Physiology. 8. Chemistry. 9. Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children. 10. Materia Medica and Pharmacy. 11. Surgery. 12. Medical Botany. 13. Theory and Practice of Physic.

II. Professors appointed by the Presbyterian Church, and accommodated with class-rooms, but not responsible to the Managers of the Institution:—

1. Divinity. 2. Biblical Criticism. 3. Ecclesiastical History.

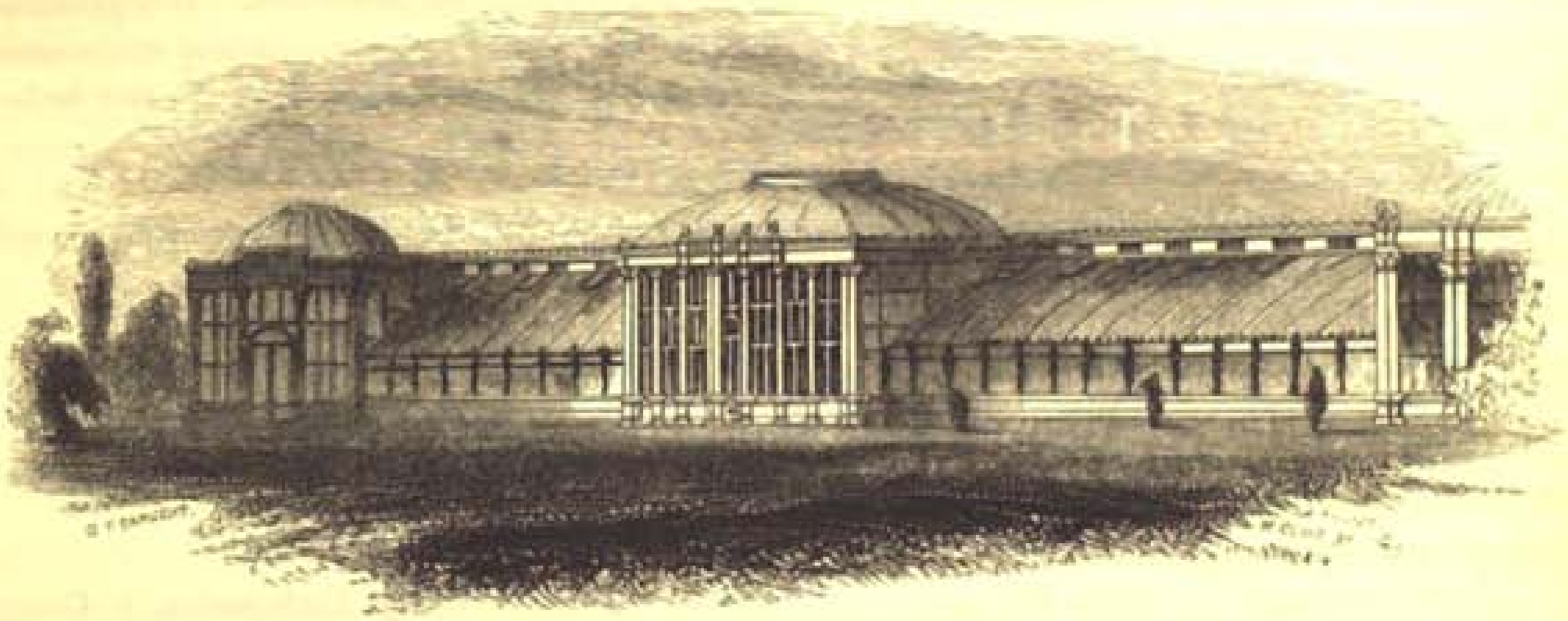
Of the Professors appointed by the Institution, the first seven have salaries of 150*l.* each, *per annum*, out of the Parliamentary grant; the other six, 50*l.* each. Of the Presbyterian Theological Professorships, that of Ecclesiastical History has a salary of 150*l.* *per annum* from government attached to it. Before the union of the two synods each had its own Professor of Divinity, with a separate endowment from Government. Since the union, the two Professors are still kept up, and the two endowments (100*l.* *per annum* each,) continue to be received. The Professor of Biblical Criticism has no endowment from the public purse: but the synod gives him a salary of 100*l.* *per annum*. Besides these salaries, all the Professors in both lists receive fees from the students.

The "Royal Academical Institution" possesses an excellent library, and a small but interesting museum. It, too, has introduced Natural History as a branch of Elementary Education.

The general concerns of the Royal Institution are conducted by a "Board of Managers;" a "Board of Visitors" having the superintendence of the Professors and Masters, and the power of dismissing them in cases of misconduct. The election of Professors and Masters is vested in the joint Boards.

* "There is not perhaps any public institution in Ireland more interesting in its origin, or honourable to its members and patrons, than the Belfast Natural History Society. It commenced among a few respectable

Under the head of Scientific Institutions—for they have been applied to purposes of high utility as well as enjoyment—we may class the Botanical Gardens of Belfast. They are situated about a mile from the town; and although not very extensive, are of exceeding interest and beauty. The site had been judiciously selected; it is full of slight and graceful undulations; one of the slopes terminates in what was formerly a miniature morass, now converted into a receptacle for aquatic plants, and forming a singularly picturesque auxiliary to the scene. Under the care of an excellent, tasteful, and experienced curator—Mr. Daniel Ferguson—a pictorial effect has been given to every portion of the place; and although its scientific arrangements are said to be faultless, they in no degree impair the elegance of the garden. The conservatories are formed after the most recent improvements, and the principal one may be regarded as a perfect model.



There is one feature, however, in this establishment upon which it is our duty to remark It is made practically serviceable in the instruction of young men to become experienced gardeners, upon scientific principles, at their

young gentlemen of that town, nearly all of whom were engaged in commercial business, and who devoted those leisure hours to literary and scientific pursuits, which young men of their age and class too generally employ in folly or debauchery. They subscribed a small sum to pay for a room to meet in, and at their meetings curious objects of natural history were exhibited, and original essays were read and commented on. By degrees their numbers increased: young men who attended as visitors merely from feelings of curiosity, became captivated with the delights of knowledge, and zealously applied their minds to its acquisition, and in a short time their numbers amounted to no less than sixty members. Their proceedings ultimately attracted, as they deserved, the admiration and applause of the older and wealthier citizens of this great commercial town and its vicinity; and a subscription was entered on to procure the youthful society a public edifice for their meetings, and a depository for their valuable museum. The sum of twelve hundred pounds and upwards was speedily collected, since augmented to fifteen hundred; and on the 4th of May, 1830, the first stone of the edifice was laid by the Marquis of Donegal."—This passage is extracted from "The Dublin Penny Journal," 1833. The entire outlay of the erection, and fitting up of the museum and meeting-room, amounted to two thousand three hundred pounds; the whole of which was raised by voluntary contributions, so that no debt was incurred.

outset in life. By the rules of this society, youths are admitted into "training and apprenticeship" between the ages of fourteen and sixteen; but previous to admission, they are subjected to an examination, by the committee, as to the state of their education; it is necessary for them to be, at entrance, reasonable English scholars, and of good parentage. Their term of engagement is limited to four or five years, according to the ages of the candidates; they receive as wages for their labour, 4*s.* a week during the first year; 5*s.* during the second; and 6*s.* weekly for the remainder of their time. They are furnished with excellent lodging rooms in a building attached to the garden, consisting of cooking-room, school-room, and sleeping rooms; the two younger apprentices cooking and attending upon the seniors each alternate week. During the evenings of winter and spring months, the society procures the attendance of a tutor, who teaches them in classes, in the various branches of education,—two-thirds of the recompense to this tutor being defrayed by the Society, and one-third by the pupil. In the more immediate business of their lives they have the advantage, daily, of the instruction of the able and excellent curator. Already a number of young men have been sent into the world, educated upon this admirable system; and already the beneficial effects of it are beginning to be felt in Ireland. Heretofore it has been the almost invariable custom of the Irish gentry, when requiring a steward or gardener, to send for one from Scotland. It was indeed almost a necessity that they should do so; for among the middle and lower classes at home, no effort whatever had been made, until of late years, to render the artisan, the mechanic, or the agriculturist, aught but a mere labourer; and when a gentleman desired to improve his estate, or to form a garden, or to cultivate it with skill and taste, it was useless for him to look for a director among his own countrymen. The profitable employments, therefore, arising from these fertile sources were monopolised by the Scotch. The evil —for so we are bound to regard it—is in course of removal. The society in Belfast has satisfactorily proved that the Irish can become as valuable stewards and gardeners as their neighbours of the coast opposite; and as, no doubt, a plan that has been found to answer admirably, will be, ere long, extensively followed, the good that may be reasonably anticipated is immense.

The reader will not, we trust, grow impatient for details concerning topics that may be more generally interesting, but which are, unquestionably, infinitely less important. For pictorial descriptions of the country we shall have abundant scope ere long—"the Giant's Causeway," one of Ireland's leading wonders, being within a day's journey of Belfast; while, in our route, lie old heroic Londonderry; Donegal, in its primeval grandeur; graceful and

beautiful Fermanagh; and the several counties of wild Connaught;—but we shall not again possess opportunities of directing attention to matters concerning which information is absolutely necessary to those who would acquire clear and enlarged views of Ireland, and more especially of "the North."

Even at the risk of being dull and tedious, therefore, we must confine ourselves, for a time, to facts.

As Belfast is a sort of ecclesiastical metropolis for the Presbyterians, being the place where their synods meet, where the greatest amount of wealth and talent is to be found connected with their body, and from which their periodical and other publications generally issue, this seems the proper opportunity for giving an account of that important portion of the population of Ireland.

It is well known that the Reformation at first made very slow progress in this country; and that, so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, a number of sees were still occupied by Roman Catholic dignitaries. But, even in the sixteenth century, members of the Scottish church were to be found in Ireland, and some of them at an early period were promoted to influential and honourable offices*. Towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, as we have elsewhere had occasion to remark, the estates of some of the Irish nobles who had been engaged in treasonable practices, were forfeited, and a considerable part of six of the northern counties, then placed at the disposal of the crown, was "planted," under the patronage of King James I., with colonists from Scotland †, by whom Presbyterianism was

* It is a remarkable fact that the first two elected Fellows of the University of Dublin, were Scottish Presbyterians.

† The plantation of Ulster was not effected till the reign of James I., who exerted himself vigorously to establish his English subjects in the secure possession of a considerable portion of the island. His object was not to aggrandise any party, so much as to exhibit an example of peaceful and industrious subjects governed by English laws. Sir John Davis states that "he made greater advances towards the reformation of the kingdom in nine years, than had been made in the four hundred and forty that had elapsed since the conquest was first attempted." (King James's Works, p. 259, edit. 1613; quoted by Hume, chap. xlvi.) Various plans were proposed to him for carrying out his views; but the plan submitted by Sir Arthur Chichester, a soldier of great experience in the Irish wars, was preferred to all the others. According to it, the allotments of land to private individuals were to be of three kinds, in sections of 1000, 1500, and 2000 acres. To make ample allowance for glens, bogs, and other unprofitable spots, then considered irreclaimable, a species of measurement was adopted, known to this day as "Irish Plantation Measure." The sections of largest extent were generally possessed by persons of considerable substance; each one was required to support an adequate number of English or Scotch tenantry armed, and to build a good substantial house, the materials of which were stated. This class of proprietors was neither expected nor required to reside on their respective allotments until the expiration of five years. Proprietors of the middle class were obliged to erect a less substantial house, and to support a proportional number of armed cultivators. They were required to fix their residences there within three years; while proprietors of the third class were obliged to reside on their allotments permanently and immediately. (Carte's History of the Duke of Ormond, vol. i.) Sir Arthur Chichester, the

introduced into Ulster, and soon obtained a firm footing in the country. These Scotch settlers have changed the external as well as the religious aspect of the northern province. About two centuries ago, it was the most barbarous, uncivilised, and wretched portion of Ireland; it has become the most peaceable, enlightened, and prosperous.

Till the year 1634 the Protestant Church in Ireland was an independent national establishment, distinct from that of England. About twenty years before that period, a "Confession" drawn up by the celebrated Ussher, then Professor of Divinity in Dublin, had been unanimously adopted by a convocation of the Irish Protestant Clergy, and confirmed by the civil authorities. It was framed with the view of compromising the differences between the high-church party and the puritans, and so preventing a schism like that which had occurred in England. Ecclesiastical affairs were administered in the same spirit; so that the strictest of the Presbyterians found no difficulty in uniting with Episcopalians. They were allowed to omit such parts of the Liturgy as were displeasing to them, or to lay it wholly aside if they chose. Ordination, whenever they wished it, was conducted in such a way as to meet their scruples *.

author of the plantation scheme, was a native of Devonshire, "sonne of Sr Iohn Chichester, of Raleiche, Kt." Accordingly, extensive immigrations from the shires of Monmouth and Devon took place at different times. These settlers were generally located in the southern districts of Antrim. The company in London to which Sir John Davis (p. 280) refers, effected their settlements chiefly in Derry, which was thence called Londonderry. The settlers in the inland counties consisted partly of adventurers, who pushed their way still further into the disturbed districts, and partly of other "planters," Scotch and English, allured by the hope of permanent and valuable settlements. Leland says the king's instructions directed that the settlers should occupy the mountains, and for two reasons:—1st, not to irritate the Irish by dispossessing them of their houses and lands on the plains; and 2ndly, that the planters might be located in a more advantageous position in case of a war. He adds that the cupidity of the settlers disregarding this wise arrangement, reversed the king's orders, occupied the fertile plains, driving the Irish from their farms and habitations to the mountains; thus running directly in the face of the two evils against which James wished to guard. To the exasperation produced by the rapacity of the planters Leland ascribes the rebellion of 1641, and to the military disadvantage of living in the open plains, he ascribes the disastrous results of the rising. It is natural to suppose that the more cautious and prudent were sometimes able to secure good bargains, and to make gradual accessions to their property, from various causes. Some, with the proverbial unsteadiness of soldiers, preferred turning their allotments into cash, and seeking their fortunes elsewhere; others, intimidated no doubt by the enmity which is long hereditary between the victors and vanquished, preferred the security of their native homes. Hence many large and valuable estates in Ulster, at this day, are so scattered and partitioned as to show the very gradual means by which they have been acquired.

* The following curious specimen of the way in which this was managed will interest the reader. It is taken, after Dr. Reid, from the life of Robert Blair, one of the most distinguished Presbyterian ministers of that age, who had been a strenuous opponent of Episcopacy in Scotland, and had been invited over by Lord Claneboy, but had a strong aversion to settle in Ireland, on account of the prevalence there of the same form of church government. We give the story in his own words:—"The Viscount Claneboy, my noble patron, did, on my request, inform the bishop how opposite I was to episcopacy and their liturgy, and had the influence to procure my admission on easy and honourable terms. Yet, lest his lordship had not been plain

It appears, therefore, that during this period (1615 till 1634), the Protestant church in Ireland was decidedly and essentially episcopal; but that its articles were so framed and its discipline so exercised, as to permit and induce Presbyterians to enter its communion and remain there. Thus, Protestants of all shades of opinion were united to support their common cause.

But, in 1634, another convocation was held in Dublin, *at* which, rather than *by* which, this policy was reversed. The plan was laid by Archbishop Laud, in conjunction with Wentworth, then Lord Deputy of Ireland and afterwards Earl of Strafford, and carried into effect by the latter. Ussher, the framer of the original Irish "Confession," was now Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland; but, notwithstanding his great talents, his high station, the support of the apostolic and exemplary Bishop Bedell, and the general feeling of the clergy in favour of his views, he was unable to resist the resolute and stern Lord Deputy, who fairly overawed the convocation, and triumphantly carried his measures. The original Irish articles and canons were annulled, and those of England adopted; the Presbyterians were driven from the church, and suffered privations and persecution.

The terrible rebellion of 1641 swept away from Ulster almost every trace of the Protestant church establishment. A Scottish army, under General Monro, went over to aid in quelling the insurrection, and the Presbyterian chaplains of its regiments entered with amazing energy, zeal, and judgment on the unoccupied field, and soon completely established the Presbyterian interest in the province.

During the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, the Ulster Presbyterians had been uniformly favourable to an hereditary and constitutional monarchy. They were equally opposed to the despotic tendencies of the king, and to the republicanism of his parliament. They sought the establishment of the Presbyterian form of church government, in opposition both to Prelacy, with which Charles was identified, and to Independency, which was the favourite system of his enemies. Hence they had little to hope for from the triumph of either party. But they boldly maintained their principles, pro-

enough, I declared my opinion fully to the bishop at our first meeting, and found him yielding beyond my expectation. The bishop said to me, 'I hear good of you, and will impose no conditions on you; I am old, and can teach you ceremonies, and you can teach me substance; only I must ordain you, else neither I nor you can answer the law nor brook the land.' I answered him that his sole ordination did utterly contradict my principles; but he replied, both wittily and submissively, 'Whatever you account of Episcopacy, yet I know you account a Presbytery to have divine warrant; will you not receive ordination from Mr. Cunningham and the adjacent brethren, and let me come in among them in no other relation than a Presbyter?' This I could not refuse, and so the matter was performed."

tested against the trial of the king, denounced his execution as murder,* and asserted the right of his son to the throne. Accordingly, they were the objects of a good deal of severity during the early part of the administration of Cromwell. But after the appointment of his son Henry to be Lord Deputy of Ireland, they were restored to favour. An arrangement was made, whereby all the tithes of the kingdom were to be collected into a common fund and distributed to the clergy by the government. In this distribution the Presbyterian ministers and the Independents shared; and deficiencies were supplied from the public revenues of the state †.

At the Restoration Episcopacy was re-established, and the Irish Presbyterians were again driven into the position of Dissenters. They were not only ejected from their churches and deprived of their endowments, but were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to preach, baptise, or exercise any other function of their ministry.

In the course of a few years, however, these severities were relaxed; and while every effort was made under Charles II. to subdue the Presbyterians of Scotland, their brethren in Ireland were left unmolested by the same government, and even enjoyed a measure of favour. In 1672 a pension was granted to their ministers, but it does not appear to have been regularly paid.

In 1688 the Irish Presbyterians, almost to a man, espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange, with the utmost promptitude and decision; and after the Revolution their ministers received a grant of money from the crown, which, in different forms, has been continued to the present day, under the name of *Regium Donum*.

The Presbyterianism of Ireland is derived almost wholly from Scotland,

* The members of the Presbytery of Belfast were among the first to testify their abhorrence of the act of the Regicides. They published a solemn declaration of their opinions, and were answered in no gentle terms by no less a controversialist than John Milton. The Presbytery, who called themselves "watchmen in Sion," protested against the king's murder, and exhorted all persons to beware of the English Parliamentarians, "lest they believe lies and experience an eternal condemnation." The great poet condescended to scurrility in reply. He calls his opponents "egregious liars and impostors," "unhallowed priestlings" who design to stir up the people to rebellion "from their unchristian synagogue at Belfast, in a barbarous nook of Ireland;" he characterises their assertions as "impudent falsehoods," charges them as "blockish Presbyters of Clandeboy," with ignorance of history, sacred and profane; and sums up all by repudiating them as "highland thieves and redshanks."

† This plan originated with Fleetwood, son-in-law of Cromwell, who thus argues for the permission to perfect and continue it:—"If wee may have libertie to collect the tythes and bring them into one tresurye, as now wee doe, we shall be able to maintane a gospel-ministry in Ireland; and by this meanes they having dependance on the state for their maintenance, we shall be able to restraine some troublesome spirits, which may be too apt to give disturbances to the publique peace, of which there have bine sad experience in the north; and 'tis doubted that most of them continue their old bitter spirits."

and therefore, to understand its position, we must glance for a moment at the ecclesiastical history of its mother country.

All the Scotch Presbyterian clergy acceded to the Revolution settlement. A handful of the people, however, held out, and would acknowledge neither the civil government nor the ecclesiastical establishment. After a considerable period, a minister of the Scotch Kirk, named M'Millan, placed himself at their head. Other ministers subsequently joined them, and they continued to increase. They claim to be the only genuine representatives of the old Covenanters, and profess particular attachment to the views of Richard Cameron, whose conduct was disapproved of as violent, and his opinions as extreme, by the majority of the Scotch church. The opinions of this class of Presbyterians spread into Ireland, where they have thriven even more than in Scotland. They call themselves the "Reformed Presbyterians," or "Old Dissenters;" and are popularly denominated "Cameronians," "Covenanters," or "M'Millanites."

In little more than thirty years after the Revolution, it was found that the Calvinistic doctrines of the Westminster Confession had lost ground to an incredible extent among the Scotch clergy. The "orthodox" ascribed this to the establishment of patronage by the Act of Anne (1712). The fact is, it was owing primarily to the fashionable literature and philosophy of the day; though patronage, vesting the appointment of the clergy in the class most liable to be influenced by that fashion, would no doubt favour the change. The Calvinists, at all events, found themselves in a minority, and unable to enforce the discipline of the church, against either "error in doctrine," or "immorality in practice." A few of them inveighed with great vehemence against this "degeneracy," and against patronage as its cause: but the majority carried matters with a high hand; four ministers who had been foremost in the agitation, were suspended from their office by the General Assembly. They refused to submit to the sentence, and the Assembly proceeded to "loose them from their congregations." This sentence, too, they defied, and their congregations adhered to them. At length, about 1733, they formally withdrew from the church, and were soon joined by almost all the zealous Calvinists of the establishment. They first constituted themselves into a presbytery; but soon became numerous enough to form a synod, divided into many presbyteries. The religious body which thus originated were called "Seceders."

In Ireland, also, Calvinism had been losing ground, though not quite so rapidly as in Scotland. Subscription to the Westminster Confession had fallen into disuse, and was revived. Its revival was resisted; and in 1726

the non-subscribers (forming the presbytery of Antrim) were separated from the synod in spiritual affairs, though they still acted with it in money matters. Subsequently, however, the rule of the synod itself was gradually relaxed in practice; the new opinions spread rapidly among the clergy, and were adopted by many of the gentry.

Those Irish Presbyterians whose dislike to the anti-calvinistic doctrines, or "new light," as they were called, was most intense, applied to the Seceders in Scotland for ministers who would preach the "good old way." They were sent; and a branch of the Scotch Secession church was planted in Ireland in 1742. About forty years afterwards, the ministers of this new body obtained a share of the *Regium Donum*.

At the beginning of the present century, then, the Presbyterians of Ireland consisted of the following classes :—

I. The Synod of Ulster and Presbytery of Antrim, who considered themselves as the representatives of the Scotch establishment.

II. The Southern Association or Synod of Munster, also claiming to be a branch of the Church of Scotland, co-ordinate with, and independent of, the Synod of Ulster, as to jurisdiction; but holding fraternal intercourse with the body.

III. The Cameronians.

IV. The Seceders.

The two last classes adhered strictly to the Calvinistic theology. The Synod of Munster and Presbytery of Antrim had never denied or rejected Calvinism; their principle simply was non-subscription. But the great body of their members were, in point of fact, Arians or Socinians. Different presbyteries of the Synod of Ulster had used different degrees of strictness with regard to the doctrinal views of young men entering the ministry; but the lax presbyteries had been the more numerous; and consequently a very large number of ministers, holding (more or less openly) the "new light" opinions were found in that body also.

In 1803 the Synod of Ulster and Presbytery of Antrim obtained an increase to their *Regium Donum;* but the Government, on account of the recent insurrections, deemed it necessary to attach terms to the grant, which had been hitherto unconditional. They required that each minister to be thereafter ordained over a congregation should be certified to the Lord Lieutenant, by two magistrates, as having taken the oath of allegiance; and should be approved of by him; thus giving the Lord Lieutenant a veto on the reception of *Regium Donum* by each minister, at the time of his entering on a cure of souls. The Seceders obtained a similar augmentation in 1809, on the same

terms. One minister only of that body refused to share in the enlarged grant, chiefly on the ground that the Lord Lieutenant's veto was "inconsistent with that independence of the church for which Seceders had always contended." To this view six or seven congregations adhered, who were in time provided with ministers, and have ever since continued to decline the *Regium Donum*. They are commonly called "Primitive, or Independent, Seceders."

The revival of Calvinistic doctrine in the Established Church by Mr. Matthias and his coadjutors, and, still more, the electric effect produced at a later period in the kindred church of Scotland, by the preaching of Dr. Chalmers, stirred up the slumbering Evangelical party in the Synod of Ulster, and increased their numbers and their power. Their leader was the Rev. Henry (now Doctor) Cooke, a man of great ability and extraordinary energy of character. But neither Mr. Cooke, nor his friends, ventured, for a long time, to entertain the idea of expelling the holders of the "new light" opinions from the synod. At last, however, in the course of the controversy which, as we have already noticed, arose out of the appointment of some Unitarians to professorships in the Belfast Academical Institution, some one twitted Mr. Cooke with his inconsistency in making so much ado about placing Arians in merely literary situations, while he himself held the closest religious communion with men of the same sentiments. Mr. Cooke had the courage at once to admit the inconsistency; but the mode in which he set about rectifying it was different from that which the propounder of the argument expected. He ceased not his opposition to Arian professors, but began instantly to demand the expulsion of the Arians from the synod. This proposal was exceedingly distasteful to the majority even of the orthodox clergy, who feared that the respectability and political importance of the body would be injured by a division. But the feeling of the laity, who had not till then been fully aware of the nature and tendency of the "new light" doctrines, was fairly roused: its current set irresistibly in Mr. Cooke's favour; and measures were adopted, not indeed for the immediate exclusion of Arians, but for preventing the introduction of any new ministers of those opinions, in order that the system might be annihilated by the dying off of those who held it. The zealous and conscientious portion of the Arians did not choose to submit to have their principles extinguished by this slow but sure process; and therefore after resisting and "remonstrating" in vain at two or three meetings of synod, they withdrew, in 1829, and formed themselves into a separate body, under the name of "The Remonstrant Synod of Ulster." A few ministers holding, or supposed to hold, Arian sentiments, continued to remain in the original synod.

This separation of the Arians opened the way for a union with the Seceders, who were strict Calvinists, and whose chief ground of opposition to the Synod of Ulster had been the "latitudinarianism" which admitted Arians into the church. Negociations were set on foot in 1838 or 1839, and the union was consummated in 1840, some ten or twelve ministers only of the Seceding denomination holding out against it, on the ground that the Synod of Ulster was not even yet sufficiently pure.

The Synod of Munster, the Presbytery of Antrim, and the Remonstrants, have recently connected themselves for certain common objects, under the name of "The Non-subscribing Presbyterian Association," though each of the bodies retains its independent discipline and jurisdiction.

The Presbyterians of Ireland may, therefore, be classed under the following heads :—

I. "The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland." These receive *Regium Donum :* they are Calvinists. They have upwards of four hundred and forty congregations.

II. "The Non-subscribing Presbyterian Association." They enjoy *Regium Donum.* They are Arians, with the exception of, perhaps, one or two members of the Synod of Munster. The number of their congregations is twenty-seven.

III. "The Cameronians" or "Covenanters." Their principles, which we have already stated, debar them from receiving *Regium Donum*, or any other endowment, at the hand of any government not constituted on the principles of "the covenants National and Solemn League." They are strict Calvinists. They have about thirty congregations.

IV. "The Primitive Seceders." These decline *Regium Donum*, and are Calvinists. They have only six congregations.

V. The Seceders who refused to unite with the Synod of Ulster and enter the General Assembly, in 1840. They have *Regium Donum*, and are Calvinists. Their congregations are ten or twelve in number.

The annual salary now paid out of the Treasury to those Presbyterian ministers who receive *Regium Donum* is seventy-five pounds. In addition to this, the pastors receive for their maintenance, from the people, a stipend varying, according to the circumstances of the congregation, from £20 or £30, to £200 or £300 a year.

In several districts of the north of Ireland, the inhabitants are, almost exclusively, Presbyterians ; so that in several large parishes the members of all other communions together do not amount to more than one, two, or three dozen. In 1834, according to the Government census, the Presbyterian popu-

lation amounted to between six and seven hundred thousand souls; but they have ever since complained that they were greatly underrated in that enumeration, many of them having been confounded with the Protestants of the Established Church, and some of their congregations having been even altogether overlooked. We believe there is some foundation for these complaints, and that the Presbyterians of Ireland may amount to nearly a million souls, of whom probably seven or eight hundred thousand belong to the "General Assembly."

The Irish Presbyterians are principally descended from the settlers who formed the "plantation" in the reign of James I. Many, however, are sprung from English and Scotch non-conformist refugees, and many from the officers and soldiers of the armies of Cromwell and of William III. who settled in Ireland, some in consequence of obtaining grants of land, and some from other causes.

At one time many of the principal families in Ulster, particularly in Antrim and Down, were Presbyterians; but their descendants, with very few exceptions, conformed to the Established Church; and their example is pretty generally followed by such of the mercantile and manufacturing classes as have attained to that wealth and standing which enable them to associate with the higher ranks. Of the remaining Protestant population—merchants, manufacturers, shop-keepers, farmers, and artisans, the vast majority are Presbyterians. When we come down to the class of labourers, we find the proportion of members of the Established Church much larger, amounting perhaps to nearly one-half the Protestants of this grade.

The above account, down to the period of the revolution, is derived, chiefly, from the admirable "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland," by the Rev. J. S. Reid, D.D., M.R.I.A., now professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Glasgow, a work rich in original research, and casting much light on the civil history of England and Ireland under the Stuarts and during the Commonwealth. The third volume, bringing down the history of the Presbyterian church to the present day, has not yet appeared; but the latter parts of our sketch may be equally relied upon, as our materials have been supplied from the most authentic sources; and we have selected from them, as becomes tourists, nothing but a simple statement of facts.

Although a plain building, the Linen Hall is, beyond question, the most interesting structure in Belfast. It is cheering in the highest degree to note the bustle and business that prevail here and in its adjacent warehouses. We have no intention to enter at much length into a history of the

great — indeed strictly speaking the only — manufacture of Ireland, but some observations in reference to it are indispensable in treating of "the North," and, in especial, the great outlet for its linen produce —Belfast.

From the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, the manufacture of linen has, unquestionably, existed in Ireland; linen having been the material of the saffron-coloured shirts which formed the national costume of the native Irish. Nor was "Erin's yellow vesture" soon abandoned. In the reign of Elizabeth, we are told by Sir John Davis, the northern chieftains presented themselves at court in this characteristic "uniform *."

It would seem, however, that it was not until after the final conquest and plantation of Ulster, that linen became an article of export. In the reign of Charles I., we find the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, to whom Belfast, and Ulster in general, owes no little gratitude, exerting himself, with his usual energy, in the promotion of the manufacture. For this purpose, he caused flax-seed to be brought from Holland, and induced spinners and manufacturers, from the Netherlands and France, to settle in Ireland. Nay, so warmly did he enter into the matter, that he himself embarked in the business, and expended in it 30,000*l.* of his private fortune.

The civil commotions which immediately ensued, frustrated for a time the designs of the noble linen-merchant. They were not, however, destined to prove utterly fruitless. After the Restoration had insured something of tranquillity, they were again adopted and acted upon, during the second vice-

* The cultivation of flax and the manufacture of linen have been, indeed, pursued in Ireland since the remotest period of authentic history. Some acts of Henry VIII. refer to the linen yarn of Ireland. In 1599, the secretary of Lord Mountjoy writes, "that Ireland yields much flax, which the inhabitants work into yarn, and export in great quantity." We have many records of the importation of linen and linen yarn from Ireland to England during the eighteenth century. In the infancy of the cotton manufacture, Irish linen yarn was used as warp for large quantities of goods, wefted with cotton, which were manufactured in Manchester during this period.

royalty of the Duke of Ormond. This nobleman sent persons into the Netherlands, to render themselves acquainted with the best modes of raising flax, and also procured manufacturers from Brabant, France, and Jersey. So successful were these and other measures of Ormond, that on his quitting the government of Ireland, in 1669, the linen trade may be said to have been fully established.

Soon after, the progress of the manufacture received an additional impulse from the settlement in the north—under the auspices of government—of a body of French refugees, compelled to abandon their country by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. By these, the manufacture of damask and cambric was successfully introduced, and important improvements were effected in the growth of flax, and the bleaching and preparation of linen *.

In 1698 (as we have stated elsewhere) the English houses of Parliament, actuated by a spirit which it is now unnecessary to characterise, addressed William III., praying that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to take measures for discouraging the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and establishing that of linen in its stead. To these addresses suitable answers were returned; and the obnoxious manufacture was crushed accordingly. From this period, the manufacture of linen was taken under the special protection of the state; and all the cumbrous machinery of encouragement put in motion, to secure its prosperity. In 1711, a board of trustees was appointed to watch over its progress, to whom, among other duties, were assigned those of distributing in premiums a large sum, granted annually by Parliament, and of providing for the prevention of frauds in the manufacture. Under the superintendence of this board, public Halls were erected at Dublin, Belfast, and Newry, for the accommodation of persons engaged in the trade; regulations for the manufacture and sale of linen were established; and officers were appointed in the several districts to enforce their observance. About the same time, in imitation of the policy of the English legislature, which had

* Previous to the repeal of the Edict of Nantes, we have no authentic document to prove that anything but the coarser fabrics of linen were produced by Irish weavers. At that time, however, some intelligent manufacturers from the north of France emigrated to Ireland and brought with them the knowledge of the manufacture of fine linen, damask, and cambric. These persons received grants of money from the Irish Parliament to compensate them for the loss of time they incurred in teaching the people the manner of growing and preparing flax for the manufacture of fine linens. These instructions embrace the whole routine of the manufacture, from the sowing of the flax seed, to the separation of the coarser from the finer portions of the flax by the process of hackling, and thus fitting it for the operation of the spinning-wheel, which converted the flax into the thread (technically, linen yarn) from which the linen was afterwards manufactured. They likewise gave instructions as to the best method of boiling, bleaching, and preparing the linen for market. After the period when the linen trade of Ireland had been improved by the instructions of those French refugees, the manufacture of linen continued to advance. The implements employed in the various processes of the manufacture were, however, of the most primitive construction, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that much advancement was made either in the mechanical or chemical departments.

enacted that the dead should be buried in woollen shrouds, linen scarfs and hat-bands were authoritatively introduced at funerals. In 1743, the first bounties were granted on the exportation of Irish linen. This system was only discontinued in 1832.

Water power about that time was generally introduced to set in motion the mills for washing and beetling the linen cloth, which operations had previously been performed in an imperfect and tedious manner by manual labour. The chemical operations of bleaching had likewise been much improved by the introduction of scientific rules for the proper application of the various powerful agents required; the want of which had often caused the merely practical man to sustain serious loss.

Unfortunately, there are no certain means of tracing the growth of the linen manufacture in Ireland. The only facts by which we may approximate to its amount, are afforded by Custom-house returns, which do not reach back to an early date, and are wanting for the years subsequent to 1825. The average quantity of linen exported annually from Ireland, during the periods ending March, 1790, 1800, 1810, and 1820, respectively, were as follow :—

March 1790	34,191,754 yards.
1800	36,112,369 do.
1810	40,751,889 do.
1820	48,265,711 do.

The last available return is that furnished by the Railway Commissioners for 1835; by which it appears, there were shipped from Ireland in that year 70,209,572 yards of linen, the value of which was 3,730,854*l.*

At present the annual value of the linen cloth manufactured in Ulster, cannot be less than £4,000,000 sterling. The number of persons employed in all branches of the manufacture, is about 170,000; we may safely assert, that 500,000 derive their subsistence from it. The annual amount of wages may be calculated at £1,200,000; and the total capital employed, in all branches of the business, is estimated at £5,000,000 sterling. The fall that has taken place in the price of linen cloth since 1823, has been extraordinary. The article which was then sold at 2*s.* 1*d.* per yard, could, in 1831, be bought at 1*s.* 4*d.*, and in 1841, at 11½*d.*; whilst now, 1842, it is worth only 9*d.*!

The great increase in the quantity exported, is mainly attributable to the gradual substitution of mill-spun for hand-spun yarn, by which a considerable diminution in the cost of the production has been effected. The introduction of machinery for spinning linen yarn, although, doubtless, affording employment to a larger portion of the population, has been productive of anything rather than improvement in the condition of the weaver. Towards

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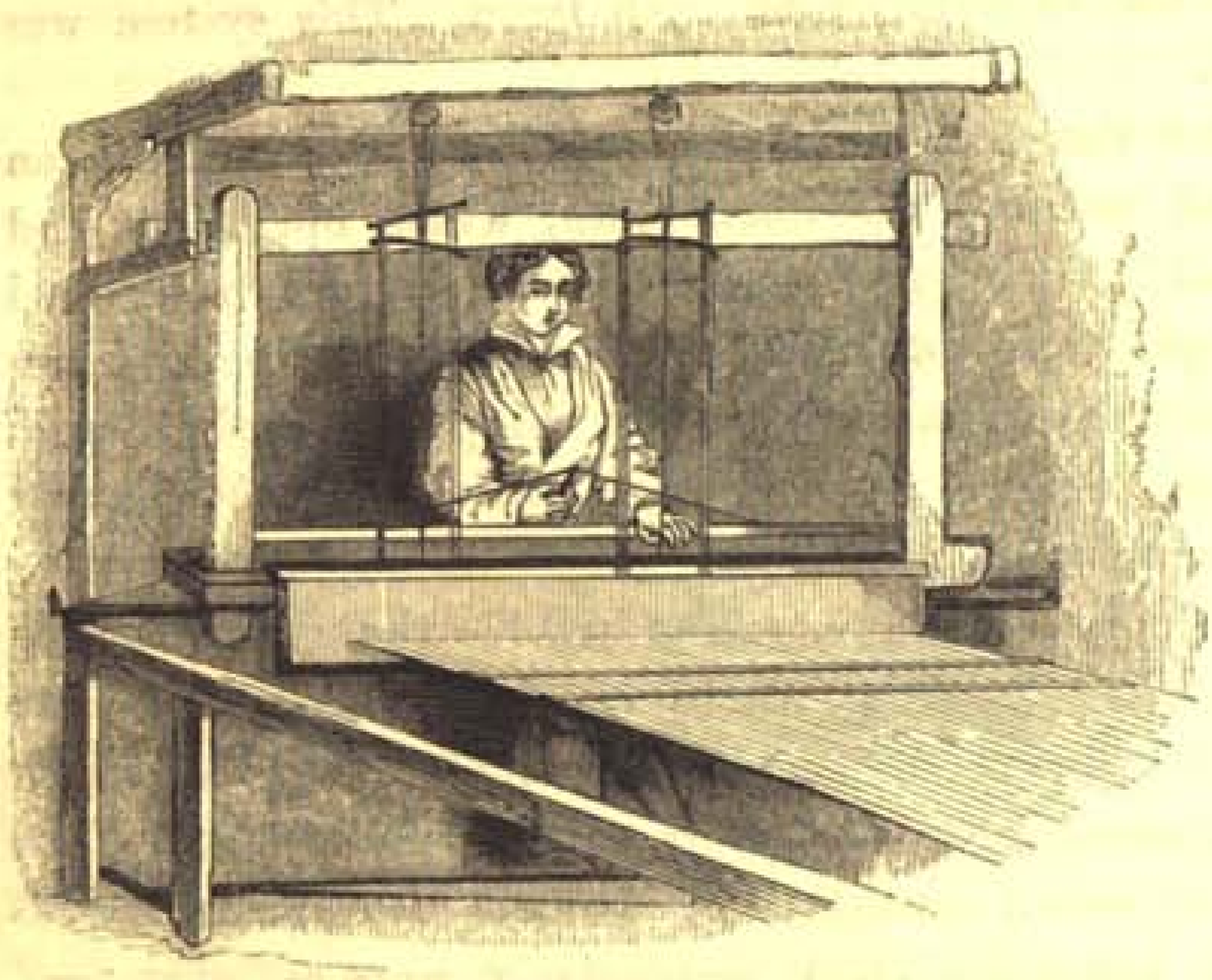
the end of last century, and subsequently, while spinning by hand continued remunerative, the linen-weaver, in the country districts of Antrim, Down, and Armagh, enjoyed, for an Irish peasant, a high degree of comfort. Generally possessed of a small holding of land, the loom supplied himself and his sons with regular employment, in the intervals of agricultural labour; while the females of his family found nearly constant occupation in the spinning of flax, often the produce of his own farm.



A web, when finished, was readily disposed of at one of the numerous markets attended by the linen factors. The introduction of machinery necessarily effected a total change. Female labour was at once rendered comparatively valueless; and the domestic manufacture of yarn comparatively impossible. The weaver now felt himself obliged to enter into an engagement with a manufacturer, from whom he receives the yarn, and to whom he returns the web, when woven. A large share of the profit, which formerly accrued to the weaver, has been thus transferred to other quarters *.

* Our lady readers, we hope, feel a sufficient interest in Irish productions to be glad to know that the manufacture of fine cambric has been brought to great perfection in the north of Ireland. We procured, through the attentions of Mr. Roddy, in Belfast, a pocket-handkerchief that may vie with the productions of France—the *riviere* round the edge was perfect, and the texture an extraordinary improvement upon any we had previously seen from native looms. We also inspected, personally, not only the manufacturers' houses, but the rooms of females who earn their bread by muslin embroidery. Many of the manufacturers have their patterns drawn in Scotland, and use Scotch muslin; still the amount of money spread through the north by "sprigging" is amazing, when we bear in mind that it is dispersed in sums, in general, of from eighteenpence to three shillings and sixpence, or, in a few instances, five shillings per week. The industry which progresses steadily in the dwellings of the poor, is, to us, much more interesting than that which proceeds in the crowded rooms of large establishments; it was peculiarly pleasing to witness the crowd we had in several instances to press through before we could enter the houses of Mr. John Holden and others, who employ many hundred females in "white-work." Some very old women waited with the "veining," or "tambouring," or "sewing," of their daughters and grand-daughters; others, Scotch-looking girls, whose fair complexions and soft white hands told that their employment was in "daintie work," staid for payment (and had not long to wait, for the northerns understand the value of time); and others, "wee lassies," brought their "spriggins," on cheap and inferior muslin—proving that big and little seek and find employment. The ladies who wear the "Rachel" collar, or more modern "mazzarine cape," little

There are few matters that interested us so much, in our young days, as the *cottage* culture and manufacture of flax. First, the small farmer sowed his plot of this exquisite and graceful little plant, and his wife weeded it with great care; then, when the petals of the blue and graceful flowers had dropped off, and the state of seed-pod proved that the plant was thoroughly ripe, it was "pulled," or "plucked," in small hands-full at a time; these were laid upon the ground, two and two, across each other, and much good or evil was supposed to arise from having a "lucky" hand to lay the first "cross;" they (the small farmers) seldom "stacked" their flax so as to steep it the next season, or understood the art of "*rippling*" it, (*i. e.*) drawing the flax through an iron comb fixed in a block of wood; the capsules which are thus broken off fall into a

imagine the various hands it passes through before it is fit to be displayed on their fair shoulders: it comes to Mr. Holden's clean and well-regulated warehouse, for instance, a mass of muslin, the hue of brown holland; then it is marked off, then put into a sort of printing-machine, and it comes forth with its future pattern stamped upon it; it then passes into the hands of the "sewer," who "does" whatever "sewing" is necessary; it is then turned over to the "veiner," and then to the skilful "opener;" one person seldom excels in the various stitches; those we have named work chiefly for "home consumption," while the "tambourers" ply their needles for the foreign markets, as tamboured muslin has fallen into disrepute with the ladies of England. Mr. Holden employs from sixteen to twenty weavers, so that his muslin is literally "home-made;" he had, last August, twelve hundred sewers, two hundred tambourers, two hundred veiners, and from twelve to eighteen openers, constantly occupied; besides employing seven or eight agents in different parts of the country, each of whom, in their turn, employ from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty workers. We hope that such establishments will increase. Instead of a large family of girls being a millstone about the day-labourer's neck, they support themselves; and the same fire-light, candle-light, and dwelling necessary for two or three, serve for a numerous and industrious progeny. One of the girls of the same family veins, another sews, another tambours. It is true they are *not* paid as we think they deserve to be: althoogh, generally speaking, even the employer does not receive as much as in England would be considered remuneration for his outlay, his risk, his time, and trouble; still if the poor have but little with this system, without it they would have nothing. "It is not much, to be sure," said a poor woman, who had just been paid for some work,—"It is not much, but without it we might die for want of food." A lady of considerable intelligence of mind and quaintness of manner once said to us, "I am so thoroughly convinced of the blessings that must arise from the employment of women in this way, that I have even my flannel petticoats embroidered."

basket beneath; then they proceeded to steep, or as they called it, "bog" it.

"And *why* do you 'bog it,' Larry?" we inquired once of an old fellow who was reported to have "a mighty lucky hand entirely about flax."

"Is it why we bog it, dear?—Why then you see, we must all pass through the waters of tribulation to be purified, and so must the flax—the bad you see, and the good, in that small plant is glued together, and the water melts the glue, so that they divide—and that's the sense of it, dear!"

In bogging, they placed heavy stones over it in the water to prevent its being disturbed, and then it was left to the decay incidental to its situation. In our progress through the north we were always reminded of our proximity to a bogging station, by the very offensive smell of the decaying flax. We knew a thrifty housewife, about twenty years ago, in the county Wexford, who never would "bog" her flax, but spread it thinly over her meadow, pouring water upon it, if the season was dry, and suffering the grass to grow up through it; by this means she not only saved the seed, but declared that the thread made from flax prepared in this way was stronger and whiter than that which had been bogged. We cannot vouch for her judgment being correct; we only state the fact. Others will seek putrid water, and lay mud over the flax, to assist its decomposition; but this certainly stains the flax. And the flax steepers of Courtray are so particular as to the purity of the water that they construct boxes for holding the flax, and sink them in their river, so that the water may flow *under* and *over* them; the flax so prepared takes longer steeping than it does when "bogged," but the colour is so much finer, that flax is sent to be steeped in the Lys from every part of Flanders.

After it had been "bogged" a sufficient time, according to the cottage system, it was either dried in the open air, or, [as illustrated,] placed upon rafters, over a low fire, and watched and turned by some careful, though perhaps ragged, urchin, well trained for the purpose. When perfectly dry, the brown coarse-looking bundles of stalks were either heaped upon some "wattles" laid beneath the thatch for the purpose, to wait the time for "scutching,"—generally the winter's work—or carefully piled in the "barn." When the flax was "scutched"—and one neighbour was always ready to assist in this as well as in every other domestic operation—the arrival of an itinerant flax-dresser was eagerly looked for. You would know the "flax-dresser" at once;—he carried his "hackles" of various sizes, strapped across his shoulders; the weight obliged him to stoop forward, yet he walked with the air of a man assured of a cheerful welcome, and usually lightened his journey with a song. In the "big farm-houses" a room was set apart for his peculiar

use; as the process is dirty, particularly the first passing of the rough flax through the coarser hackles; and he was plentifully supplied with beer "to keep his throat from the dryness." In the evenings, his well-known social qualities were called into action. Passing his life in wandering from house to house, he was a chronicler of all the extraordinary events that ever had occurred, and his voice sometimes swelled into song, or was modulated as a *raconteur*, so as to strike terror, or create sympathy, according as the case might be. One in particular, we well remember, a simple, gentle-minded man "from the north," though rejoicing in the southern name of O'Flaherty *, who was particularly indignant at the introduction of what was called "water-bogging"—that is, as we have said, steeping flax in running water, instead of leaving it to decay for a certain period in putrid water.

* O'Flaherty used to illustrate his theory by a story. Our readers will, we hope, think it worth preserving; it has, at least, the recommendation of truth. "I'll tell you," he said in his mingled dialect of Scotch and Irish, "a thing now that happened in my ain fine country; they call it by the name of Donegal. There war two brothers livin' on the mountain; an' though none knew how they lived, none cared to ask 'em; by cause of the character they had for—no one knew what, but it was nae good—I'll not say but it's aye hard to want a bit of meat—and see such a thing as a wild animal, a hare or rabbit, or bits of birds—and they sportin' through the air or on the earth—and to say they must not be touched or snared—but it's not honest lifting a poor man's pig or sheep—and that's what *they* did; though no one in them days dared say as much. Well, one of these lads was married to a fine comely lass, but whose face was deeply marked with the small-pox; she was as noble a figure as ever sprang over a mountain or forded a stream; and her eyes were as blue as the star-flower of the flax; but her face, as I have said, was marked with small-pox; and I wish you to remember *that*, because it proves what I have said, that everything in the world could be saved by bogging. Her husband treated her cruelly with his hands, and she was not behindhand with her tongue, but gave it him right and left; laying the weight of it on him—and what is heavier than a woman's tongue?—when, once, all of a sudden he turned on her like a wild Indian as he was, and knocked her down; and one that was by told me he'd never forget her staggering to her feet again; and turning on him, saying in a deep, bitter voice, 'that there was such a thing as law in the land, and she'd find her way to a magistrate before the next sun-set.' The same lad remarked the look the one brother gave the other; as the poor lass, bleeding and twisting with pain, though not a tear dimmed her eyes, crept to her bed.

While the girls were employed in scutching, it was his wont to instruct them by practical lessons in all matters appertaining to linen, and to relieve his dryer details by the recital of pleasant stories; generally, however, bearing in some way or other, upon the favourite theme of his discourse. "Scutching" was performed either upon the back of a chair, or a rude flat pillar, prepared for the purpose—the operator beating the flax with one hand, with a heavy instrument, and with the other hand drawing it back, gradually, as it was beaten.

Boiling, or as they generally call it, *scalding* the thread, is an operation performed by the tallest and strongest woman of the cottage, because "she

"Whether she ever rose from it again will never be known now. She disappeared from the mountain, and the glen saw her no more; her husband said she went into Scotland to her people; and there was a brave stir about it for a while. They were both sent to jail on suspicion of making away with her; but nothing could be made of it; and they both died as if they had been peaceable well-conducted men all the days of their lives. One was killed to pieces in a faction fight, and another died in his bed from the clip of a stone he got in the head through his old practices. Well, all was forgotten about the poor lass; and many said, if the one (the husband) who died in his bed, had done the murder, he would have owned to it in his last hours; it was forgotten, as I said, like the smoke of flax that leaves no mark upon the winds. One day, the old place was full, and a neighbour wanted room for some flax, and he went to dig so as to let the water pass from one place to another, and I went with him. We worked on pretty brisk for a while, and then something prevented our going on, and the impediment was a piece of bog-wood thicker by twice than my body. We got it out at last; and if we did we saw something softish lying in a hole below it, where it had lain over like a bridge, and the man probed his way, and then raised up—a woman's body! And when I saw it, all I could do was to pray to God! I thought I should have died; I knew the face well; turned upwards as it was with a gash across the throat wide enough to let out a thousand lives; the pock marks were as deep as ever—deep! and the long black hair streamed away from her head; and though she had lain there, turned of five-and-twenty years, her skin was as white as paper!—and you could have woven a web out of her hair; there lay the poor lass—sent out of the world by sinners, worse, worse than herself. All who did not remember, cried out for the murderers, thinking the deed was but just done; but me and a few more knew better; and we also knew that though they had passed from the world without being punished by man, the Lord kept count of their iniquity. The priest never said a mass for the souls of either, but more than him prayed long and deep when the poor murdered woman was laid in holy ground.

"It isn't a pleasant story to tell," the flax-dresser would usually observe in conclusion; "but when people run down bogwater, and say it blots or discolours, it is but natural I should remember the body with its limbs, as white as cambric, that came up from the den of the black bog-waters."

If this anecdote did not occupy more space than we can well spare to it, we might relate many of the stories told us by our ancient friend the flax-dresser; his arrival at "our old home" was a temptation to the kitchen that we could never resist.

has more command over it." commonly used for boiling potatoes; it is filled sometimes with plain water, with perhaps the addition of scraped soap, soda, wood-ash, which they keep for the purpose, anything to soften its texture, and then placed over the fire; when it is considered sufficiently "scalded," it is taken off, turned round and round by a great stick, and wrung with the hands, then put on again; and this is repeated until the thread is thoroughly cured of its harshness; when it is taken to "running water," beetled by old and young, dried upon the grass, boiled again and again in pure water, again dried and bleached, and then consigned to the loom of the rustic weaver*.

The thread, after spinning, is put into the iron-pot

Linen is made from the fibrous bark of the flax plant (Linum usitatissimum) which grows to the height of three to four feet. As it produces a pretty blue flower, the fields where it is grown present a very gay appearance at the period of flowering. When the flower falls off, the seed-vessels are

* With all the improvements that have been introduced in the machinery for spinning flax, it has, as yet, been found impossible to produce a thread finer than 400 leas (120,000 yards) to the pound; whereas the hand spinning-wheel has produced some so fine as 8,400 leas: and the manufacture of cambric is at present suffering from a want of yarn sufficiently fine to make the best descriptions of this article. The following extract from Stuart's "History of Armagh" will show the perfection which has been attained in the spinning of flax by the hand spinning-wheel. "At Dundonnald, in the county of Down, in Feb. 1799, a woman, out of one pound and a half of flax, which cost about two shillings, produced yarn of so fine a texture, as to sell for *5l.* 2*s.* 4½*d.* A Miss M'Quillan, in Comber, county of Down, spun 768 leas out of one pound of flax, producing 12 leas every fortnight. She split the fibre with a needle to give this degree of fineness. Twelve leas were lately spun in Belfast, weighing three drachms and a half, about 876 leas to the pound. Twelve leas have since been spun, equal to 1,560 leas to the pound; but in December 1815, William Dawson, Esq., of Woodbank, near Gilford, had in his possession twelve leas of yarn, spun by Catherine Woods, of Dunmore, near Ballynahinch, aged about 15 years, which weighed exactly ten grains, giving above 8,400 leas, or 2,520,000 yards, to the avoirdupois pound of flax: 17lbs. 6oz. 3½drs. of this yarn would contain a thread 24,912 English miles in length, equal to the circumference of the earth."

quickly formed, but are not allowed in general to come to maturity, as the plant is pulled when the stalk is still a little greenish, it having been found by experience that by this means a finer description of flax is produced.

Since the commencement of the nineteenth century great advances have been made in every department of the linen manufacture, with the exception of the growth and preparation of the flax. In this department we are still far outstripped by the farmers of Belgium and the north of France. It is a melancholy fact, that, while the enterprise and intelligence of the mercantile portion of the community have within the last twenty years brought the linen manufacture to a perfection unequalled in the world, the Irish farmer has remained stationary, wedded to old prejudices, and producing flax no better than his ancestors had done fifty years ago *.

Within the past year a society has been established at Belfast, for the improvement of the growth of flax in Ireland. Under its auspices a number of young men have been sent over to Holland, Belgium, and France, to be instructed in the best methods of bringing the flax plant to the highest state of perfection. Two practical Belgians have likewise been brought over to give their assistance; and it is hoped that a spirit of emulation in the improvement of this important plant will be introduced both among the farmers and landlords, which may ultimately assist materially in advancing the Irish linen manufacture †.

* It is calculated that about 25,000 tons of flax per annum, are grown in Ireland. The average value is about 50*l.* per ton. Consequently, the total value will be 1,250,000*l.* From 100,000 to 120,000 acres are required to produce this quantity.

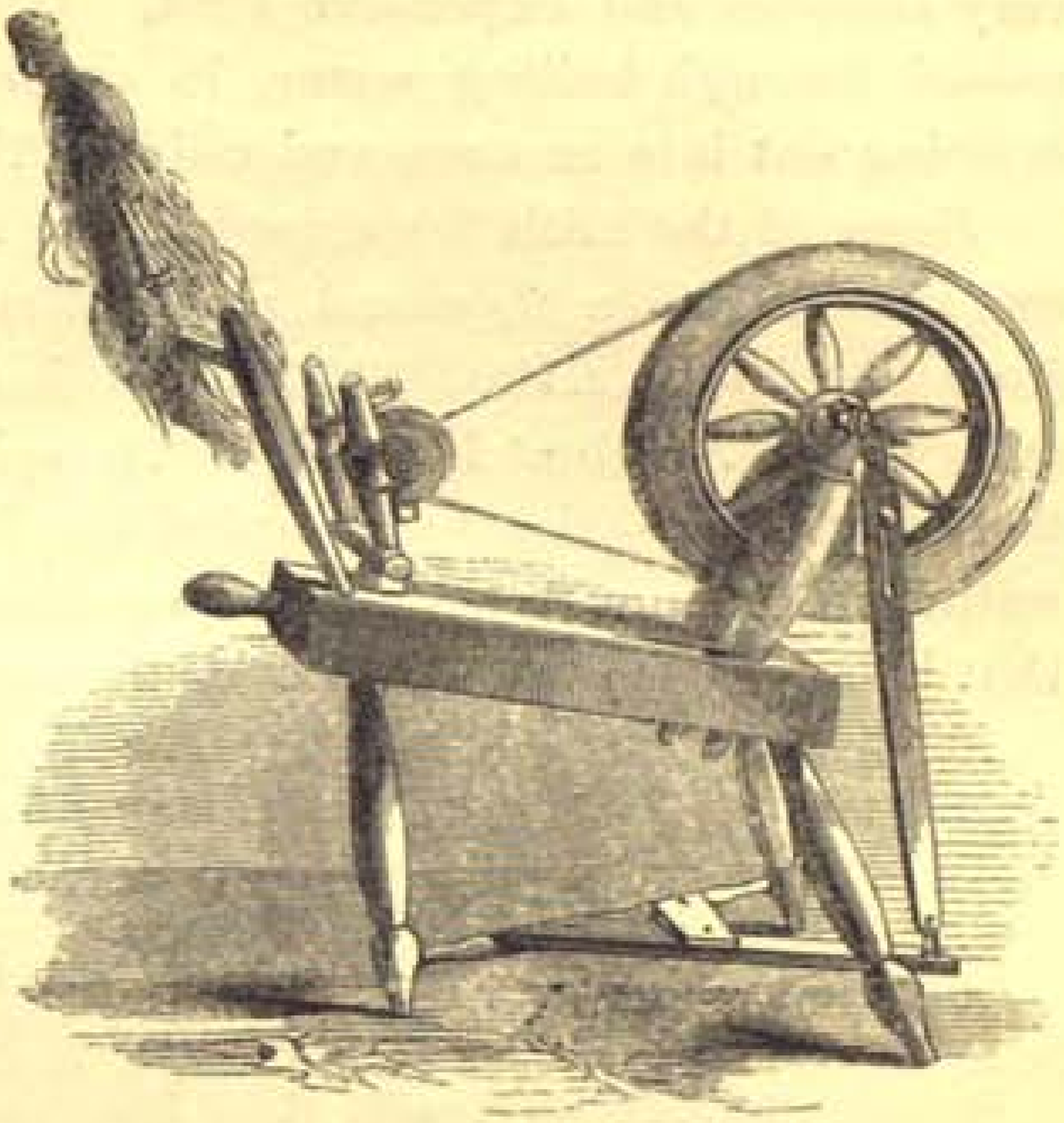
† From a letter written in 1841 by the secretary of the Belfast Flax Society—a society of the most valuable and important character—we extract the following passages; it is dated from Antwerp.

"As to the qualities of flax, in the field, which have come under our observation, they appeared to my party, in their several districts, nothing better than what they had themselves seen raised in Ireland: but as to the management of it, they readily admit that the system of this country is greatly superior to theirs; for in every process the greatest pains and attention were shown, and doubtless must contribute much to cause the superiority of the flax produced from the plant.

* * * * * *

"As soon as the capsules containing the seed become dry, so as to break readily when pressed between the finger and thumb, they are taken off, by drawing the flax through a rippling machine, which is a kind of comb, with blunt iron teeth, that separate the capsules from the stalk. Two men, sitting opposite each other, on a long

At the present time we find the old spinning-wheel nearly made obsolete by the introduction of large mills for spinning the flax into linen yarn. Into these mills the flax comes in a rough state, as it is sold by the Irish farmer; it is then cleaned by being passed over a tool called a hackle, which consists of a number of sharp steel spikes set in a wooden frame, over which the flax is drawn by the workmen; the finer portion, called line, is by this tool separated from the coarser part, which is called tow.



The line is used for manufacturing yarn for the better description of linens and damasks—while the tow is converted into an inferior quality of yarn employed for common purposes.

form, in the centre of which this comb is screwed down, can get through a great deal in a day. The flax, deprived of the seed, is now tied in small bundles, and, in some places, immediately put into the water to steep; but about Courtrai, where every process is carried on in the greatest perfection, and where flax-steeping is a distinct trade, the flax is placed upright in rows as soon as pulled,—the root end spread out, and the tops resting against each other, in the form of the letter A, or the rafters of a house.

* * * * * *

"A pit is dug, or a piece of water selected, of such a depth that the flax may stand nearly upright in it without touching the bottom. This requires a depth of four feet or more. If the pit cannot be made so deep, the flax is placed in a slanting position in the water, the root end lowermost, and the upper end a little under the surface of the water.

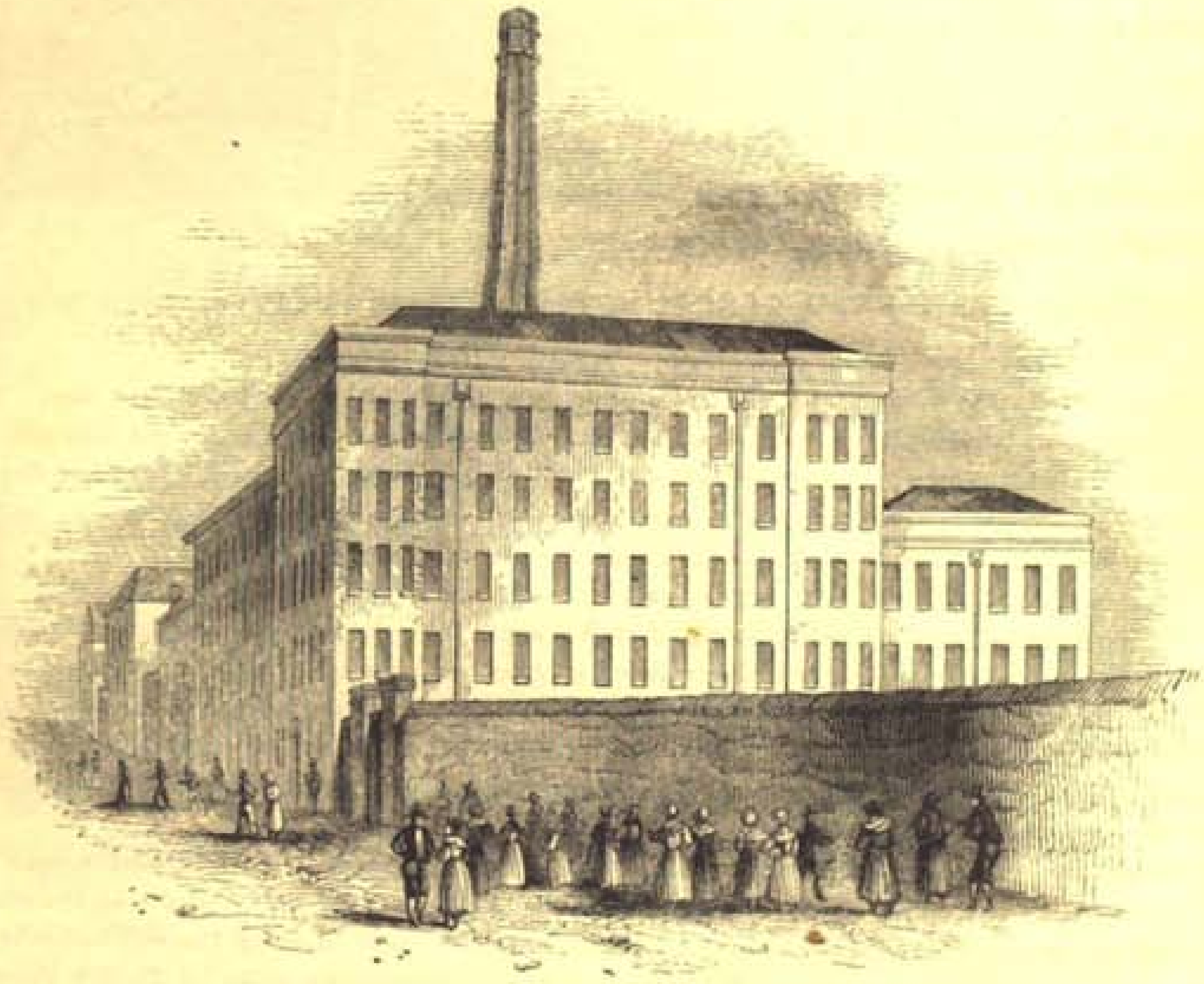
"It is kept in this position by mats, or straw spread over, and boards or poles, weighted with stones, placed on the top: turf and stones would of course answer as well.

"While steeping, the flax is frequently examined, when it is calculated that it is almost steeped enough; for, if it be left even a few hours too long in the water, the quality will be deteriorated: on the other hand, if not sufficiently steeped, the fibre or 'shaws' will not readily detach, and the flax will be broken in the scutching. The usual and simple mode of testing its state is by taking a stalk of the flax, from time to time, (say every three hours, about the time it is expected to be ready for drawing out,) and breaking it in the middle; and when the flax parts freely from the husk, either way, the whole length of the plant, it is fit to be taken out. It is then set on end, the parcels close together, for a day or two, in order to drain; and if the weather be unfavourable, it is kept still longer. The bundles are then untied, and spread in regular rows, on short grass—the straighter the better, as they must be frequently turned, while drying and bleaching, which is quickest and best done by pushing a pole under as many as its length will admit of, and turning it over, reversing the position of the heads to where the tails were, beginning first with the lowest row. The flax then lies out for fifteen or twenty days, or even longer. It is then stacked or housed, for scutching at leisure, during the winter.

"I must express my opinion, that no machinery can be constructed to supersede scutching by hand; the stroke, in that process, can be so exactly adapted to the strength of the flax, and given *only* where wanted. It is owing to this that the flax turned out here is so even throughout. An iron comb is also used to dress it. The

The machinery required to manufacture flax into yarn or thread is of a very complex and expensive kind. In the last process the prepared flax is passed through boiling water, in order to macerate the fibre and fit it for drawing out into an even and uniform thread.

Some of the mills for spinning are on a very large scale, employing from five hundred to a thousand persons, and having an investiture of capital of from £50,000 to £100,000. It is calculated that in all there are about fifty mills in the North of Ireland for the spinning of flax into the yarn for manufacturing linen—the total capital employed by them being close upon two millions of money.* We have procured an engraving of one of these mills, that belonging to the Messrs. Mulholland, in Belfast.



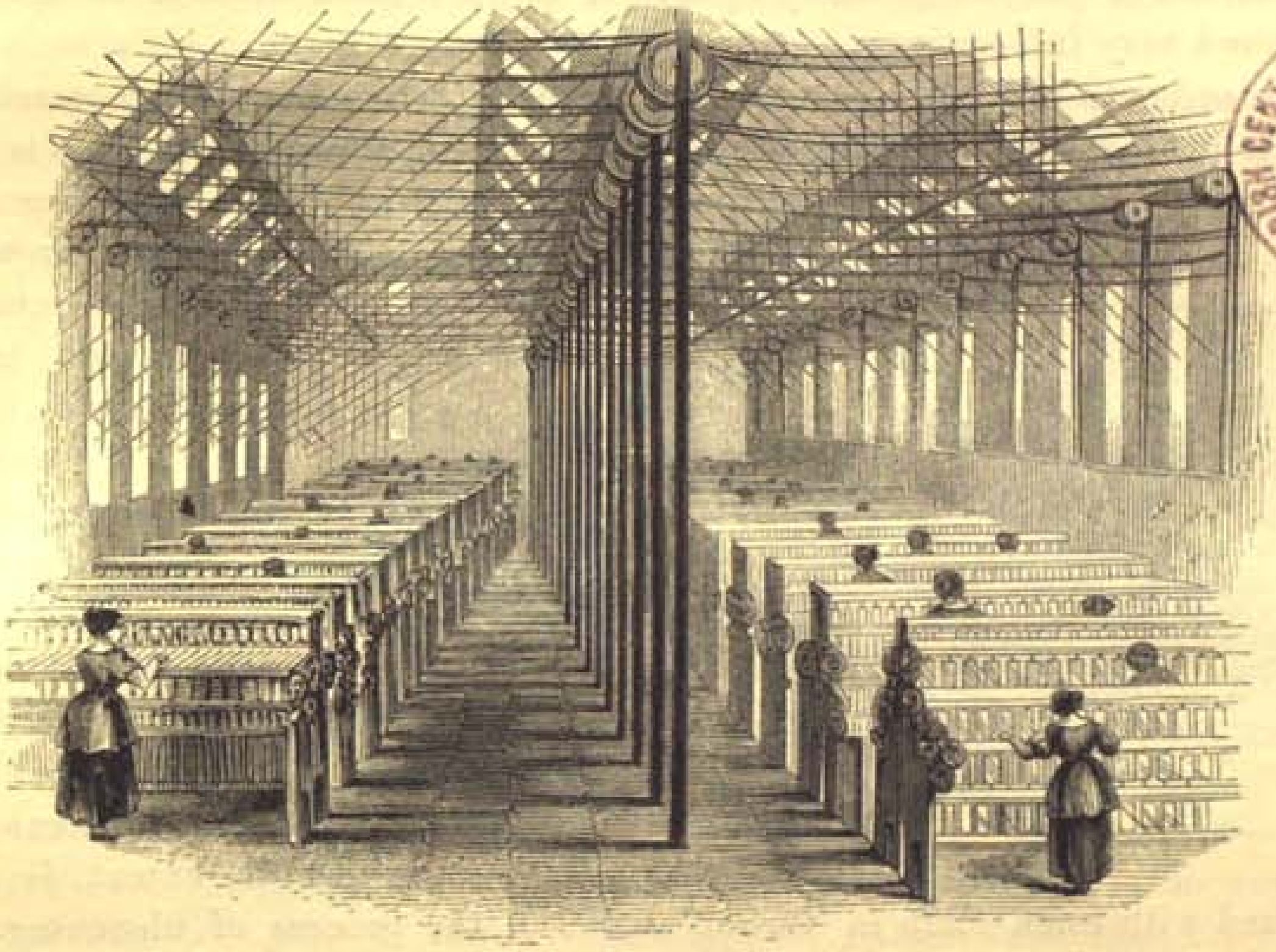
The yarn produced in these mills is bought by persons called manu-

fibre is broken off by different methods, all simple; and a couple of labourers take alternate turns at bruising and hackling.

"What profitable employment might not our poor and redundant population have at all seasons, were the cultivation and preparation of flax carried on on the same scale in Ireland as they are here!"

* Although machinery had been employed for spinning flax for many years in Ireland, under the patronage of the Linen Board, it is only from 1830 we can date its present great development. At that time Messrs. T. and A. Mulholland commenced a large factory for the manufacture of linen yarn by improved machinery, and the increase has since been so great that now 25,000 persons are deriving direct employment from the various mills, to whom not less than 250,000*l.* per annum are paid for wages.

facturers, who employ weavers to convert the linen yarn into the various fabrics of linen, damask, and cambric *.



The interior of these mills, generally, is exceedingly neat and orderly. One of the best arranged, and, so to speak, most "elegant," is that of

* The cotton manufacture was also, at one period, flourishing in Belfast. It has lately, however, deteriorated. The history of its introduction into Ireland is curious; it is given in the "Dublin Penny Journal" on the authority of a correspondent. "In the year 1771, Mr. Robert Joy, who had a principal part in designing the establishment in Belfast, where the support of the young and aged is provided for, and who was the revered father of the Volunteers in Ulster, conceived when on a tour through North Britain, the scheme of introducing into this, then desponding, kingdom, the more intricate branches of the cotton manufacture. He was mainly prompted to this by a desire to render service to the lower orders of the working poor, particularly linen weavers and spinners, whose livelihood was often rendered precarious, depending almost solely on a single manufacture—that of linen. Having suggested that the spinning of cotton yarn might, as an introductory step, be a fit and profitable employment for the children of the Belfast Poor-house, a spinning-machine was made in Belfast, at the expense of Mr. Joy and a Mr. M'Cabe, assisted in the practical part by Nicholas Grimshaw, cotton and linen printer, from England, who had some time before settled in this country. Shortly afterwards an experienced spinner was brought over by Mr. Joy from Scotland, to instruct the children in the house. Also, under the same direction, a carding-machine was erected, to go by water, which was afterwards removed to the poor-house, and wrought by hand. After Messrs. Joy and M'Cabe had in vain solicited the co-operation of others, in prosecuting a scheme fraught with such national advantage, they proposed a transfer of their machinery, at first cost, to the managers of the Charitable Institution, promising as continued attention as if the emoluments were to be their own. On the refusal of the committee to run the risk of a new undertaking, the original proprietors formed themselves into a company with others. They despatched a skilful mechanic to England, who obtained a minute knowledge of the most improved

Mr. Chartres, formed upon the most recent improvement. Of this, we procured a drawing, given in the preceding page.

The latest process in the preparation of linen cloth—that of bleaching—we found very interesting.

In order to bring linen cloth to a perfectly white state, it is necessary to expose it for a length of time to the action of the atmosphere. This is done by spreading it on the grass, on which it is kept extended at its full length and breadth. The situation chosen for a bleach-green is generally the banks of a river, where an abundance of water can be obtained. Here a large space, of some acres in extent, is often covered with linen cloth in various stages of the process of bleaching, part

British machinery. On his return they erected a new carding-machine, of superior structure, and a spinning-jenny of seventy-two spindles, which was then reckoned a very large size. In a memorial to the Dublin Society, praying for aid, they informed the Board, that far from confining their hopes of gain to themselves, they had encouraged the public to avail themselves of their discoveries—they had exposed their machinery to open view—permitted numbers, even from distant parts, to be gratuitously taught in their apartments—and promoted the manufacture of cottons, dimities, and marseilles quilting, equally by example and instruction. The magnitude of those improvements, at the same time, is now to be estimated by comparison. Eight or ten cuts per day were formerly the scanty produce of the most laborious spinner on the common wheel; while in the same time, not more than a single pound could be carded by hand. On *their* jenny of seventy-two spindles, seventy-two Irish hanks were spun weekly, an increase of fourteen to one; and by their carding-machine, twenty pounds of rovings were daily thrown off, an increase of twenty to one. Their exertions were in time followed by Messrs. Nathaniel Wilson and Nicholas Grimshaw. To the talents, property, and adventurous spirit of the former of these two gentlemen, and to the practical knowledge, talent, and industry of the latter, this country stands highly indebted. The first mill for spinning twist, by water, in Ireland, was built by them in 1784, from which date the Irish cotton manufacture was considered firmly established. In the year 1800, (only twenty-three years from the origin of the enterprise by Mr. Joy), it appeared in evidence before Parliament, that the cotton manufactures which had been thus introduced, gave employment to 13,500 working people; and, including all manner of persons occupied in various ways, to 27,000, within a circuit of only ten miles, comprehending within its bounds the towns of Belfast and Lisburn."

We are enabled to bring down this account of the cotton factories to the present day. About the year 1829, it is calculated that at least 50,000 persons were employed in the various branches of the cotton manufacture in the north of Ireland. At that time a considerable quantity of cotton yarn was spun in the neighbourhood of Belfast; but in addition, large quantities were sent from England and Scotland, to be woven into

brown, part half-white, and part rivalling the snow in dazzling purity. The buildings connected with these bleach-greens are generally white-washed, and kept scrupulously clean; and in the districts where they most abound, they give to the country a gay and cheerful appearance.

The brown or unbleached linen, being first unfolded from the firm and compressed shape in which each "piece," or web, is received from the manufacturer, is cast, loosely knotted, into a wooden boiler capable of containing some two or three hundred pieces, and nearly filled with a weak solution of potash or barilla. After the linen has been boiled in this liquid for several hours, it is removed from the boiler by a crane and net-work of rope, and almost immediately transferred, in separate quantities, to the "wash-mills." Here it is placed in a trough, through which jets of spring-water are constantly passed, and kept fully exposed to the action of the water by means of two large beams suspended above the troughs, and termed "feet," the lower ends of which are alternately drawn back and permitted to fall against the linen with considerable force. This motion is produced by the revolving of a cylinder situated directly beneath, and having projecting spars which catch and raise, at intervals, the extremity of the feet. From the wash-mills the linen is removed to the green, where it is carefully spread upon the grass, the several pieces being attached together, and their ends secured to the ground by small wooden "pins." After remaining two or three days upon the grass, it is again brought to the bleach-house, to be boiled and washed as before. The operations of boiling, washing, and spreading upon the green continue, thus successively repeated, till the linen has fairly assumed a whitish hue; when two additional forces are introduced. The first is that of passing the linen through the "rub-boards." These boards, which are fixed in a frame and moved by simple machinery, have portions of their inner surfaces furnished with plates of lignum-vitæ, or other hard material, completely channelled with narrow parallel grooves, the plates of the upper board being placed immediately over those of the under. Between these plates the linen, having been first plentifully soaped, is slowly passed, so that the entire web is submitted to the friction. The second process is that of steeping, for a certain number of hours, in "rieves," or cisterns, containing water acidulated with sulphuric acid. After the introduction of the additional processes, the earlier continue

cloth, as the low rate of labour in Ireland offered a great inducement to the English and Scotch manufacturers to employ the Irish weavers. If we calculate that each of these persons obtained 12*l.* per annum for his labour, it would amount to 600,000*l.* of an annual gain to Ulster by this manufacture.

Since that period the spinning of cotton has nearly ceased in the neighbourhood of Belfast; but large quantities of cotton yarn are still imported, and at least 30,000 persons derive a subsistence from spinning, weaving, and embroidering.

unchanged, excepting that the use of the former alkalis in boiling is abandoned, soap being now employed.

By these several means the bleaching is at length completed; when the "finishing," or preparing for market, immediately begins. The linen is first starched and blued, after which it is suspended in a "drying-loft," where it is exposed to the air till completely dry. It is then taken down and stretched, and submitted to the "beetles." These are a succession of weighty wooden billets, ranged in a frame, above a slowly revolving cylinder, round which the linen is wound. The machinery being set in motion, the billets are raised and successively dropped, with great rapidity and force, on the cylinder beneath. This is continued for several hours, and the operation repeated till the fabric is sufficiently compressed and the requisite smoothness obtained. The linen is then "lapped," or folded, and sent to the assorting-room. Here each piece is carefully measured, again firmly lapped, and subjected to the pressure of an hydraulic press. The peculiar stamp of the merchant is finally applied, and the linen is ready for the market.

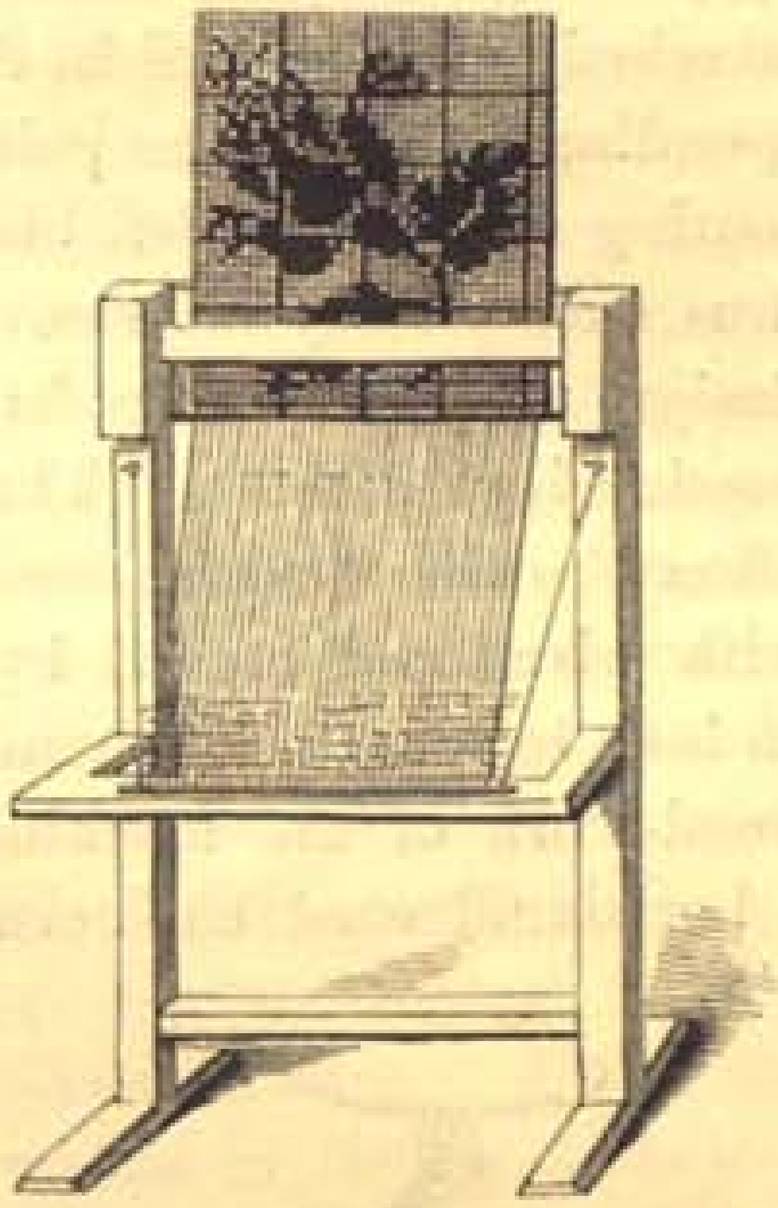
The period occupied in bleaching, &c., varies a good deal with the seasons, spring and autumn being the most favourable. The average time is from two to three months.

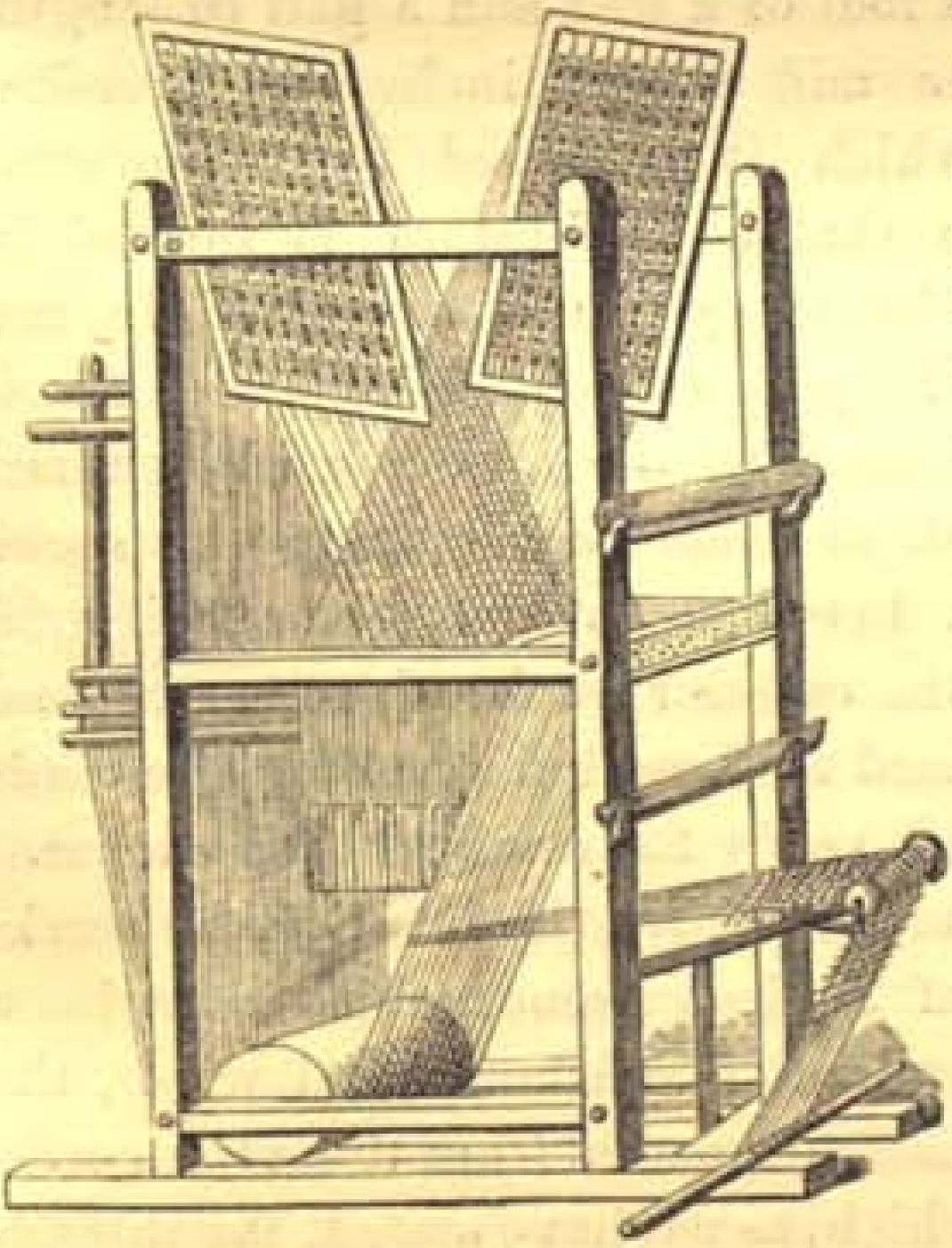
There is yet another subject connected with the linen manufacture—and one that demands some space. We refer to the fabric in such general use, and which of late years has undergone so much improvement—Damask. We have already made some reference to the factory at Lisburn; our visit to Ardoyne, about three miles from Belfast, was exceedingly interesting, gratifying, and satisfactory. It is situated in the midst of very beautiful scenery; and the grounds around the establishment are carefully and gracefully cultivated*. Some account of the process may be acceptable to our readers.

* The manufactory was established by Mr. Andrews in 1826. It at present contains fifty looms, and affords employment to sixty-five persons. In 1831 Mr. Andrews received an extensive order for table-linens for his late Majesty William IV., the execution of which occupied several years. He has also had recently the honour of being appointed Damask Manufacturer to her Majesty the Queen. At the Royal Dublin Society's Exhibition of Irish Manufactures, in 1835, Mr. Andrews was awarded the gold medal, for specimens of table linens manufactured at Ardoyne. There is a national school in connexion with the manufactory, attended by about eighty children. The workmen support a library, and have recently established among themselves a Society for Mutual Improvement. The wages vary from 12 to 25 shillings per week, the greater number earning 1*l.* and upwards.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the arrangements of this establishment: a finer, more healthy-looking, or more intelligent set of men it would be very difficult to find, together, in any factory in the kingdom. They were evidently not the mere machines which mechanics are generally represented to be; but workmen who brought to their labour reflection and thought—the result of a sound and good education, which so few of the humbler classes of "the north" are without—vying in mental cultivation with any district of Scotland.

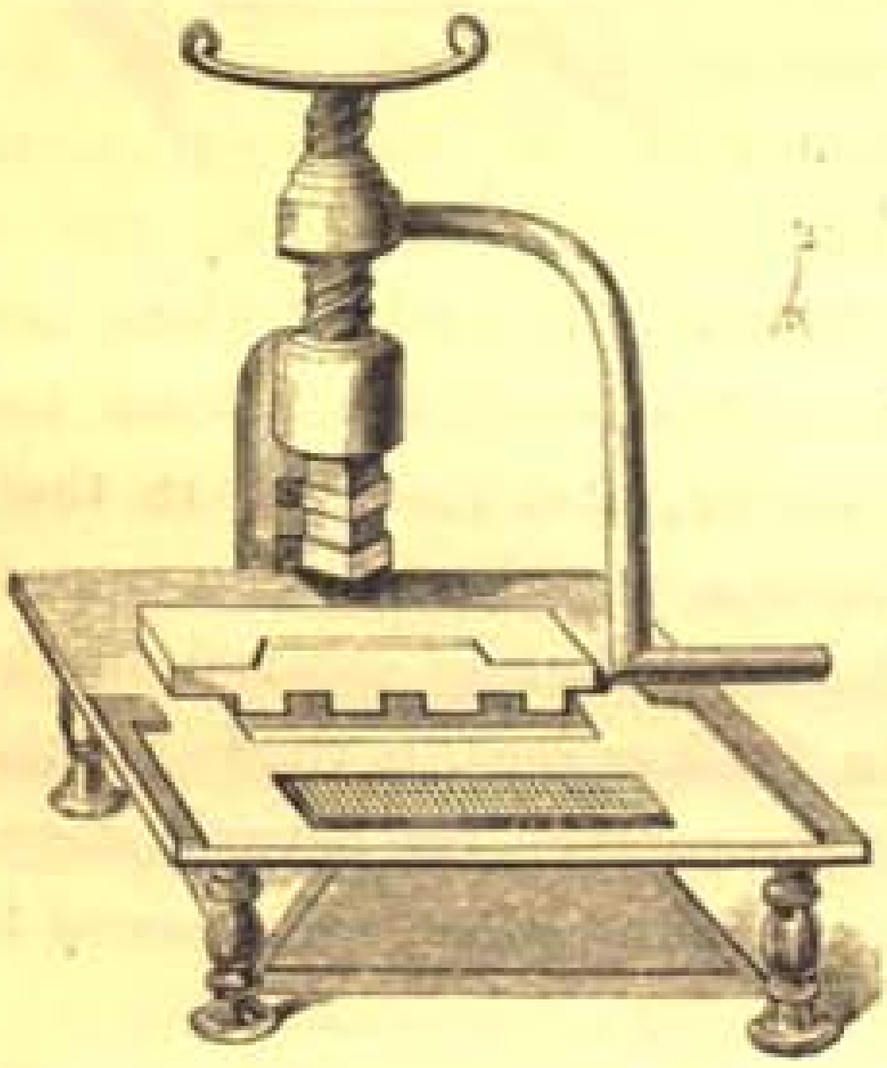
The yarn, on being received from the spinner, having been boiled and bleached, is carefully assorted, in order to produce regularity in the fabric, each hank being placed with those of a corresponding quality of thread. It is then separated into two portions, the *warp* and the *weft*, the warp being that which is placed longitudinally in the loom, and into which the weft is woven. The latter is given out to the families of the workmen, by whom it is wound upon little wooden spools, technically called "*bobbins*," which are fixed in the shuttle, and with which the weaver must be kept constantly supplied, one being no sooner exhausted than another is substituted. The warp, before being removed to the loom, is measured by the revolutions of a "*warping-mill*," or wooden cylinder, of five yards in circumference. In the loom every four threads are passed through the several splits of a hanging *reed* or "*scale*," which serves the double purpose of preserving the warp at the requisite width, and pressing together the weft when inserted by the shuttle. The threads are further passed through small bead-like objects, called "*mails*," formed of glass, and attached to cords suspended from the machinery above, and retained in their places by leaden weights at their extremities. The warp, being secured to the loom at the further end, is ready for the reception of the pattern, the several stages in the preparation of which we proceed to describe.





The design, whether consisting of a group of flowers, a coat of arms, a landscape, or other object, having been first sketched on plain paper, is thence traced on sheets of design paper, the entire surface of which is covered with engraved lines, crossing each other at right angles. Vermilion, or lake, is then applied, such a number of the smaller squares, formed by the lines, being covered by the paint, as will serve to form the pattern sketched.

This process, which requires much skill and labour, being completed, the design is next transferred to a series of cords, placed perpendicularly in a wooden frame, each cord representing the entire space contained between two of the perpendicular lines of the design paper. The operation is effected by passing a thin wooden instrument, termed a "*needle*," with another cord attached, *under* a cord in the frame, once for every small square in the corresponding spaces of the painted pattern, which is covered, and *over* those representing the squares left blank. By means of the cords attached to the needle, thus successively interwoven, a coarse loose texture is formed, containing the design accurately transferred. But it has yet to assume new forms before passing into damask. The cordage, having been removed from the frame, is affixed to the "*cutting-machine*," where by another series of cords, connected with wires and moved by a cylinder, a single circular steel punch, of half an inch in length, is obtruded from a perforated plate of steel fixed in the wood-work of the machine, into a similar movable plate, for every time that a horizontal cord has been passed under a perpendicular, in the frame represented in fig. No. 1: in other words, a single punch is thus obtruded for every square of the design paper covered by the paint. The movable plate is then placed in the "*perforator*," immediately over a stout pasteboard card, of a foot or a foot and a half in length, and three and a half inches in breadth, against which it is forced by a powerful screw, so that a perforation is formed in the card by every punch contained in the plate. The pattern is in this manner transferred, in small portions, to several hundred cards, each of them representing the space contained between two of the horizontal lines of the original design paper; while the circular perforations correspond to the painted squares, and the rest of the card to those left vacant. The cards being laced together, the pattern is at length ready for removal to the loom.



Here there is erected, on a stage several feet above the head of the workman, a machine *à la Jacquard*, consisting of an iron frame, which contains a movable grating and a succession of perpendicular and horizontal wires, the former passing through the latter, and having suspended from them the cords, to which are attached the *mails*, through which, as we have stated, the threads of the warp are passed. Close to the ends of the horizontal wires which

project a little way from the frame, is placed a square cylinder completely perforated with holes similar to those of the pattern cards, to the size of which the sides also correspond. The cards being placed on this cylinder, so that one of them covers the side next to the wires, the machine is set in motion by a lever, lowered and raised by the workman's foot; when the horizontal wires being forced against the card, such of them as come in contact with its plain spaces are pressed back, and with them their perpendicular wires connected with the warp beneath; while the other horizontal wires entering the perforations of the card and cylinder, leave those which pass downwards through them unmoved in their positions. The grating is then raised, and catching by their bent tops the perpendicular wires which have not been forced backwards, elevates those threads of the warp which pass through the mails of their several cords, leaving a shed or opening for the insertion of the weft between the raised threads and the rest of the warp. The shuttle having been four times passed through this opening, and each thread of weft closely beaten into the fabric by the hanging reed, the machine above is lowered by the lever, when the cylinder partly revolves, another card is presented to the wires, and the same operation again ensues. Thus the pattern is gradually formed by the successive passage of the weft below certain elevated portions of the warp; the four threads passing through a single mail being once raised, for every hole in the cards, or every square of the design paper, covered with paint, while for every card, or for every space contained between two of the horizontal lines of the design paper, four threads of weft are inserted.

When a part of the web, containing a given number of tablecloths or napkins, is completed, it is immediately cut from the loom, sent to the bleach-green, and prepared for market.

Of the beautiful fabrics manufactured in the manner we have just described, there are two kinds, termed single and double damask. In single damask, the weft, in traversing the web, is caused to pass over every four threads of warp, and under the fifth; while in the double, of which the texture is much superior and the pattern infinitely more distinct, it passes over seven threads and under the eighth.

We have endeavoured to make these brief notices of the linen manufacture as clear as we could to the uninitiated reader, and do not apologise for the space we have occupied in treating of the only produce of the country in which Ireland has long maintained and still retains pre-eminence. It is, however, a melancholy fact that this valuable branch of manufacture is not increasing in extent, and is unquestionably diminishing in value. A few years

ago, the French and Americans, as well as other neighbouring nations, required large quantities, and many hands were therefore constantly employed; but the disagreements that have arisen respecting duties have interfered most materially with the Irish fabric. The high duties on French brandy in England have induced France to impose prohibitory charges on the introduction either of Irish linen or Irish cloth; and the natives are accordingly stirring themselves to become independent of it altogether. In August last a flax spinning mill was erected at Poictiers, and several others are rising rapidly in the north-west district of the country. They are in general wrought by British workmen, and the machinery is British: the proximity to Holland will of course give them a great advantage over Ireland in procuring the raw material. In America, the demand is neither so great nor so regular as it has been; and the coarser manufacture of the people is more satisfactory to them, as having the strong recommendation of cheapness. From these causes, it is not surprising that the Irish manufacturers should feel alarmed; and accordingly, in the month of December last, one of the most influential meetings of the whole trade and its friends which has ever taken place was held at Belfast. Several important resolutions were passed, and a memorial was forwarded to Government, founded upon them; but it is obviously impossible that they can overcome causes which threaten to be as permanent as they are injurious.

The gentry and manufacturers of Ulster are again, however, actively exerting themselves, and, we trust, will receive such aid from the Government as will at least prevent further prejudice to the great source of comfort, peace, and prosperity in Ulster.

With this topic we bid adieu to Belfast; hoping the excellent and flourishing town may be visited by all who doubt the capabilities of Ireland to compete with any other country of the world.

From Belfast—previously to our tour along "the northern coast" to the Giant's Causeway"—we proceeded to Antrim town, in order to examine several interesting objects in its neighbourhood.

The town of Antrim is about fifteen miles north-west of Belfast, on the north-east border of Lough Neagh. It is small, and of no particular note. One of the most perfect of the round towers stands in its immediate vicinity, in the grounds of G. J. Clark, Esq. It is ninety-three feet in height, and about fifty-three feet in circumference at the base. The cap was shattered by lightning in the year 1822, and was replaced by another upon the precise model of the ancient one; the broken pieces of which are carefully preserved. The tower is built of rough stone, and above the doorway is a

sculpture in basso-relievo resembling a Maltese cross. A flooring of stone, on a level with the entrance, has never been explored; a matter for great regret, for there can be scarcely a doubt that underneath it is a sepulchre. The space between the earth and the floor is at least twelve feet; and there is sufficient evidence to warrant the conclusion that whether the Round Tower was, or was not, originally, "a tomb," human remains would be found there as at Ardmore, and other places, where opportunities of examination have been afforded. It is singular that, although occasionally bones are dug up in the neighbourhood, no foundations of walls have been at any time discovered to indicate that a church ever existed near it.

On the banks of "the Six-mile Water," which pours its tribute into Lough Neagh, are the extensive bleaching-grounds and warehouses of W. Chaine, Esq.—the most extensive in Ireland.

We had never seen pastoral beauty so happily combined with the beauty of industry as in this prosperous and "picturesque" establishment—a "series" of factories which, as it were, "dot" the banks of the gushing river. The high-road traveller, much as he may admire the wide-spreading bleach-greens, the taste and elegance of the various residences in their immediate neighbourhood—the clean, well-dressed, homely, and happy appearance of the inhabitants—can form no idea whatever of the graceful recesses of this sylvan spot. It is unrivalled in its way—trees, rocks, banks, and paths screened from the sun, and terminating in vistas revealing the fine country beyond; while at your feet the waters rush to their trained courses, and set at work the machinery of those mighty mills—mills which owe their existence to the clear, vigorous, and benevolent mind, and steady persevering industry, of one of Ireland's truest friends—a man who, in truth, answers to the character of the "Man of Ross," in all things but his poverty:—

> "Him, portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans blest;
> The young who labour, and the old who rest."

It would be impossible to describe the varied, yet continued beauty of this scene: the river twists in the most fantastic manner; and Mr. Chaine has availed himself not only of the best water power, but has erected his bleaching machinery where it least disturbs the aspect of the whole. In general, manufacturers care little or nothing for the picturesque; as long as the mechanism that enriches proceeds prosperously, they are heedless of injury inflicted on river or mountain; but this good man venerates Nature, and instead of outraging either her form or her laws, he wiles her into partnership with what is useful and beneficial in art and manufacture.

There are few things more delightful to the traveller than to hear universal testimony borne to the honour, generosity, and uprightness of one like the venerable man of whom we speak, who has passed a long life in acts of usefulness and unfailing benevolence in his own land; beloved and venerated by all classes, his name is invariably accompanied by a blessing and a prayer—a blessing for the good he has done, and a prayer that he may still be spared many years to effect good still greater. He taught the idle waters how to fertilise, and imparted to their valley the advantages of labour, and the peace which accompanies plenty.

We shall not soon forget the morning we spent wandering along the banks of that refresh'ng river—refreshing in every sense of the word.

Jutting out into the lake is Shane's Castle, the seat of Lord O'Neil, the representative of a family whose origin is of a most remote age*, and whose name is intimately associated with every remarkable event that has occurred in Ulster, and indeed in Ireland, for many centuries. The present peer is likely to be the last of the ancient and heroic race; and with him, probably THE O'Neil will cease to exist; a circumstance already contemplated as a calamity in his immediate neighbourhood—and not there alone. Few are more respected and beloved than the present descendant of a line of kings: he has succeeded in adding to the devotion and veneration of those who render him homage for his name's sake, the esteem and regard of the "Sassenach"—given by the latter far less because of his "blood" than his personal

* Tradition attributes the origin of the famous cognizance of the O'Neils—the red hand—to the following circumstance:—In an ancient expedition for the conquest of Ireland, the leader of it declared that whoever of his followers first touched the shore should possess the territory. One of them, the founder of the race who supplied Ulster with kings for centuries, coveting the reward, and seeing that another boat was likely to reach the land before him, seized an axe, and with it cut off his left hand, which he flung on shore, and so was the first to "touch" it. Hence a sinister hand, gules, became the armorial ensign of the province. The present peer is unmarried, and, we understand, is "the last of his line." Of the O'Neils there are, of course, many collateral branches, some occupying high places, others only "hewers of stone and drawers of water;" but *the* O'Neil has but one representative, and he is not likely to leave a successor. A head carved in stone is pointed out upon one of the walls of the ruined castle, concerning which there is a tradition that when it falls the race will be extinct. It is already loosened and tottering. Any attempt at a history of the family is out of the question; a mere outline of it would occupy a volume: but in treating of the North, it is impossible to avoid the frequent introduction of the name:—

"Oh! quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou of the hundred fights!
Thou on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung!
Both mute; but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died."

character; for he is surrounded by merchants, or the sons of merchants, who have been the architects of their own fortunes. Shane's Castle is a comparatively modern building—now in ruins, having been burned by an accidental fire in the year 1816; and the noble proprietor resides in a temporary dwelling formed out of one of the outhouses. From the ruins which remain, it is evident that it was a fine and spacious building: the vaults, which are still entire, and extend to the very verge of the lake, merit particular notice, both from their "spaciousness and rather extraordinary construction." Several turrets and towers are still standing; and from their tops a fine view of the interesting scenery, amid which the ruins lie, may be obtained. A number of cannons are still mounted on the fort, which is boldly situated.

The accompanying engraving affords a correct idea of the present character of the interesting structure and the adjacent scenery*. The gardens retain

* We borrow an eloquent passage from an interesting paper, by Robert Patterson, Esq.

"It fills one with melancholy ideas of departed grandeur. Where the stately pile has gradually crumbled beneath the touch of time—where the fox-glove, the moss, the lichen, the thistle, the long luxuriant grass, and the ever-verdant ivy,

Group their wild hulls with every strain
The weather-beaten walls retain,

the moralist may find a pleasing object of contemplation—the painter a glowing subject for his pencil: but here, where the ruin is not sufficiently old for this—where time has not wrought the fall—where the white walls, stained occasionally by the dark smoke-wreaths, alone meet the eye—one cannot but deplore the untimely ruin of the noble and venerable palace. Some slips of ivy have been planted about it; but, as yet, the cultivated spots around render only more striking the ruined mass in the centre."

the beauty for which they have long been celebrated; and the grounds are kept and cultivated with exceeding neatness and care. The trees are of magnificent growth, and the waters of the lake nearly enclose the demesne.

Shane's Castle has been, for centuries, the chosen realm of the Banshee*, Here,

> "How oft has the Banshee cried!
> How oft has death untied
> Bright links that glory wove—
> Sweet bonds entwin'd by love!"

Here, from time to time, when evil threatened a member of the old race, her shriek was heard among the woods, upon the shore—and, now, along the ruined walls of the falling castle, echoed by the vaults underneath, and wailing through the nettle-covered graves of thousands who have borne the name and followed their chieftains to the battle. To hint a doubt of the existence of the Banshee of the O'Neils would, in the estimation of their people, be tantamount to blasphemy. We conversed with several who heard the warning

* The literal meaning of the word is, "a female fairy," or spirit; and she was supposed to come always for the purpose of forewarning death, which she did by melancholy wailings. Most of the old families in Ireland were believed to have one of these spirits attending on them. The Banshee sometimes appears in the form of a young and beautiful woman arrayed in white; but more frequently as a frightful hag, and often as a mere "vox et prætera nihil," as invisible and elusive as Echo. Night was the season generally chosen by the Banshee for her visits, as an ancient bard describes her thus:—

> "The Banshee mournful wails
> In the midst of the silent, lonely night,
> Plaintive she sings the song of death."

But she was sometimes supposed to be heard at noon, "when mid-day is silent around;" and then the voices of several of them were often heard together, coming on the ear like—

> "Aëry tongues, that syllable men's names,
> On sand, and shore, and desert wilderness."

On these occasions they were not always considered an omen of evil, for we find Ossian (in a poem in Irish) enumerating among the sounds that Finn delighted to hear, the "slow-calling sounds" of these aërial voices. She is called Banshi, fairy woman; more properly *woman of peace*, to distinguish her from the fairy of the other sex, the *fearshi*, or *shifra*, the fairy man of peace. The Banshi is not like the sylph, or such creations—a being of a different order from man. She is the spirit of some mortal woman, whose destinies become linked by some accident with those of the family she follows. Thus the Banshi of the princely family of the O'Briens of Thomond is said to be a woman who had been seduced by some one of the chiefs of that race, and whose indiscretion brought upon her misfortune and death. But like the Δαιμονες of the ancients, some of them were believed to have been always disembodied.

Maobh (the Mab of Shakspeare), pronounced Maov, is the queen of the Irish sidhe or fairies. Maoveen (the little Mab) is the name of the O'Neil Banshee.

Vallancy translates Banshi as "the angel of death, or separation;" Lady Morgan, less correctly, but more poetically, renders it "the white lady of sorrow;" and calls her the *madre di dolore* of Irish faith.

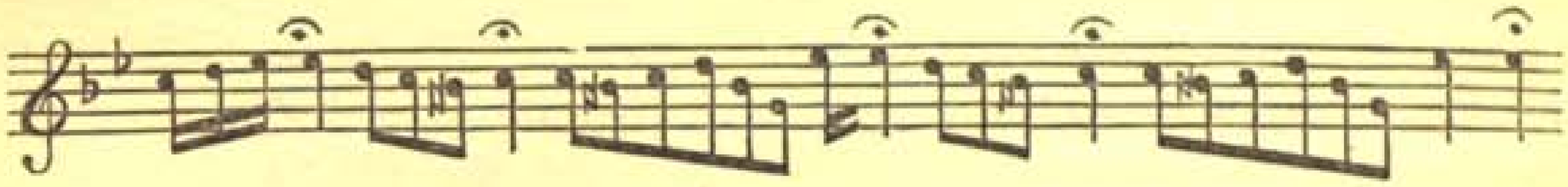
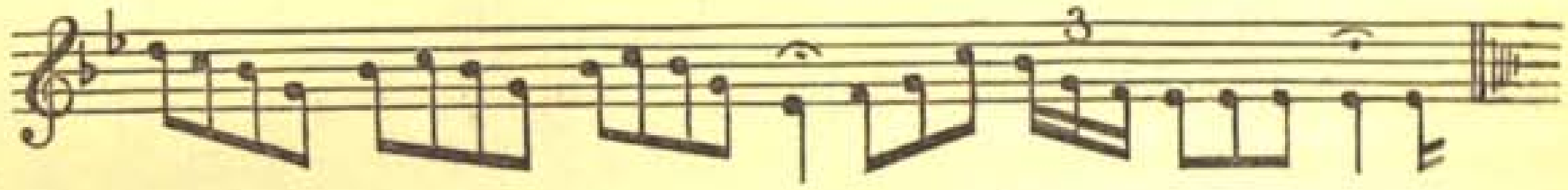
Carden reports that the same appearances are associated with the ancient families of Italy, and some of the princely houses of Germany.

The word beAn-fiḋ corresponds very much to the Pari Banou of the Arabian Nights: its ideal meaning is "a nymph of the air."

when the late lord died; and with one who, when the former peer, slain during the '98 rebellion in the streets of his own town, foretold his death, because "the voice" had uttered tones of more than wonted anguish during many nights preceding the day upon which the good lord was killed—"by strangers," according to our informant, "who couldn't know he was the O'Neil." It requires, indeed, no great exercise of the imagination to believe that "the place is haunted." Walking under the shadows of huge trees, through a peculiarly gloomy grave-yard, or among the vaults of the ruined castle, superstition was easily stirred; and fancy might readily have summoned before us the shade of the ancient genius—good or evil, it is uncertain which—that still "keeps on earth" to give an O'Neil warning of a coming doom.

The Banshee, Benshi, or Banshi, is the wildest and grandest of all the Irish superstitions. The spirit assumes the form of a woman, sometimes young, but, more generally, very old; her long ragged locks float over her thin shoulders; she is usually attired in loose white drapery, and her duty upon earth is to warn the family upon whom she attends, of some approaching misfortune. This warning is given by a peculiarly mournful wail—at night *;

* Of the advent of the Banshee, in the morning, we have heard of only one instance, which we shall relate. On the morning of the 25th of September, 1818, Mrs. R., a native of Thomastown, in the county of Tipperary, residing in Clonmel, arose somewhat earlier than usual, and went down stairs into an office situate inside the hall. She had not been there long when she distinctly heard, outside in the hall, a low and plaintive wail, and as plainly distinguished the step, motion, and shadow of a woman. The wail was repeated three times, and then all was silent. Mrs. R. now went out into the hall; but although there was sufficient light, she could see no one. This alarmed her, as all her family and servants were buried in sleep, and all the doors were fast. She unlocked the hall-door, and looked out into the street; but all was still and deserted—not a mouse stirring. She clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, I know that one of my relations is dead." She remained some time at the door wrapped in mournful thought, when her attention was attracted by the approach of a servant of Mrs. W., a *near relative of hers*. "Oh, what brings you here at this early hour?" exclaimed Mrs. R., running to meet her. "Bad news enough, ma'am," replied the servant; "my mistress died a few minutes ago." We find the appearance of the Banshee at morning alluded to in an ancient Irish poem: the following is a translation of the passage:—"Hast thou heard the Benshee at morn, passing by the silent lake, or walking the field by the orchard. Alas! that I do not rather behold white garlands in the hall of thy fathers!"

—a sound that resembles the melancholy sough of the wind, but having the tone of a human voice, and distinctly audible to a great distance. The following is a correct notation of the wail of the Banshee—the archetype of the Keen, as we have already had occasion to observe.



She is sometimes seen as well as heard; but her form is rarely visible except to the person upon whom she more especially waits. This person must be of an old stock—the representative of some ancient race; and him, or her, she never abandons even in poverty or degradation*. Thus the Mac Carthys, the O'Sullivans, the O'Reardons, and other septs, now reduced to the grades of peasants in Munster, have each their Banshee. Few, indeed, of the old families of Ireland are without such an attendant spirit; and stories of them

* The "new people" are of course free from the attendance of the Banshee. At Dingle, in the county of Kerry, a number of persons being on some occasion assembled, either for revel or business, their proceedings were suddenly interrupted by "the cry." Among them were some merchants, who began to fear each for himself. Some witty bard, however, who either was present, or was informed of the circumstance, wrote the following lines, which may still be heard in the mouths of some of the peasantry in Munster:—

An sa Daingoin nuar neartaidh an bronghol,
Do glac eagla ceannuidhthe an enosniccig,
Na thaov fein nir vaogal doibhsin,
Ni caoinid mna shi an sortsan.

In Dingle when the cry of sorrow rose,
Fear smote the merchants of the company;
No cause had they to tremble for themselves,
For such no Banshi lifts the mournful wail.

One of the O'Sullivans, a day-labourer, known in the neighbourhood as "the prince," was ill. A gentleman from whom we heard the anecdote, meeting a peasant, asked if the poor man was dead, and received this answer: "No, sir, he is not dead; but he soon will be. We heard the voice last night, and the neighbours came in this morning."

The old schoolmaster at Bantry, to whom we have elsewhere referred, told us this, of one of the Mac Carthys. "My father's family," said he, "were ill of 'the sickness,'"—so the fever is commonly called—"his neighbour, a poor widow, one Mac Carthy, had her son sick also; my father went to her and begged her not to screetch when the life left the boy, for fear of frightening my mother. She promised that with God's help she wouldn't. Well, at midnight we heard a scream—a loud, and sorrowful, and awful scream: we all heard it; and my father went out to complain to the widow that she had broke her word. He found her at home: she said her son was dead, but she hadn't crossed the door-way, keeping the grief in her heart. So he went homewards, and again he heard the voice; and he followed it for above a mile: and at last it left him at the north end of a stream."

are to be gathered in abundance in every part of the country,—the peasantry in the more matter-of-fact north being as implicit believers in the occasional visits of the spirit as are those in the more poetical south. We may not occupy much space in treating the subject; but a few characteristic anecdotes we give in a note, and entreat the reader's patience for one which demands greater length *. It was related to us by a gentleman who is well

* A very *recent* account of a Banshee was communicated to us by a lady on whose veracity we place every reliance, though of course we carefully conceal names and places. Her account is, that as she sat with her mother, a few days previously to her death, they both distinctly heard, towards evening, a low mournful wail at the window, resembling the moaning of the wind; whereupon the mother said to her daughter, "Do you hear that?" "Oh, mama," replied the daughter, "it is only the wind." "Ah, no," exclaimed the mother, "it is the sure messenger that always comes for our family." Her death took place a few days after, and amidst the deep silence which prevailed as she was dying, the same wail was heard. All her family were at the time around her, with the exception of one who was in the parlour with a gentleman. The latter, on hearing the sound, which appeared to him like a song in the kitchen, rushed into it and said to the servants, angrily, "Is it possible you are singing, and your mistress dying?" They answered, "It would be far from us to sing and our beloved mistress dying; but don't you hear the Banshee come for her?" The gentleman believing this to be an excuse, seized a candle and ran up the walk of a small garden adjoining the house. On reaching the top of the walk, he could see nothing, but still heard the same beautiful and unearthly music. He continued to listen until it ceased, which was (as he afterwards found) just as the old lady drew her last breath. He returned to the servants and said, "Well, what I never credited, I have heard and believe now." The gentleman afterwards repeated this story at several parties.

Another story was related to us very circumstantially. Waterford, before the Union, was the chief emporium of the Newfoundland trade, and many an anxious wife and mother looked forward to the fall of the year for the return of their husbands and sons. Two families of the name of Power were distantly related in blood and closely in affinity, the only son of the one having married the only daughter of the other, so that the entire hope of both rested on the issue of this marriage. Young Power was brought up to the Newfoundland trade, and went out as master of a brig called the Betsey of Waterford, of which he was also part owner. In two former voyages he was very prosperous, and, after going to market, returned to his joyful family, as the common phrase went, rolling in riches: and the expected results of the present trip were looked to as sufficient to give him an opportunity of settling at home in some lucrative business, pursuing which he might enjoy the pleasures of domestic comfort, without the painful separations and racking fears that severe changes of weather bring continually to the minds of the sailor's family. A short time before the arrival of the first Newfoundland trader the anxious wife was disturbed several successive nights by strange noises in her bedroom; and once or twice she was crossed in the passage to her room by a light shadowy figure of indistinct perceptibility, and many of the neighbours said they had heard dismal wailings round the house, though they were never heard by any of the inmates; and it was generally whispered that something very heavy hung over the family. One night while in that state when the heaviness of sleep is creeping over the senses, but leaves them still capable of perception, she was startled by the figure of a man leaning over her in the bed. She started up; the figure receded and passed out at the door which she had locked previously to her going to rest. She started out of bed, and, with a courage she could no way account for, followed the intruder to the door, which she found locked as she had left it. Her father and mother slept in the adjoining room, and she resolved to arouse them; but on opening the door she saw a female figure with long dishevelled hair, and wrapped in a shroud or winding-sheet, sitting at the back window, who uttered three long and dismal cries of lamentation, and disappeared. Her horror was indescribable; she had power sufficient to enter the room of her parents and fainted away. Being far advanced in pregnancy, she was taken in premature labour, and herself and infant fell victims to her fright. She survived long enough to be sensible of the loss of her husband, the Betsey having foundered off the coast of Dungarvan, where he, with two more of the crew, perished.

The following anecdote was given us by a peasant woman of the class called *decent*. She solemnly

versed in Irish lore, and intimately acquainted with the superstitions peculiar to the country.

The only daughter of parents of sufficient distinction, in the estimation of the people, to have an attendant spirit, was loved by, and returned the attachment of a youth, her inferior both in birth and fortune. She was one of those quickly susceptible and gently yielding creatures who, although gifted with warm affection, have probably not the strength to sustain it

"Through grief and through danger, through sorrow and shame."

While he was by her side, she felt as though she could have died sooner than have forgotten him; so she said and thought; and they used to meet stealthily in the moonlight, and before the lark had poised her dewy wings in the morning sun, and exchange vows of everlasting constancy; believing all they uttered to be the pure and unalterable truth. The girl, at this

assured us of its truth. When a little girl, her father and mother had gone out to a wake, and left her, along with her younger sisters and brothers, in care of the house. They were all, four or five in number, gathered round the fire. Suddenly, they heard a melancholy cry, as of a woman approaching the house. They ran to the door, supposing it might be the daughter of the deceased person, who was coming to borrow something for the wake; but, to their great dismay, saw no one, though they still heard the cry, passing as it were by them, and down along on their right. Upon their father's return they told him what had occurred. "Don't mind, girls," said he; "perhaps the person whom that cry lamented is not one of us, or it may be that he is far away." In a fortnight after they received intelligence from London that an uncle of theirs, a physician, had died there on the very night they had heard the Banshee cry. They were Mac Carthys by the father's side, and O'Sullivans by the mother's.

It is also one of the superstitions that the spirits of the deceased are often permitted to come on earth in numbers, and lament along with the living those friends whose ashes are about to be gathered to their order. Hence, on such occasions as wakes, the cry of voices is said to be often heard abroad in lamentation.

Another idea is, that the spirits in the middle state preparatory for heaven are placed on this earth, suffering different degrees and kinds of punishment, according to the character of their guilt—some freezing in rivers, others shivering on bleak hills, &c. This superstition is alluded to in one of the grandest of the Irish melodies:—

"Oh, ye dead! oh, ye dead! whom we know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live;
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far-off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your own, lie dead?

"It is true—it is true—we are shadows cold and wan;
It is true—it is true—all the friends we loved are gone:
But oh! thus, even in death,
So sweet is still the breath
Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wander'd o'er,
That ere condemn'd we go,
To freeze mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once more!"

time, had not been sixteen years in the world, but the young man was four-and-twenty. Irishmen have the reputation of being quick at love, and quick at forgetting: it was not so with him. His nature was firm as it was fervent; he would have loved her had she been the poorest girl who watched the sheep upon his native mountain. "I will not wed you against your father's will," he said, "but I will win you and wed you. I will go abroad, Mary, I will gain a name and come back to you with fame and honour —I will do this, by God's great grace; I will be your faithful husband in the eyes of heaven, whose stars shine brightly on us now, if you will swear here, kneeling by my side, to wait, free from all other love, till I return." The girl sank on her knees and did as he desired; placing her finger against his finger, she slipped on to his a ring, esteemed by her family as one of rare virtue, making him in return promise that if he died or became indifferent to her, or married another, he should return her the pledge. This he readily agreed to do, and the lovers parted; Mary exclaiming in the wild anguish of her first sorrow, "Surely, surely, if he had loved me as I loved him, he would never have proposed this parting. Well, well, he knew I would have flown with him to the world's end." And he *did* know it; but her weak and childish nature was unable to appreciate the virtue of the sacrifice he made by tearing himself from the only thing he valued on earth: no taint of selfishness sullied the brightness of his devotion; he would not submit her to the pangs of self-reproach for having deserted her aged parents; he would give up *all*, sooner than subject her to the privations which the bride of a soldier of fortune must have endured. Years rolled on; six or seven passed away, and no tidings arrived of the absent lover; as they did pass, the first suspicion that had disturbed her mind gained strength,—"If he had loved me as I loved him, he would never have proposed this parting." It might be she referred to this feeling as an excuse for the fickleness of her own heart; for the arguments and entreaties of her family induced her, at length, to listen to the addresses of a wealthy suitor, and, after some reluctance, to agree to espouse him: it is but justice to Mary to state that this was not until a long time after she had waited, and waited, with the sickness of a sorrowing heart, for the hoped-for return of her lover; there were plenty willing and ready to work upon her doubts of his fidelity, and stories came from the "foreign parts" the Irish delight to talk of—whispering that the absent one was untrue to the vows of his early love.

"And so," said one of the gossiping old neighbours to another—"And so Mary O'Neil, afther all, is going to marry the hardest man in the counthry!"

"Och sure," was the reply, "if he's hard, he's high; and set one against the other, she'll be well off; she's neither as young nor as purty as she was seven years ago, when he that's over the seas used to meet her on the up-hill side, or by the silent rock, or under the rowan-tree. Augh! if trees and rocks could spake, what a dale they'd have to tell of the falsity of man and the folly of women, agra!"

"There was no falsity there, unless you count Mary's change falsity," replied the crone; "but the Lord above only knows how it 'ill end—the Lord above! *and one other.*"

"What!" exclaimed the first speaker, in a half-whisper; "you do not mean *that*—have ye *heard* anything, Nelly dear?" The two tattered crones drew more closely together, and the questioned knocked the ashes out of her pipe to reply.

"You know the family has a follower, dear—they're of the rale ould sort; and that's never forgot. The Banshee that does be afther them is not *as strong* as she used to be long ever ago, though she's strong enough to give the death-warning; it's as good as six years since Miss Mary's first sweetheart met her for the last time, and I was coming up the glen, the same night, from ould Marky Roone's wake; and I came upon them unawares; and then I kept still, not to disturb them, for she was crying like a new-born babby that had lost its mother; but his words without tears would pierce through stone walls. Well, I saw them put finger to finger, and slip a ring; and as they did, and as sure as there's but one star of the thousands looking on us now, *the cry* came through the air soft and sorrowful—not the wail for present death, but for what would end that way."

"Maybe," suggested her companion, "it was for him!"

"For him!" repeated the narrator, in a tone of deep indignation. "Why, then, I'm ashamed of your ignorance, ye poor craythur! is it *doting* ye are, woman alive? What right would the like of him have to the cry of a Banshee! Graliagh! indeed—*for him!*

"Well, asy, Nelly, there's enough about it; sure I'm not as long in the place as yerself—did ye ever hear it since, agra?"

A little softened by this ready acknowledgment of superiority, the reader of mysterious sounds declared that the evenin' Misther O'Neil and the priest, and the 'hard man,' and her mother, and all, persuaded Miss Mary to plight a troth—she had no right to plight—that same night the cry was heard more than once about the place, sharper and clearer than before. Who heard it besides she could not tell; she only knew *she* heard it, and would swear she did, to her dying hour.

"And it was nearer, you say?"

"Nearer and sharper—too near, as some will find; it can't be for her mother, and if it was for her father, I can't see the sense of its houlding on when it's *she* that's acting. The first time I heard it, it wound through the air like a misty cloud creeping up a mountain—it was a soft, sorrowful wail; the second time, it was bitter and angry."

"And the third time, avourneen; what was it like the third time?"

"I've not heard it the third time—yet," answered Nelly solemnly; "and I don't care if I'm longer so—that's all. The fine ould families are fading out of the counthry intirely—going away like chaff—and such spirits will have no call to the new people. My father, God rest his soul! used to say, that, from what he knew, he was sure they would soon quit the counthry. Maybe so; but anyhow, we'll be lonesome when they go, for it's hard wanting the knowledge that we're cared for by something besides the bare flesh and blood!"

"And when will the wedding be, Nelly? sure a wedding 's a God-send these hard times; it's hard if we don't get full and plenty at the bridal of the heiress!"

"Ah!" said the other. "To-morrow week, agra! and there'll be heaps of quality in it; besides lashins of people from far and near; and all the ancient customs kep' up—all! so it will be worth the going to, these hard times."

Although the bride could not be said to give any symptoms of repenting her new betrothment, she took little seeming interest in the proceedings; perhaps she had been taunted with the vulgar reproach of old-maidenhood—led to believe it would be wrong for the last of her line to go down unmated to the grave; and this, added to the doubts that had gained strength with years, and the unaccountable fact of her having received no tidings from her former lover, conspired to seal her destiny.

It was not the custom at the period to which we refer for the bride and bridegroom to absent themselves immediately after their marriage; and the wedding was solemnised after the usual Irish fashion—the bride remaining to do the honours and receive the guests; as was also the practice, at that time, the window-curtains were allowed to remain undrawn, so that the crowd without could feast their eyes on the crowd within, whose movements they observed and commented on; and when anything particularly pleased them, they testified their sympathy by a wild "hooroo."

The two women whose observations we have recorded were also there; their withered faces pressed occasionally against the glass, the more perfectly to observe what was going on; occasionally they abused those who pressed too closely on them from behind, and vented their spleen in bitter words and

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curses. Suddenly, Nelly, whose reputation for foreknowledge had gained her anything but a pleasant popularity, crushed her bony fingers round her 'crony's' arm—"Whist, did ye hear nothin'?"

"Nothin', dear, but the boys hoorooing, because the bride is making her 'curtshey' to another stranger."

"Ye'r a deaf fool!" exclaimed Nelly, throwing the arm from her.

The bride had risen to meet a strange guest who, unknown and unannounced, had entered the large parlour where the feast went forward; without returning her salutation, he asked her for a drink. She proceeded to do the duties of Irish hospitality, and with her own hands presented to him a goblet of wine; this he refused to touch, requesting her to exchange it for water, which, he declared, was his only beverage. She then presented him with the water, which he drank; but she observed that as he returned the vessel, he dropped something into it: before she could ascertain what it was, he had disappeared amid the crowd. Ere she replaced the goblet, however, she took from it *her own ring;* she knew it well, and instantly;—it was the same she had given her betrothed, at their parting. No doubt remained on her mind as to her having seen her former lover. She was greatly moved by the circumstance, and yet had sufficient presence of mind to keep it to herself, and the feast went on. After the lapse of about an hour, a woman rushed into the room to seek the priest; terror was impressed upon her countenance. She said that a stranger who had asked for shelter beneath her roof, and who seemed labouring under strong emotion, had dropped—she feared dead, upon her hearth; and that she had come for "the clergy," and advice as to what she was to do.

The truth now burst upon the bride. He did, indeed, really and truly love her. Forgetting her ill-advised marriage, and clinging to the hope that he was yet alive, she proceeded to the woman's dwelling. As she crossed the threshold of her father's door, although the night was calm and mild, a fierce and mighty wind rushed round the house; all paused and trembled at the cry—the well-known wail of the Banshee, so full, and then so agonising in its dying fall.

"That's music for false footsteps," muttered Nelly. "Yet, be he dead or living, that wail is not for *him*."

But the bride flew on—the only one of the terror-stricken revellers who did not pause or pray. She flung herself on her knees beside him—pressed her hand on his heart—there was no motion. She called him by his name—there was no reply; stooping down, she kissed his lips—there was no return; then well she knew that he was dead. In the presence of her kindred and

her husband, she tore the silver riband from her hair, and burst forth into a wild death-cry of her land and name—a mournful keen over the dead body of her lover *.

The impetuous feelings of her girlhood seemed to have returned with tenfold strength; and as she uttered the last line, she fell dead upon the body of him who had loved her even unto death. "Her heart," to use the figurative language of her people, "was split asunder." In death was fulfilled the pledge of love. They were laid side by side—the wedding feast furnishing the funeral. Once more, and in a few weeks after this lovers' tragedy, the Banshee cried again: it was for the father of Mary O'Neil—the last of his line in that part of the country, where two trees are still shown as heading the grave of those who "in death were not divided."

We had stood "on Lough Neagh's banks" in the counties of Armagh and Tyrone, and had seen to great advantage, not only from the shores but from the heights of adjacent hills, the most magnificent sheet of water

* The keen of this unhappy woman is still preserved by the peasantry; we received the following literal translation of it from the gentleman who furnished us with the anecdote.

My love, my love, and my treasure,
Many a day have you and I spent
Beneath the shade of yonder tree,
Thy fair head on my lap.
Sweetly didst thou kiss me;
And it was not a kiss without love
That thou didst press upon my lips:
But, woe is me! women believe not men,
There is so much deceit and falsehood.

My love, my love, and my treasure,
Did I but know then
Half what I do know now,
I would plough with thee the hills,
I would swim with thee the seas,
Though my kindred might upbraid me;
But what were that to me,
If he who loved me were mine?

Beloved of my bosom,
Thy heart found no repose,
When my story was told thee
That I was the bride of another—
Yet, Heaven knows, the only Son knows,
That I would prefer thee
To all the gold of Erin—
To young oxen on the hills,
And to him with all his herds.
And the only Son knows
That I will never lay beside him
My right side nor my left.

in Great Britain *. It is, however, beautiful only upon its north-eastern borders, being elsewhere generally bare of trees. In the immediate neighbourhood of Antrim town it may vie, in parts, with the fairest of the southern lakes, while it possesses a grandeur exclusively its own. In this vicinity it is richly wooded, and here are its islands—the only islands it contains, excepting a very small one off the Armagh shore; one of them, Ram's Island, consisting of no more than six acres; the other, Bird Island, being somewhat less. It would be hardly possible to exaggerate in describing the surpassing loveliness of the former;—nature had done much for it; and, a few years ago, Lord O'Neil having built a cottage there, made it his occasional residence; all that art could effect to increase its attractions has been added to its original charms. Standing among trees of every possible variety, are the ruins of one of the mysterious round towers—calling forcibly to mind the ancient but departed glories of the family; for this morsel of their vast possessions, and the small estate upon the mainland, is now nearly all that remains to them of the province of which they were kings in old times, and

* Lough Neagh is the largest lake in Great Britain, and is exceeded in size by few in Europe. It is formed by the confluence of the Blackwater, the Upper Bann, and five other rivers. The only outlet is the Lower Bann. It is about twenty miles in length, from north-east to south-west; about twelve miles in breadth from east to west; eighty miles in circumference, and comprises about 154 square miles; its greatest depth in the middle is forty-five feet. According to the Ordnance survey it is forty-eight feet above the level of the sea at low water; and contains 98,255½ statute acres, of which 50,025 are in Antrim; 27,355½ in Tyrone; 15,556½ in Armagh; 5,160 in Londonderry; and 138 in Down. From its height above the level of the sea, and other circumstances, serious plans have been proposed for draining the lake—or rather a considerable portion of it; hitherto, however, without effect. It has often been matter of surprise to visitors, that so fine a sheet of water has so little of the picturesque about it; but this is accounted for by the total absence of mountains. The Slievegallion chain in Tyrone, and the Belfast mountains in Antrim, are both at a considerable distance from its shores; and it contains only two or three small islands, which are merely the extremities of elevated ridges. It has not the slightest appearance of having ever been the crater of a volcano, as some have supposed. The Lough Neagh pebbles are well known, and are still numerous, though gathered in large quantities. Most of them are calcedony, cornelian, opal, or quartz.

where, during comparatively recent periods, they were lords whose "word was law." "Bonny Ram Island*," as it is called in one of the songs of the peasantry, is seen from all parts of the lake; from the nearest point of land it is distant about two miles, and looks like a mass of dark foliage upon the surface of the water.

Lough Neagh is, however, indebted for its fame far less to its natural graces than to certain peculiarities—in the singularity of which it has no competitor. For many centuries it has been renowned for prodigies, some of which are not altogether fabulous. The poet has commemorated one of its marvels, and not without authority from sober History†:—

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays
When the clear cold eve 's declining,
He sees the Round Towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining."

The legend, indeed, is by no means confined to this Ulster lake, but Lough Neagh has the distinction, pre-eminently, of rolling its waves over the

"Long-faded glories they cover."

Although doubts may exist concerning these "dreams sublime" of poets and "historians," of the fact of "petrified" wood being found in large quantities in its immediate vicinity, there is no doubt‡. Specimens of large size are

* Mr. Bunting classes the air referred to among the most ancient of the Irish melodies, "although now linked with English words." The air is exceedingly touching and beautiful. We heard the words sung more than once during our stay upon the shores of Lough Neagh:—

"It 's pretty to be in Ballinderry,
It 's pretty to be in Aghalee,
It 's prettier to be in bonny Ram Island,
Sitting under an ivy tree.
Och hone, Och hone, Och hone!"

† We may content ourselves with quoting the most ancient. The following passage we extract from Caxton's "History of England, Wales, and Scotland, and Ireland, fynyshed and emprynted at Westminstre by me, Wynkene de Worde, the yere of oure Lorde A. MCCCC and four score and xvii." "There is a Lake in Ulster and moche fysshe therein, whiche is xxx myles in lengthe and xv in brede. The Riuer Ban runneth out of the Lake into the North Ocean, and men say that this Lake began in this manner—there were men in this contre that were of evyle lyvinge. . . . . and there was a wele in ye lande in grete reuerence of olde tyme and always couered, and yf it were left uncouered ye wele wolde ryse and drowne all the lande, and so id haped yd a woman wente to ye wele for to fetche water, and hyed her fasd to her childe yd wepd in ye cradele and left ye wele uncouered—then ye wele sprynged so fastly yd drowned ye woman and her childe and made all ye contre a lake and fysshe ponde. For to prove this is, it is a grete argument that when the weder is clere fysshers of yd water see in ye grounde under ye water rounde Toweres and hyghe shapen steeples and churches of yd land." . . . .

‡ Dubourdieu, in his Survey of Antrim, thus refers to the subject. "Of petrifactions the most numerous class is composed of portions of trees, sometimes of the stems, but oftener of the roots, which to the eye appear in their natural state, but upon being examined they are found to consist, some entirely of stone, and

to be seen in every house upon its northern borders (we understand it is rarely found along the southern and western shores); and some are preserved that weigh several hundred weight *. The subject engaged the early attention of the naturalist; and in Dr. Boate's History it is treated at considerable length. He does not, indeed, go the length of the old writer from whose book we have already quoted, where the effects of the water are described as so terrific, that if a man walk into it "he shall never afterwards weare hose;" nor quite so far as "the learned physician Anselm Boetius," who asserts, in his History of Stones and Gems, that "that part of the tree that is buried in the mud will become iron, that part touched by the water become stone, and that part above the water remain wood;" but he produces evidence that the process of converting wood into stone is of great rapidity;—among others, that of a gentleman who "a little before the rebellion (1541) cut down, for building, a large holly-tree, but being diverted from his purpose, his timber lay on the ground in the place where it was felled, upon the banks of the Lough, all the miserable time of the war; till at last, the kingdom being settled, the gentleman went to look for his timber, and found the holly petrified." From this, and some other facts, Dr. Molineux reasons—1st, whether other wood than holly can undergo the change; and next, whether it is in the water or the soil that the petrifying quality exists; determining that all woods are liable to it, and that the power is in the adjacent clay †.

others only partially so: these substances are of different magnitudes, some as heavy as many hundreds in weight, and others much smaller; in many instances holly appears to have been the basis of this transformation; but the greater part of those which have come under my observation have more the appearance of oak, and at first sight bear a strong resemblance to the remains of that wood so frequently dug out of turf bogs. This petrifying quality of Lough Neagh, or of the soil around and under it, has been long known, but the difficulty of accounting for it has long been the cause of doubting its existence entirely, supposing that nature had formed these stony substances so strongly resembling wood, as they now are, and that no change had been undergone; but when we come to consider how the petrifying process may have been accomplished, and that wood is capable of undergoing it, and then examine the specimens, little doubt can be entertained of its reality." Since the survey of Dubourdieu was written, (1812,) science has arrived at very opposite conclusions. We insert Dubourdieu's view as a contrast to the one that follows.

* In one of the Lectures on Natural Philosophy, delivered in Dublin in 1757, by Richard Barton, B.D., it is stated that "a petrifaction was found one mile from the mouth of the Crumlin River; it was 700 lbs. weight; it is entirely stone, without any wood within it; it was found under a bank six feet high, almost buried in gravel raised three feet above the surface of the river. When the water was low, it appeared like the stump of an old tree; it had neither roots nor branches."

† The following is an abstract of part of an able paper, by Dr. Scouler, of Dublin, on the lignites and silicified woods of Lough Neagh, published in the Dublin Geological Journal, vol. i., part 3:—"The fossil woods are found in various places along the northern, eastern, and southern margins of the lake. They occur in two varieties of position. In the first, they are associated with beds of clay, and lignite or wood coal, often used for fuel when peat is scarce. In the second, they appear nearer the surface in accumulations of clay and gravel. In the former position their forms are angular; they are of a dark colour and very like the lignite—and layers of wood do actually exist amid the silicious substance: they are generally coated with minute, but perfect,

Although modern science has dispelled many such "vain imaginings," in less enlightened days the appearance of this wood no doubt strengthened much the belief in the miraculous powers with which the lake was said to be endowed. One of the "gifts" attributes to its waters the ability of curing all manner of diseases *.

Apart from any of these considerations, Lough Neagh has abundant

crystals of quartz, and with calcedony. From these facts it is unlikely they were ever transported or exposed to attrition; they were most likely petrified in the situation they now occupy. In the second position, among the alluvium of the surface, the forms are rounded and worn, of a looser texture, from the loss of the woody matter, and of a white colour; hence the notion that they are petrified holly. The specimens white externally are black when broken, and a black specimen is whitened by burning.

"The fossil wood, got in the interior to the distance of three and four miles, is in these alluvial accumulations; its origin we must plainly refer to the clay and lignite beds which are on the shores of the lake, and which extend also beneath its waters, at a considerable depth.

"There is no evidence that the waters of Lough Neagh do now possess, or have ever possessed, within the historic period, the power of converting wood into stone—that is, of dissolving silex, so that when the wood is removed its place shall be supplied by particles of silex deposited from the solution. All evidence is to the contrary. Pieces of wood put into the water for experiments have not been in the least petrified; and a canoe, of extremely ancient construction, such as could only have been made in the infancy of civilisation, was raised, some years since, from beneath the waters, perfectly unaltered. Besides, the fossil wood is found only in particular localities. Its origin must, therefore, be referred to some remote era of geological time. Dr. Lindley considers the wood to be either the common fir, Pinus Abies, or the Weymouth pine, P. Strobus.

* Francis Nevil, Esq., in a letter to the Bishop of Clogher, dated Belturbet, February 12, 1712-13, thus comments upon this subject:—"That there is some healing quality in the water of this Lough is certain, but whether diffused through all parts thereof is not known nor pretended. There is a certain bay in it called the *Fishing-bay*, which is about half a mile broad: it is bounded by the school-lands of *Dungannon*, hath a fine sandy bottom, not a pebble in it, so that one may walk with safety and ease from the depth of his ancle to his chin, upon an easy declivity, at least one hundred yards before a man shall come to that depth. I have been in it several times, when multitudes have been there, and at other times, and I have always observed that as I have walked the bottom has changed from cold to warm and from warm to cold, and this in different spots through the bay. Several have made the same observation. The first occasion of taking notice of this bay for cure happened to be not longer ago than the reign of King Charles II., and was thus:—There was one Mr. Cunningham, that lived within a few miles of the place, who had an only son grown to man's estate. This young man had the evil to that degree that it run upon him in eight or ten places: he had been touched by the king, and all means imaginable used for his recovery; but all did no good, and his body was so wasted that he could not walk. When all hopes of his recovery were past, he was carried to the Lough, where he was washed and bathed; and in eight days' time, bathing each day, all the sores were dried up, and he became cured, and grew very healthy, married, had children, and lived nine or ten years after. This account I had from Captain Morris and his brother, who were eye-witnesses, and at whose house the young man lay while he continued to bathe there. After so remarkable a cure, many came there who had running sores upon them, and were cured after a little time. The natives thought it could not do well but upon some particular time appropriated for that service, and now great crowds come there on *Midsummer-Eve*, of all sorts of sick; and sick cattle are brought there likewise, and driven into the water for their cure, and people do believe they receive benefit. I know it dries up running sores, and cures the rheumatism, but not with once bathing, as people now use it; and the drinking the water, I am told, will stop the flux. I look upon it to be one of the pleasantest bathing-places I ever saw." In the old statistical and civil survey of Down, it is said, "the sanative powers of the lake must have been known at a much earlier period than has been here assigned, though it might in a long tract of time have fallen into disuse and be neglected and forgotten. "The very name of the lake seems to hint at this quality—NEASG and NEAS in Irish signifying an ulcer or sore."

attractions for the tourist. Its scenery is beautiful and interesting, and the lake becomes truly magnificent when influenced by storms—its waves rolling and foaming like those of the ocean in a tempest; it abounds in fish—the eels found here being unequalled for size and delicacy of flavour, and the pollan, or "fresh water herring," being procured in astonishing quantities.

From Antrim we pursued our route to Carrickfergus; passing through the ancient town of Temple-Patrick.

Carrickfergus is one of the oldest towns in Ireland, and has held for centuries a prominent place in the annals of the country. Its history is full of interest, for in all the wars of ages it has been made to play a conspicuous part. Of the ancient fortifications, there still exist some interesting remains; the walls may be distinctly traced, and the "North gate" is almost perfect.

The town is said to have derived its name from "Carrig," a rock, and "Feargus," an Irish king, "famous for his skill in blasoning of armes," who was lost in a storm off the coast, some three or four hundred years before the birth of Christ. "The Castle" is said to have been erected by John de Courcy, the "Conqueror of Ulidia," and became celebrated very soon after it was raised, in consequence of its proximity to "those troublesome neighbours" the Scots. In 1315 it was besieged by Lord Edward Bruce, and was for a while the habitation of his brother, the great king of Scotland. In the time of Elizabeth, it is noticed as an important place for curbing the Irish"*. During the wars of 1641 the town was

* Some idea may be formed of the mode adopted for "curbing the Irish" by the following. Leland, in his History of Ireland, quotes an Irish manuscript, which states that, "Anno 1574, a solemn peace and concord was made between the Earl of Essex and Felim O'Neill. However, at a feast, wherein the earl entertained that chieftain, and at the end of their good cheer, O'Neill and his wife were seized; their friends who attended were put to the sword before their faces; Felim, together with his wife and brother, were conveyed to Dublin, where they were *cut up in quarters.*" Curry, in his Review of the Civil Wars in Ireland, has the following notice on this subject, which he says is copied from an Irish manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin; perhaps the same to which Leland refers. "Walter, Earl of Essex, on the conclusion of a peace, invited Bryan O'Nial, of Clandeboy, with a great number of his relations, to an entertainment, where they lived together in great harmony, making good cheer for three days and nights; when, on a sudden, O'Nial was surprised with an arrest, together with his brother and wife, by the earl's order. His friends were put to the sword before his face, nor were the women and children spared: he was himself, with his brother and wife, sent to Dublin, where they were cut in quarters." Although such accounts are to be received with caution, they are not opposed to authorised and undoubted statements of butcheries equally

alternately in the occupation of the Scotch, English, and Irish; its records at this frightful period are to the highest degree appalling. In 1689, as we have elsewhere remarked, William III. landed at Carrickfergus, just under the castle walls; and the stone upon which he is said to have first "put his foot" is still pointed out to the curious.

In comparatively recent times Carrickfergus was a "seat of war," having been subjected to a regular siege so lately as 1760, when the French, under Commodore Thurot, landed here, and took possession of the town and fortress*; retaining them but a very few days; making good their retreat on board their ships as the English forces advanced to meet them; having created "great confusion" without doing much mischief. Off the Isle of Man the squadron was attacked and captured by the British frigates Æolus, Pallas,

opposed to justice, policy, and mercy. The "English enemies" were of course subjected to the wild vengeance of the mere Irish, and their Scotch allies. In 1597 Sir John Chichester fell into an ambuscade near the town, was taken prisoner by James Sorley Mac Donnell, and beheaded "on a stone near the Glyn." According to Lodge, "In the following reign, Mac Donnell having obtained his pardon, and being in Carrickfergus, went to see the family monument of the Chichesters, in St. Nicholas' church; and seeing the effigy of Sir John Chichester, asked "how the de'il he cam to get his head again! for he was sure he had *anes* ta'en it frae him."

* The history of Thurot is curious and interesting. Some particulars of it are given in the "Gentleman's Magazine," the "Annual Register," in the Journal of John Wesley (who visited Carrickfergus soon after "the Invasion"), and by Mr. M'Skimin in his published account of the town. Thurot was a Frenchman by birth, having been born at Boulogne; but his paternal grandfather was an Irishman, named Farrell, an officer in the army of James II. His father, born also at Boulogne, took the name of Thurot—the name of his mother's family. Having become acquainted with "one Farrell," an Irish smuggler, he was induced to send his son—afterwards "the Commodore"—to Ireland, to "inquire about his relatives," who were supposed to be living near Limerick. The boy quarrelled with the captain on the voyage, left him at the Isle of Man, and "hired himself to a merchant at Anglesea"—in one of whose vessels he "went out" as a smuggler. This "profession" he pursued for some years with varied success; but appears to have been, for about a year, in the service of the Antrim family; and also, for about two years, in that of a Lord B——. He returned, however, to his old trade; but was at length arrested at Boulogne, and sent for trial to Paris. Here, through the interference of M. Tallard, the son of his godmother, he not only obtained his liberty, but the command of a sloop of war; and as his services were likely to prove of value, in consequence of his intimate knowledge of the coast of England, Scotland, and Ireland, he was selected, in 1759, to command a squadron designed for the invasion of the latter country. He arrived off Carrickfergus on the 21st of February, 1760, with the Bellisle 44 guns, Le Blond 32, and the Terpsichore 24, and immediately landed between 700 and 800 men to attack the town; the castle was ill garrisoned; both, however, made some defence, and ultimately surrendered. Mr. M'Skimin relates, on the authority of an "old inhabitant," a striking anecdote connected with the siege. "As the enemy advanced up High-street, the following circumstance took place, which we record, as perhaps an unequalled instance of heroism and humanity. The parties being engaged and the English retreating, Thomas Seeds, a child, son of John Seeds, sheriff, ran playfully between them; which being observed by the French officer who commanded the advanced division, he took up the child, ran with it to the nearest door, which happened to be its father's, and immediately returning, resumed his hostilities." The generous officer was, unfortunately, killed. On forcing one of the gates of the castle, he was the first who entered; at which time he was observed to kiss a miniature picture that he took from his bosom. He fell between the two gates. He is said to have been of a noble family, by name D'Esterre; and is described to have been a remarkably fine-looking man.

and Brilliant, under the command of Captain Elliot; and Thurot was killed during the action.

The Castle of Carrickfergus is one of the most perfect castles in Ireland; time has indeed added to its picturesque character, without impairing its strength. It stands on a rock that projects into the sea, and, at ordinary tides, is surrounded on three sides by water. Towards the town are two towers, called from their shape half-moons, and between them is the only entrance, which is defended by a strait passage, with embrazures for fire-arms. About the centre of this passage was formerly a drawbridge; a part of the barbican that protected the bridge can still be seen. Within the gates is the lower yard, or ballium. The walls of the keep are nearly nine feet thick. From the top there is a magnificent view of the bay and the adjacent scenery. The old church of St. Nicholas is also an interesting structure. It is kept in good repair, and is used for service, although probably its origin may be dated back to the earlier part of the twelfth century. The aisles are full of monuments of the house of Chichester*.

* One of the most remarkable is to the memory of Sir Arthur Chichester. It is a huge and stately work, composed of marble and alabaster—elaborately carved, and loaded with ornament. Near the base are large tablets of black marble with the following inscription :—

SACRED TO GOD AND ETERNAL MEMORIE.
SR ARTHUR CHICHESTER KNIGHT BARON OF BELFAST, LO.
HIGH TREASVRER OF IRELAND GOVERNOVR OF THIS TOWNE &
OF THE COVNTRIES ADJOINING, DESCENDED OF THE AVNCIENT
& NOBLE HOVSE OF THE CHICHESTROS IN THE CVNTIE
OF DEVON, SONNE OF SIR JOHN CHICHESTER OF RALEICHE KT.
& OF HIS WIFE GARTRVD COVRTNEY GRAND CHILD OF SR EDWD.
CHICHESTOR & OF HIS WIFE ELIZABETH DAVGHTER OF JOHN
BOVRGCHEIR EARL OF BATH. AFTER THE FLIGHT
OF THE EARLS OF TIRON & TERCONNEL
& OTHER ARCH TRAYTORS THEIRE ACCOMPLICK
HAVING SUPPRESSED O DOVGHERTIE AND OTHER NORTHERN REBELS
& SETTLED THE PLANTACON OF THIS PROVINCE & WELL &
HAPPILY GOVERNED THIS KINGDOME IN FLOVERISHING ESTATE
VNDER JAMES OVR KING THE SPACE OF 11 YEARE
& MORE, WHILST HE WAS LD DEPETIE & GOVERNOVR
THEIROF, RETYRED HIMSELF INTO HIS PRIVATE GOVERNMENT
& BEING MINDFVL OF HIS MORTALITIE REPRESENTED VNTO
HIM BY THE VNTYMELY DEATH OF ARTHVR HIS SONNE THE
ONLY HOPE OF HIS HOVSE, WHO LIVED NOT FVLL 2 MONTHS
AFTER HIS BIRTH, AS ALLSOE OF HIS NOBLE AND VALIANT BROTHER
SR JOHN CHICHESTER KNIGHT, LATE SERJEANT MAIOR OF THE
ARMYE IN THIS KINGDOME & THE PRACEDENT GOVERNOVR
OF THIS TOWNE, HATH CAVSED THIS CHAPPELL TO BE REPAIRED
& THIS VALT & MONVMENT TO BE MADE AND ERECTED AS
WELL IN REMEMBRANCE OF THEM WHOSE STATVES ARE EXPRESSED
& THEIRE BODYES INTERRED, &C.

THE IRISH CENTRAL LIBRARY FOR BLIND
DUBLIN

CARRICKFERGUS.

ANTRIM.

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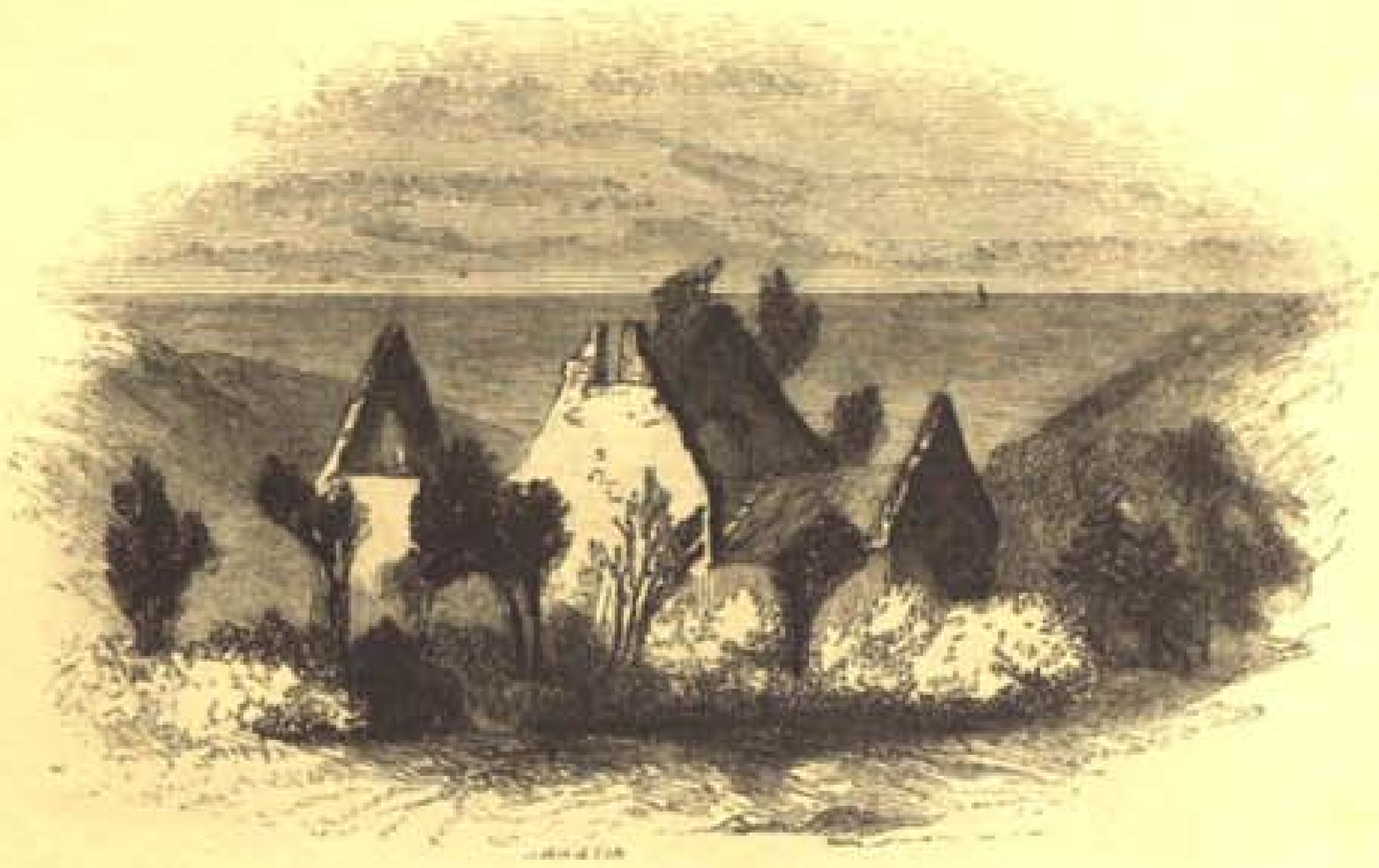
The town of Carrickfergus is neat and clean, and more than usually straggling; a considerable part of it is called the Scottish quarter, and, as will be supposed, the majority of its population are of Scottish descent *.

The drive from Carrickfergus to Larne—a distance of nine miles—may be considered the second stage along the coast from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway †. It passes through the village of Eden to Kilroot—a parish once held

* One of the most singular customs of the inhabitants endured to a comparatively recent period; so lately as 1574, the town records contain this remarkable "order and agreement:"—"'October 1574, ordered and agreede by the hole Court, that all manner of skolds which shal be openly detected of skolding or evill wordes in manner of skolding, and for the same shal be condemned before Mr. Maior and his brethren, shal be drawne at the sterne of a boate in the water from the ende of the Peare rounde abought the Queenes majesties Castell in manner of ducking, and after when a cage shal be made the party so condemned for a skold shal be therein punished at the discretion of the Maior.' It appears that a cage was got soon after, and delinquents punished in the manner noticed; and that regular lists were kept of all scolds, and their names laid before the grand juries. The cage, or ducking-stool, stood on the quay; in a deed granted to John Davys, July 6th, 1671, is the following notice of it:—'One small plot of land or house-stead, situated upon the Key, on the north-east, adjoining to the *Ducking-stool*, on said Key, now standing.'"

† There is also an inland road to Larne through "the commons" of Carrickfergus, passing Lough Mourne, over the mountains through the sequestered little village of Glenoe, beautifully situated in a deep valley, richly planted, and containing a graceful waterfall. This road, although two miles shorter than the coach road, is seldom used, part of it being very rugged and steep, and the descent into Glenoe being all but impracticable for ordinary conveyances. The land in this direction, and to the extent of a few miles towards the north-west, being mountainous, and for the most part of an inferior quality, (although in some intermediate little districts where there is a bottom of limestone the quality is good) it is occupied by a poorer and less comfortable class of farmers than are found in the surrounding country. "Glenoe" is in the parish of "Ralloo," the property of Viscount Dungannon. A new church is building beside the waterfall, endowed by Lord Dungannon, and erected by the "Church Accommodation Society" of Down and Connor, a society called into existence within the last five years by the energy of the bishop and clergy of these united Dioceses; by whose subscriptions, and donations of the noblemen and gentry of the counties Down and Antrim, a large sum (we believe nearly £30,000) is expending in the erection of suitable churches, where they are much called for

for a short period by Dean Swift, and in the now ruined church of which he is "said to have preached *." A still more interesting object, however, is the dilapidated remain of the ancient church of Templecoran in the village of Ballycarry. Here the first Presbyterian Church in Ireland was planted under the ministry of the Rev. Edward Brice, in the year 1613; and here he remained until his death, in the year 1636. It is a singular fact, that since that period, upwards of two hundred years,



throughout these two counties; ten or twelve have been already erected. After passing Glenoe, the appearance of the county improves towards Larne—distant four miles. The sea, the coast of Scotland, and harbour of Larne, with Olderfleet Castle at the point of the Curraan, is seen from the highest parts of the road as it proceeds and enters Larne, passing the small village of Inver. The view is of surpassing magnificence and beauty—Larne Lough, Island Magee, Glynn, the headlands along the coast, the Maiden Lights, the coast of Ayrshire, Ailsa Craig, &c., are all taken in at a glance.

A curious legend is attached to Lough Mourne. In old times it was a large and populous town; but not, it would seem, "given to hospitality." An aged pilgrim arrived there late one night, and demanded food and shelter; both were, strange to say, refused him; upon which he quitted the place, shook the dust from off his feet, and warned the inhabitants that their town would, at daybreak, be sunk beneath the waters. He then ascended a neighbouring hill to await the fulfilment of his prophecy. As the sun rose, the valley sunk; and very soon the waves of a Lough rolled above the houses and towers.

* Dr. Swift received this preferment from Lord Capel; and resigned it (according to Lord Orrery) because "it was not sufficiently considerable, and was at so great a distance from the metropolis, that it absolutely deprived him of that kind of conversation and society in which he delighted. He had been used to very different scenes in England, and had naturally an aversion to solitude and retirement. He was glad, therefore, to resign his prebend in favour of a friend, and return to Sheen." Sir Walter Scott relates that while Swift was deliberating whether to retain his living or return to England, he met a poor curate with a large family, and, without communicating his design, obtained for him a grant of the living. "When he gave the presentation to the poor clergyman, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, which, at first, only expressed pleasure at finding himself preferred to a living; but when he found that it was that of his benefactor, who had resigned in his favour, his joy assumed so touching an expression of surprise and gratitude, that Swift, himself deeply affected, declared he had never experienced so much pleasure as at that moment. The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed upon him this black mare, which he did not choose to hurt him by refusing; and thus mounted, for the first time, on a horse of his own, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again embarked for England, and resumed his situation at Moor-park, as Sir William Temple's confidential secretary."

four ministers only have in succession, each for about fifty years, discharged the duties of this Presbyterian congregation*.

At a short distance from Ballycarry is a small dell which skirts the road, long called "the Salt-hole," the origin of the name having been recently ascertained by the discovery of a bed of rock-salt; and in the immediate vicinity are the most extensive lime-works in Ireland, the produce being chiefly for export to Scotland from the port of Larne.

Larne Lough extends about five miles from the mouth of the harbour, dividing Island Magee and the district of Magheramorne. In this situation the water is shallow, with mud banks appearing at low tides to a great extent. A surface including about two thousand acres was surveyed two years ago by Mr. Irving, M.P., for the purpose of reclaiming and making land, which was considered quite practicable, and would have been beneficial in many ways, but especially to the Island Magee estate and inhabitants—yet the project was successfully opposed, and certainly not upon good grounds.

Passing through the beautiful and interesting village of Glynn, near which are perceptible the effects of a singular "land-slip," we arrive at the town of Larne. A glance at the map will show that, on the other side of the creek, for a distance of several miles, runs the long and narrow peninsula of "Island Magee." It extends about seven miles from north to south, along the coast opposite to Ayrshire, and is in few places more than two miles in breadth. The inhabitants are all of Scottish descent, and are still "thoroughly Scotch" in dialect, manners, and customs; they are a remarkably intelligent race; and it is worthy of remark, that out of a population of nearly three thousand, no person living can recollect an instance of a native of this place being imprisoned for or convicted of, any criminal offence†. The island is one property, forming

* An inscription inserted in the wall narrates at great length the date of that "eminent minister, Mr. Edward Brice," commencing to preach the gospel in that parish, 1613; his death, 1636; that he had two sons; that his son Robert acquired considerable property, and that "Randall," son of Robert, died Member of Parliament for Lisburn, in 1697. On a second tombstone are recorded the deaths of their successors, down to the present century. Mr. Edward Bruce of Scoutbush, near Carrickfergus, whose property is at Kilroot, is a lineal descendant. The name was changed a few years ago from Brice to Bruce, which is supposed to have been the original name of the *Brice* family.

† The tenantry are all of one class, no gentry holding any of the land or residing in the place: there is no glebe or house for the clergyman, or fixed or suitable dwelling for the Presbyterian ministers; although the houses of the tenantry are, in general, commodious and good. A large proportion of the people are "seafaring," several being captains or masters and owners of small vessels trading in coal, lime, and grain, with the coasts of Scotland and England. Among the customs pre-eminent in Island Magee, is that of assistance given to any farmer on his first occupancy of a farm, in labour, by ploughing his entire farm in one day—harrowing and sowing it; and also in cases of emergency or distress, such assistance is cheerfully yielded by the neighbourhood turning out in great force. To the clergy of all denominations aid is also given uniformly under the same circumstances; so much so, that in some districts it is an annually-recurring

part of the extensive estates of the Marquis of Donegal; but held under lease, by Viscount Dungannon.

Being off the high-road, or coast-road, from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway, few tourists turn aside to examine it, the approaches being in some degree inconvenient, and the situation insular. Yet in its scenery, bays, headlands, and caves, it is highly interesting, independently of the objects it presents in great variety to the geologist and naturalist, and, in some respects, to the antiquary. On the east side are "the Gobbins," one of the loftiest headlands on the north coast, extending from north to south nearly two miles; here, and in the interior, the columnar pillars, so remarkable at the Causeway, are occasionally seen.

It is full of natural wonders; the cliffs are remarkably precipitous, and the coast abounds in singular caves. Many of them were excavated by smugglers in old times, and have generally the same form—a square apartment, entered by an aperture like the hatch of a small vessel, from which a long gallery about four and a half feet wide extends, varying in length; the

observance. In Island Magee there is also a system of co-operation in agricultural labour well worthy of notice, namely, that of "neighbouring" as it is called, which is carried to a much greater extent there than in any other place. From the largest to the smallest farmer, this habit is, more or less, observed, and to such an extent, that at harvest or at other seasons of brisk labour, very few hired daily-paid labourers are employed in the place. The servants (hired by the half year) of one farmer, together with the family, work on the farm of another person, on the occasions of ploughing, setting potatoes, and at harvest, in conjunction with the master, family, and servants of the other farm, who in return co-operate with horse labour and in every labour. And thus matters are briskly pressed forward over the peninsula. But it would appear that the small holders who have not horses are the most benefited by this custom. It may be inconvenient to them to pay for ploughing their farms; they therefore have them ploughed by a neighbour, to whom in return they yield labour, most frequently at the time of harvest, in this proportion, viz., for a day's ploughing with two horses they give eight days' work of man or woman. This principle of "neighbouring" has been found from long observance most beneficial, and has a great tendency to maintain good and kind feeling in a country community. The inhabitants of the Island Magee are greatly attached to it, and rarely leave it to fix in any other part of the country. The price at which they buy land from one another (that is to say, the transfer of a few acres under the landlord's lease, let at a reasonable value by him) is enormous, *frequently* exceeding £20 per acre, and seldom under it; in other words, if a farmer wants money, he sells his interest in five acres (for which he pays £1. 10*s*. per acre) to a neighbour for £120; and this excessive sum is invariably paid, frequently by a large farmer who wishes to increase his farm, and occasionally by a tradesman who requires ground for the convenience of his family.

entire boarded with plank, each plank cut in three equal pieces, one for the roof of the cave, and the other two pieces, one at each side, supporting the third piece—all put in as the excavation proceeded *.

The town of Larne has little to recommend it. In its immediate vicinity, however, are the remains of the castle of Olderfleet, situated on the extremity of the Curraan, a small and narrow peninsula, so called from the Irish word carran, a reaping-hook — the form of which it resembles.

It was on this spot that Edward Bruce landed, in

* In Brown's Bay, which is beautifully situated in the northern extremity, there is a large "Rocking Stone" on the sea-side. This bay is named after women called "Brown" reported to have been witches who frequented the bay at night to celebrate their orgies. So late as the beginning of the eighteenth century four women from Island Magee were tried for witchcraft and sentenced for punishment (as being guilty) to confinement and exposure in the pillory. The house is still standing and inhabited in which these women are said to have exercised their "craft."

As this trial was the latest held in Ireland for "witchcraft," the reader will be interested in perusing a somewhat circumstantial account of it, which we condense from the pages of Mac Skimin's "History of Carrickfergus." The trial took place, at Carrickfergus, on the 31st of March, 1711. Eight old women were charged with the alleged crime of tormenting a young woman, named Mary Dunbar, aged 18 years, at the house of James Hattridge, Island Magee, and at other places. The circumstances sworn to at the trial were these:—The afflicted person being, in the month of February, 1711, in the house of James Hattridge, Island Magee, (which had been for some time believed to be haunted by evil spirits,) found an apron on the parlour floor, that had been missing some time, tied with *five strange knots*, which she loosened. On the following day she was suddenly seized with a violent pain in her thigh, and afterwards fell into fits and ravings; and on recovering, said she was tormented by several women, whose dress and personal appearance she minutely described. Shortly after, she was again seized with the like fits; and on recovering, she accused five other women of tormenting her, describing them also. The accused persons being brought from different parts of the country, she appeared to suffer extreme fear and additional torture, as they approached the house. It was also deposed, that strange noises, as of whistling, scratching, &c. were heard in the house, and that a sulphurous smell was observed in the rooms; that stones, turf, and the like, were thrown about the house, and the coverlets, &c. frequently taken off the beds, and made up in the shape of a corpse; and that a bolster once walked out of a room into the kitchen, with a night-gown about it! It likewise appeared in evidence, that in some of her fits, three strong men were scarcely able to hold her in the bed; that at times she threw up feathers, cotton yarn, pins, and buttons; and that on one occasion she slid off the bed, and was

1315*. Although at present of small importance, Larne is not unlikely to occupy a prominent station hereafter; its harbour is good, and completely sheltered; and it supplies a convenient outlet for the produce of Island Magee, and a large and productive district in the interior of the

laid on the floor, as if supported and drawn by an invisible power. The afflicted person was unable to give any evidence on the trial, being during that time dumb; but had no violent fit during its continuance. In defence of the accused, it appeared that they were mostly sober, industrious people, who attended public worship, could repeat the Lord's Prayer, and had been known to pray both in public and private; and that some of them had lately received the communion. Judge Upton charged the jury, and observed on the regular attendance of the accused on public worship; remarking, that he thought it improbable that real witches could so far retain the form of religion as to frequent the religious worship of God, both publicly and privately, which had been proved in favour of the accused. He concluded by giving his opinion, 'that the jury could not bring them in guilty, upon the sole testimony of the afflicted person's visionary images.' He was followed by Justice Macartney, who differed from him in opinion, 'and thought the jury might, from the evidence, bring them in guilty;' which they accordingly did. The "people" appear to have been as shrewd and merciful as the judges; for it is recorded that during the punishment of the pillory to which the unfortunate "witches" were subjected *four* times, in addition to twelve months' imprisonment, they were so "pelted" that one of them "had an eye beaten out."

* We gather the following from Mc Skimin's "History of Carrickfergus;" by whom it has been gleaned, principally, from Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland:—In May, 1315, Lord Edward Bruce, having obtained the consent of the Scotch parliament, embarked six thousand men at Ayr, and accompanied by the De Lacys, and many nobles of the Scotch nation, landed at Olderfleet, for the purpose of conquering Ireland from the English. Numbers of the Irish chiefs flocked to his standard; and having in a battle totally routed the Earl of Ulster, and slain and taken prisoners various of the Anglo-Norman nobles, he laid siege to Carrickfergus. During the progress of the siege, he had well-nigh been discomfited by the courage and desperation of the garrison. Thomas, lord Mandeville, who commanded, made a sally upon the Scotch army, who were apprehending no danger, their only guard being sixty men under Neill Fleming, a man of great courage and address. He perceiving that the Scotch army would be surprised and probably routed, despatched a messenger to inform Bruce of his danger, and then with his sixty men threw himself in the way of the advancing English, crying out, "Now of a truth they will see how we can die for our lord!" His first onset checked the progress of the enemy, but receiving a mortal wound, he and his little party were cut to pieces. Mandeville, dividing his troops, endeavoured to surround the Scotch army; but was met in person by Bruce, who with his guards was hurrying forward. In front of Bruce's party was one Gilbert Harper, a man famed in the Scotch army for valour and strength, and he knowing Mandeville by the richness of his armour, rushed on him, and felled him to the ground with his battle-axe, and then Bruce despatched him with a knife. The loss of the English commander so disheartened the soldiers that they fled back towards the castle; but those who remained in the garrison, seeing the Scots close behind, drew up the draw-bridge, leaving their comrades to the mercy of their enemies. Soon after the garrison agreed to surrender within a limited time, and on the appointed day, thirty Scots advanced to take the possession of the place. But instead of surrendering, the garrison seized them as prisoners, declaring they would defend the place to the last extremity! And to a deplorable extremity they were at last reduced, for before they did surrender, it is said that the want of provisions made them devour the thirty Scotchmen whom they had treacherously taken prisoners! Bruce having secured Carrickfergus, advanced to Dublin, and came so near as Castleknock, within four miles of the city. But finding the citizens prepared for his reception, he entered the county of Kildare, and advanced near Limerick, laying waste the country by fire and sword. But having again to retreat northwards, he was attacked near Dundalk by Sir John Birmingham, was slain, and his army totally routed. King Robert Bruce afterwards arrived with a large army; but on learning the fate of his brother, he returned to Scotland, and thus this unfortunate expedition, which had been originally undertaken, not for the good of Ireland, but to gratify the pride and rebellious spirit of an Anglo-Norman chieftain, left the country in a state of greater desolation than any former period of history records.

county. Even now it carries on some trade with Scotland, to which it furnishes an enormous quantity of lime for manure *.

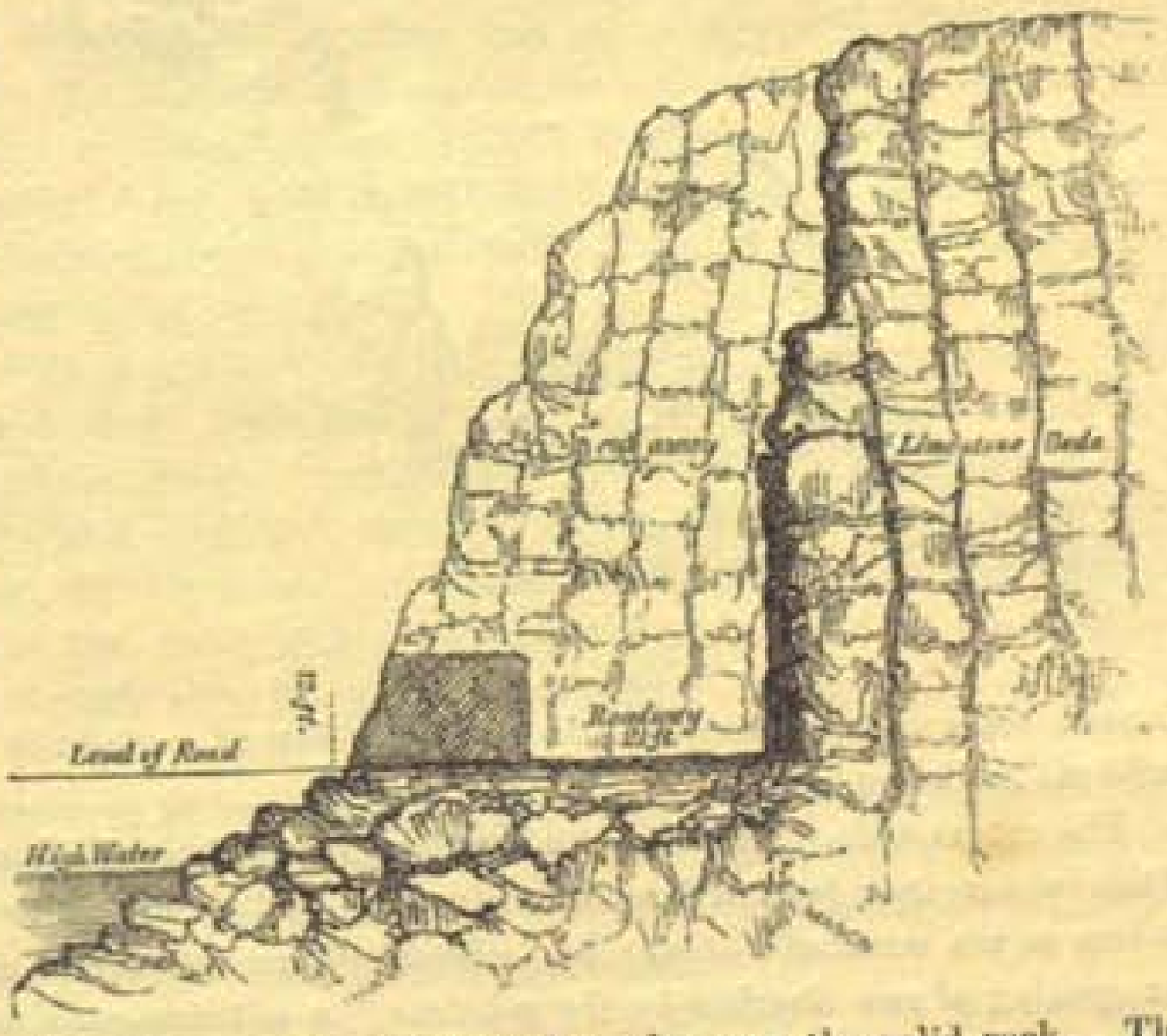
Here may be said to commence the magnificent coach-road to the Causeway; for, hitherto, although the prospect is occasionally grand, and often beautiful, we have seen nothing of the sublime character of the scenery of "the north"—nothing at least in comparison to that which must be encountered as we progress towards the great northern boundary of the island.

To the town of Glenarm the distance is ten miles; we pass for awhile through a tame and thinly populated country: but soon the prospect opens;—the ocean, kept back by mighty barriers from the land, and soaring in gigantic masses of foam high into the air, as the waves rush against the black rocks that line the shore, forming the great feature of the rugged coast—thus encompassed in its lonely grandeur.

After travelling a "rough road up hill and down dale" for about two miles, we entered the "new line," which continues all along the way to Glenarm, and for a long distance beyond it—a road perhaps unparalleled in the kingdom; not alone for its picturesque beauty, but for the difficulties, apparently insurmountable, which have been completely overcome in order to form it †.

* We were somewhat startled to find the small coasting vessels laden with the lime, burnt; but learned that this has been rarely productive of danger, the voyage being short, and due care being taken to protect it from the water. The Larne coast is remarkable for fine herrings; and it surprised us to perceive fishermen "angling" for them with artificial flies—the fly being a very rude imitation of nature—nothing more, indeed, than one of the feathers of a sea-gull tied to a large and coarse hook.

† From the Second Report of the "Commissioners for the Extension and Improvement of Public Works in Ireland," we condense the following account of these "difficulties," and the manner in which they have been surmounted. The Report contains eight plans illustrative of several portions of the road, explanatory of its character, and of the modes by which these obstacles have been overcome. Of these plans we have selected two.



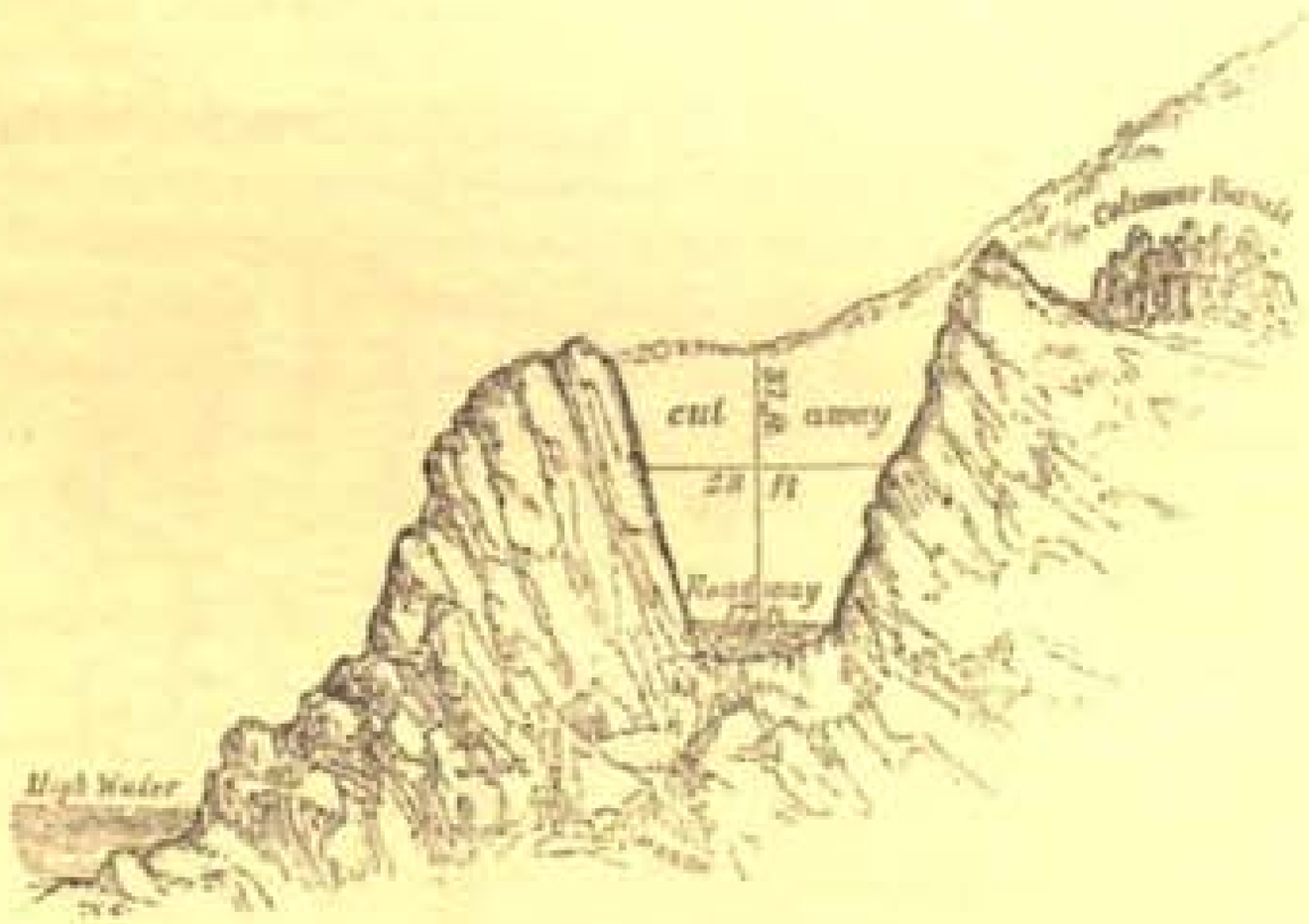
This road "had two peculiar difficulties with which to contend; one the necessity of conducting the road under a considerable extent of rock, some hundreds of feet in height, and with its base washed by the open sea; and the other, its passage along portions of very steep hills of moving clay banks. * * * * *

"About 30,000 cubic yards of rock have been hurled down on the shore, and the road 10 feet above the highest tides has been floored partly upon the loose and partly upon the solid rock. This formation has been almost entirely produced by blasting." * * * *

"This part of the line has been subjected to some very violent storms, and has satisfactorily resisted the

The road is now, we understand, completed to Larne; and the advantages thus secured to the adjacent country are immense. To the mere tourist, however, the "old road" presents great attractions: seen at a distance it seems a lengthened precipice, up which, ascent by any ordinary conveyance is impossible; and when at the summit, the descent appears altogether impracticable*. For centuries, nevertheless, there was no other mode of communication; and the small hardy horses of the country still go up and down, apparently without inconvenience. The view from the top is magnificent in the extreme. The wide ocean is below, with its surging tides, and its perpetual breakers; to the right are the town of Larne, and the narrow promontory of "Island Magee;" immediately beneath, Ballygally Head pushes out into the sea; the Mull of Cantyre—the Scottish main-land—is seen very distinctly; even the white houses there are plainly visible; and the small sea boats may be noticed along its coasts; while a few miles distant from the Irish shore, and seeming to be almost within reach, are the once dangerous rocks

beating of heavy seas. The great difficulty was to effect the passage by bold and lofty slippery clay banks. Very large masses of detached rock, which were found strewed over the face of the bank, have been thrown down with the most studied arrangement, and in sufficient quantity to make good a flooring for the road from eighteen to twenty-one feet in width and fifteen feet above high-water mark. This great mass of heavy material not only affords space for the road, but forms a complete resisting barrier to the progress of the foot of the banks into the sea. Since this has been effected, the tendency of this clayey substance has been to move gradually *over* the road. To counteract this inconvenience, or at least to reduce it to a state admitting of a remedy easily applied by a little regular attention, it is proposed to construct a retaining wall, from the summit of which any gradual accumulations may be from time to time removed." To attain sufficient strength this method has been adopted:—"Very solid piers, deeply bedded into the bank, are formed of heavy rough blocks, at 30 feet distance asunder, to be connected by substantial walls, having a vertical curvilinear batter combined to an arched horizontal curve, to which the piers form the abutments; the whole founded on the immovable footing before described. The entire distance being also concave, affords a combination of resistance against the pressure that it is hoped will be sufficient for its support."



The report adds, "Wherever a new road is constructed, flourishing farms at once spring up, and the carts of the countrymen (as has been forcibly expressed by one of our engineers) press on the heels of the road-makers as the work advances. In Ireland, where agriculture affords the principal means of natural wealth, the opening of new districts by the construction of roads upon well-considered plans, gives to an accumulative source of productive industry an immense power and at little cost."

* "The slopes on the old road are one in four and one in five; it rises 675 feet above the sea."—Commissioners' Report.

"the Maidens,"—the syrens of this rugged coast—where many a brave vessel has gone down *.

The Town of Glenarm, the seat of the Antrim family, is beautifully situated; the small bay affords a safe and convenient shelter for shipping;

* The Maidens or *Hulins* is a group of rocks, situated six miles N.E. by E. from Larne lighthouse. It consists of two large rocks and three small ones; the former are about twenty-five feet above high water, and have each a lighthouse, showing a fixed white light from eighty to ninety feet above the sea. The three small rocks lie a mile and a half to the northward of the lighthouses, and being but just uncovered at low water, are very dangerous, and have been the occasion of many wrecks. They are named the Russell, Allan, and Highland. The two large rocks, as well as the towers of the lighthouses, used to be kept white-washed, which rendered them so difficult to discern in hazy weather, that, at the suggestion of an officer who has been surveying the Irish Sea, that practice has been discontinued, and the towers are striped red and white.

The eastern Maiden has a dangerous reef, stretching three quarters of a mile to the S.S.W., and the centre rock of the northern group (the Allan) has also a reef lying to the S.S.E. from it. With these exceptions the Maidens are bald, and vessels may pass between them; but the tides run very strong about and between them, and sailing-vessels are in danger of being carried upon them.

Before the lighthouses were built there were frequent wrecks upon these islands, and many other wrecks which have been cast on shore on various parts of the coast, and of which no account could be procured, are supposed to have been driven upon this dangerous group. In 1826 the Alert struck upon the Russell, and knocked her bottom out, so that the ballast and cargo fell through, and the weight of the mast brought the vessel upon her beam ends, in which state she was towed into Larne; and upon examination one of her unfortunate crew was found in his berth but just dead, with a spike-nail firmly grasped in his hand, with which he had been endeavouring to liberate himself from his place of confinement by trying to scrape a hole through the deck.

The water on the eastern side of the Maidens is very deep, especially near the northern group, where there is fifty fathoms a ship's length from the rock, and upwards of one hundred fathoms at a mile distance.

The eastern Maiden must be kept to the westward of S.W. by S. to clear the Highland rock, and the western Maiden must be kept to the eastward of south to clear the Russell rock.

The Maiden lighthouses were erected in 1828 by the Ballast Office of Dublin. The eastern light is ninety-four feet in height above the sea, and the western one eighty-four feet; they lie N.W. by W. and S.E. by E. of each other, and are 1920 feet apart.

the mountains look down upon it; and in the immediate neighbourhood, the white lime-stone rocks add greatly to its picturesque effect. The Castle of Glenarm became the residence of the Mc Donnels—Earls of Antrim—soon after an accident at their ancient fortalice of Dunluce compelled a removal to some safer spot. On approaching it, we perceive, at once, evidences of the advantages that result from the continual presence of a resident landlord; giving both example and encouragement to "neighbours" of all grades and classes; and promoting prosperity by a daily experience of its progress. On entering, we pass to the left a very pretty school-house, which under the judicious and fostering care of Edmund Mc Donnel, Esq. and his niece, Lady Louisa Kerr, will rescue the rising generation from ignorance. Some of the ladies in the neighbourhood have entered fully into the feelings of the noble founders, and the little scholars presented a clean, orderly, and industrious, appearance, and were very numerous, although the absence of some was accounted for; they were gone "flint gathering." When rocks are blown up in the vicinity, the children crowd to pick up the flints, which they sell, for the purpose of being shipped to England to make glass. The gateway to the Castle, a lofty Barbican, of the beauty of which our engraving gives but a limited idea, is approached by a bridge that crosses the river. Passing beneath its arch, a fine carriage drive sweeps round to the entrance-hall. It is difficult to determine whether most to admire, the park-like grounds presenting every variety of wood and water; the numerous points which let in glimpses of the mighty ocean; or the magnificent scenery beheld from any one of the surrounding heights*. The Castle is spacious and replete with elegance and comfort, advantages which

* From the neighbourhood of the Castle, it was positively appalling to look up to what seemed the path of a mountain shepherd—the old road—and to learn that for centuries there was no other way along the coast; remembering at the same time that this barrier existed in the days when "coaches-

sound and refined taste can produce anywhere; but the magic of this place consists in the character and variety of its scenery, its delicious home views so rich and close; its river bright and brawling; its lawns fringed with brush-

wood of every hue—from amid which magnificent trees spring up in defiance of the sea-blast;—its keepers' cottages hid far away in the wild woods; and just as you fancy yourself in a quiet and well kept Pleasaunce, you lift up your eyes, and behold! a mountain rears its crest up to the clouds; or you are almost on the ocean's brink, that spreads far and away into the Northern Sea. We drove up one of the many roads with which Mr. Mc Donnel * has enriched

and-six" were considered indispensable to an establishment. We enquired of an old man how such machines ever got over the mountains? "This was the way of it," he replied. "First and foremost, we *tuck* the horses off, and then the beasts got on well enough when they'd nothing heavier than themselves to drag; then the quality got out and walked, and a power of men turned up from the glens and drew the carriage. Oh bedad! we managed it bravely." From this old road, as will be supposed, the best view of Glenarm is to be obtained. The romantic and picturesque little village and castle are embosomed in a wooded valley, backed by a high hill covered with heath, and terminated by a white limestone promontory, which stretches far into the sea; in mid distance is seen the little village of Stradkillie, and beyond the rugged outline of Garron point; on the left, a well-wooded and beautiful glen; whilst on the right extends the open sea, with Cantyre in the distance, and the little river sparkling in the sunlight below. About two miles up the Great Park the glen is very wild and picturesque; the bed of the river is rocky, as also its sides, which are covered with natural wood; there are several fine falls of water, the most remarkable are the Salmon Leap and the Bull's Eye. The venison of Glenarm Park is considered the finest in Ireland.

* Of the race of the Mc Donnels we shall have to speak, when visiting the old ruin of Dunluce, the most picturesque ruin in Ireland, and, perhaps, in Great Britain. The family have been famous for several centuries; settling originally from Scotland, and living always in a state of warfare with their neighbours—both English and Irish. The present possessor of the estates—by marriage with the late Countess of Antrim

the country ; and can never forget the scene that—before we were aware of it—was stretched at our feet. The bay of Glenarm sleeping in the sunbeams ; the capes and promontories that guard the coast, and jut forth over innumerable creeks, and silver-sanded strands—the woods and rivers over which the Castle towers like the enchanted keep of a fairy tale ; the crouching village, basking in the smiles of a well organised system ; while the small merchant craft that made their way to its quay, looked to us from our mountain elevation like so many toy ships, rather than vessels capable of carrying a mortal freight.

From Glenarm to "the Causeway," the next stage is to Cushendall, passing through the small village of Cairnlough, and leaving to the left a rich valley, open on the east to the sea ; but on three sides completely surrounded by mountains. About half way, we reach Garron Point, a promontory that runs out into the ocean, and from which the view, north or south, is, in the highest degree, magnificent. The road is here, also, of very recent formation ; having, we believe, originated with Mr. Turnley, whose name it bears; a principal proprietor of the district *. Some idea of its singular character may be formed from the annexed print; which represents the huge cliff through which it has been cut ; a gigantic portion of which has been left, a

—is a gentleman of whom it would be difficult to speak in terms too high. We refer far less to our own experience of his courtesy and hospitality, than to the esteem and respect in which he is held, universally. A constant resident among his tenantry, his sole study has seemed to be to advance their interests and improve their condition ; and to show to all who may be, either directly or indirectly, influenced by his example, how much even of wisdom there is in being "a good landlord." To write more upon such a subject might be to give pain to the accomplished and estimable gentleman ; to have said less would have been a neglect of duty.

* "From Cairnlough to Drumnasole, and thence to Garron Point, nothing can exceed the romantic beauty and variety of the scenery. On the one side of an elevated hill, in the midst of a beautiful and extensive plantation, the mansion-house of Alexander Turnley, Esq., attracts the notice of the traveller ;

rugged but picturesque mass, on the shore. The old road, known as the "Foaran path," leads over the mountains; formerly, although "nearly impassable," it supplied the only mode of progress through the country. Nearer to Red Bay, to which we are now advancing, is another of the singular limestone rocks, called Clough-i-stookan; formed, in this place, not by the engineer, but by the gradual operation of time, and the flow of the ocean. Seen from a distance, it bears something of a human shape; and has been long regarded with superstitious feelings by the peasantry; feelings in a degree accounted for by the fact, that when the wind beats upon it, and roams through its many crevices, a sound is emitted not unlike the calls of mariners in distress.

The valley of Glenariff stretches into the interior of the county; a road through it leads to Ballymena. The vale is very beautiful; the eastern entrance to it being open to the sea; and from the main road, it presents a view at once grand and graceful; the mingling of high cultivation with dark precipices and bared rocks,—giving to it a character exceedingly picturesque; while a clear and rapid river, supplied by cataracts, far up in the glen, runs directly through the centre of the vale. Red Bay, therefore, has on one side this charming valley, and on the other the wide ocean. Near its northern extremity, passing through a natural tunnel, we reach the far-famed caves;—a series of three excavations in the soft red sand-stone, from whence the Bay derives its name.

a short distance from this, a neat, and rather fanciful school-house, erected by that gentleman, makes its appearance; and a little way further on, are the ruins of a small ancient chapel; while on the opposite side of the road is seen the lodge of Knapan, romantically situated amid a grove of trees; and again, but a short distance from this, and in the immediate vicinity of Garron Point, on an acute, prominent headland, elevated nearly three hundred feet above the sea-shore, on which it stands, is the rock of Dunmaul, on the summit of which are the remains of an ancient fort, having various entrenchments. This may be easily gained from the land side, and from it there is a grand and extensive prospect. Oral history states, that 'in olden time' all the rents of Ireland were paid at this place, and that the last Danish invaders embarked here."

Into one of these caves we entered, having previously made a brief examination of an old and very time-worn ruin that still stands upon the cliff, immediately above the tunnel.

"Look back," said a lady whose taste is as pure as her mind is accomplished—"Look back towards Glenarm, and up the valley to the left, when you come to Red Bay." We did her bidding; we can imagine nothing to surpass the beauty of the scene. The sun was shining upon the wide expanse of sand, and the day was so clear, the atmosphere and water both so transparent, that every rock, and promontory, and huge stone was reflected. How an artist would have luxuriated here! enlivening the fore-ground with the whispering ripple of the light wave, that imparted a deeper tone of colour to the shining sand, and especially in the picturesque groups that were collecting sea-weed, to make "kelp"—the bright tartan shawl, the red kirtle or golden neckerchief of the women, and scarlet vest of the men—"freshening" the picture; the children dotting the beach, as they turned over and over the stones looking for flints; the lazy boats drawn up on the sands, and the white sails of such as remained in the water hanging inertly from the masts; then the baskets, creels, ropes, cables—all, were grouped in the most pictorial manner; and a huge dog kept running in and out of the ocean, amusing a parcel of boys, who appeared to have no earthly care, except shouting to the kind animal that contributed to their enjoyment.

The shouts of playful childhood are eloquent of the heart's sweet music — there are no sounds that gush forth so full of the active, springing, overleaping joy that knows no boundary; and the associations with their gleeful melody are those of the purest pleasure.

There was activity enough along the bay to do away with the painful "feel" of careless idleness that so frequently offends in Ireland; and yet there were no manifestations of over-work—there was leisure enough for joy, and occupation, and sufficient for comfort. Looking back towards the beautiful Castle of Glenarm, the whole scene was enchanting. Such a combination of fine coast scenery beggars description; and the "valley to the left," folded over and over in green hills, and enriched, as far as the eye could trace, by a cultivation which did not deaden the influence of nature but added beauties to its beauty, was abundant in themes for our finest and truest landscape-painters. Our driver apparently wondered at our enthusiasm respecting this enchanting spot.

"Ech, yer honors! there's nothing at all strange in it—it's just the same *as the Almighty left it*, thousands an' thousands of years ago; but the caves, a bit on, they're curious—a blacksmith's forge, and the ould woman's house, rooted out of the cliffs: Nanny is a very ancient woman, and has as good a droop of poteen in a hole as ever left the wild place—they call by the name of Innisshown." So up to the Forge-cave we drove.

The blacksmith was in perfect keeping with the scene, which here became so contracted that you could see little save the towering cliffs and the wide ocean. You might have fancied that his life had been spent in shoeing horses for brigands and rapparees: a fellow, half ferocity and half humour, shoeing a rough mountain horse—wild of eye and strong of limb, with his ears laid back, and his tail twitching first one side and then the other; the bright fire sparkling in the interior of the cave, while a juvenile Cyclops hammered away at a red-hot bar, with a power and determination that proved him not unworthy his brave craft. The cave was hollowed out of the solid cliff, which, however, is of a soft reddish stone, easily wrought; the blacksmith's continual fire keeps it tolerably dry, and in this respect it is a more comfortable residence than Nannie's "*cove*," as they call it—"next door"—the interior of which has a wild, unsettled aspect, now so unevenly hollowed that you can hardly stand upright, and then towering upwards as if intended for the abode of a giant.

Nothing could exceed the stifling nature of the atmosphere in which this poor woman has grown old. Her swoln person and appearance suggested to us a resemblance to the toads which are found imbedded in the

sandstone rocks, and which thrive without air; from the blackened ceiling of her "den" the heavy damps distilled in huge drops, while the smoke struggled to escape through the door, and the room was reeking with the smell of poteen. Yet in this atmosphere the woman had lived for, she said, "over thirty years," and the place was comfortable to what it was when she came there first; "the rain used to *power* down upon her: now there was nothing but a little dewlike, now and agin—and a drop of the *rale stuff* made it all safe enough*."

But we must pass more rapidly onward through this delicious scenery—lamenting, almost at every mile, that our limits will not permit us to do it justice. The pretty village of Cushendall lies in a hollow among mountains; and at every step we take in its vicinity, we meet some spot commemorated by "old tradition." Ruins of castles, rich in legends, and hills that are truly classic; for here Ossian is said to have lived and sung; and to this day some of the grandest of the compositions attributed to him are familiar as household words in the memories of the peasantry.

* We asked old Nannie if she had been visited by Father Mathew, and she did not seem at all pleased at the question. He might go where he was wanted, which wasn't just there—the quality always took a drop of her spirits as they passed. Why not?—and, in troth, it wasn't safe to be without it.

We inquired what safety would be endangered by its absence. "Setting," she answered, "a case of shipwrack—for all the water looks so safe now, it's stormy enough betimes. I mind the time when the scream of drowning life was louder than the wind, or the beating of the sea either. And then I've gone out with my drop of comfort, and poured it betwixt lips that you'd think would never speak a word of love again, and it has brought them back to the world we're all so loath to leave, though we don't care to say so—or suppose," she added, with a distorted smile, "that a gintleman felt a weakness about his heart, it would be a poor case if ould Nanny had nothing to put the strength in him again—or if a storm overtuck the traveller in Red Bay, wouldn't it be a disgrace if he couldn't find comfort as well as shelter in its coves?"

"You've sheltered more than was good for ye, in yer time," chimed in the smith, who having shod the mountain horse, now lounged in the southern fashion against the door-post—"you've sheltered more than was good for ye."

"We've all done more than was good for us," she replied; "and maybe you've forged *cold* iron that was intended for WARM work—but that's all gone like last year's snow—and so best, so best."

There was a laugh at Nanny's rejoinder from more than one of the cave's depths, and upon looking through the darkness, we saw a woman and children crouched down upon loose straw in a distant corner, and something that looked like a man's head and face in another.

"Ye needn't be so hard, Nan," replied the smith after a pause for consideration; "I only meant that you've sheltered some out of charity that couldn't repay you."

"The biggest payment I ever got," she said, "was from one that hadn't a halfpenny to give me. A poor sailor's wife and her babby were washed ashore on a beam, or something, and a blow from a stone knocked the life out of the mother for a while, and yet she still clasped her child. I rolled the babby up in a blanket, and fed it, and it fell asleep; the mother was a long while coming to herself, but when she did come, the screetch she gave out for her child would have pierced through stone hearts, and nothing would persuade her it wasn't drowned, until I laid it soft, and rosy, and sleeping, by her side. Then the poor thing blessed me, again and again; she'd fall asleep blessing, and wake blessing; and I think the sound of them blessings have never left the echoes of Red Bay, from that day to this—they were grate payment intirely."

We were sorry we had likened old Nannie to a toad; but consoled ourselves with thinking that she wore the "precious jewel" in her heart instead of her head.

Leaving Cushendall we enter a wild country, surrounded on all sides by barren but most magnificent mountains, down which run innumerable streams, marked in the distance by white lines of foam; and, after a few miles, we ascend a steep hill road above the graceful sea-village of Cushendun, at the head of a small bay, into which rushes the rapid river Glendun, crossed by a picturesque bridge. A most extended and most beautiful prospect is presented from every part of this road; a lovely valley on the one hand and the open sea on the other *.

* The Glens in this neighbourhood are rich in all that can delight the eye, and satisfy the mind; they are as full of wild poetry as their ocean shells of the music of the waters. In Cushendall the basaltic ranges are most inviting to the geologist; the marks of Danish "intrusion" are frequently to be observed; and while the peasants bring their yarn, or drive their cattle to the fairs in the pretty town which bears the name of the Glen, they chant or recite fragments of Ossian's poetry. The inn is a pleasant resting-place for the weary traveller, for the place, like all mountain districts, is full of legends; not a hundred yards from the inn is a green patch of turf, washed almost by the sea, and beneath it repose the remains of a gigantic Danish pirate who was slain, some say by the hand of Ossian himself—while others declare he was cut to pieces by a band of harvesters, who despatched the mighty man with their reaping-hooks.

The ruined chapel of Lade is exquisitely situated, and the people tell you it was once a nunnery, founded by a Danish princess, "or some great Christian." But the legend attached to the Danish rath, called Court McMartin, is the most amusing of all; for McMartin, or Martin Mac Owen, was no less a person than Lord of the Seven Glens, whose castle topped the Rath.

Martin was originally nothing greater than a fisher-boy, who once, when returning from casting his net in the river Dall, saw a large ship, whose poop was of gold, and sails of purple silk, at anchor in the bay, and upon the deck sat the captain reading a book of strange characters, for he was a magician. "Come up here, my boy," says the astrologer; "just stand upon that piece of stone, and come your ways,"—and Martin stood on the stone, and immediately it separated from the main rock, and before it reached the ship it had turned into a silver boat. "Mind me, Martin," said the mighty captain, "before I quit this, I'm fated to marry a lady of Cushendall; so, back with you at once, for it must be within three hours, and do not fear for yourself or her; for I have wealth enough to reward you both, and make men of you," he says, "that will flog the world for riches,"—and the boat put back with Martin—the silver boat, made out of the sliver of a rock. "Martin" continued the guide of Cushendall, "had a very pretty wife of his own, and she was mighty sweet intirely to look at, except that every now and then the devil would keep creeping—creeping out of the corner of her twinkling black eyes; those that had nothing to say to her thought this only made her the more engaging; but this was not her husband's thought; and so he planned if he could persuade her to marry and go off with the necromancer, she would be well provided for, and so would he. And his heart smote him once or twice for turning the poor wee lassie to a stranger; for with all her devilry she had a fond heart and a winning way with her; but he settled it with his conscience, as many a man did before him, that 'Sure it was seeking to better her he was. She'd be a fine lady, and nothing to hinder her, better than being the wife of Martin, the fisherman of Cushendall.' Well, partly by threats, and partly by promises, he succeeded in persuading the pretty vixen to accompany him to the ship; but as he was proceeding to mount the side, the great sea-king prevented him. 'Martin,' says he, 'we've shrews enough in our own country without taking another; but my lucky hour is past, and I must go, so here is what you more desire than deserve,' and he flung a bag of gold into his boat, which, when he turned to look at, after landing, he found returned to its original state on the rock; not so, however, the gold, with which he built his stately palace, and purchased the seven glens."

The site of Court Martin is now occupied by a school, built by Mr. Turnly.

The picturesque conical hill of Lurg Eidan, with its flat green summit, where the everlasting "Fin McCool" and Ossian with their clan-na-buiske were lodged within a fortress, affords subjects for a volume of stories. Knock-na-chich, or Gallows-hill, has also its fair share of legends; there are also some attached to the pretty

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From the summit of the mountain there is a level road, until we approach the town of Ballycastle. It passes over a barren heath, in which there are numerous fissures, crossed by strong bridges—each bridge bearing a name, and generally also the name of the engineer by whom it was erected. Here and there we meet a shepherd's hut, but the whole district is almost without inhabitants, the land being exclusively occupied by flocks of sheep. The descent into Ballycastle is very rapid; leaving to the right, about three miles, two objects which imperatively demand a visit—Tor Head and Murlough Bay—to which we shall presently conduct the reader. Ballycastle is a good town, with a good inn; and the tourist will do well to rest here awhile, proceeding hence to the Causeway, and examine, both by sea and land, the grandest object along this wonderful coast—the Promontory of Fairhead.

Before entering Ballycastle, a little to the left, are the remains of the ancient abbey of Bona-Margy; founded, it is said, for monks of the Franciscan order in 1509, by Somarle M'Donnel, commonly called Sorley Buy, or Yellow Sorley. From that period to the present, it has been used as the burial-place of the noble and famous family of the M'Donnels of Antrim *. The situation of this ruin is highly picturesque; the ocean is open before it; on the east is the extensive vale of Carey, and on the south is the fine mountain of Knocklade.

Ballycastle consists of two parts, upper and lower; the lower is usually termed the Quay, and the two are joined by an avenue of fine trees. The town was almost entirely the creation of one energetic gentleman, Hugh Boyd, Esq., to whom Alexander, Earl of Antrim, granted, in 1736, a lease

waterfall at Estochar-bridge, but they differ in no respect from the "usual style." Nothing can be more sweet and diversified than the views seen from the road which passes from Cushendall into the vale of Glendun, and over the mountain to Ballycastle: the interest of Cushendun, that sleeps so securely at the brink of its little bay, is chiefly with its caves, which, to the geologist, are invaluable; the river Dun passes into the sea at this spot.

* "Here repose the ashes of Randal, first Marquis of Antrim, who took so active a part, and, at times, made so extraordinary a figure, in the troubles of Charles I. and at the period of the Commonwealth. On the Restoration, in 1660, he went to England to pay his respects at court; but the king refused to see him, and he was sent to the Tower, where he remained until March, 1661, when he was liberated on bail, and sent to Ireland, to undergo such punishment as the government might think fit. After a long inquiry into the charges made against him he was dismissed by the Lords Justices, with leave to go to England; when Lord

in perpetuity of all coals, mines, &c., from Bona-Margy to Fairhead. He built a church, erected coal-furnaces, iron foundries, salt-pans, glass-furnaces, breweries, tanyards—and, in short, obtained for the infant settlement, within a singularly short time, the reputation of being the most flourishing town in Ireland. Its fall was, however, almost as rapid as its rise. Mr. Hamilton, writing in 1786, describes it as completely decayed, "its founder having constructed a most excellent machine, but unfortunately left it without any permanent principle of motion." The darker shadows of the picture still endure—the ruins of several store-houses and factories are pointed out; the dwelling of the enterprising builder is in a state of utter dilapidation; the custom-house has been converted into a barrack; and even the collieries—sources of immense wealth—are worked but at intervals, and in a manner so slovenly as scarcely to compensate the labourers *.

Massareene, to whom his estates had been granted, continuing to persecute him, he was compelled to produce, in the English House of Commons, the letter of Charles I., which gave him orders for taking up arms. This letter completely silenced his enemies, and he was restored to his estates, with the exception of the advowson of the different parishes. He died at his seat of Ballymagarry, the 2nd of February, 1682-3, and was interred on the 14th of the following March. On his leaden coffin are three inscriptions, one in the Irish language, which, being translated, is as follows:

'At all times some calamity
Befals the Irish once every seventh year;
But now that the Marquis is departed,
It will happen every year.'

The following is a free translation of the inscription in the Latin tongue:—

'Randalle, invincible in (devotion to) country, Charles, and God,
Thyself a golden warrior, thou residest within the lead:
Whose fidelity, in the adverse fortune of war,
Rebels nor gibbets could not bend.'

A legend relates that "after the dissolution of religious houses, the Abbey was inhabited by a woman of extraordinary piety, called Sheelah Dubh ni Vilore, or Black Julia M'Quillan, but better known by the name of 'the Black Nun of Bona Margy.' She is said to have spent her time in the constant exercise of the most austere devotions, and to have possessed a wonderful knowledge of future events. Many of her predictions are believed to have been verified, and even yet some of them are alleged to be in course of fulfilment." She had, it appears, a sister, who having been guilty of some frailty, became an outcast from the sanctuary, and although a penitent, the "Black Nun" was deaf to her prayer for mercy. It chanced, however, that the unhappy woman sought shelter here during a stormy night of winter; when Sheelah, rather than abide under the same roof with her, proceeded to offer her accustomed devotions in the open air. At length, looking towards the Abbey, she was startled by perceiving a brilliant light issue from one of the cells, where she knew that neither taper nor fire could have been burning. She proceeded to her sister's bed—just in time to receive her last sigh of repentance; the light had vanished, but the recluse received it as a sign from heaven, that the offender had been pardoned; and learned thenceforward to be more merciful in judging, and more christianlike in forgiving.

* The only coal-field in the northern counties, indeed, the only one in Ulster besides the Dungannon field, is that which occupies the north-eastern angle of Antrim. It extends east and west about four miles, from the town of Ballycastle to the south-eastern corner of Murlough Bay, and has its greatest breadth from the sea-coast inland about two miles. The form is nearly triangular, and the area is from four to six square miles, or from 2500 to 3000 acres. But a small part of any coal-field is occupied by the coal itself. By

Acting upon the advice of some experienced guides, we resolved to visit the several objects of interest east of Fairhead, by land, taking boat at Murlough Bay, and returning to Ballycastle by water. Soon after we turned

far the greatest portion of the strata consists of repeated alternations of beds of sandstone, slate clay, bituminous slate, technically called shale, and occasionally ironstone and limestone. These, with coal itself, constitute what are called the coal strata, the coal measures, or the coal formation. The Antrim coal district presents the usual variety and succession of rocks—the ironstone, which is second in importance to the coal, is alone wanting. These various beds are extremely well exhibited in the sea cliffs, in a natural section, often so much as 300 feet in vertical height. In the interior part of the coal-field the beds are much obscured by accumulations of sand and gravel; and on a great part of the coast the upper portion of the cliffs is composed of columnar greenstone, which frequently extends to a considerable distance inland. Our knowledge of the strata is thus derived almost entirely from the coast sections. Besides being spread out upon the surface in overlaying masses, this greenstone is also interstratified with the coal measures, in thick horizontal beds, and cuts through the entire series in great vertical walls, called "whin dikes." Greenstone is a rock of the whinstone or basaltic family, and differs from basalt merely in being more coarsely crystalline. It is composed of the same minerals, hornblende and felspar; and, as well as basalt and the other members of the family, is universally admitted to be of igneous origin. The phenomena attendant on the association of this greenstone with the coal strata here, render the Ballycastle coal-field, perhaps the most remarkable in the three kingdoms. On these, however, it would be out of place to enter here; they belong exclusively to the geologist.

The promontory of Fairhead, which towers in majestic grandeur over all the elevations of this coast, rising directly from the sea to the height of 636 feet, is composed of the coal strata, to the altitude of nearly 300 feet; and of columnar greenstone through the remainder. The pillars are of most gigantic dimensions, many of them being from twenty to thirty feet square, and more than three hundred feet high. Beside these the columns of the Causeway cliffs and Fingal's Cave dwindle into insignificance,—indeed, we know not that the world contains any which can bear a comparison with them. These enormous masses rest immediately on the slaty sandstones and shales of the coal formation, which being thus subject to a great downward pressure, while their exposed edges undergo disintegration from atmospheric causes, they often yield laterally, and precipitate vast numbers of the pillars upon the surface of the highly inclined plane at the base of the cliff, or into the sea itself. In this way the coal strata have become obscured by the fallen masses which strew the whole base of Fairhead for at least a mile in length. Hence, no workings have ever been opened upon this part. They are confined to Murlough Bay, on the east, and Ballycastle collieries, on the west. The latter consist of eight separate workings, which receive distinctive names, as Gobmine, Pollard, &c., and are naturally divided from one another by whin dikes, which dislocate the strata and often disturb and break the coal so much as to render it not worth working, converting it at the same time, to the distance of many feet, into a non-inflaming or carbonaceous coal, by the driving off of its bitumen.

From what has been already stated respecting the structure of this coal-field, it is obvious that the most ready access will be had to the beds of coal in the sea cliffs. Such accordingly, is the mode of working which has been always adopted. Levels were driven horizontally into the face of the cliffs, and the seam followed so long as the water could be carried off by the mouth of the adit. The most valuable bed of coal in the Ballycastle collieries, called the main seam, is four feet thick. It is a bituminous or inflaming coal, and lies in the upper part of the series. Another good vein lies much lower, and is one foot six inches thick. Besides these, there are three impure beds, mixed with shale, one above the main coal, and two between it and the eighteen inch coal, which is the lowest in the series. The area through which these veins have been worked does not exceed one hundred Irish acres, (less than a twentieth part of the entire field) in consequence of the seams being cut off by whin dikes and lost, when they are followed into the interior; or of the accumulation of water, which, from the mode of working, there is often no fall to carry off. Borings have indeed been made in the central and southern parts of the coal-field, but no bed of coal worth following has been found; which is the more to be regretted, as the quantity still remaining within the area hitherto worked, must be trifling. There is, however, reason to believe that the borings referred to did not extend to sufficient depth, and that the unworked part of the field has never been properly examined.

The

from the main road, towards the coast, we entered a wild district, walked along a barren heath, looked upon Tor-point, stood above the several headlands, gazed, until we became giddy, upon giant rocks, from the summits of terrific cliffs, and commenced a descent into the Bay of Murlough.

There are spots—small unrecorded places—nooks hid beneath cliff or mountain, mere corners of the Island, that altogether escape the tourist who bowls along the splendid roads which render the great leading features of the scenery of the county of Antrim so easy of examination. Let the visitor on no account omit to inspect this Bay—a scene of unspeakable

The strata in Murlough Bay do not correspond with those on the western side of the promontory. There are six beds of coal, of which the two lower are carbonaceous or non-inflaming, containing no bitumen, and very similar to the blind-coal of Kilmarnock, or the Kilkenny anthracite. The four upper beds, on the other hand, are highly bituminous, and each about two feet six inches thick. The upper bed of blind-coal is about the same thickness; and it is upon this bed and the two lower bituminous beds, that the principal workings have been carried on. They have been abandoned for many years, in consequence of the want of a harbour or pier at which ships could lie in safety. If this obstacle were removed, and facilities afforded for ships to take in their loadings, these three beds of coal, and perhaps also the two others, could be advantageously worked.

The discovery of very ancient workings at the Ballycastle collieries in 1770, and the occurrence of cinders of this coal in the lime of Bruce's Castle in Rathlin, have been brought forward by Dr. Hamilton, in his letters on the coast of Antrim, as evidence that this coal-field was worked at an earlier period than any other in the three kingdoms. That such really was the case seems highly probable; the facts and reasonings will be found at length in the second and fourth letters of that highly interesting work. So early as 1724 six of the eight Ballycastle collieries were extensively worked. About that time an English company undertook the works, and carried them on for a considerable time. The company was succeeded by Mr. Boyd, of Ballycastle, who worked the mines effectively for many years, and received grants of money from the Irish parliament amounting in all to £23,000 for improving the harbour and building a quay. These works were afterwards rendered useless by the irruption of the sea. After Mr. Boyd's death, which happened about 1780, his son did not continue to work the mines. They were, however, recommenced in 1822, and worked with vigour till within these few years. They are at present leased by an English gentleman from the proprietor of the Ballycastle estate, but they are not worked with any effect. If vertical shafts and pumping engines were employed, much coal might yet be profitably raised. The present price is 10*s.* per ton at the mouth of the pit, and 13*s.* 6*d.* if delivered at a moderate distance. It resembles the Scotch coal in quality, being a quick-burning, and not a clean coal.

grandeur and beauty. The road, or rather path, as we have intimated, has a rude grandeur befitting the magnitude of the objects to which it conducts, and the whole aspect of the country is remarkably stern. Rain-clouds had gathered about Fairhead, and by their rising and falling intimated a showery, if not a stormy, day. Nothing could surpass the splendour of the various colours thrown upon the clouds by the sun; the sea was heaving and swelling in huge masses of lead-coloured water, but the crests of the "sea-horses" had not broken into foam, even when divided by the reefs of rocks; they approached slowly and solemnly; there was nothing of the usual wild splashing or roaring; they came on with dark, uncrested heads, and passed over the rocks as unworthy of notice; scorning their opposition—they divided with hardly a curl, and were lost in the wide-spreading caverns, or dispersed upon the shore. We descended towards the shore through Doctor McDonnel's farm, to Murlough Bay; then indeed the beauties of varied cultivation gathered fresh interest from their location amid rocks and mountains. The steep and abrupt footpath, was occasionally overshadowed by thick growing brush-wood, which at times, protected by intervening cliffs and projecting headlands from the strong sea wind, grew to a considerable height, and were arrayed in their full summer leaves; beneath their shade the grass grew long and thin, and of the palest green, from amid many-coloured moss; and the innumerable wild flowers wreathing together according to the fantasie of nature, made it difficult to proceed without pausing to gather some, at every step; the music of a mimic waterfall was ever with us; leaping down some steep bank, foaming and fretting into a thousand sparkling atoms, as it forced its way round fragments of rock, and over the smooth fair stones it had polished. A brown rabbit looked more than once down upon our path from its fastness, moving first one and then the other ear, until it vanished as suddenly as it appeared. The crops in this exquisite glen looked clean and abundant, and betokened good farming; there was no waste of useful land, and we should have loitered much longer on our descent, but that the rain-clouds began to pour forth upon us, and we stood under the protecting branches of a wide-spreading thorn-tree. We were soon joined by a poor woman, who was going to the shore to gather delisk. In the south no shower would have driven a woman to seek the shelter afforded even by a tree, unless invited to do so by "the gentry," or at least without prefacing her act by a request,

"Plaze ye'r honors, would ye have anything agin me, if I'd stand out of the way of the rain (God bless it), which 'ill be through and through me in less than no time, on account of my having but small covering (saving your

presence), to keep out the *illiments*, glory be to God!" but the northerns are more terse, and seem to have the poet's lines more frequently before them,

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The *man's* the gou'd for a' that."

The woman eyed us attentively, and then inquired in a very peculiar patois, "if we had travelled far, and knew many?" We replied; and she continued with good-natured feeling, and the *brusque* northern manner, "that it would be better to get down to the house where we'd have dry lodging till the boat came round." We agreed.

Without wasting another word, she took possession of our books and a useless parasol, which she rolled up in the tail of her gown, and set off at a "swinging trot" before us; the descent became every moment more abrupt; but the delisk gatherer trudged on, turning round occasionally to laugh at our more deliberate movements, and assuring us that nothing was better for the health than climbing crags, and eating delisk for breakfast; at last we came to the shelter she promised us in Murlough Bay.

The hut was low, and built of shingles; it consisted of but one room. Nevertheless, it was clean, orderly, and to us, accustomed to southern cottages, comfortable. An old woman was spinning, and a cheerful girl, plain, but of a pleasant countenance, was in the act of putting some small fish into the everlasting three-legged pot. "Ech!" she exclaimed, "but the leddy is wet;" and down she knelt to pull off our shoes and chafe our feet; while the good dame hung up our dripping cloaks, and assured us it would be fine by-and-bye; and then she would have us sit close to the fire; and after some whispering between mother and daughter, a little round table was brought from the dark corner, and covered by a clean white cloth; and the little fish were dished, and potatoes, full and floury, raked from out the ashes; and if we had not partaken of this genuine hospitality, we should have given offence to those who meant so kindly. The old woman spoke with clannish devotion of her old landlord, Doctor MacDonnel. She only wished he was able to come to Murlough Bay; and then she was sure he would build her another "hoose." She was quite self-possessed from the moment we entered until we departed; there was no southern shyness mingled with the national hospitality; the ease of manner of this poor woman and her daughter was perfectly well-bred. When she had placed all she had to offer, both asked permission to resume their wheels; and they conversed with us, and speculated on the weather. And the old woman spoke of the traditional feuds between the Macquillans and the MacDonnels; and assured us that

Fairhead was better worth seeing than the Causeway; and told how her husband and her other children were at "wark" in the Doctor's fields. And, at last, when the boat came in sight, and the rain ceased, she rose, "cloaked" us carefully, and clasping her hands, bade God bless us, with a rustic grace and earnestness we have not forgotten; the girl watched our departure, but the mother immediately returned to her wheel. We have often thought of the humble cottage of Murlough Bay. We do not remember to have seen one where industry and cheerfulness made a braver stand against poverty. We have been in many huts, where the inmates sat, unrepiningly, side by side with misery, as if it were their sister; but here was the resolve to displace misery by industry—the effort gave the dignity of independence to the poor inmates.

Our boat was firm and deep, and rose and sank upon the heavy funeral-like billows, with greater steadiness than we expected; so still and heavy was the motion—it seemed as if we glided over mountains of ice. Sometimes we had convincing proof that this was not the case: for when a half-sunk rock provoked the monster wave to a division, however small, irritation or disturbance deluged us with water. We might have felt nervous as the huge mountains of dark brine, extending beyond our gaze, came steadily towards us—without a sound; each swelling as it advanced, and towering so fearfully above us—while we rose imperceptibly on its raven crest. At length, having become accustomed to the motion, and learning by experience, that the waves designed us no wrong, our attention became riveted on the headlands—"the wonderful works of God!"

The bold and majestic promontory of Benmore, or Fairhead, underneath which the voyager passess between the two bays of Murlough and Ballycastle, is grand in the extreme—sublime beyond conception. Standing upon the brink of one of the huge precipices of which it is composed, the prospect was so terrific as to have been appalling; a rapid glance was sufficient to satisfy our curiosity; we shrank back with natural dread, for

"Dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes below."

But viewed upwards, from the ocean, the extent and magnificence may be fully seen and thoroughly appreciated. It is, however, utterly impossible for any description to afford an idea of its surpassing grandeur—to portray which the pencil of the artist is equally incapable. The accompanying picture by Mr. Creswick is insufficient to content our memory *.

* None of the numerous precipices on the coast can vie with it in elevation, extent, or grandeur. It is composed of a range of enormous basaltic pillars, according to a measurement made in the summer of 1810 (by Professor Playfair) 283 feet high, and resting on a base, which makes the whole altitude 636 feet. One

FAIR HEAD.

ANTRIM.

Printed by Alfred Allom

Fhir Leith, or The Grey Man's Path (a fissure in the precipice), viewed either from land or sea, is never to be forgotten; it seems as though some supernatural power, determined to hew for itself a pathway through the wonderful formations that tower along the coast, so that it might visit or summon the spirits of the deep without treading a road made by mortal hands, had willed the fearful chasm that divides the rocky promontory in two. The singular passage, in its most narrow part, is barred across by the fragment of a pillar, hurled, as it were, over the fissure, and supported on both sides at a considerable elevation; if you descend, you perceive the passage widens, and becomes more important: its dark sides assume greater height, and more wild and sombre magnificence; and at last they extend upwards, above two hundred and twenty feet, through which the tourist arrives at the massive *débris* which crowd the base of the mighty promontory, where the northern ocean rolls his frowning billows. From the cragsmen and boatmen of this wild coast you hear

of the columns is a quadrangular prism, measuring 33 feet by 36 on the sides, and above 200 feet perpendicular. The precipice, towering majestic over an awful waste of broken columns, presents to the spectator the most stupendous colonnade ever erected by nature, and in comparison of which the proudest monuments of human architecture are but the efforts of pigmy imbecility to the omnipotence of God. *Dr. Drummond.*

"This splendid promontory, whose highest point is five hundred and thirty-five feet above the ocean's level, is composed of a body of columnar green-stone, of such colossal dimensions, that its rude articulations are not at first very obvious; but upon surveying attentively one of the gigantic columns, the joints and separatrices are distinctly marked. The whole structure of the promontory consists of two parts: the one at the sea-side is an inclined plane, strewn with enormous masses of the same stone, in the wildest and most terrific chaos; above this rises the mural precipice of columnar green-stone, 250 feet in height. The scene of ruin at the base of these Titanian pillars is probably not exceeded in Europe. Here the sea heaves in a solemn, majestic swell, the peculiar attribute of the Atlantic waters, and in every retreat discloses the apparently endless continuation of convulsive ruin, covered by the waters beneath the promontory. Upon this region of desolation, on the shore, enormous *débris*, either assuming the character of rude columnization, or in a perfectly shapeless mass, whose weight is calculated at from four to five thousand tons, are thrown together in all the savage sublimity of which we can conceive the wildest scenes in nature capable."—*Curry's Guide.*

no tales of Faery, no hints of the gentle legends and superstitions collected in the South, or in the inland districts of the North; not that they are a whit less superstitious, but their superstition is, as the superstition of the Sea Kings, of a bold and peculiar character; their ghosts come from out the deep before or after the rising of the moon, and climb, or rather stalk up the rocks, and, seated upon those mysterious pillars, converse together; so that in the fishermen's huts, they say, "it thunders;" even mermaids are deemed too trifling in their habits and manners for this stupendous scenery, where spirits of the old gigantic world congregate, and where the "Grey Man" of the North Sea stalks forth, silently and alone, up his appropriate path, to witness some mighty convulsion of nature.

The cragsmen are chary of their legends; they think the beings of another world who made the basaltic columns and masses of crude rock their toys, are not only far too mighty to be trifled with, but to be spoken of; and they whisper of them as if some calamity would be sure to follow if they spoke of them above their breath.

"As sure as there 's a sun in heaven!" muttered one of the elders—a keen vigilant-looking person—and he pointed to the fearful chasm with his staff; "that path was hewn in one night."

"It was a brave night's work," we observed.

"Ay, for the like of us; but to the Grey Man it was nothing."

"And who *is* the Grey Man, my friend?"

"Whisht!—hoo!—there 's none living can tell *that*: only let any one in their senses look at the whole County of Antrim, from first to last, and say how it comes to be so different from every other part of Ireland, that's all. Fine palaces they made for themselves, them great *Say* Kings, and great coorts they had, giants of the earth! What else could tare up and destroy, build up and pull down!"

At the base of the gigantic columns which constitute Fairhead, a wild waste of natural ruins extend on every side, and defy description. The massive columns appear, in some instances, to have withstood the shock of their fall, and half-broken pillars are frequently grouped together with what might be called artistic skill—forming a novel and striking landscape, the principal hue of which is of a cold, dull grey, unenlivened, or undisturbed, by any other tone of colour.

Still, wonderful as it all was, the chasm of the "Grey Man's Path" most riveted our attention, looking upwards from our boat, which rose on every billow. "And did you never see the 'Grey Man?'" we inquired of one of the boatmen, who was more eloquent than our cragsman.

"God forbid! it's not that sort I'd be liking to see."

"What, did you never even see his shadow?"

"No, thank God! the likes of him only comes to the place for trouble. I heard say, before the great ship was wrecked off Port na Spania, *he* was known to have decoyed the vessel in, and that when he 'ticed it on the rocks he floated away to his own berth up there, and clapt his hands, and the strength of the echo of the clap pitched yon rock into the sea from the head-land, as you would pitch a marble."

"And was he never seen since?"

"It was a year, or maybe two, before 'the troubles' that my father, dodging about in his boat, thinking it best to run into Ballycastle, for it was winter-time, saw, betwixt himself and the setting sun, a wreath of smoke passing over the waters; and, as there were no steamers in those times, smoke was an unnatural thing on the sea; and he rested his oars, this way, and it rose and fell with the billows—a pillar of smoke; but, as it drew nearer the coast, it grew into the shape of a giant, folded in its cloak; he could see the plaits of the cloak falling from the head to the feet plainly as he treaded the waters, and the apparition became more palpable when it ascended the cliffs; it assumed, as it were, a solidity of aspect and form, nor did it pause until when nearly beneath where the fallen pillar rests. Above the path it made a pause, and turning round, spread its arms forward, as if imploring either a blessing or a curse! Too well," continued the boatman, "was it proved that the prayer was for destruction; that very night, and, as I said, it was about two years before the ruction of '98, and there are many who remember it still, that very night, on the east side of Fairhead, the colliers, who had not very long quitted their work there, for the night, were terrified by what they at first imagined to be loud claps of thunder, followed by such clouds of dust, and such raging and foaming of the sea, and such broad flashes of lightning, that they imagined the end of the world was come. Clap after clap, answered by the raging billows and the mad, mad lightning; they crowded together in their cottages, and fell on their knees in prayer—those who had never prayed before prayed then, though indeed there were but few of that sort among them. In the morning the effects of the Grey Man's curse were sufficiently plain; rocks had been detached that no earthly power could move, and they had crushed in the collieries, so that more than a thousand ton of coals were buried past recovery. Columns were hurled into the sea, which had stood erect in the sight of heaven since the world was a world. Old men trembled, and while the women asked them what it meant, they looked to see the entire of Fairhead bound into the ocean. It is there still

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for all that, though who knows what might happen if the 'Grey Man' paid it another visit?"

Soon after rounding the promontory we reach a comparatively level coast,

and here we landed at a little settlement called "the Salt-pans," and where the ruins of an old factory still exist *.

Before we return to Ballycastle, we must direct the reader's attention to the singular, picturesque, and interesting, island of Rathlin or Raghery. The state of the weather prevented our visiting it; and we are indebted for our information on the subject to an accomplished friend †.

From the striking similitude existing between the island of Rathlin and the adjoining continent, it is the general opinion that this island had, at one period, formed a part of the county of Antrim, from which it has been separated by some violent convulsion of nature. All geologists who have made

* In attempting to land, however, we ran considerable risk; and although we accomplished our purpose, it was certainly at the peril of our lives—a danger of which we remained ignorant until it was past. The sea appeared so calm in this little creek, that we imagined to "go on shore" was a very easy matter; the opinions of the boatmen were divided, and we adopted a course which we cannot recommend to others. It seems that along this coast, every sixth or seventh wave is called a "dead wave;" its predecessors and successors proceed quietly enough, but when the dead wave comes on, it does so as silently and as stealthily, until it touches the shore, when it dashes into a huge mass of foam. Our boatmen had landed one of us upon a shelving rock, which in a few seconds afterwards was covered by five or six feet of water; the retreating wave carried the boat out with frightful rapidity, and bore it within an inch of one of the sunken rocks; if we had touched it, we must inevitably have gone down. The boatmen were pale with terror; fortunately, perhaps, we were ignorant, until some time afterwards, of the mercy that had been vouchsafed to us. We escaped with only a thorough wetting, for which a remedy was speedily provided by the hospitable clergyman who resides at "the Salt-pans," and who, having been a witness of our danger, had for a few moments considered our fate as certain.

† James Drummond Marshall, Esq., M.D., Secretary to the Natural History Society of Belfast.

this the subject of inquiry, have stated, that in geological structure the island and adjacent continent are accurately the same; and Doctor Hamilton entertained the idea, that this island, standing as it were in the midst between this and the Scottish coast, may be the surviving fragment of a large tract of country, which at some period of time has been buried in the deep, and may have formerly united Staffa and the Giant's Causeway*. Its formation is basaltic; and the most remarkable disposition of columns occurs at

Doon Point, on the south-eastern side. The island is, indeed, full of natural wonders. Stories of the Fata Morgana are told upon safe authorities:

"Here oft, 'tis said, Morgana's fairy train
Sport with the senses of the wondering swain;
Spread on the eastern haze a rainbow light
And charm with visions fair th' enchanted sight."

In one instance, many years ago, a gentleman of undoubted veracity, the

* The nearest point of Rathlin lies about 3 miles from the promontory on the mainland of Fairhead, but from Ballycastle it is nearly 5½. The usual point of disembarkation in Rathlin is Church Bay, which lies at the distance of 7½ miles from Ballycastle; this, therefore, may be considered the mean distance of the island from the mainland. The *form* of the island has been compared, like Italy, to that of a boot, the toe pointing to the coal-works of Ballycastle—the heel, where Bruce's Castle is situated, to Cantire —and the top to the great Western Ocean. Towards the middle, which lies opposite Ballycastle, it is bent in an angle, and thus is formed Church Bay, almost the only good harbour in Rathlin. The *length* of the island from the Bull or western point, to Bruce's Castle on the extreme east, is 5½ English miles. From Rue Point, the most southerly, to Altacarry, at the north-east extremity, the distance is upwards of 4 miles. The greatest *breadth* of the island at any part is 1¼ miles, and the narrowest half a mile. The *highest* point of Rathlin is 447 feet above the level of the sea; it is in North Kenramer, at the north-western extremity of the island. So precipitous are the cliffs, that from the vicinity of Bruce's Castle round the whole northern shore, by the Bull Point to the church in Church Bay, the lowest point is 180 feet above the level of the sea, and the mean height may be said to be 300 feet.

commander of a corps of yeomen, being at some distance from the shore, with a party in his pleasure-boat, distinctly saw a body of armed men going through their exercises on the beach; and so complete was the deception, that he supposed it had been a field-day which he had forgotten. A woman also, at a time when an alarm of French invasion prevailed, very early on a summer's morning, saw a numerous fleet of French vessels advancing in full sail up the channel. She withdrew in amazement to call her friends to witness the spectacle, but on her return the whole had vanished! A belief was formerly prevalent among the inhabitants, that a green island rises, every seventh year, out of the sea between Bengore and Rathlin. Many individuals, they say, have distinctly seen it, adorned with woods and lawns, and crowded with people selling yarn, and engaged in the common occupations of a fair.

Its vicinity to Ireland rendering it an object of importance to an invading enemy, it became a scene of contention between the inhabitants of the opposite coasts of Scotland and Ireland. The memory of a dreadful massacre perpetrated by the Campbells, a Highland clan, is still preserved, and a place called Sloc-na-Calleach perpetuates a tradition of the destruction, by precipitation over the rocks, of all the women in advanced life then resident on the island. Doctor Hamilton remarks, "that the remembrance of this horrid deed remains so strongly impressed on the minds of the present inhabitants, that no person of the name of Campbell is allowed to settle on the island."

During the civil wars which devastated Scotland after the appointment of Baliol to the throne of that kingdom, Robert Bruce was driven out and obliged to seek shelter in the isle of Raghery, in a fortress whose ruined walls still retain the name of the illustrious fugitive. His enemies, however, pursued him even to this remote spot, and forced him to embark in a little skiff and seek refuge on the ocean. The ruins of Bruce's Castle are situated on a bold

headland at the extreme eastern part of the island, immediately fronting Scotland. Although apparently very lofty, the height of the rock on which the castle stood is marked, according to the late survey, between seventy and eighty feet only above the level of the sea.

It rises perpendicularly from the water's edge ; and about forty or fifty feet from the eastern extremity, a deep chasm traverses the ground, insulating, as it were, the huge mass on which the outer part of the fortress has been situated. On this, the ruins now standing consist only of part of a wall fronting the west, entirely destitute of all ornament and style of architecture. About eighty or one hundred feet on the western side of the chasm, the remains of another part of the building are still visible, from which we may fairly infer that the castle had originally been of very considerable extent. In the face of the rock fronting the south, and immediately under the wall, there is the appearance of a small cave, in which, it is said, Bruce concealed himself, the castle not having been built at the time of his residence there.

From Ballycastle to visit the Giant's Causeway, the tourist proceeds westward ; the road is uninteresting, but he will have to turn off now and then and walk to examine the several headlands along the coast. First is Kenbaan—

the white head, a singular promontory, which derives its name from a remarkable chalk formation occurring in the midst of basalt. It is crowned by the ruins of an ancient castle. Little remains of the building, but quite enough to render it an object of no common interest to the admirers of coast scenery. At high water the boatmen, in visiting the place, generally row stronger through a narrow winding cavern, which can only be attempted in calm weather. In the view here given the spectator is sup-

posed to be looking towards Ballycastle, with Fairhead in the distance. The castle is commonly known by the name of M'Allister's Castle, and is one of the most picturesque objects on the coast of Antrim. Near the village of Ballintoy, will be visited one of the principal "Lions" of the district—the hanging bridge of Carrick-a-rede. The day on which we examined it was very stormy, and we were satisfied to cross it by deputy; one of our attendant guides ran over it with as much indifference as if he had been walking along a guarded balcony, scarcely condescending to place his hand upon the slender rope that answered the purpose of a protector—the "bridge" all the while swinging to and fro as the wind rushed about and under it. It was absolutely dangerous even to look down upon the frightful chasm underneath *.

* Mr. Hamilton derives the name from "Carrig-a-ramhad"—the rock in the road, because "it intercepts the passage of the salmon along the coast;" Dr. Drummond, from "Carrig-a-drockthead"—the rock of the bridge. "The head-land, which projects a considerable way into the sea, and on the extremity of which there is a small cottage, built for a fishing station, is divided by a tremendous rent or chasm, supposed to have been caused by some extraordinary convulsion of nature. The chasm is sixty feet wide, the rock on either side rising about eighty feet above the level of the water. Across this mighty rent a bridge of ropes has been thrown, for the convenience of the fishermen who reside on the island during the summer months." "The construction of the bridge is very simple:—Two strong ropes or cables are stretched from one chasm to another, in a parallel line, and made fast to rings fixed permanently in the rock; across these, planks, twelve inches wide, are laid and secured; a slight rope, elevated convenient to the hand, runs parallel with the footway; and thus a bridge is formed, over which men, women, and boys, many of them carrying heavy burdens, are seen walking or running apparently with as little concern as they would evince in advancing the same distance on *terra firma*. It is awful in the extreme to witness, from a boat on the water, persons passing and repassing at this giddy height—and a feeling of anxiety, closely allied to pain, is invariably experienced by those who contemplate the apparently imminent danger to which poor people are exposed, while thus lightly treading the dangerous and narrow footway which conducts them across the gulf that yawns beneath their feet." "The chief use of this insulated rock appears to be that of interrupting the salmon, who annually coast along the shore in search of rivers in which to deposit their spawn. Their passage is generally made close to the shore, so that Carrick-a-rede is very opportunely situated for projecting the interrupting nets."

This chasm divides the island-rock from the mainland. To a hill just above it the visitor will do well to ascend, for the prospect from thence is most magnificent, commanding a full view of the whole line of coast, from Fairhead to the Causeway. The whole neighbourhood abounds in natural caves; one of the most remarkable of which, Grace Staple's Cave, will be examined in the vicinity of Kenbaan. It is said to be a miniature representation of the famous caves of Staffa. The columnar pillars are very distinct, and appear to have been laid as regularly as if art had been called in to the aid of nature. Between this singular vicinity and the town of Bushmills the tourist will have little delay, for his excursion along the headlands will be made more at leisure; a short walk, however, will enable him to examine the picturesque remains of Dunseverick Castle, standing upon an isolated rock, which they must, formerly, have covered. As this point is about three miles from the Causeway, it is usual to proceed to it by land, and taking boat in the small bay adjoining, return by water. This was the plan we adopted, and, therefore, by this route we shall conduct the reader, taking him first to the pretty town of Bushmills, and leaving him, for rest, at the neat, well-ordered and comfortable inn, kept by Miss Henry, immediately above the footway-that leads to the Causeway.

The town of Bushmills, standing on the river Bush, derives its name from an ancient water-mill—said to be the oldest in the north of Ireland—the picturesque ruins of which existed until a recent period. The rapid waters of this noble stream are not, however, permitted to be altogether waste; for one of the most interesting factories in the kingdom has been erected,

and is in full work, in the centre of the profitable current *. It was commenced for the production of iron tools, in 1829, by the father-in-law of the present proprietor—a merchant retired from business, who desired some occupation for his leisure hours, and at the same time to make his life useful to his generation. It is a cheering and beautiful sight to see this establishment so beneficially worked in so wild a district. The town is flourishing from other causes: Sir Francis Macnaghten, Bart., to whom it belongs, has recently built a market-house there—a very necessary and serviceable auxiliary to an extensive district; and a good, clean, and comfortable inn gives accommodation to travellers. The mansion of the venerable Baronet is about a mile from the town, on one of the heights that overlooks the ocean and the glories of the coast †.

The tourist, however, will not now—as a few years ago he must have done—be compelled to make the town of Bushmills his abiding-place during the period of his visit to the Causeway; for, as we have intimated, there is an hotel which immediately adjoins it; and we can speak, from experience, as to its advantages in all respects—its neatness, cleanliness, and good order, the attention, zeal, and kindliness of its landlady, and the exceeding moderation

* The iron works of Mr. John Gwynne interested us greatly; and a visit to them will amply recompense the tourist, who may be gratified to see industry effectually and beneficially occupied in the midst of so many natural wonders. They are conducted on a comparatively small scale, but with exceeding neatness, order, and regularity; and the articles produced may vie in quality with the best that are manufactured in any part of England. These consist chiefly of household tools and tools for the husbandman—spades, shovels, reaping hooks, hoes, and garden tools of every description, and of very perfect workmanship. The advantage of such an establishment in such a district is immense, furnishing the neighbourhood with matters most needed, of the finest quality and at a cheap rate, and at the same time giving employment to many who exhibit to others the benefits to be derived from useful employment. We hope the enterprising conductor of the establishment receives the cordial support of the gentry of his vicinity, so that other manufacturers may be tempted to introduce concerns equally serviceable to the higher and the lower classes. Mr. Gwynne's trade is chiefly with Scotland, England, and America; for it takes time to persuade people upon the spot that a better material is close at hand than can be obtained at greater cost from a distance. We were equally surprised and mortified to find selling, almost next door to this important factory, reaping hooks manufactured in Sheffield—the prejudice against "home-produce" not having been yet removed from the minds of the peasantry. The retail dealer assured us of his own entire conviction that the articles manufactured by Mr. Gwynne were not only cheaper, but better; and could plead no other excuse than "old habit" for continuing to keep an inferior commodity, to the prejudice of his customers, and his spirited and enterprising neighbour. The excellent and estimable owner of the town should see to this, and discourage a system equally irrational and unjust. The introduction of two or three such establishments as that of Mr. Gwynne would greatly raise the character and increase the prosperity of the town of Bushmills.

† Sir Francis Macnaghten, Bart., is the father of Sir William Macnaghten, whose recent fate at Cabool has excited universal sympathy. The father of Sir Francis *served at the siege of Londonderry:* this fact will startle our readers, who call to mind that the siege of Derry took place in 1688, exactly 154 years ago. It will be accounted for, however, by stating that Mr. Macnaghten was little more than a child at the period, although actually placed at the head of his tenantry, and recognised by them as their chief. He did not marry until he was 83 years old; his lady bore him two sons—one of whom is the present venerable Baronet —whom he lived to see of age; dying when his years had numbered somewhat more than one hundred.

of her "charges." We may recommend the hotel of Miss Henry in the strongest terms, although our residence there was but a brief one. The hospitality of Sir Francis Macnaghten provided for us a home, where, while we were made to feel equally free to prosecute our own immediate objects, and were under as little restraint as we could have been at "an inn," we had advantages and enjoyments such as we can scarcely sufficiently estimate, and cannot overrate.

We will suppose the less fortunate tourist to be safely located under the roof of Miss Henry—just above the rugged footway that leads down to the Causeway. He is preparing to inspect this great marvel of Ireland—one of the wonders of the world; and walks to the door to ascertain if the weather is friendly or unfriendly to the scene of grandeur he is about to examine. The instant he shows himself, he is surrounded by—THE GUIDES! They are of all ages and sizes, from the octogenarian to the boy who can hardly go alone; each has some promise of a treat to be seen; and all are prepared with small boxes of "speciments" of the natural productions of the neighbourhood *.

* The guides at the Giants' Causeway are quite as numerous and almost as ragged as those at Killarney and Glendalough; but their *character* is altogether different. The Kerry and Wicklow guides delight in legends of fays and fairies, in snatches of songs, bits of ballads, and in "impossibilities" of all kinds; there is nothing too wild and wonderful for them—nothing too airy or fantastic; their wit and their rags flutter together; they greet you with a jest, and bid you farewell with a tear. Not so the northern guides: they are, from Neil Mac Mullen—the protector of the Causeway, being so appointed by the noble family of Antrim—down to the smallest cragsman—to the tiny boy who hops like a young sea-bird from rock to rock, people of knowledge—geologists, learned in the names of stones, and conversant with stratas and basalts; stiff and steady; observant and particular—they love to be particular—they are remarkable for the exactness and minutiæ of their details; they talk with a profound air of hexagons and octagons, and when they excite an exclamation of wonder, they never sympathise with it, but treat it as a matter of course that you should be the astonished, and they the astonishers. Although very superstitious, their superstitions are of a marine kind, and of a gigantic and terrible nature; they would scorn to believe in the gentler spirits of hill and valley, but they glory in sea-kings, great appearances rising from the earth or sea, and capable of using pillars for rock-stones, and with the breath of their nostrils filling the pipes of Fin Macoul's organ, so that Fairhead itself is moved by the mighty music. The Causeway guides are of earth—earthy; of the stone—stony; they have the mystified look of philosophers, and the youngest and most ragged has a certain affectation of learning that is very amusing. They are, however, attentive and obliging. Neil Mac Mullen, be it known to all future tourists, considers himself the chief, as he is appointed care-taker of all the wonders of this wonderful spot, by the noble family to whom it belongs, and he is very careful and intelligent. Daniel Mac William has excited Miss Henry's kind sympathy, because he has a large family; we found him also very attentive and stored with old giant tales of the Causeway. Then young James King volunteered as guide, because his father had been a guide; and so the right is his, by the laws of primogeniture. Almost all the guides are Mac Mullens—a race as numerous as the Smiths in London; but Alexander Mac Mullen Mac Cock claims to belong to the Macnaghten family, and therefore seems inclined to dispute precedence with Neil Mac Mullen. He looks upon the visitors at Sir Francis Macnaghten's hospitable residence, Bushmills-house, as *his own* peculiar property, and exercises his talent as an improvvisatore with peculiar gusto for their amusement. There are so many Mac Mullens, that it becomes necessary to distinguish them by some peculiar designation, as "short Mac Mullen," "long Mac Mullen," "red Mac Mullen." This Alexander Mac Mullen was surnamed Mac Cock because his father had the peculiar talent of crowing so exactly like a cock, that every chanticleer in the neighbourhood thought it necessary to reply to his challenge. The troop of guides congregated around Miss Henry's inn look a

Before we set out with our companion, it will be well to supply him with a guide, as accurate, at least, if not as amusing, as any one of the many he will have to encounter. The accompanying map is copied (by permission) from the published map of the Ordnance Survey. We have, however, added to it the names of the several rocks, and creeks, and pillars, which, although not recorded in the books, are seldom out of the mouths of the boatmen and peasantry. In making these additions we have been especially careful; consulting at least half a dozen "guides," by whom we were accompanied; comparing their reports, both by sea and land, and scrupulously noting them down upon the original map we carried in our hand.

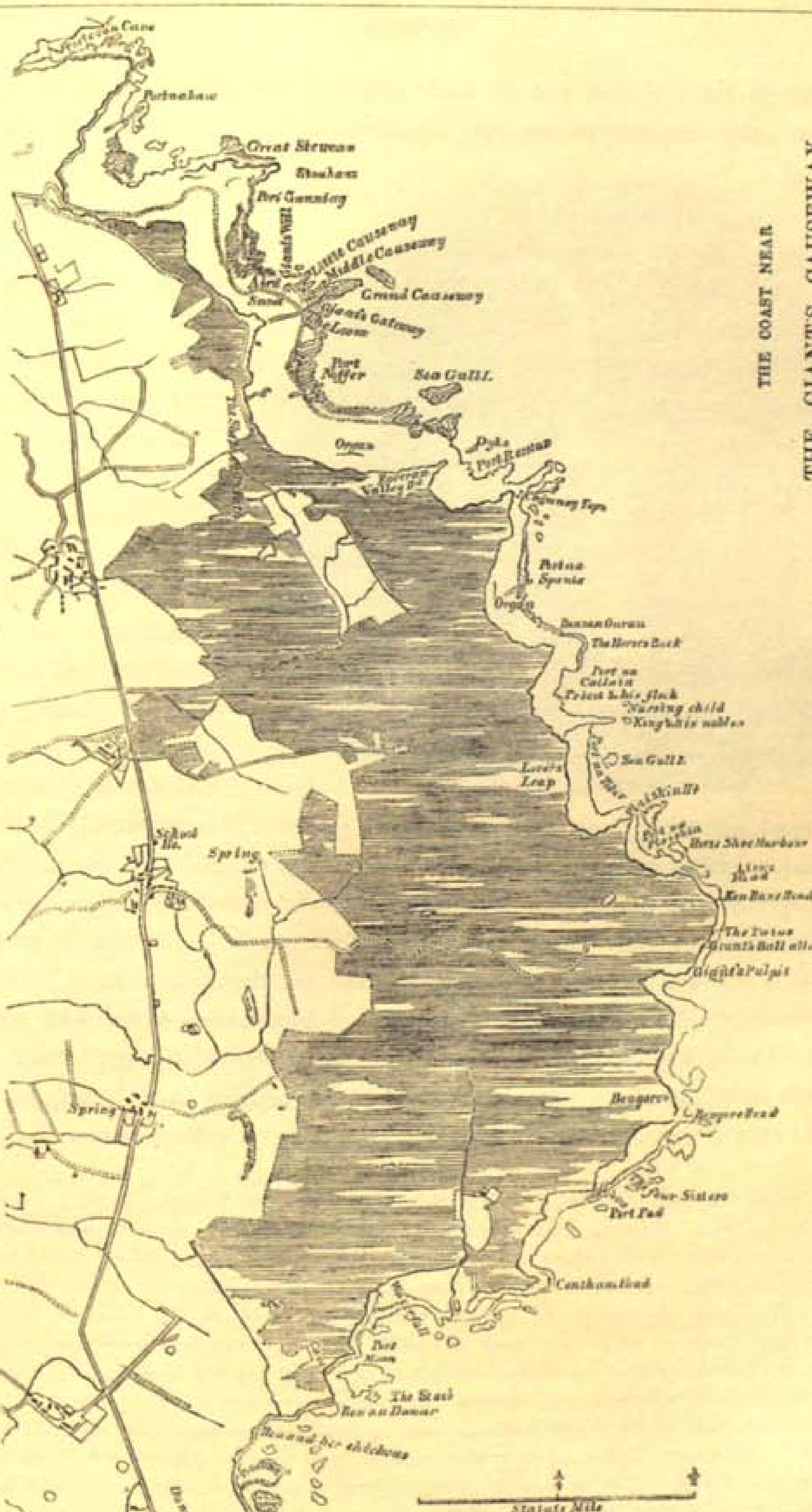
formidable body; and we were but little startled by the story of a quiet English commercial traveller, who being sent over to Belfast, thought he would indulge himself with a peep at the Causeway: but his desire to see the beauty of the country was mingled with a very unpleasing dread of the peasantry; and it was with considerable misgiving that he set forth alone, in his dennet, to feed his curiosity,—in considerable doubt as to his personal safety. It so happened, that on the morning of his arrival at the town of Bushmills the Causeway guides had been assembled to see a party off, which they are fond of doing; when the sight of a new tourist, who was journeying to the Causeway, immediately induced them to abandon their first intention; and they tendered their services in so determined, yet vociferous a manner, as to strengthen fears which had never been set at rest. Overcome by a panic he could not control, he demanded where he could find a magistrate, and galloped up the avenue to Bushmill-house, followed by the whole body of the Causeway guides, who, unable to understand the traveller's terror, fancied he was possessed of an evil spirit. Pale as a ghost, he implored the worthy magistrate's protection from "a band of robbers;" and it was some time before he could be convinced that the crowd were honest and harmless guides, only eager to show "his honour, God help him!" the very wonders he came so far to see. Alexander Mac Mullen Mac Cock headed a body of the most respectable, and at length the trembling traveller was convinced that he might trust himself alone with Irish peasants. This story, we assure our readers, is no exaggeration. But the guides at the Causeway do not injure the effect of the scene as they do in more rural and sylvan districts. At the Causeway, no matter how loud or numerous, their voices are frequently drowned by the roar of the waters; and they look so diminutive when contrasted with the huge and mighty columns of the Causeway, as to seem pigmies, rather than human beings: it is wonderful how they spring from rock to rock and maintain their footing so firmly that accidents are of rare occurrence. We only heard of three. One morning a guide who was early afoot discovered the body of a woman at the base of one of the precipices. She was young, and decently dressed, and no one knew who she was. She was carried to a cottage and "waked." A small subscription was made by the poor people for the purpose, and then she was buried, "as if she had been one of themselves." A certificate of marriage, yet so unfortunately torn that the names were illegible, was found in her pocket; and her finger was circled by a wedding ring. There was something very touching in meeting such a death, unknown and unlamented. In the South, the more susceptible peasantry would have said many poetical things on such an incident; but at the Causeway they related it simply and calmly, yet with real feeling.

Alick Mac Cock—as he is invariably called—told us of a woman whom he pointed out in a group on the strand, who fell 112 feet perpendicular descent, and then rolled about 50 feet afterwards; adding, that before this accident she had only one child, but she has had several since. The Antrim guide carelessly observed, there was nothing in that; but he always thought the fate of "wee Jamie" the saddest, for he was a "fine laddie:" and "wee Jamie's" fate was sad, if indeed it be wisdom to sorrow for those who are cut off from the cares of life before they canker the heart. "Wee Jamie," and a little girl—a neighbour's child—had clambered some rocks together. There was a deep chasm; the boy sprang lightly over, the girl faltered; he encouraged her—held out his hand and laughed at her fears. Somewhat assured, she advanced; he balanced himself over to grasp her hand—she drew back: but the lad had overreached himself, and fell headlong down the chasm.

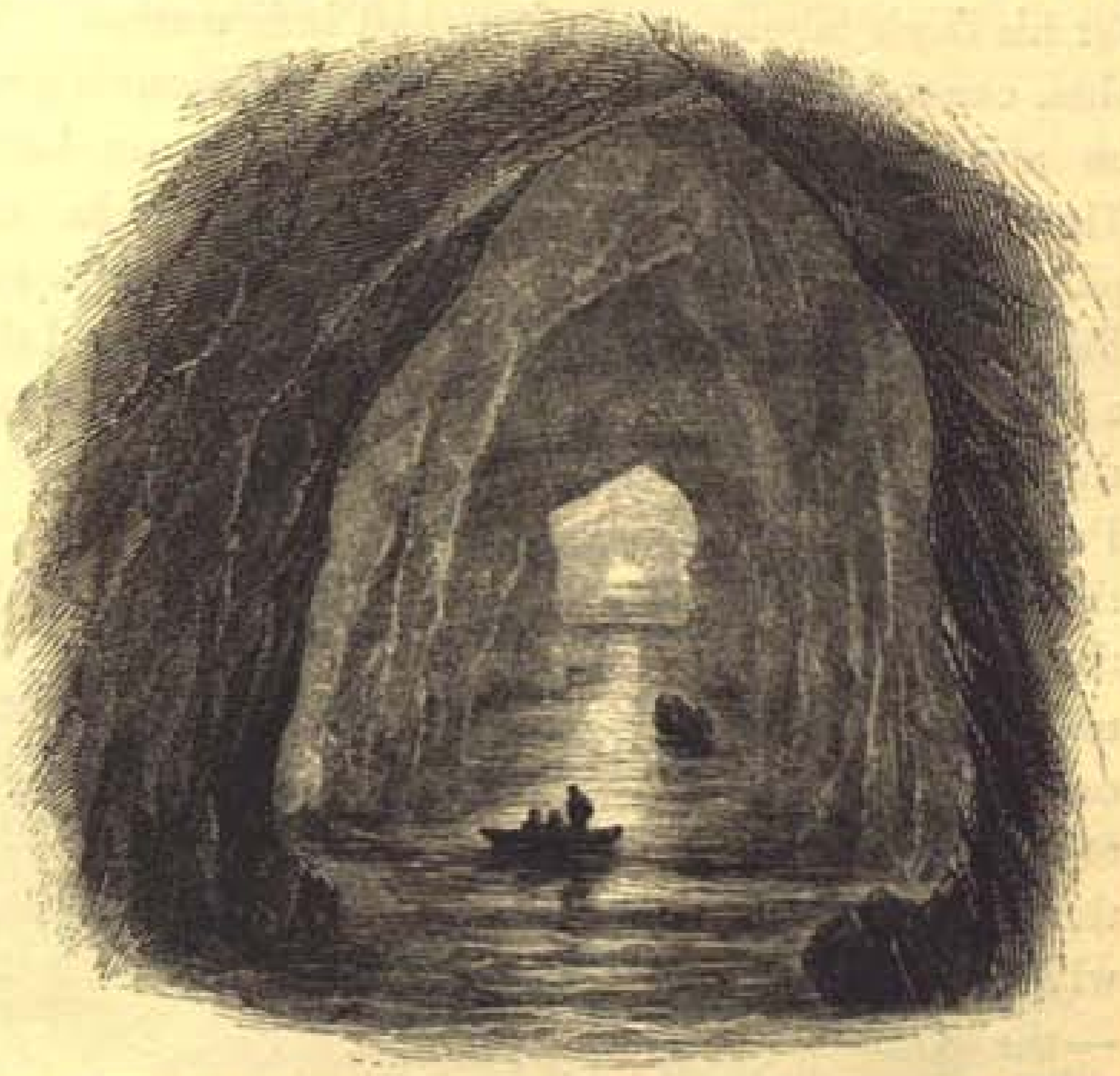
The father of one of the guides, Moran, was killed by falling from the cliff above those huge columns called "The Organ."

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

THE COAST NEAR



To this map, then, we direct the attention of the reader; for it will be our guide, as we shall be his. Although, as a less prominent wonder, he will be called upon to visit Port Coon Cave *after* he has seen the Causeway; as it occurs first on the map, we shall first take him there. The cave may be visited either by sea or by land. Our escape at "the Salt-pans" was fresh in our memory, and we preferred the latter. Boats may row into it to the distance of a hundred yards or more; but the swell is sometimes dangerous; and although the land entrance to the cave is slippery, and a fair proportion of climbing is necessary to achieve the object, still the magnificence of the excavation, its length and the formation of the interior, would repay greater exertion; the stones of which the roof and sides are composed, and which are of a rounded form, and embedded as it were in a basaltic paste, are formed of concentric spheres resembling the coats of an onion; the inner-most recess has been compared to the side aisle of a Gothic cathedral; the walls are most painfully slimy to the touch; the discharge of a loaded gun reverberates amid the rolling of the billows so as to thunder a most awful effect; and the notes of a bugle, we were told, produced delicious echoes *.



* We heard a story of a giant-hermit who inhabited Port Coon Cave in the very olden time. The giant was of a kind and humble nature, and instead of taking vengeance upon the world, which had used him very ill, he resolved to end his life praying and fasting in a sea-cave, and made a solemn vow that he would never touch food brought to him by mortal hands. Of course Satan tempted him, as we were told, in the usual way, by beautiful sea-ladies bringing him "meat fresh and salt;" but though the saintly giant was "faint with the hunger," and the perfume of the savoury edibles was most tempting, he would not break his vow; he had sworn never to touch food brought to him by mortal hands, and so he turned away from the fair sea-ladies and their temptations with a groan that reverberated through every pipe pillar of the Causeway Organ. Well, after he had been left alone, and was praying—praying, and almost at the last gasp, what should he see coming "walloping" through the water to him, with something in her mouth, but a seal! "Holy giant," she says, "eat what I have brought, and you break no vow. I have no *mortal hands* to tempt you, so be satisfied; it is better to live on and set your back to the troubles of the world than to lie down like a dog and die under them." And the giant ate, for sure enough there was nothing against his vow in eating what a seal brought him in her mouth; and he was fed in the cave by seals till the day of his death, and they were kind and good to him from the first to the last.

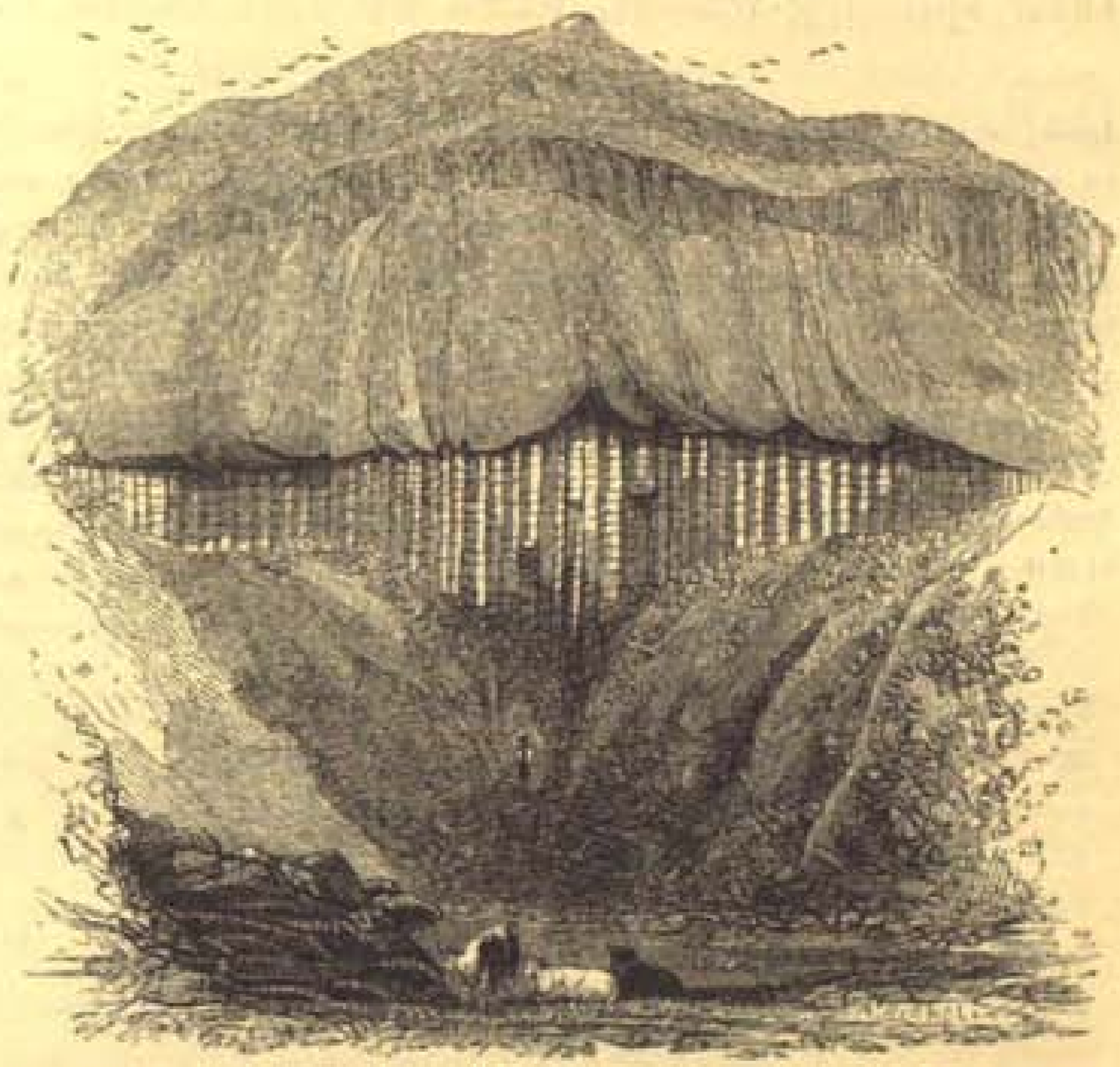
The visit to Port Coon cave is but an episode in the tour; the tourist will return to the inn and select his "guide;" to whom he will pay half-a-crown for his day's labour, attention, and information. The descent to the coast is then commenced; he will have to walk about a greater part of a mile, before he arrives upon level ground—if that can be called level, over which Time and Nature have scattered huge rocks and fragments of gigantic pillars. Below him, to the left, he sees the graceful miniature bay of Portnabaw; nearer, the singular formation called the Weir's Snoot; and after a brief progress, still sea-ward, he beholds the two guardians of the place—the Steucans, great and little—hill-promontories which separate the Bay of Portnabaw from Port Ganniay, at the eastern extremity of which is the Causeway; dividing Port Ganniay from Port Noffer. A rugged road has been constructed at the foot of the hills, along the coast. In the midst of broken columns, among which we now tread, is a small well—the Giant's Well—of purest spring-water; beside which an aged crone sits to welcome visitors, and supply them with a refreshing drink. As yet, however, although the Causeway is within a stone's throw, nothing of its extraordinary character is seen; we proceed a few steps onward, and still there is little to startle us; we actually stand upon it, and ask, in a tone of sadness, "Is this really the object of which we have heard so much and have come so far to visit?" The invariable effect of the first impression is disappointment. This is, however, soon succeeded by a sensation of excited curiosity; and that soon gives place to a combined feeling of astonishment, admiration, and delight. The imagination can have pictured nothing like it; written accounts have conveyed to us no idea of its marvels; the artist has altogether failed in rendering us familiar with the reality*.

As we are enabled to give, in a note—upon high authority—the *facts*, necessary to a clear understanding of the wonderful scene, our details may

* In the accompanying engraving the artist has endeavoured to preserve the general characteristics of the wonderful scene, and, at the same time, to convey a notion of its pictorial effect. The view is taken from the west, soon after passing the Steucans. The peculiarities of the Causeway were, however, copied best, in 1740, by Mrs. Susannah Drury, whose two drawings were engraved soon afterwards, and remain to this day unrivalled for accuracy and excellence. The whole coast is, indeed, especially rich in subjects for the artist. We have illustrated it somewhat largely; but the tourist who compares the copies with the originals will perceive how very difficult it is—if it be not impossible—to render justice to its grandeur, beauty, and sublimity.

be here limited to such descriptions of its peculiarities as may prove interesting to the general reader*.

Standing upon the Causeway, elevated but a few yards above the level coast, we first look around us. Upon the side of the hill, immediately over us, is "the Giant's Organ"—a magnificent colonnade of pillars, laid open as it were by a land-slip, in the centre of the cliff, and reaching to a height of one hundred and twenty feet. The derivation of its name is sufficiently obvious. While looking towards it, in silent wonder, our guides began a discourse upon the subject.



"I'm thinking," said one to another, "that the giant who made that organ for his diversion had a grand idea of music." "Well, Mac Cock, you are not far wrong," was the reply; "but it must have been a

* We are indebted to a valuable correspondent—James Bryce, Esq., of Belfast, M.A., F.G.S.—for the following remarks; in which he has condensed a vast quantity of information (some of it never before published), and in such a manner as to render it intelligible to the least scientific reader. We have been peculiarly fortunate in obtaining the aid of so distinguished a geologist, resident on the spot.

The Giant's Causeway is generally viewed too much as an isolated phenomenon, even by geologists; whereas, it merely exhibits in a striking manner a series of facts which may be observed in many other parts of the coast and interior.

There are six varieties of the rocks, which, from basalt being the most important, are termed basaltic rocks they are also termed trap-rocks, from the terrace-like profile of hills composed of them; *trappa* signifying a stair in the language of Sweden, where the term was first applied. 1. Greenstone, composed of distinct crystals of felspar and hornblende, or felspar and augite. 2. Basalt, a close-grained black or blue coloured rock, of the same composition; it occurs either in columns or in large *tabular* masses. 3. Red ochre, or bole, homogeneous blood or brick red, or variegated with different colours. This rock and basalt contain from ten to twenty-five per cent of oxide of iron. The greenstone contains a much smaller quantity. 4. Amygdaloid, an earthy base or paste, containing either imbedded *almond*-shaped (hence the name) crystalline concretions, or cavities lined with crystals of calcareous spar, zeolites, and quartz. 5. Wood-coal, or lignite. 6. Porphyry.

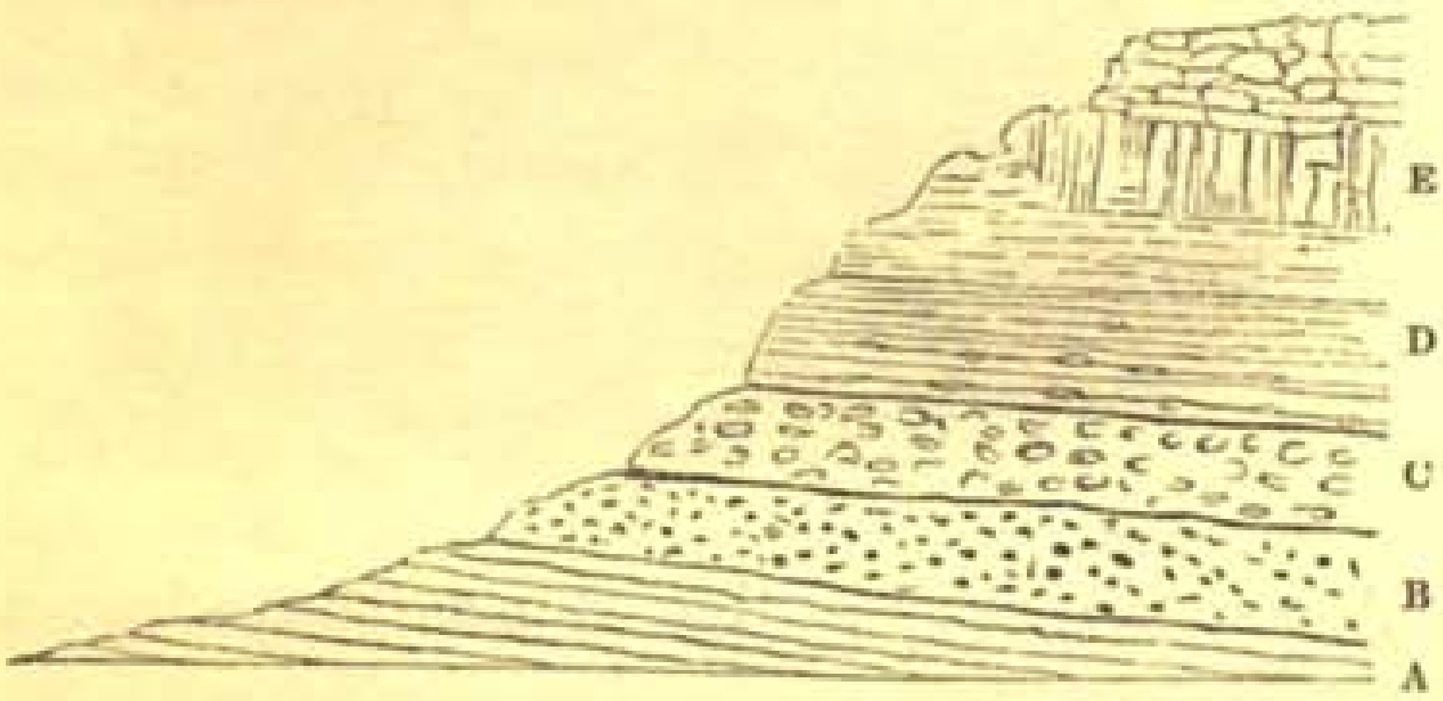
These rocks occupy the whole surface of Antrim, except a small tract in the north-east of the county, and all that portion of Derry to the east of the river Roe. This district is called by geologists the basaltic or trap district. From Magilligan, at the mouth of Lough Foyle, its boundary runs by Dungiven, Draperstown, Tubbermore, Moneymore, Coagh, Lurgan, Moira, and Lisburn, to Belfast. Slievegallion mountain, near Cookstown, is an outlier of the same formation. The basaltic district is thus about 1000 square miles,

great treat entirely, to say nothing of the music, to hear Ossian sing his own poetry to the organ built by his own hands. And a fine sight to see the giants, and their wives and children, listening to the white-headed old poet, shouting out the beautiful verses that your mother and mine used to sing to their spinning-wheels, when we were bairns at the knee—those were great

Irish, in area. Its east and west boundaries are defined by two chains of mountains, ranging in many cases to nearly 2000 feet—they present steep escarpments *outwards*, but slope gradually *inwards*. Another ridge, much lower than these, runs from Dunluce to the northern shore of Lough Neagh; it divides the basin of the Bann, which flows *out* of the lake from that of the Main which flows *into* it, a few miles from where the Bann issues—an interesting feature in the physical geography of the county. The Bush, which drains the northern part of the county, is also divided by this ridge from the basin of the Bann.

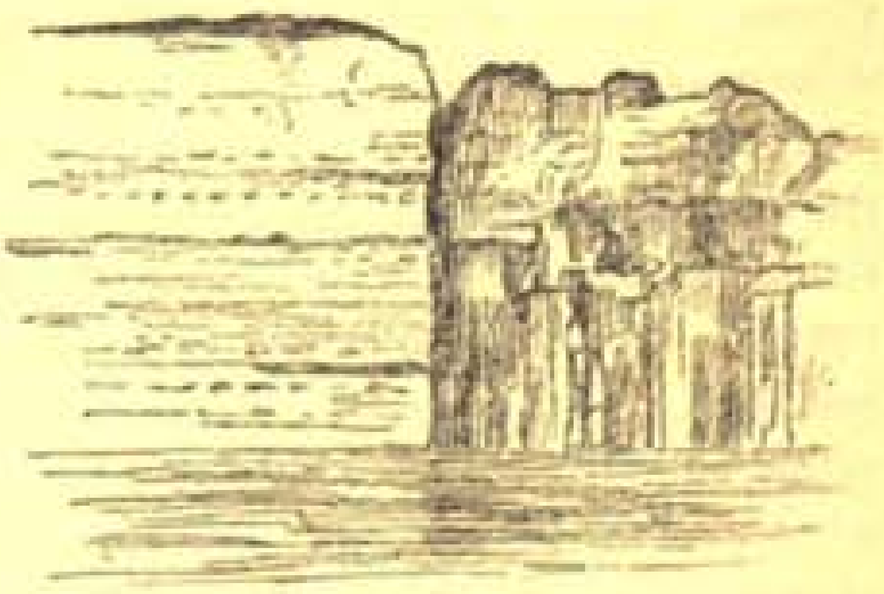
The whole area is based upon sandstone, between which and the trap rocks there intervene three other rocks—lias, green sand, and chalk, which abound in organic remains. They are found in no other part of Ireland. This chalk is similar in structure, in position, and in its fossils, to the chalk of England, from which it differs in being very hard, owing, probably, to the great weight of the trap-rocks over it.

The following is the section met with on ascending from almost any part of the low country, at the base of the basaltic area:—In this A is sandstone, B lias, C green-sand, D chalk, and E the trap-rocks.



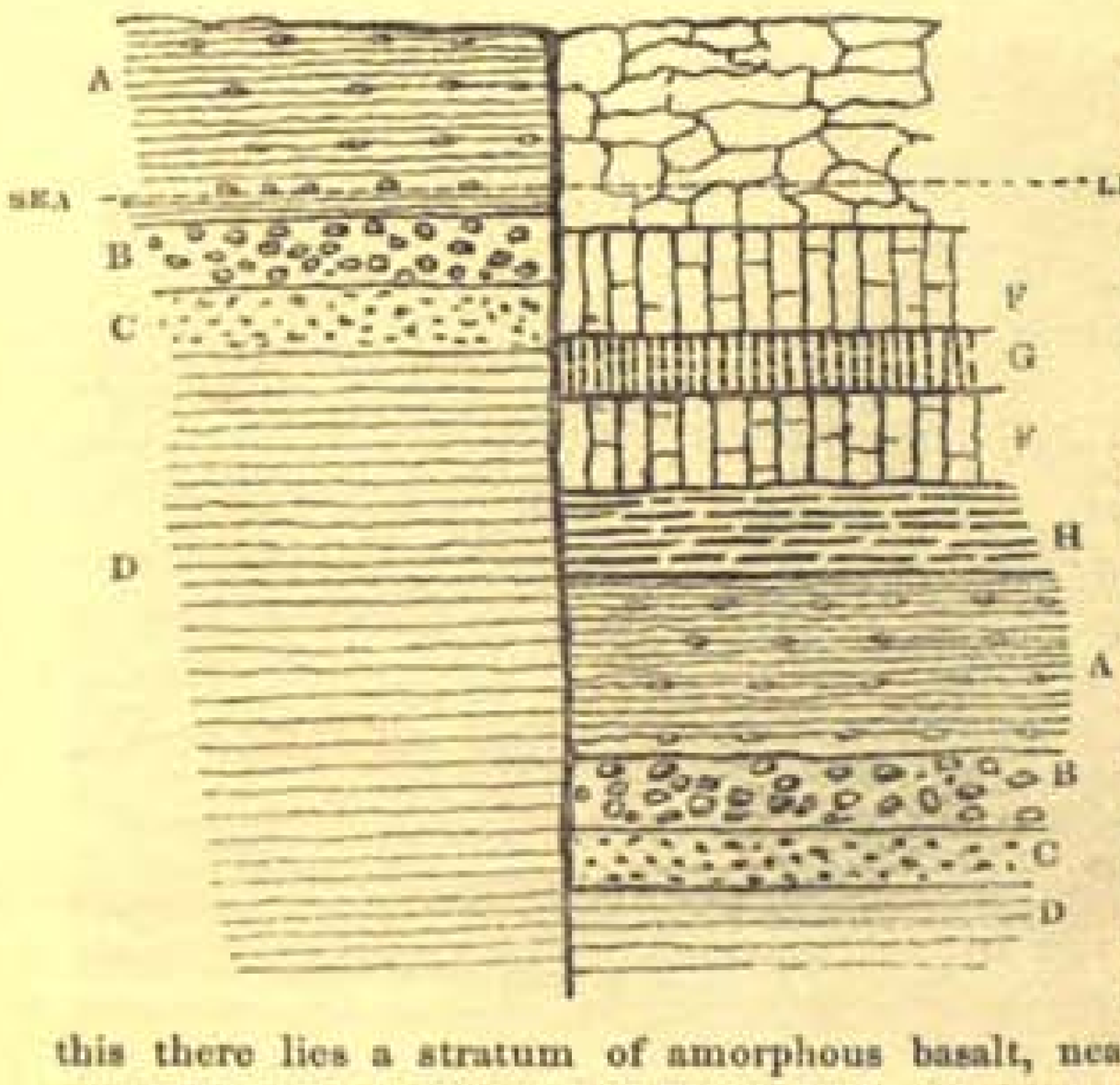
The lower part of the trap series, next the chalk, consists chiefly of amygdaloid intermingled with fine greenstone, *tabular* basalt, and thin courses of red ochre. The middle region is occupied by great beds of *columnar* basalt and red ochre; while the superior portion consists chiefly of coarse crystalline greenstone. In the centre of the district, between the town of Antrim and Slemish mountain, a large tract is occupied by porphyry, which belongs to the middle portion of the series. At Tardree it yields a beautiful ornamental stone, much used for building. The total thickness of the whole series is very variable; it is often thin,—and frequently, as in Knocklaid, Trostan, and Divis, its thickness is from 900 to 1200 feet.

In the escarpments before mentioned, we have magnificent natural sections of these basaltic strata, and the secondary rocks below them. But of the basaltic strata themselves we have no section so fine as in the cliffs near the Causeway. Here the secondary rocks are wanting. The chalk, which usually underlies the trap along the whole coast, and is extremely well seen at Kenbaan head and Ballintoy, is suddenly broken off in Port Bradin, in the western corner of Ballintoy strand. Instead of the trap being here over it, the two rocks come together at the same level—as in the annexed sketch.



From this point no trace of the chalk is again to be seen along the whole Causeway coast till we reach the mouth of the Bush river, where it emerges from beneath the sands of the beach and runs out under low water. Its disappearance over all this space is probably due to what geologists call a *fault*, that is, a sinking of a portion of the strata below their original level, and the consequent breaking off in the continuity of the beds. The section annexed will explain the mode of this disappearance;—it is, of course, ideal below the level of the sea line; but we can have no doubt, from what we see in the cliffs in other places, that such is the structure at this point. A represents chalk; B green sand; C lias; D sandstone; H the

times at the Causeway!" "After all," said Mac Cock, "it's nothing but the hoight of poetry to call it an organ; sure it's only a row of *columnar bassalts*, the same as the rest." "I wonder at you to say so," observed the Antrim guide, "and you a poet yourself. Wasn't it petrified into stone? and if it



lower basalts and ochre; F and G the middle basalts, columnar and amorphous; and E the superior beds, chiefly greenstone.

We might thus expect to discover the chalky strata supporting the whole Causeway cliffs, from Port Bradin to Bushfoot, if the sea were to retire or the bottom to be elevated, even through a small space.

The immense mass of basaltic strata extending, in length, between Port Bradin and Bushfoot, and in depth, from the summit of Pleaskin to the sea level, is divided into regular beds, which range through the whole horizontal distance with great continuity. We have already indicated the divisions. Amygdaloid intermingled with fine greenstone and tabular basalt, and thin courses of ochre, form the lowest portion; these are overlaid by a bed of ochre about twenty-five feet thick, upon which rests a bed of columnar basalt, between forty and fifty feet thick—which is the first range of columns. Over this there lies a stratum of amorphous basalt, nearly sixty feet in thickness; and over it is the second range of columnar basalt, between fifty and sixty feet thick. Between this second range and the summit of the cliffs are several beds of basalt, ochre, and greenstone, among which lignite occurs in many places —these strata we need not particularise. Dr. Richardson was the first to show (Phil. Trans. vol. xcvi. 1808-9,) that these strata emerge, in the order here described, from under the sea-line, in Portmoon, a small bay about one mile east of Bengore and continue gradually to rise in a vast arch till they attain their greatest elevation in the front of Pleaskin, which is 400 feet in height. Thence they continue to sink in a gradual curve, in such a manner that, nearly two miles distant from their culminating point, the great ochre bed and first columnar range dip into the sea; and thus the Giants' Causeway is formed. The upper surface of the ochre-bed is just on the level of low water; hence, high-water rises so as to cover the lower portion of the pillars. The Causeway is then nothing more than the *upper surface of a portion of the first columnar range* LAID BARE, probably from the sea having washed over it for many ages at a higher level; of which we have independent evidence. The ends of the pillars may be distinctly traced, both on the east and west sides of the Causeway, *resting on the ochre-bed*. It is upon a concave depression in the upper surface of this bed that the whole Causeway stands, the pillars being at right angles to the concave surface. Hence, on the east and west sides of the Causeway, the columns lean over towards the middle. It is only in the middle, that is, over the lowest part of the curve, that they are perpendicular to the horizon. The columnar bed and great ochre, after thus dipping into the sea, rise gradually again in a curve, continue their course together for a short distance, and vanish from the cliffs;—thence to Bushfoot the beds below them in the series occupy the coast.

It is therefore mere trifling to dwell so much as has been done even by writers, on the number, form, position, &c., of the pillars; on their arrangement round "a keystone;" and on such questions as how deep the pillars descend—whether they are joined beneath the sea to those of Staffa!! &c. From the moment the structure of the coast is understood, our wonder will be transferred to the great arched columnar beds ranging from Portmoon along the cliffs; and our overpowering feelings of sublimity and awe, to the lofty mural precipices with their mighty colonnades.

The beautiful range of pillars at Craigahullier, near Dunluce, seems to belong to the upper columnar bed —but it is difficult to determine. On the southern front of Cairncarny mountain, near Antrim, a façade of

was disenchanted, all the music and fine ould Irish airs, that are lost, would break out of it again."

When the eye has dwelt sufficiently long upon this singular "structure," it is directed further east; and another variety in the scene is presented —"the Chimney-tops;" three pillars, the tallest of which reaches to a height of forty-five feet; they stand upon an isolated rock, some distance from the cliff. We were told an interesting story of this remarkable place.

A few years ago, a poor idiot boy was deprived of his only parent (his mother) by death; the woman was buried, and some of the neighhours, anxious to withdraw him from the grave he continued to weep over with unchanging love, told him his

very perfect and beautiful pillars of black basalt was exposed a few years ago, in searching for a quarry of whinstone. This façade was lately opened to its base, by the orders and at the expense of George J. Clarke, Esq., of Steeple, with the view of ascertaining on what rock it rested, and to test its correspondence with the Causeway beds. The result completely determined its identity—it reposed upon a thick bed of ochre. Another highly-interesting geological question, to which it would be out of place to refer here, was also settled by this discovery. Mr. Clarke's example is highly worthy of being imitated, as Geology is very much in want of such practical researches. Columnar basalt occurs also extensively on the northern shores of Lough Neagh.

The origin of basalt and other rocks of the family was formerly matter of active discussion between the Wernerians and Huttonians—it is now considered as settled that these rocks, as well as granite, porphyry, &c., are of igneous origin,—not formed in air, as volcanic rocks are now, but under pressure, in the depths of the sea or in the bowels of the earth; and hence they are styled *Plutonic*. The following is an abstract of the proofs of the igneous origin of these rocks:—

I. The effects produced by the trap rocks, when they come in contact with rocks capable of being altered. These effects are chiefly seen when whin-dikes intersect the strata. A whin-dike is a vertical wall of *whinstone*, i. e., trap of some kind, either basalt, greenstone, or porphyry, intersecting the strata and extending to unknown depths. These effects are:—1. The charring of coal, often to many feet, on both sides of the dike. 2. The conversion of clay into jasper, and of sandstone into quartz rock. 3. The conversion of chalk into a crystalline marble like the Carrara, or into a phosphorescent powder like pounded white sugar; and of flint into jasper, or into a white thinly laminated porcellanous substance. 4. The conversion of the soft fossiliferous clay of the lias into a hard flinty slate;—an example of which is the celebrated Portrush rock, so like basalt that it was described as a *basalt containing shells*, and often referred to during the great controversy as a proof of the aqueous formation of that stone. 5. The disruption, displacement, and contortion which trap dikes and veins produce on sedimentary rocks, among which they intrude—the tortuous lines

mother was not there, but was gone up to heaven. "Gone up!" he repeated: "what! gone up as high as the Organ?"—his only ideas of height being derived from the localities of the Causeway.

"Ay!" they said; "higher than that."

"As high as the Chimneys?" "Yes, and higher."

He shook his head, replying in his innocence "there was nothing higher." The next evening, when they took the idiot some potatoes to the place that had been his constant abode since his mother's burial, they could not find

of least resistance followed by the vein in cases of such intrusion—all point to an eruption from beneath in a heated state. II. The basaltic rocks are of the same mineral composition as the leading *volcanic* rocks; basalt, greenstone, &c., are found among the older lavas of Ætna; and amygdaloid also exists in Sicily, as a submarine lava. So similar are the specimens indeed, that it is often difficult to distinguish the ancient trap-rock from the lava of recent origin. III. In whin-dikes the prismatic structure is seen, but the prisms are *horizontal*, not *vertical*, as in the overlying basalt. Now, if these strata cooled from igneous fusion, we should expect, *à priori*, that the columnar structure would develop itself perpendicularly to the cooling surface. In beds parallel to the horizon the *pillars* are vertical; beds perpendicular to the horizon have the pillars horizontal, a difference obviously pointing to the igneous origin and mode of cooling. The two dikes which intersect the Causeway, and divide it into three parts, are prismatic across. Similar dikes cut the columnar ranges and the other beds in several places. IV. The igneous theory has been confirmed by actual experiments, in which columnar basalt has been artificially formed by the slow cooling of fused amorphous basalt.—See Gregory Watts' Exper. on fused substances, in Phil. Trans. for 1804; or Phillips's account of them in his Geology (in Lardner's Cab. Cycl.), vol. ii. p. 46. V. Every difference between the basaltic rocks and modern lavas may be explained by supposing the former to have been erupted, not *in air*, but under the pressure of a deep sea—which we are at liberty to do, as we are sure the subjacent secondary rocks are of marine origin, from their organic remains; and as these rocks bear obvious marks of violent movements posterior to their consolidation. Of this we have an example in one part of a stratum of chalk being in the crest of a mountain and the rest on the plain beneath, though the whole was originally deposited, in one continuous layer, on the bottom of the sea. It is indeed plain that the entire area has been elevated since the formation of the basaltic rocks. *Hence appears the inutility of speculations concerning craters and vents.* The igneous matter was spread out in vast sheets upon the sea bottom, from perhaps many vents, which would, most probably, disappear entirely in the subsequent movements, and in the changes resulting from such a mighty catastrophe. The volume of lava so poured out finds a meet representative in the vast quantities which issued from Skaptar Jokul, in Iceland, in 1783. (See Lyell's Geology, vol. ii. p. 181.)

Mr. Watts's experiments afford a satisfactory explanation of the origin of joints in basaltic pillars, and of the spherical masses composed of concentric coats, called Onion-stone at the Causeway, and found over all parts of the trap district. At a certain stage in the cooling of the semifluid mass of melted basalt, spheroids were formed within its substance. From the centres of these there radiated distinct fibres, which divided at equal distances from the centre, so as to detach portions of the spheroid in concentric coats. When the radii of two spheroids touched at their extremities, the one set of fibres did not penetrate the other, but the two bodies became mutually compressed, and separated by a well-defined plane. When several spheroids came in contact, they formed one another, by their mutual pressure, into prisms with perfect angles, such as the Causeway pillars. Each joint is thus a compressed spheroid. The articulations in the lower joints would obviously present convex and concave surfaces; but in proportion as the centre, whence the fibres radiated, became more remote, the articulations would approximate to planes.

Actual dissection, by the hammer, of the Causeway pillars, confirms this view of their structure: a great many small pieces may be detached all round a joint, leaving a spheroidal nucleus occupying its greater part; and in this a radiation from a centre may be seen. The experiments also account for the great variety in the forms of the Causeway pillars.

him; but before the night closed in, the poor creature was discovered weeping and lamenting on the top of those fearful columns—"the Chimneys"—clapping his hands and crying aloud. Nothing could exceed the horror and dismay of the "neighbours," who could not imagine how he got there, and dared not peril their own lives by attempting to rescue him. To estimate the danger of such an undertaking, the columns and their elevation must be seen. It grew dark, and the cries of the boy increased; they hallooed to him, entreating him to keep quiet till the morning, and to cling closely to the columns. Some agreed to watch near "the Chimneys;" so that if he fell, they might, perhaps, be able to render him assistance. Sleep, however, overpowered those whose day had been spent either in hard labour or active endurance. When they awoke, the sun was glowing above the horizon, and the boy was gone. They rushed towards the *débris* piled around the columns, expecting to find his mangled body; but there was so little trace of the idiot boy, that the two watchers asked each other if it were not ALL a dream!—and they proceeded homeward, agreeing as to the impossibility of his having descended in safety, when the first object they beheld at the door of the nearest cottage was the poor idiot safe and sound in body, except that his arms and legs were well scratched and scarred by the sharp edges of the stones.

"Eh!" exclaimed one of the men, "but those whom God keeps are well kept. And how did ye get down, my bonny man?"

"I could na find my mammy!" answered the child, while tears coursed each other down his cheeks, and the absence of intelligence was atoned for by the look of deep and earnest affection; "I could na find my mammy, though I cried to her. I could na find my mammy!"

These Chimney-tops were, it is said, battered by one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, whose crew in the night-time mistook them for the "chimneys" of Dunluce Castle. The ship, according to tradition, was lost in the small bay on the other side, called, from this circumstance, Port-na-Spania. "There were casks of gold," said our guide—the poet Mac Cock,—"rolled in there; and some of the rocks are stained with wine to this day. The rocks of the island are cruel to their own people sometimes; but to the Spaniards they were cruel indeed. I heard tell of a skull being found there laced up in its helmet—but Death laughs through his chattering jaws at all safeguards—the steel was firm enough, but the poor bones within had crumbled into dust."

So far—as far as the rock surmounted by the Chimney-tops, which stands over Port-na-Spania, between it and Port Reostan—the eye traverses along

the coast, from the summit of the Causeway. Looking seaward from this point, we perceive only a rock, which seems to be a continuation of the structure, but which, we understood, is not formed of basalt. Between it and the Causeway there are ten fathoms' water. Beyond it, to the east, is Sea-gull Island—a broad and high rock, generally almost literally covered by the birds which have given to it a name.

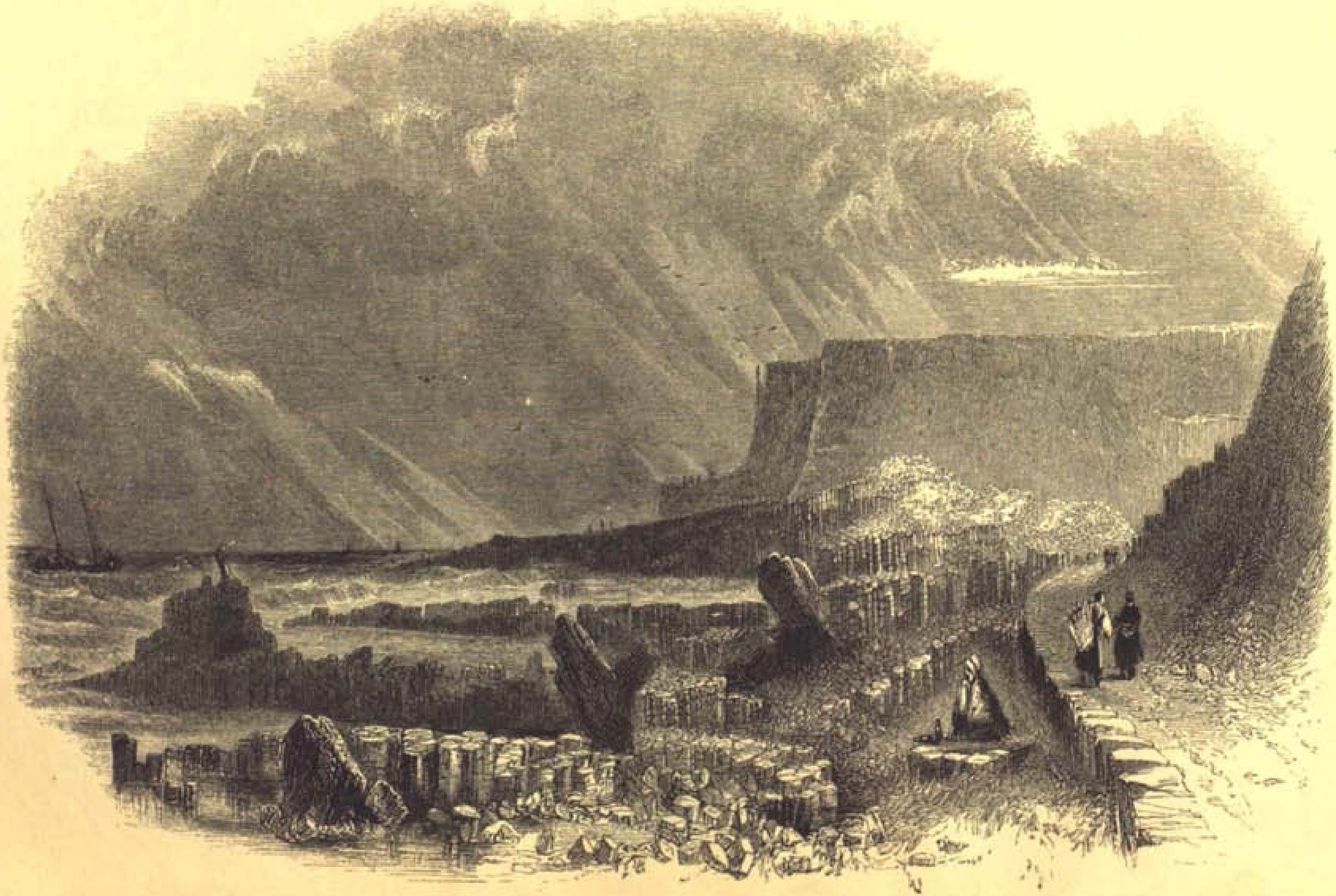
The tourist will now demand leisure to examine more minutely the wonderful work of Nature upon which he is standing. The Causeway consists of three "piers or moles,"—the Little Causeway, the Middle Causeway, the Great Causeway—each jutting out into the sea; the greater mole being visible to the extent of about 300 yards at low water, the other two not more than half that distance. The parts which the sea passes over are black from the sea-weed; the upper portions being principally grey from the short close lichen. The accompanying view, taken from the east, affords a tolerably correct idea of the gradually diminishing line, from the summit to the extreme end,

where it dips into the ocean. The rocks in the back-ground are the two Steucans; and the Organ is observed running up the cliff.

The Little Causeway is first approached from the west; next is the Middle Causeway, to which the guides have given the name of the Honeycomb, a name which aptly explains its character. Here is "the Lady's Chair," a group of pillars gathered round a single pillar, depressed, and so arranged as to form a comfortable seat. The Great Causeway is, however, the leading object of attraction. The visitor usually ascends it from the west, and descends it to the east. On the west side he is first shown "Lord Antrim's Parlour," a space surrounded by columns, where tourists usually carve their names—the remotest date is 1717. On the east side he leaves the Causeway by what is called "the Giant's Gateway;" the columns here presenting somewhat the character of a series of steps. Much time will be profitably expended in walking over the Great Causeway. The guides will point out its singularities, directing attention to the facts, that out of the immense number of columns, there is but one of three sides, still more numerous are those of five sides, the majority are of six sides, there are but few of seven, there are several of eight; only three have ever been discovered of nine sides, and none have been found of ten. "Each pillar is in itself a distinct piece of workmanship; it is separable from all the adjacent columns, and then is in itself separable into distinct joints, whose articulation is as perfect as human exertion could have formed it; the extremities of each joint being concave or convex, which is determined by the terminations of the joints with which it was united; but there is no regularity as to the upper or lower extremity being concave or convex: the only law on this point is, that the contiguous joints are the one concave, the other convex."

The prevailing forms are pentagonal, hexagonal, heptagonal, but some of the pillars, upon casual inspection, may be mistaken for squares, in consequence of the shortness of one or more of the sides; indeed, it is occasionally difficult to determine the number of sides, except by the number of pillars by which each pillar is encompassed—thus a column of seven sides will be, of course, inclosed by seven other columns.

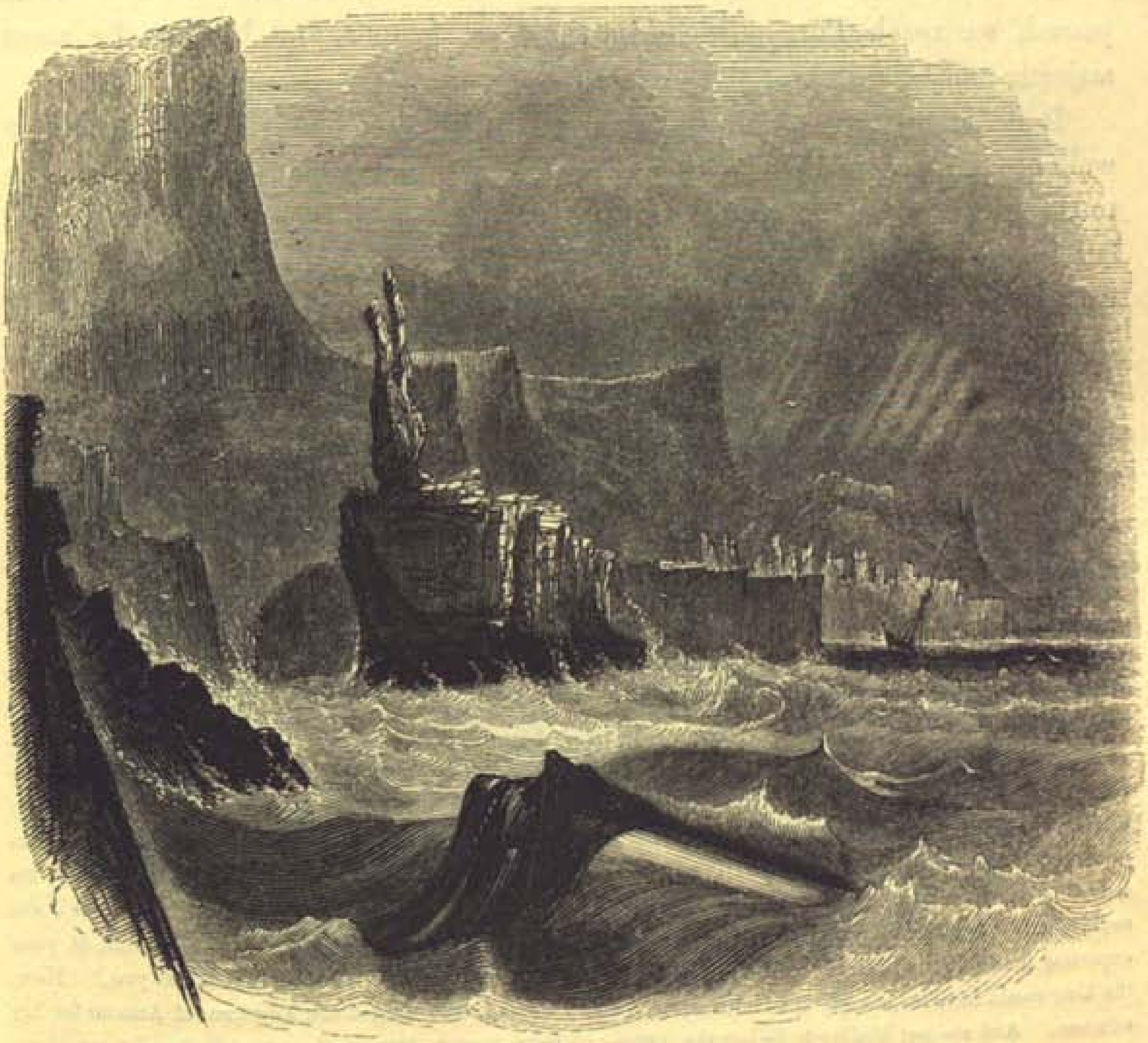
Immediately on leaving the Great Causeway, the guide will point out the "Giant's Loom,"—a colonnade thirty-one feet two inches in height. One of the pillars consists of thirty-eight joints. Besides the points we have enumerated, there are the Giant's Theatre, the Giant's Ball-alley, the Giant's Pulpit, the Giant's Bagpipes, and the Giant's Granny. But, as we have observed—and shall find it necessary to note again—every peculiarity in this marvellous neighbourhood is assigned to the giants, either as "articles of their manufacture," or objects formed for their especial accommodation. Indeed, the Causeway itself was the production of one of them; as the guides will be sure to tell every traveller;



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

for when the Irish giant, Fin Mac Cool, was "wishing" to fight the Scotch giant, Benandonner, and invited him over to receive the beating intended for him, the Irish giant thought it only polite to prevent the stranger wetting the "sole of his foot," and so built a bridge for him across the sea all the way from Staffa, over which the kilted Goliath came—"to get broken bones."

The tourist having gratified his curiosity and satisfied his mind, by a careful examination of the Causeway, which will excite greater wonder the more it is examined; and of which our meagre sketch conveys but a very faint idea; will proceed (but to this task another day must be devoted), along the headlands to Dunseverick; returning, as we have intimated, by water. The rocks, seen from either land or sea, assume an immense variety of fantastic



forms—to each of which the guides have given a name, borrowed from some fanciful similitude to a real object. Passing Port Na Spania, where also there

is an organ,—"the Spanish Organ,"—a group will be pointed out to him, called "the Priest and his Flock," next the Nursing Child * (pictured on the opposite page); next, "The Scholar," a white pillar in a black crevice, likened to a student, book in hand; and next, "The King and his Nobles;" these are in Port-na-Callian: the latter, a singular assemblage of pillars, stands at the extremity of a narrow neck of land that separates this Port from Port-na-Tober, above which is the Lover's Leap—a precipice perpendicular from the summit to the shore. When this is passed, we reach Port-na-Pleaskin, the most famous, and by far the most majestic and beautiful, of all the bays.

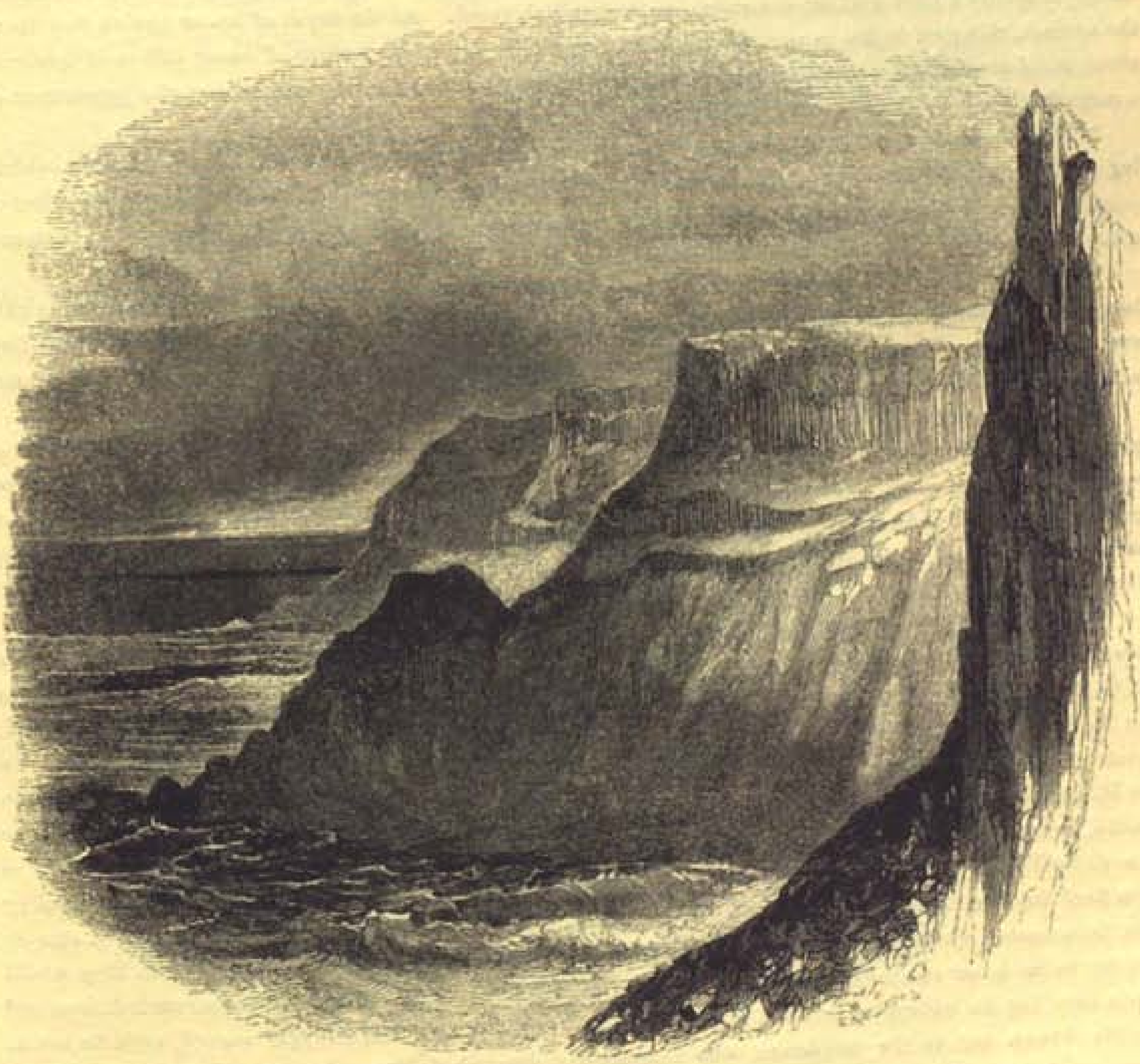
It is impossible for painter to portray, or the imagination to conceive, a walk of more sublime beauty than that along the headlands from the Causeway to the Pleaskin. See the Pleaskin from the water, if you can, but do not fail to see it by land; seat yourself in "Hamilton's Seat," and look down upon the galleries, the colonnades, the black irregular rocks, the stratums of many colours, and the *débris* of a sloping bank that meets the waves and is clothed, here and there, with verdure of all hues and qualities. May you see it, as we did, when cloud and sunshine were chasing each other; when the gulls and sea-birds looked like motes floating from the ocean to their haunts

* "The child's as big as the nurse," observed Mac Cock, "and I made a poem on it once." "The lady would rayther hear the prose," said Mac William, who seemed to have a great terror of Mac Cock's poetry. Mac Cock, however, persevered, and the prose of the poetry was a legend sufficiently poetical, without the aid of Mac Cock's versification. "A giant-lady was greatly distressed at not having children, her heart grew heavy when she saw the noble palace her husband had built high upon Fairhead, to which the Causeway was only the servants' entrance; and she mourned bitterly, for she said, 'I have no child to inherit this.' And a great witch (a giant she was), advised her to make believe, and let on that she would soon have an heir, and 'Leave the rest to me,' she says, 'and I'll supply you with one of my own, and nurse it into the bargain.' Well, the lady carried the deception wonderful, and at last her time came, and the false witch brought a child, which was presented to the king, her husband, as his; and he was greatly delighted; and the only request he made to his lady, the queen, was that she should nurse the child herself, and this put her into a passion, for she knew she could not. 'Is it,' she says, 'a brute or an animal you'd be making of me,' she says, 'to hink of your expecting me to do the likes of that—and I a king's daughter and a king's wife!—I wonder at you.' Now, the king would have let her off, but for his sister, a sharp woman, who wanted the kingdom of Antrim for her own son. And she put him up to follow the nurse and baby down to the sea-shore; and when he got them to a particular place, to take up a handful of sand, and cast it in the face of the nurse and child, saying, 'For the truth.' 'And, if it is your child,' says his sister, 'it will remain as it is; if it is not, both nurse and child will be turned into stone pillars.' So the king did as he was told, and there are the stone pillars, nurse and child, to this day."

in the wild cliffs; when we *saw* the motion of the waves, yet though we were hushed and listening could hardly hear them murmur; when we looked down an abyss of the most varied and surprising beauty, not at the time remembering that from where we sat to where the ripple kissed the strand was a depth of three hundred and fifty-four feet.

The wonders of the Causeway, the grandeur of Fairhead, the dells and glens, the changing yet perpetual beauty of Cushendall and Cushendun, of Glenarm and Red Bay, of all the Antrim coast and scenery—sink into comparative insignificance before the combined grandeur and loveliness of the Pleaskin.

Yet how poor an idea of the grandeur, grace, and sublimity of the scene is conveyed by this picture of the artist!



"From a natural seat on this cape," writes Sir Richard Colt Hoare, "I had a truly astonishing and pleasing view of three successive promontories, or headlands, retiring in gradual perspective; their upper surface level and

uniform, their base broken into the most fantastic forms.* " The view is seen to best advantage from the summit; where a chair of rock is placed just above the precipice; this is called by the guides "Hamilton's Seat;" for here the accomplished author of "Letters from the Northern Coast" was usually to be found during the period of his inquiries concerning the "Natural History" of the vicinity; here he built a small wooden house for the accommodation of the artist he employed to make a model of the place; and here his admiration was most especially excited †. It is, in truth, "beautiful exceedingly"—"its general form so exquisite—its storied pillars, tier over tier, so architecturally graceful—its curious and varied stratifications supporting the columnar ranges; here the dark brown basalt, there the red ochre, and below

* "The summit of Pleaskin is covered with a thin grassy sod, under which lies the natural basaltic rock, having generally a hard surface, somewhat cracked and shivered. At the depth of ten or twelve feet from the summit, this rock begins to assume a columnar tendency, and forms a range of massy pillars of basaltes, which stand perpendicular to the horizon, presenting, in the sharp face of the promontory, the appearance of a magnificent gallery or colonnade, upward of sixty feet in height.

"This colonnade is supported on a solid base of coarse, black, irregular rock, near sixty feet thick, abounding in blebs and air-holes—but though comparatively irregular, it may be evidently observed to affect a peculiar figure, tending in many places to run into regular forms, resembling the shooting of salts and many other substances during a hasty crystallisation.

"Under this great bed of stone, stands a second range of pillars, between forty and fifty feet in height, less gross, and more sharply defined than those of the upper story, many of them, on a close view, emulating even the neatness of the columns in the Giant's Causeway. This lower range is borne on a layer of red ochre stone, which serves as a relief to show it to great advantage.

"These two admirable natural galleries, together with the interjacent mass of irregular rock, form a perpendicular height of one hundred and seventy feet; from the base of which, the promontory, covered over with rock and grass, slopes down to the sea for the space of two hundred feet more, making, in all, a mass of near four hundred feet in height, which in beauty and variety of its colouring, in elegance and novelty of arrangement, and in the extraordinary magnitude of its objects, cannot readily be rivalled by anything of the kind at present known."—*Hamilton's "Northern Coast."*

† The Rev. William Hamilton, D.D., was born in Londonderry, on the 16th of December, 1755. He became a Fellow of Trinity College in 1779. His "Letters concerning the Northern Coast," published in 1786, first directed general attention to the wonders of the Giants' Causeway. He was, unhappily, murdered, on the 2nd of March, 1797, "by a number of armed ruffians," under circumstances of singular atrocity. In consequence of his activity as a magistrate, he had excited the animosity of the lawless fomentors of rebellion in his neighbourhood. He was watched for a considerable period; and at length his suspicions having been lulled, he was passing an evening at the house of a friend, the Rev. Dr. Waller, at Sharon, near the Ferry of Lough Swilly. The family and their guest were amusing themselves in the parlour, when, suddenly, a volley was fired through the window. Mrs. Waller was mortally wounded. Dr. Hamilton endeavoured to escape; but the assassins, who numbered many hundreds, declared that if he was not given up to them, they would set fire to the house and destroy every one of its inmates. A horrible scene followed: the servants determined upon thrusting the unhappy gentleman forth; he resisted; and a frightful struggle ensued, until he was at length thrown out to the murderers, who immediately despatched him. Such was then the state of the country, that they all escaped; some, however, were secreted until they found means to embark for America. We heard from a person very conversant with the subject, that one of the murderers was discovered in a singular way. The wadding of a gun was found unconsumed in the room; it was afterwards recognised as the hand-writing of a little boy, the son of a neighbouring farmer, and the copy book from which it had been torn—into a page of which it exactly fitted—was obtained at his cottage.

that again the slender but distinct black lines of the wood-coal, and all the ledges of its different stratifications tastefully variegated, by the hand of vegetable nature, with grasses, and ferns, and rock-plants;—in the various strata of which it is composed, sublimity and beauty having been blended together in the most extraordinary manner."

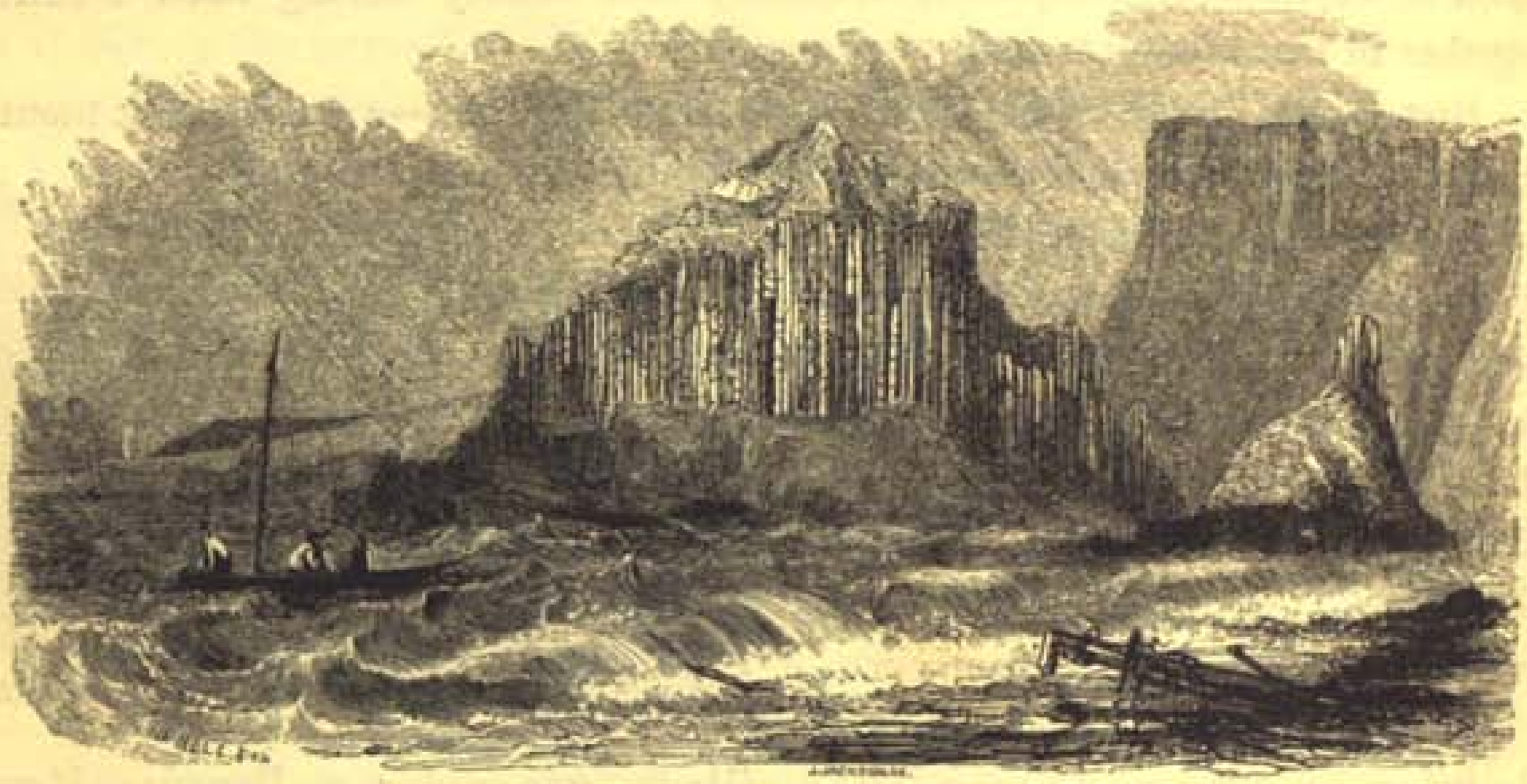
East of the Pleaskin, fronting Horse-shoe harbour—a small creek named from the object it resembles—is a singular formation of rocks called the Lion's Head;—formed of red sandstone. Off Kenbane Head (another magnificent headland) are the "Twins," two pillars standing alone; then comes the "Giant's Ball Alley," a perpendicular rock of prodigious height; next, the "Giant's Pulpit," projecting over the ocean; and then—passing Port-na-Truin—we arrive at Bengore Head, scarcely inferior in grandeur, although more limited in extent, to the promontory of Fairhead *.

Here, also, stands a remarkable pillar, to which the guides have given the name of "the Giant's Granny." To the east are four columns,

known as "the Four Sisters." At the other extremity of Port Fad, is a single rock, named "the Priest." Then we enter Port Moon, a calm and

* "The whin-dykes, as geologists call those perpendicular walls that separate the stratifications on either side, protrude to form the respective promontories of this line of coast, and, where they meet the sea, present many curious forms."

beautiful bay, into which rushes a river from the Feigh Mountain, forming a noble cataract as it reaches the coast. Here occurs one of the most striking and picturesque of all the basaltic formations; it is called "the Stack."



Soon after passing this, the tourist reaches Dunseverick; and here he may consider he has achieved his purpose—so far as to examine the coast adjoining the Causeway. His journey has been entirely east of it; for to the west it presents but few objects of attraction between the Causeway and Dunluce—a distance of some three or four miles.

A single visit to the Causeway will, however, be very far from entirely satisfying the tourist; there is an indescribable charm about the place, a powerful attraction to examine it again and again, under as many varied circumstances as the season will permit. Fortunately, the establishment of an inn so close to it, affords facilities for inspecting it at all hours. We saw it once at midnight—and alone; when the moon was shining over earth and sea, but lending a quiet light in happy harmony with the solemn grandeur of the impressive scene; there was no "guide" at hand to disturb with idle chatter the awful silence around, broken only by the rush of the waves, as they came rolling along the gloomy shore; and now and then breaking into phosphoric lights as they dashed against the dark masses of basalt; while the wind, something between a howl and a murmur, made the wonderful character of the locality grand and terrible, almost beyond conception, and far beyond description *.

* In Port-na-Truin, east of Benbane Head (between Benbane and Bengore), sounds resembling human lamentation are said sometimes to be heard to issue from cavities in the rocks; and it has been suggested that the name is hence derived, truan or truin signifying woe or lamentation in the Irish language. The ebbing and flowing of the tide acting on confined air may produce them.

"Dark o'er the foam-white waves
The Giant's Pier the war of tempests braves,
A far-projecting, firm basaltic way
Of clustering columns wedged in dense array;
With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
With such design, so just in every part,
That reason pauses, doubtful if it stand
The work of mortal, or immortal, hand."

Surely our account—poor and weak as it is—of this most singular, peculiar, and marvellous production of nature, is sufficient to direct towards it the attention of the tourist, who seeks, year after year, the excitement and refreshment to be derived from travelling. To what part of Europe can he proceed with greater certainty of deriving from his visit more enjoyment or more information?

From Bushmills, or from the hotel of Miss Henry, there is yet another excursion to be made—to the ruins of Dunluce Castle; and from thence to "the white rocks," midway between Dunluce and the pretty and thriving sea-port of Portrush. The white rocks are formed of limestone, and abound in caves; there are no fewer than twenty-seven of these natural caverns, some of them extending far under the hills, within a distance of about two miles. The largest and most picturesque is called the "Priest's Hole *."

The views from all parts of this vicinity are most magnificent—to the west is the narrow promontory upon which stands Portrush; immediately before us is a picturesque group of islands—"the Skerries," to the east is Dunluce, and beyond it, are the gigantic cliffs that hang above the Causeway.

There are few ruins in Ireland so remarkable and interesting as that of Dunluce. "It stands on an insulated rock that rises one hundred feet above the level of the sea, the perpendicular sides of which appear as if forming part of the walls—while its base, by the continual action of the waves, has been formed into spacious and rather curious caverns. It is separated from the mainland by a chasm twenty feet broad, and one hundred feet deep—the only approach to it being by a kind of self-supported arch or wall about

* "They might well call the times that are past the times of the troubles," said our guide, and "ane sorrow brings twa, as the saying is—gentle and simple—priest and minister shared the same fate. Why, you see you, —up there in the high rock, like a speck from this—it is called the priest's hole; well, when the rebellion was over, a priest, who had been stirring enough I suppose, hid himself in the holes and caves and places about the shore, thinking that in time the troubles would quench, and he might escape, but the soldiers tracked him; and at last they found him, or rather saw him, and called to him to surrender, and he refused; and, standing in the gap of the cave—the dark spot that you're looking at now—he told them that if they stirred a foot nearer to him he would jump into the waves that were boiling below from where he stood; but they did not believe he had that courage. So they kept on at their ill-words, and at last rushed at him—he was gone—with one spring he darted into the waters, and was seen no more."

eighteen inches wide, below which the foaming wave dashes with considerable violence, even in calm weather. Across this narrow and dangerous footway the adventurous tourist must pass, if disposed to examine this interesting ruin, which forms one of the most picturesque and commanding objects along the whole line of coast. It is built of columnar basalt, in many instances so placed as to show their polygonal sections. The castle on the rock contained a small court-yard, and several apartments of considerable dimensions."

The history of the Mc Donnels is closely connected with this ruin—for Dunluce was the earliest seat of the family; and that history is so full of strange matter as to be akin to romance. A collection of anecdotes illustrative of their career would fill a volume. Our limits are, however, exhausted; and we are once again reminded of the many subjects upon which we must treat before our task is finished.

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DUBLIN

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

ANTRIM

FERMANAGH, LEITRIM, & LONGFORD.

London Published by Orr & Smith, 28 Bow Church Yard.

FERMANAGH.

The inland county of Fermanagh, in the province of Ulster, is bounded on the north by the counties of Tyrone and Donegal, on the east by Tyrone and Monaghan, on the south by Cavan, and on the west by Donegal and Leitrim. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 456,538 acres; of which 320,599 are cultivated, 46,755 are covered by water, and the remainder are unprofitable mountain and bog. In 1821, the population amounted to 130,997, and in 1831, to 149,555*.

The county is divided into eight baronies—those of Clonkelly, Coole,

* The returns, according to the census of 1841, have not yet been laid before the public. The delay in issuing them has arisen in consequence of a very wise and just determination to render them accurate—as accurate, indeed, as they can possibly be made. And, we believe, so skilfully has the machinery been arranged, both in their collection and subsequent correction, that these returns will be found worthy of perfect reliance. It is understood, however, that the increase in the population of Ireland, taken in the aggregate, has not exceeded five per cent. beyond the census of 1831; a very small increase compared with the increase of 1831 over 1821. But this fact is accounted for on the ground that the census of 1831 was very incorrect; that it was not in reality anything like so large as it was represented to be. This evil arose out of the impolitic mode by which it was taken. Paid officers were employed in the several districts throughout Ireland, who were remunerated *in proportion to the numbers entered on their lists*; so much, indeed, per hundred; the natural consequence was a proneness to exaggerate, stimulated by a desire for profit; and it has been ascertained that in several instances the exaggeration was carried to such an extent as scarcely to be credited. The census of 1841 was, as our readers are aware, taken by the Irish Constabulary, who had no inducement to go beyond the truth; and who were subjected to a continual scrutiny by their officers. Another cause of the small increase presented by the late census is, undoubtedly, the great increase of emigration; an evil that still continues to a fearful extent. Persons who travel in Ireland, and cannot see far beneath the surface of things, will be astonished to find, perpetually, large tracts of naturally fertile, though entirely unproductive, land, from the very borders of which whole families, able, healthy, and industrious, have emigrated. To seek for what? For that which they leave at the very thresholds of their own homes. If the emigrant is very fortunate in the distant colonial locality in which he settles, he *may* obtain land as rich and as easy of culture as that which he has left, and requiring no *larger* capital to make it yield profitable crops; but, as we know, in nine cases out of ten, he quits the good to take possession of the bad; and establishes himself in a place where the difficulties are at least four-fold greater than they were at home, and where he, or some one for him, must lay out pounds before he can obtain the means of existence, when at home shillings would have produced the same result. It is folly to talk of Ireland being over-populated, with its millions of acres of mountain and bog, capable of supplying food for millions of human beings, which now feed only the grouse and the hare.

Upon this subject, and in reference to the latest census also, we hope to have more minute information before we have completed our work.

Glenawly, Knockinny, Lurg, Magheraboy, Magherastephana, and Tyrkennedy. Its principal town is Enniskillen, a famous town for centuries; and it is almost the only town of size or note that it contains *.

Although other parts of the county are highly interesting, from their historical associations, and exceedingly picturesque, we must endeavour to content our readers with a description of Enniskillen, the fine and beautiful Lough Erne, and the objects of importance in their immediate neighbourhood. We entered Fermanagh by way of Ballyshannon; a bridge passes over the Erne river, which divides the county from that of Donegal; and close to it is the far-famed Salmon-leap, confessedly the grandest in "all Ireland." The navigation of the river is here abruptly stopped by this magnificent Fall, a fall of nearly twenty feet, which extends the whole breadth of the Erne, a length of above 150 yards. The waters descend with astonishing rapidity; and, as the cliff is almost perpendicular, the stream passes downward nearly unbroken, in one huge volume. Here and there a few shelving rocks receive it in its descent, and convert the rushing torrent into foam. The Basin, which forms the head of Ballyshannon harbour, into which it falls, is literally alive with salmon; and it is scarcely credible that the fish are able to spring up "the Leap," and make their way into the comparatively placid lake. Yet, at the usual season of their voyaging, they may be counted by thousands, overcoming the great natural barrier to their passage. This, although the most extensive, is not the only fall between Lough Erne and the sea; there are, we believe, four others; one of them—and it is the most graceful we have ever seen—is near the pretty little village of Balleek, about four miles from Ballyshannon. And here the beauty of the scenery may be said to commence; the road to Enniskillen, a distance of eighteen miles, runs the whole way along the southern borders of the lake. The lake is to the left; and to the right,

* Fermanagh was one of the six counties included in the famous scheme of James the First for the "Plantation of Ulster." According to the arrangement therein made, "the county is supposed to have consisted of 1070 tates of thirty acres each, besides forty-six islands great and small;" of these, two hundred and twelve tates were assigned to the church, and the remainder to the Scotch and English settlers. "A portion, consisting of three hundred and ninety tates, was given to Mac Guire; and the rest of the native inhabitants, as in the other four counties, were removed to waste lands in Connaught and Munster."

The county abounds in lakes. Hence it was called in Irish, Feor-magh-eanagh, "the Country of the Lakes." It was made shire ground in the 11th of Elizabeth; being then in a very unsettled state, and divided between two powerful septs—the Mac Manuses and the Mac Guires. Its condition at that period is illustrated by an anecdote of a chieftain of the last named clan. When the lord-deputy sent to inform him that he was about to send a sheriff into his territory, Mac Guire answered, that "her majesty's officer would be received; but at the same time he desired to know his *eric*—the fine to be imposed on his murderer, in order that, if he happened to be slain by any of his followers, the amount might be levied on the offender's chattels."

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THE LOWER LOUGH ERNE.

F.H.S.MARAGH.

Printed by Alfred Adlard

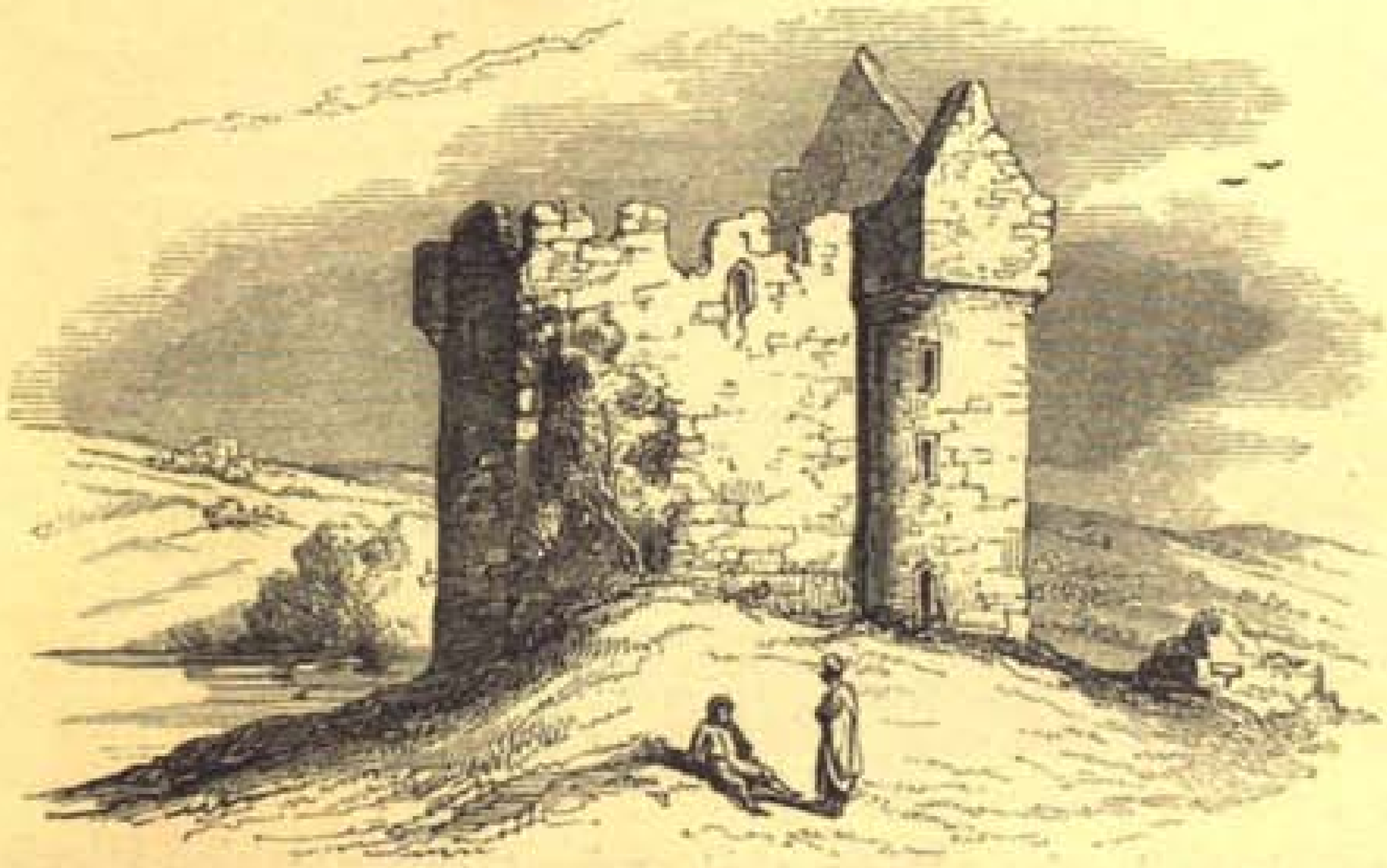
London, Published by How & Parsons, 132 Fleet Street.

almost into the town, the drive is under the shadow of lofty hills, richly cultivated and occasionally as richly planted. Between the road and the water, extends a remarkably fertile valley, thick with trees and underwood; and beyond it stretches the long and narrow Lough with its multitude of islands. These islands are said to equal in number the days of the year*; they are very numerous; and of all sizes, from the small "dot" to the plain of many acres. All of them are green, and most of them are very productive; some are covered with "fat herbage," on which are feeding flocks of sheep; others are miniature forests; some appear so large as to look like profitable "estates;" others seem so small that a giant's hand might cover them. Along the whole of the route, the opposite shore is kept in view — for the lake has in no part a greater breadth than nine miles— and is so wide only in one vicinity —the neighbourhood of Tully Castle, on the southern bank. From this ancient castle, which stands upon a promontory that juts out into the lake, the prospect is extensive and

* "The largest of the islands is Inismore, containing nine tates and a half of old plantation measure. Bally-Mac-Manus, now called Bell-isle, containing two large tates much improved by Sir Ralph Gore; Killygowan, Ennis-Granny, Blath-Ennis, Ennis-Liag, Eonis M'Knock, Cluan-Ennis, Ennis-keen, Ennis M'Saint, and Babha." A writer in "The Dublin Penny Journal" thus refers to the interesting and beautiful scene:—"We cannot conceive any circumstance that better illustrates the truth of the general principle that, as Shakspeare expresses it, 'what we have we prize not at its worth,' than the fact that Lough Erne—the admiration and delight of strangers, the most extensive and beautifully diversified sheet of water in Ireland—is scarcely known as an object of interest and beauty to the people of Ireland generally, and is rarely or never visited by them for pleasure. It is true that the nobility and gentry who reside upon its shores or in their vicinity, are not deficient in a feeling of pride in their charming locality, and even boast its superiority of beauty to the far-famed Lakes of Killarney; yet till very recently this admiration was almost exclusively confined to themselves, and the beauties of Lough Erne were as little known to the people of Ireland generally as those of the lakes and highlands of Connemara. But Lough Erne will not be thus neglected or unappreciated much longer. Its beauties have been discovered and been eulogised by strangers, who have taught us to set a juster value on the landscape beauties which Providence has bountifully given to our country; and it will soon be a reproach to us to be unfamiliar with them."

inconceivably beautiful *. In its general character, as exhibited in its ruins, Tully Castle appears to have been a fortified residence of the usual class erected by the first Scottish settlers in the country—a keep or castle turreted at the angles, and surrounded by a bawn or outer wall, enclosing a court-yard. It is thus described by Pynnar in 1618. "Sir John Hume hath two thousand acres called Carrynroe. Upon this proportion there is a bawne of lime and stone, an hundred feet square, fourteen feet high, having four flankers for the defence. There is also a fair strong castle fifty feet long and twenty-one feet broad. He hath made a village near unto the bawne, in which is dwelling twenty-four families."

The ruins of another ancient castle—the Castle of Monea—which possesses the same general characteristics, stands a few miles to the south-east of Tully.

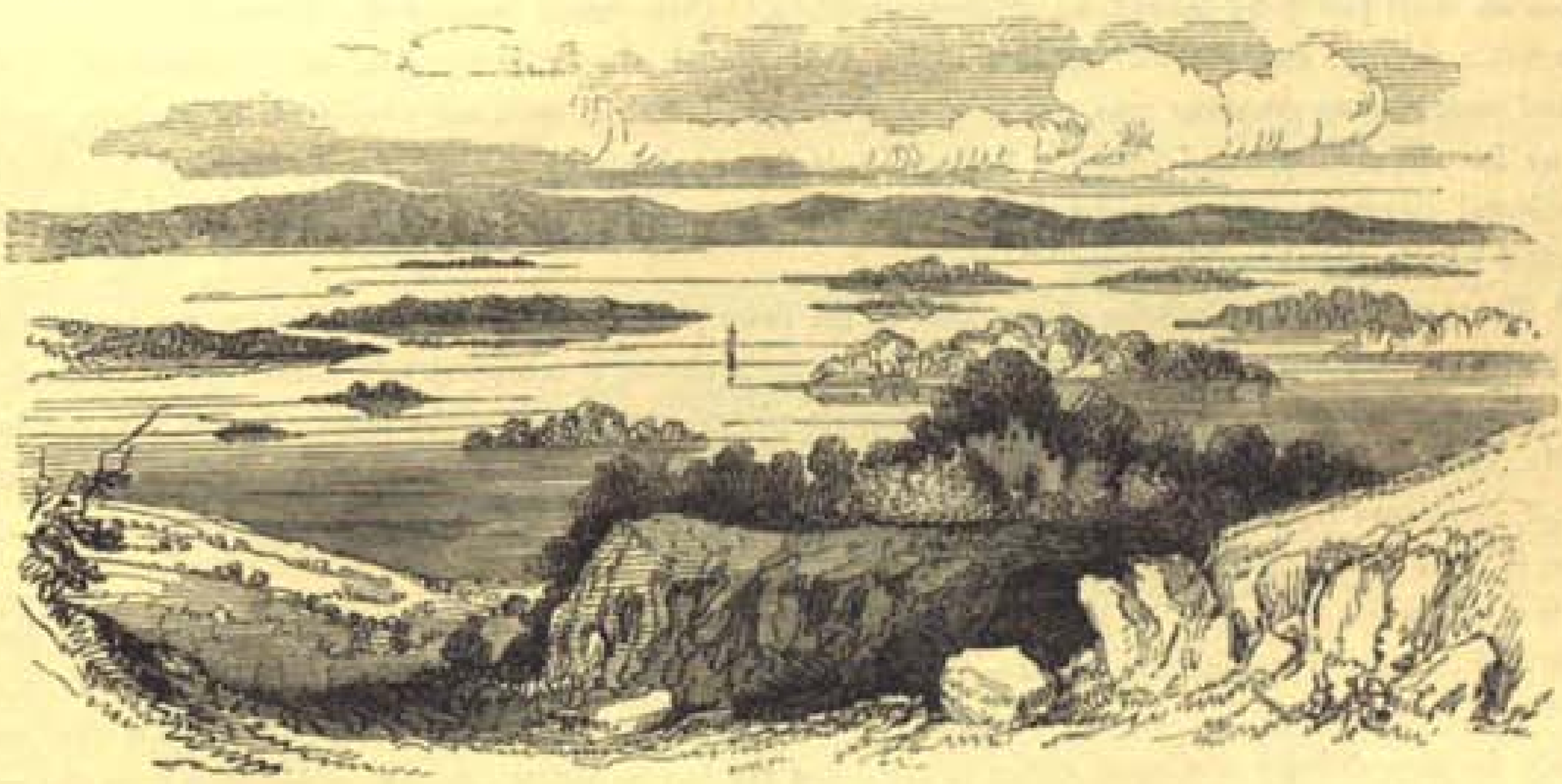


Both afford good examples of the class of castellated residences, "erected on the great plantation of Ulster;" when "every undertaker of the *greatest proportion* of two thousand acres shall, within two years after the date of his letters patent, build thereupon a castle, with a strong court or bawn about it; and every undertaker of the second or *middle proportion* of fifteen hundred acres shall, within the same time, build a stone or brick house thereupon, with a strong court

* Tully Castle was founded by Sir John Hume, who received an ample grant of land at the settlement of Ulster. It remained with his male descendants until the year 1731, when it passed through the female line into the possession of the Loftus family. It is now the property of the Marquis of Ely, who has a beautiful seat—Ely Lodge—in the immediate neighbourhood. The castle was destroyed during the rebellion of 1641; and was never afterwards rebuilt. At that terrible period, "it became the refuge of a considerable number of the English and Scottish settlers in the country. The discontented Irish of the county having, however, collected themselves together under the command of Rory, the brother of the Lord Maguire, they proceeded to the castle on the 24th of December, and having commanded the Lady Hume and the other persons within it to surrender, it was given up to them on a promise of quarter for their lives, protection for their goods, and free liberty and safe-conduct to proceed either to Monea or Enniskillen, as they might choose. With the exception of the Lady Hume, and the individuals immediately belonging to her family, the whole of the persons who had so surrendered, amounting to fifteen men, and, as it is said, sixty women and children, were on the following day stripped and deprived of their goods, and inhumanly massacred, when also the castle was pillaged, burnt, and left in ruins."

or bawn about it. And every undertaker of the *least proportion* of one thousand acres shall, within the same time, make thereupon a strong court or bawn at least; and all the said undertakers shall cause their tenants to build houses for themselves and their families, near the principal castle, house, or bawn, for their mutual defence or strength," &c.

It is, however, to the grace and grandeur of Nature that we desire to direct the attention of our readers. Travel where they will, in this singularly beautiful neighbourhood, lovers of the picturesque will have rare treats at every step. It is impossible to exaggerate in describing the surpassing loveliness of the whole locality. How many thousands there are, who, if just ideas could be conveyed to them of its attractions, would make their annual tour hither, instead of "up the hackneyed and 'soddened' Rhine"—infinitely less rich in natural graces, far inferior in the studies of character it yields, and much less abundant in all enjoyments that can recompense the traveller!



Nothing in Great Britain—perhaps, nothing in Europe—can surpass in beauty the view along the whole of the road that leads into the town of Enniskillen, along the banks of the upper Lough Erne *.

* Lough Erne is said to have been "miraculously formed." It was formerly a spring well, and "the inhabitants being informed by their Druids or philosophers that the well would overflow the country to the North Sea, for the prevention of it they caused the well to be inclosed in a strong wall, and covered with a door, having a lock and key, signifying no danger while the door was secured; but an unfortunate woman (as by them came more mischief to mankind) opening the door for water, heard her child cry, and running to its relief, forgot to secure the well, and ere she could return, she with her house and family were drowned, and many houses more betwixt that and Ballyshannon, and so continues a Lough unto this day." A similar story is related of several other Irish lakes. "It would have more the appearance of reality," writes a contributor to the Dublin Journal, "if it had been told of Lough Gawna—or the Lake of the Calf—in the county of Longford, which is the true source of the river Erne, of which Lough Erne is but an expansion. At Lough Gawna, however, they tell a different story, viz., that it was formed by a calf, which, emerging

The town of Enniskillen, independently of its picturesque and highly advantageous situation, on an island between the two lakes, ranks among the most interesting towns in the kingdom. It is long and narrow, but neat and clean; and has a cheering aspect of prosperity *. The public establishments

from a well in its immediate vicinity, still called Tobar-Gawna, or the Well of the Calf, was chased by its water till he entered the sea at Ballyshannon." The expansion of the Samhir or Erne thus miraculously formed, is no less than *forty miles* in extent, from its north-west to its south-east extremities, being the length of the whole county of Fermanagh, through which it forms a great natural canal. Lough Erne, however, properly consists of two lakes, connected by a deep and winding strait, of which the northern, or lower, is more than twenty miles in length, and seven and a half miles in its greatest breadth; and the southern, or upper, is twelve miles long, by four and a half broad. Both lakes are richly studded with islands, mostly wooded, and in many places so thickly clustered together as to present the appearance of a country accidentally flooded; but these islands are not so numerous as they are stated to be by the old writer we have above quoted, or as popularly believed, as accurate investigation has ascertained that their number is but one hundred and ninety-nine, of which one hundred and nine are situated in the lower lake, and ninety in the upper. But these are in truth quite sufficient for picturesqueness, and it may be easily conceived that two sheets of water so enriched, and encircled by shores finely undulating, to a great extent richly wooded, and backed on most points by mountains of considerable elevation, must possess the elements of beauty to a remarkable degree; and the fact appears to be, that though the Killarney and other mountain lakes in Ireland possess more grandeur and sublimity of character, Lough Erne is not surpassed, or perhaps equalled by any for exquisite pastoral beauty. Perhaps, indeed, we might add, that if it were further improved by agricultural improvements, it might justly claim the rank assigned to it by Mr. Inglis, that of 'the most beautiful lake in the three kingdoms.'"

* There are few manufactories of any kind in the town; and the "Linen Hall" has never been used for the purposes contemplated in its erection. There is, however, a comparatively small establishment, the fame of which has gradually extended to very remote places—we allude to the factory for cutlery, conducted by Mr. Richard Hurles. The knives and razors produced by him are said, by competent judges, to be of far greater excellence than those manufactured in any other town of the kingdom; they are supplied to persons aware of their value, in every part of the globe.

We were much interested by observing the number of women and girls who were employed in Enniskillen and its vicinity, in the manufacture of straw plait. The various low grounds in the immediate neighbourhood of Loch Erne had been considerably flooded by heavy rains, and after we crossed the bridge we saw the men actively employed, either in removing the hay to higher grounds, or bringing it to the mainland, while the women watched their efforts from their cottage doors, and plaited away nimbly, without ever looking at their own work, except when it was necessary to insert a fresh straw. Piles of straw were at the doors drying, or "lying in the bleaching lay." We were attracted to one cottage in particular by hearing some young soft voices singing very sweetly together the little agricultural song, chaunted at infant schools—

"This is the way we grind the corn."

Inside the door two girls and a boy were seated on the floor, not encumbered with clothes, and yet perfectly clean; the youngest, a boy, was splitting straw in a little hand-machine, and the girls were plaiting; a woman behind was nursing *two* infants, one considerably older than the other, and leading the industrious harmony of the little quire. Like the people of the north, she did not waste time in extra civility:—"May we come in?" "Ay, madam, and welcome—and there's a seat if ye be tired—leave the tune now, Johnny, the lady canna' be fashed wi' yer music." "Johnny" did not like to leave the tune; nor did we wish he should, but his "mither" insisted it was "manners" so to do, and at last he obeyed; still, however, striking his little feet so as to keep time to the tune that was evidently passing through his head. "They're light and gay wear for summer," she said, "and warm for winter wi' a bit lining, and 'deed a pleasant face under a neat straw bonnet is not the ugliest thing in the world to look at; I'm thinking it's readier for the face a' neath the bonnet to be pleasant, than the face that makes it; for if the bairns and mysel' wark our fingers intil the straw, we couldna' make above 'twa,' or twa and threepence the week, and count it good when we

are well conducted; the County Jail, in particular, may be taken as a model of good management. But the jails throughout Ireland are all excellent in their arrangements; and they are, generally, the most stately and elegant of the public structures; so grand, "graceful," and inviting are they in their exteriors, and so clean and neat in their interiors, that a caustic observer remarked, "it would seem as if all the gentry of Ireland expected some day or other to be among their inmates." In the Town-hall are still preserved the Banners carried by the Enniskilleners at the Battle of the Boyne; they are, however, sadly mutilated by time, and the hands of selfish persons, who have now and then clipped off pieces to keep as memorials. The Enniskilleners are justly proud of the fame they obtained by their share in the triumphs of 1689; they claim, equally with the Prentice-boys of Derry, the merit of having secured the crown of three kingdoms to William III.; and beyond question the result of the contest was mainly owing to their enduring perseverance and indomitable courage. In December 1688, Tyrconnel ordered

clear eighteenpence." "But surely," we observed, "you can do very little with two babies—yet one seems a nurse child, and you are paid for that."

"I am, in troth, paid for it—poor lamb! paid for it, by what I pray may keep with itself, if it only flits over me—God's blessing! It's *na' my ain*, and yet it's as much in my heart, and my gude man's heart, as if it *was born to my bosom*.

"I'll tell ye how it was,—a young girl used to come often from Ballyshannon to buy the plait, which she'd take hame with her, and sew into bonnets or hats, and betimes she'd bide here, and she sewed so neatly that many would buy from her in this town; and she had the sweetest smile, and a pair of the finest eyes I ever see in a woman's head, and indeed she did not take over much pride in herself either—but it's the old story again. I did not see her for as good as six months, and when I did, it was in the gloaming of the evening, she stole, instead of springing, into the house like a young deer. Well, I said nothing beyant the kindly welcome, and where ha' ye been, until my husband went to bed; and when he was gone, I drew up close to her, and, 'Peggy,' I says, '*show me your marriage lines.*' Well, she made no answer, but sunk on her knees, and hid her face in my lap, and cried. Oh, then she did feel her shame, and she so near to be a mother, and not all out seventeen!

"Her father had turned her away, her own mother was dead, and the young wife in her place, had no feeling for another woman's child. It was but a hut, but that hut was her home, and he that deceived her had fled the country. Poor young thing, I didn't know how to break it to my husband, for he's a strict man; but I did, and he promised me he would let her bide; and I saw the morn how he looked at his own girls, and (for he is a God-fearing good man) he blessed them twice for once't he used, praying they might die innocent, rather than live to bring disgrace. I had only been about a month up after this baby, when the poor young craythur took ill; and three or four hours after her child was born, she died: and when my husband came in for his breakfast, and saw me with the two infants, he grew angry, and he called it by a hard name, and I could not keep down the tears, and I asked him to look at the corpse of the mother, who looked like a sleeping child herself; and at last I took heart, and spoke up, for my heart warmed to the baby—'*There are two near neighbours that had brave bouncin' twins, last month,*' I says, 'and are not poorer than before they were born, and the one I have is *but a very little one,* only like half a child, and let this be the other half,' I says; and indeed it was a bad word he spoke, (for he's a God-fearing man) he bid me go to the devil, and the same night he knelt down and prayed for this one, the same as his own; and sure I don't know any differ in the love I bear the two bairns. I'm as well off for twins as my neighbours."

Here was another specimen of the affectionate nature of an Irish heart!

the provost of Enniskillen to provide quarters for two companies of foot; the inhabitants resolved upon refusing them admittance; but being very few in number, they asked aid and advice from the neighbouring gentry, and received both. The Protestants of the districts thronged into the town, and a strong army was soon raised, Gustavus Hamilton being elected governor; the struggle commenced *, and continued with almost invariable success, on the side of the Enniskilleners, until the close of the war, when the final defeat of the Irish forces near Newtown-Butler, "in all probability, was the cause of their raising the siege of Derry the day after†."

By far the most interesting of the islands that "gem the bosom of Lough

* The spirit in which it was conducted was soon shown. The Irish forces were commanded by the Lord Galmoy—"an infamous wretch (says Oldmixon) whom no title could honour." His first act indicated that his opponents were to expect no quarter. He had taken prisoner Captain Dixy, eldest son of the Dean of Kilmore, whom he proposed to exchange for "one Brien Mac Conogher Mac Guire," an Irish officer, a prisoner with the Enniskilleners. The proposal was accepted; Mac Guire was dismissed, but Captain Dixy was tried "for levying men by the Prince of Orange's commission," and executed, in breach of all faith and honour. It is stated on the authority of a contemporary writer—the Rev. Andrew Hamilton—that "Mac Guire went to Galmoy and told him that his putting Captain Dixy to death, after his promise, under his hand, to return him, would be a perpetual stain to his honour; and rather than he should do so base a thing, prayed that he might be returned a prisoner to Crom, and that Dixy's life might be saved, for he did not desire to purchase his freedom by so great injustice. Notwithstanding, the young gentleman was hanged on Mr. Russel's sign-post, at Belturbet." Harris affirms that "Mac Guire was so much disgusted at this action that he returned to Crom, threw up his commision, and would serve King James no longer."

† One of the most remarkable incidents of the war is related by Harris and other historians. Galmoy

Erne," is the island of Devenish, about two miles across the upper lake from the town of Fermanagh. It contains between seventy and eighty acres of remarkably fertile land—pasture for cattle—so fertile, indeed, that it is said never to have required manure. Here are the remains of several ancient churches and a round tower—to which we shall presently refer—considered in its present *restored* state to be the most perfect as well as the most beautiful in Ireland. The religious establishment at Devenish is said to have been founded by St. Laserian, called also St. Molaisse, who died in 563. It was repeatedly plundered by the Danes; and appears to have been re-founded A.D. 1130. It must, however, have been a ruin early in the seventeenth century; for in a letter written by Sir John Davis, he says, "From Monaghan we went the first night to the ruins of the Abbey of Clonays, where we camped; passing from thence through ways almost impassable for our carriages by reason of woods and bogs, we came the second night after to the south side of Lough Erne, and pitched our tents over against the Island of Devenish, a place being prepared for the holding of our sessions for Fermanagh in *the ruins of an abbey there*." The grave-yard of the ancient church has long been regarded with peculiar veneration by the peasantry; and the dead are brought from far off distances to be interred there—"to lay their bones among their own people;" the attendant mourners embarking in boats at a small promontory on the north side, called Portora—the Port of Lamentation. The lake is peculiarly liable to sudden and dangerous squalls. A circumstance was related to us by a gentleman who was an eye-witness of the sad scene, and who furnished us with the following particulars;—upon the accuracy of which the reader may depend.

"Bury me, mother dear," murmured Edward Doran, "in the holy Island of Devenish. I've been a free rover upon land and sea, for many a year, and often when rocking in the shrouds, or half asleep in my hammock, I've seen the tower and its churchyard, and the quiet graves where the sun shone sweetly. Mother, darlin', you will bury me in Devenish Island."

"Yes, yes, dear, sure it's my own heart's wish," replied the mournful

having drawn Col. Creichton, the Governor of Crom, to "an interview on the public faith," caused him to be arrested for refusing to deliver up his castle, and would have actually put him to death, had not the Lord Mountcashel, enraged at the perfidy, rescued him by force, and conducted him safe to the gates of his fortress, "Which instance of justice and honour," writes Harris, "did not lose its reward." His Lordship's life was saved in the hottest part of a subsequent battle, he was conducted to Enniskillen, and there allowed the liberty of the town "upon parole." After some time, finding but little prospect of ransom or exchange, he artfully caused a rumour to be spread that he intended to escape, "whereupon he was put under a guard, and so released from his parole." Thus circumstanced, he took advantage of the earliest opportunity of quitting the town, and succeeded in making his way to France, where he was tried by a Court of Honour for breach of his parole; but, upon explaining all the circumstances, he was honourably acquitted.

mother—"why not there among your own people where all belonging to you lie? It's a holy place I know, and a beautiful. Staying so calm and quiet in the full part of the blue waters of Loch Erne; and you'll not be strange, or lying yer lone in the blessed Island of Devenish!" Before the widow Doran had finished speaking, the young man had fallen asleep; the mother knelt by his side, and while she prayed fervently to God for what she knew was impossible, she buried her face in the bed to stifle the sobs that arose from her breaking heart. In a few moments she recovered her self-possession, and looked earnestly upon the face of the dying man; it was white and ghastly, and the dark tint around the lips and eyes, gave a sure token that his race was nearly run. His long fair hair, damp and matted, hung upon his cheeks, and huge drops stood upon his forehead. While the poor woman gazed, his lips became parted by a feeble smile; and in a few moments he awoke.

"Mother," he said, "you will all be soon with me there,—with your own Ned—you, and Ellen, and Mike, and all."

"Ah! Edward, honey," replied the afflicted parent, "don't set your heart on Ellen being there, ye're not man and wife you know, though you're book-sworn, and she's very young, dear; but I'll be in Devenish, holy place that it is; for I must bide with your father, his grave and mine are one; and sure—God be praised for all his mercy,—I shall have nothing to keep me out of it when you're gone."

A few words of deep love and thankfulness to the mother who had been unto him all that Irish mothers are, especially to their sons,—a tender message of love to the "Ellen" of his heart and youth, who was on her way from Dublin to see him—an expression of faith and hope for the future—something muttered between life and death, as to Ellen, and all sleeping in Devenish,—and the mother was alone with her dead. The betrothed girl arrived about an hour after her lover had breathed his last, and more than usual interest was excited by her gentle bearing, and deep sorrow, when she sat at the head of the coffin, and by the side of the parent, whose grief hardly surpassed her own.

The boat was duly prepared to convey "the funeral" from the mainland to the picturesque island in Loch Erne. It was a quiet "grayish" day, heavy clouds hung low, beneath the canopy of heaven, and the air had a cold breezy feel; there was, however, no swell upon the water, and neither wind nor rain. The coffin was laid across the boat, and was followed first by the mother, but all the cousins and "near friends," made way for the poor weeping girl. One by one the people followed, silently at first, until the entire party who were

to accompany the corpse, fourteen in number, were arranged, as many as could be accommodated sitting, while the others stood in the midst; then, when the boat was pushed, and so fairly launched upon the lake, they one and all commenced the wild keen, lamenting the death "of him of the fair hair and fairer heart, whose eyes were as blue as the sky he had looked at in many lands,—whose voice was the music his mother loved,—whose swift feet could not outrun death,—whose strong arm was but as a stem of flax in the grasp of the destroyer."

"Oh why—why, why!" exclaimed the first keener—whose grizzled hair streamed from beneath the red kerchief that was tied loosely under her chin, as she formed the centre of the standing group—and clapped her hands above her head each time she repeated "why? why did you leave us? When the colleen-das—the girl whose eyes are drowned with tears, and whose feet failed her through heart-sorrow, when she was coming from the great city where many wooed her stay—to twine her white arms round you, and make you bide till she was ready—ready as willing to fly with you from all, but you alone—why did you not wait? Why—why—why?"

And all in that funeral-boat repeated "why—why—why?" And those on the mainland took up the melancholy chaunt, and echoed the sound to him who heard it not. Slowly the deeply-laden boat proceeded; and the waters grew dark, and of a leaden colour beneath the shadow of the heavy clouds; and some on the island who were watching the progress of the funeral, said to each other, "We shall have rain;" and a few large heavy drops, tears as of nature's agony in one of her convulsions, pitted the still waters; and suddenly, in a moment, a squall of wind—a blast—fierce and strong, rushed over the boat. It was gone—engulfed—there was a frothing and a bubbling of the lake; and now a head upraised—and now an arm; and the people on the mainland sent up great cries of agony and prayer; but in an inconceivably short time all upon the lake was hushed, and a torrent of rain descended; and then the sun burst forth, and shone above the surface of the deep, where fourteen living, and one already dead, had been engulfed—and while it shone brightly, as if upon a bridal, slowly was the coffin seen to rise, and float—float—on—on—on, upon the current, until it was landed close to where its grave had been prepared in Devenish Island. And the old man who had dug the grave fell upon his knees, and crossing himself, devoutly declared, "that nothing could keep him from his people;"—poor fellow! The dream of his death-bed came but too true; for "his mother, and Ellen, and Mike, and all—sleep with him in the holy ground of Devenish."

We have referred to the Round Tower of Devenish; as one, which al-

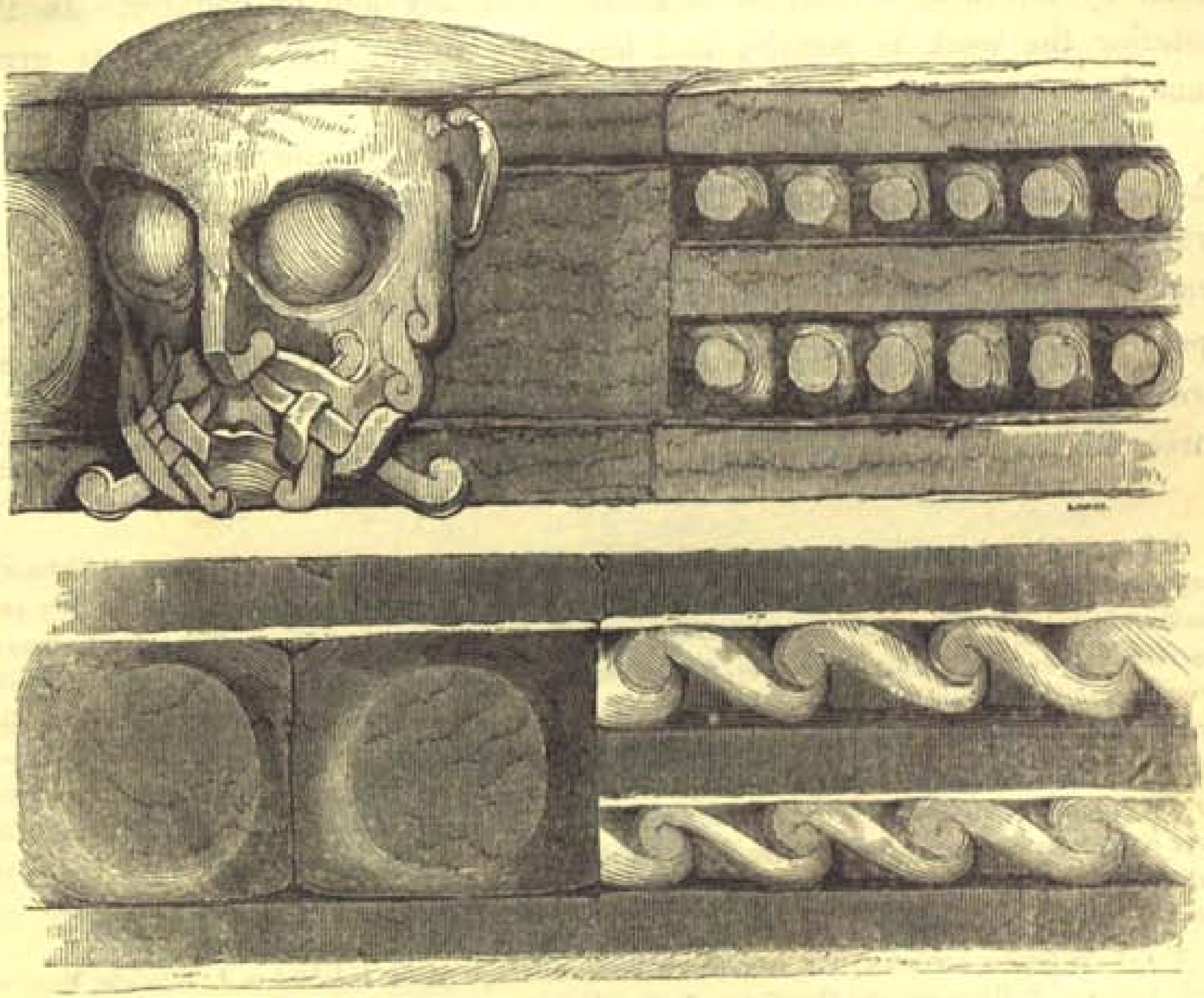
though now in a perfect state, has been *restored ;* but this restoration applies only to " the cap ;" the whole of the tower remaining as it was when erected ; who shall say how many centuries ago ? Standing high above the surface of the lake, on the northern bank of the elevated island, it forms an attractive feature in the scenery from all parts around it ; and at once conveys the idea of very remote antiquity ; this feeling increases rather than diminishes, when we proceed to examine the ruins of the several sacred edifices by which it is surrounded.

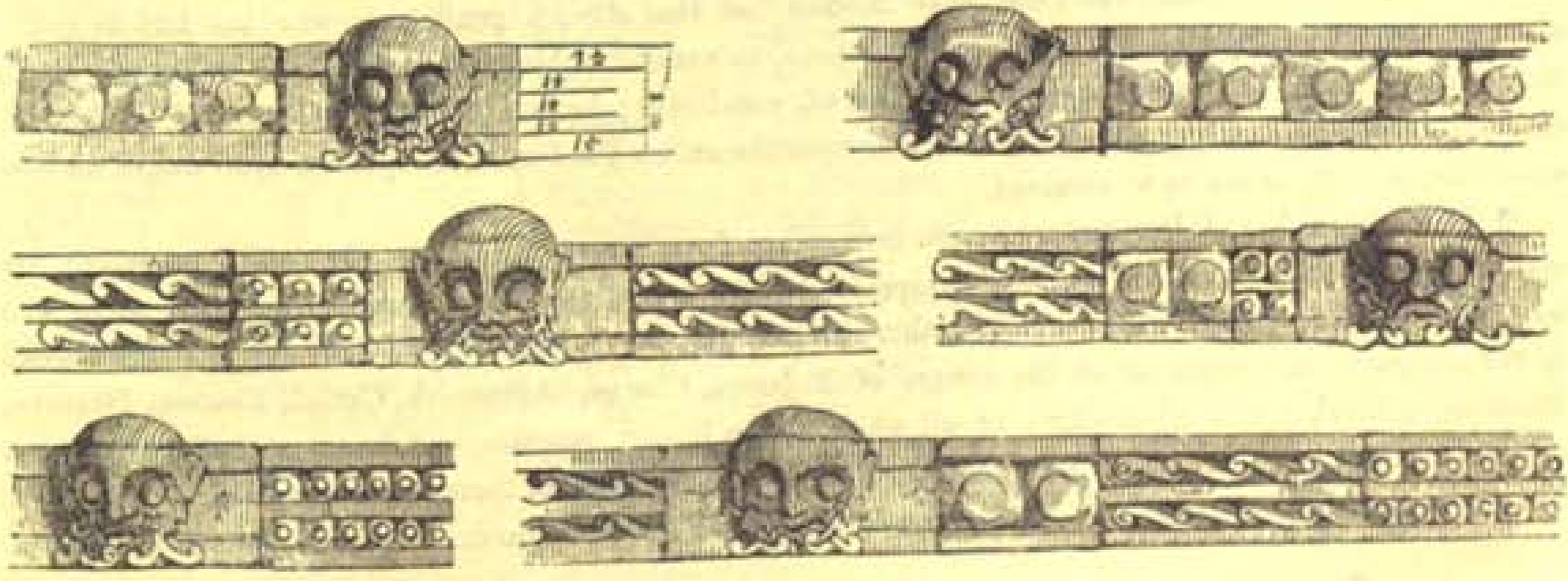
A tree having taken root just at the point of the shaft, under the cone, inserted its fibres so forcibly in the masonry as gradually to loosen and displace the stones. For many years the downfall of this part of the building was foreseen ; but in 1834, during a high wind, it actually took place. The tree (an elder of considerable dimensions) was blown down, and carried with it several tons of stones, making a diagonal breach which left only two-thirds of the cone standing. The breach extended some little way down below the cone, and was on the south-eastern side of the building. Numbers were lamenting the occurrence, anticipating that time would soon reduce the structure to a complete ruin ; and what was " everybody's work," no person seemed disposed to enter upon. Fortunately, the Hon. and Rev. J. C. Maude, the Rector of the parish of Enniskillen, was not an indifferent looker on. He resolved upon the preservation of this interesting relic of antiquity ; and at once wrote circulars to the bishop of the diocese, whose property the island then was, and to all the leading gentry of the county ; " apologising for interfering in such a matter, being only, as it were, a casual resident," but stating he had done so from the fear that, while no exertion was made, the dilapidations would proceed to an extent that would preclude all reasonable hope of restoring the building.

His call was responded to by almost every person of property in the vicinity ; and having received such encouragement, he advertised for contractors. Mr. Robert Rexter, of Enniskillen, was agreed with for £95 ; the manner in which he erected the scaffolding enabling him to make his proposal £45 under the next lowest offer. In the tower there are projecting stones, at certain distances, " apparently for the purpose of supporting some kind of flooring or staircase." At the top, just under the cone, there are four windows, each looking to different points of the compass, N. E. S. W. The projecting stones he made use of to affix temporary floorings, communicating with each other by strong ladders. Out of the windows he projected four strong beams of timber, and on these he erected the scaffolding ; thereby saving all that would be otherwise necessary from the ground to the part of

the building which required repair. Competent judges agree in opinion that he executed the work in a most satisfactory manner—in the summer of the year 1835—without any accident whatever having occurred, and making use of very few new stones in the restoration.

Captain Stothard, of the Royal Engineers, employed on the Ordnance Survey, happened to be in the neighbourhood when the accident occurred, and made several drawings of the carved works. From these drawings we have been kindly permitted to make a series of copies; and, as they are exceedingly curious, and possess great interest, it is needless to apologise for laying the whole of them before our readers.





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The heads and other ornaments formed the band or coping at the top of the tower, on which the cone, which crowned the pillar, stood. The heads were over each window, and the sculpture between, in irregular order, as exhibited above. They were found *originally* in this order, and were not carelessly and irregularly restored. Only one head and a very small part of the band was down before the restoration, and it was not found necessary to disturb the remainder of the band *.

The height of the tower was sixty-seven feet to the coping, and the cone seventeen feet; the diameter fifteen feet at bottom, thirteen at the top. The walls are built of hewn stone; laid as regularly as they could have been by the most accomplished architect of any age or country. In the interior the work is rough; and here the mortar has retained its great tenacity.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to supply information relative to the long-famed and far-famed Round Towers of Ireland; the peculiarities of which we have had occasion to notice frequently, during the progress of our work †. In treating the subject we shall necessarily occupy considerable space; it is one, however, of great importance, and cannot be dismissed briefly ‡. Although, formerly, very numerous, not more than about eighty-three towers at present remain; twenty in a perfect, and sixty-three

* Some of the advocates of the Christian theory, on looking at these carvings and at those in Cormac's chapel in Cashel, and on the corbel stones in the interior of the Ardmore tower, of which last we gave two specimens in vol. i. p. 279, would deem that they argue a Christian period of erection. We confess we cannot see them in the same light. Passing by, for the moment, all the other arguments on the Round Tower question, and looking only at this, we feel persuaded that no other resemblance exists between the different sculptures just mentioned, than that of their being all unnatural and grotesque; a character which may be applied to all ancient sculptures (not classical) from the Ganges to Yucatan. The Devenish ornaments are certainly unlike anything at either Ardmore or Cashel. A question fairly arising out of this subject is, when did grotesque ornamenting commence and originate. Is it a peculiarity belonging only to *Christian* architecture? Until this be satisfactorily answered, these sculptures will afford us very little help in this inquiry. But into this subject we shall presently enter more minutely, and at some length.

† For the greater portion of the information here condensed, we are indebted to J. Windele, Esq., of Cork, author of "Historical and Descriptive Notices" of that city; a gentleman, who has laid us under repeated obligations, by kind and generous assistance, concerning subjects to which he has devoted much time and attention. His views appear to us, indeed, conclusive; he has divested his details of all fanciful embellishment; has brought a clear mind to bear upon the matter; and rests his opinions upon simple facts—such facts, at least, as are to be obtained.

‡ The subject has of late derived a new importance from recent researches, the result of which has disclosed a *use*, which although previously suspected by one writer, was never deemed probable by those who had given it any attention. That amongst other purposes they were sepulchrally used is now fully established by the successive examinations of the towers of Ardmore, Cloyne, Ardpatrick, Cashel, Roscrea, Drumbo, Trummery, Brechin, and Abernethy; at all which places human remains, and in some shells, particles of charcoal, amber, and urns, have been found. Yet a question, whether these discoveries indicate Pagan or Christian sepulture, has arisen; and thus, instead of adjusting, they only seem further to embroil the subject.

in a state of decay *. The former vary in height from one hundred and thirty to seventy feet, and are divided into several stories. Their general diameter is between eight and fifteen feet. The door, with but four known exceptions —Scattery, Clonmacnois, Aghaviller, and Down Tower (the latter now no more)—is placed at a height from the ground varying from six to fifteen feet. In some instances it is arched, in others a plain oblong. Its position varies, and seems to have been of no consequence. Each floor, exclusive of the basement and the attic, is lit by a single window; that at the entrance receives

* The Map of Ireland issued by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," enumerates 118. The list is, however, exceedingly incorrect. We have revised it with no inconsiderable care, and believe the existing "Round Towers" may now be given as follows:—

p. *perfect with conical cap*—np. *nearly perfect*—i *imperfect*—s. *only the stump*—f. *foundations only*—v. *remarkable variety in the construction.*

Name.	Feet.	State.	County.
Aghadoe		s	Kerry.
Aghagower			Mayo.
Aghaviller		i	Kilkenny.
Antrim	95	p	Antrim.
Ardfert		f	Kerry.
Ardmore	90	v.p.	Waterford.
Ardpatrick	11	s	Limerick.
Armoy		i	Antrim.
Ballagh, Bel. or Baal	50	i	Mayo.
Ballygaddy			Galway.
Ballyvourny		f	Cork.
Boyle			Roscommon.
Brigoon, near Mitchelstown		f	Cork.
Carrigeen	50	i	Limerick.
Cashel		p	Tipperary.
Castle-Dermot		i	Kildare.
Clondalkin	110	p	Dublin.
Clonmacnoise	60	p	King's County.
— a second	62	i	Ditto.
Clones		p	Monaghan.
Cloyne	92	p	Cork.
Cork		f	Ditto.
Devenish	82	v.p	Fermanagh.
Donaghmore		v.i	Meath.
Downpatrick		f	Down.
Dromiskin		i	Louth.
Drumbo	35	i	Down.
Drumcliff	18	i	Sligo.
Drumkleeve	50	i	Clare.
Drumlane		i	Cavan.
Dublin, Christ Church		f	Dublin.
Dungarvan			Waterford.
Dungiven		f	Londonderry.
Dysart, O'Dea		v.i	Clare.
Fertagh	96	i	Kilkenny.
Glendalough, 7 Churches		i	Wicklow.
— a 2d at St. Kevin's Kitchen		p	Ditto.
Innis-caltra, or 7 Churches		i	Clare, L. Derg.
Inniskean			Monaghan.
Kellystown		f	Carlow.
Kells	99	i	Meath.
Kilcullen, Old	40	i	Kildare.
Kildare		p	Ditto.
Kilkenny, St. Canice	108	p	Kilkenny.
Killala	83	p	Mayo.
Killbanon			Galway.
Kilmallock	15		Limerick.
Killeskin		f	Queen's County.
Killnaboy	10	s	Clare.
Killossy		i	Kildare.
Kilmacduagh		p	Galway.
Kilree, near Kells	70	v.i	Kilkenny.
Kinneagh	70	v.i	Cork.
Londonderry	35	f	Londonderry.
Louth		f	Louth.
Lusk		i	Dublin.
Maghera		i	Down.
Meelick			Galway.
Moat, Ballymoat			Sligo.
Monasterboice	110	np	Louth.
Oran		f	Roscommon.
Oughterard		i	Kildare.
Ram Island		i	Antrim, L. Neagh.
Raphoe			Donegal.
Rathmichael	7	f	Dublin.
Rattoo & 7 ancient Churches		p	Kerry.
Roscom, or Murrough	90	i	Galway.
Roscommon		f	Roscommon.
Roscrea	80	i	Tipperary.
Rosenallis		f	Queen's County.
Scattery Island, & 7 ancient Churches		p	Clare, R. Shan.
Sier-Kieran	20	p	King's County.
Sligo			Sligo.
— a second			Ditto.
Swords	73	p	Dublin.
Teghadoe		i	Kildare.
Timahoe	84	p	Queen's County.
Trummery	60	np	Antrim.
Tullaherin	60	v.i	Kilkenny.
Turlough		p	Mayo.

light by the door, and the upper story, (with the exception of two towers in the county Kilkenny, which have six each,) is lit by four windows, which face the cardinal points. The whole structure is roofed by a conical arch of mason-work. There are but few instances of variance between the genuinely ancient towers, and these are to be found only in Kinneagh, Ardmore, Dysart, and Devenish: we reject as spurious the towers of Killossy, Kevin's Kitchen, and Scerkieran. Kinneagh is hexagonal at base and rotund above. Ardmore has three external belts, Dysart one, and Devenish is, as we have shown, sculptured below the roof. Cloyne and Kildare have received, in modern renovation, *crenellated battlements*, and, at present, Cloyne, Ardmore, and Clondalkin possess floors. Cloyne and Castle-Dermot are also now used as belfries *.

Their origin and use have formed a subject of greatly perplexed inquiry;

* The building of the Round Towers, as will be imagined, is a fertile theme for legends; the most general one is that each was built in one night. We have elsewhere recorded some of the singular stories still current among the peasantry. The great architect of old times is, however, styled the Goban Saer. A writer in the Dublin Penny Journal has preserved some "anecdotes" of this "worthy." One of the most striking concerns his having been invited over to England to build a palace for a British prince. "This he undertook to do, and did; but the consummate skill of the artist had nearly cost him his life, for the prince, struck with the matchless beauty of the palace, was determined that it should stand unrivalled on the earth, by putting the architect to death, who alone was capable of constructing such another, after the moment the building received the finishing touches of his skilful hand." The Goban, however, had a daughter-in-law, of marvellous wisdom, and trusting to her sagacity, "in an interview with his majesty, he acquaints him that the building was being completed; and that its beauty exceeded everything of the kind he had done before; but that it could not be finished without a certain instrument which he unfortunately left at home, and he requested his royal permission to return for it. The king would, by no means, consent to the Goban Saer's departure; but anxious to have the edifice completed, he was willing to send a trusty messenger into Ireland for that instrument upon which the finishing of the royal edifice depended. The other assured his majesty that it was of so much importance that he would not entrust it into the hands of the greatest of his majesty's subjects. It was finally arranged that the king's eldest son should proceed to Rath Goban, and, upon producing his credentials to the lady of the castle, receive the instrument of which she had the keeping, and which the Goban Saer named '*Cur-an-aigh-an-cuim*.' Upon his arrival in Ireland, the young prince proceeded to fulfil his errand; but the knowing mistress of Rath Goban, judging from the tenor of the message, and the ambiguous expressions couched under the name of the pretended instrument, that her husband and father-in-law were the victims of some deep treachery, she bade him welcome, inquired closely after her absent friends, and told him he should have the object of his mission when he had refreshed himself after the fatigues of his long journey. Beguiled by the suavity of her manners and the wisdom of her words, the prince complied with her invitation to remain all night at Rath Goban. But, in the midst of his security, the domestics, faithful to the call of their mistress, had him bound in chains, and led to the dungeon of the castle. Thus the wisdom of the Goban Saer, and the discrimination of his daughter, completely baffled the wicked designs of the king, who received intimation that his son's life would surely atone for the blood of the architects. He dismissed them to their native country laden with splendid presents; and, on their safe arrival at Rath Goban, the prince was restored to liberty." "But the name of the Goban Saer," adds the writer, "will live while the Irish race shall retain their vernacular tongue, or his maxims of wisdom are the oracles of unlettered instruction. I have not learned the particular period at which he flourished, but tradition says, that he was superior to all his contemporaries in the art of building; even in that dark age, when so little communication existed between countries not so remotely situated, his fame extended to distant lands."

being claimed adversely for pagans and christians. Whilst upon these claims many have decided very dogmatically, it is not a little amusing to hear them —these decisions notwithstanding—avowing that an *impenetrable* veil still hangs over the subject—that, like the riddle of the Sphynx, an Œdipus is wanting to expound it. Believing, as we do, that the formidable-looking problem is one of rather easy solution, we are not consequently of those who deem its perplexities inexplicable. We believe, in fact, in their heathen antiquity, and upon grounds which we shall presently submit to the reader.

In 1830 the Royal Irish Academy proposed a prize for a satisfactory essay on the subject, and adjudicated on the claims of two writers, who delivered in essays advocating opposite opinions, by giving prizes to both. Mr. O'Brien, one of the victors, afterwards published his views, which were on the heathen side of the question; whilst the work on the christian side, by Mr. Petrie, remains still unpublished.

Before the close of the last century these structures had excited but little attention. Neither Stanihurst, Usher, Ware, Colgan, O'Flaherty, Keating, nor the venerable Charles O'Connor, had bestowed the slightest notice on them. In the seventeenth century, Lynch, Walsh, and Molyneux alone recognised their existence. In speaking of them, however, they fell into such absurdities as people sometimes will who have no guide but their own crude fancies; no record being at hand to aid them.

The first of these, Lynch, ascribed their erection to the Danes, a people who left no similar structure either in their own country or in any of their many conquests in Britain, Normandy, or Sicily. Indeed, they possessed no dominion in Ireland beyond the walled towns of Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, and Limerick, after they had become christianised.

Wright (Louthiana) adopted Lynch's opinion, and adds that they were used as beacons.

Smith, the county historian, has left on record opinions of rather a conflicting character. In one of his works he calls them *Penitentiaries*, in another *Belfries*. An Irish MS., seen by no other writer, and afterwards discredited by himself, led him to adopt the first view. The remaining joists of two upper floors of Ardmore Tower, which he mistook for beams to support bells, induced him to adopt the second opinion.

Doctor Campbell and Sir R. Colt Hoare adhered to the *Penitentiary* system, and assigned their era to the ninth century.

Harris, the author of a History of the County Down, thought they were *Anchorite* Towers.

O'Halloran, the Irish historian, and Dr. Milner, adopted the same opinion,

the latter conjecturing that they were built within a century or two after the conversion of the island, and that they were copied from the columns of the Eastern Anchorites (Stylites). Dr. Lanigan has, however, well and satisfactorily disposed of Milner's views.

The Reverend E. Ledwich advocates their Danish origin, the most absurd of all the theories that have been adventured upon. For this, he stoops to misrepresenting his favourite Cambrensis, who, however, so far from asserting that they were of Ostmanic construction, affirms their Irish origin in the words "more patriæ." Elsewhere this inconsistent antiquary endeavours to prove that Cambrensis *saw* the *Irish* in the act of building them.

Morres ("Origin of the Pillar Tower") conjectured that they were repositaries for church utensils, and built, between the fifth and seventh centuries, by monks and pilgrims from Greece and Rome, who accompanied the first missionaries. But as neither Greece nor Rome possessed any similar structures, where, we should ask, did they find the prototype? He says their architectural style is "Greek and Roman, strongly participating of the *Gothic* character, the link that combines these orders." Gothic in the fifth century, and a connecting link too between Greek and Roman architecture!

Mr. Petrie, as far as we can learn of his Essay, regards them as belfries, and agrees in some measure with the opinion of Morres, that they were repositaries for valuables belonging to the adjacent churches and monasteries.

Mr. Gough, (in Archæologia,) thought they were christian minarets, used before the introduction of bells to call the people to prayer.

Shea (Hist. Cathedral of Kilkenny) thinks they were monuments commemorating the principal founders of christianity in Ireland, and at the same time symbolical of the doctrine of immortality.

Mr. William Willes, of Cork, a member of the South Munster Antiquarian Society, and a gentleman who has given this subject much consideration, supposes them to have been episcopal indexes, that is, erected to point out cathedral churches. But, if so, where were the indexes of Lismore, Ferns, Emly, Cong, Clonfert, Ross, &c.; or why build them on sites non-episcopal, as at Ram Island, Trummery, Dysert, Ardpatrick, Brigown, or Kenneagh?

Another learned member of the same society, who, in a communication published in the *Archæologist*, subscribes himself "Quidam," suggests that these buildings might have been used for celebrating the obsequies of deceased bishops and chieftains, as the word *Torr*, a Tower, and *Torav*, a waking of the dead, would indicate. But there is more of imagination than probability in this conjecture.

In this brief analysis of opinions, on the christian side, we have seen that

the leading theories are in favour of these structures having been either erected as *Penitentiary* and *Anchorite* retreats, or as *Belfries*. But if for the former purpose, there was no necessity for raising them to so great an elevation, and of such materials; whilst the adjoining churches were low and small and many of them of *timber*. It is true that Anchoritism did greatly prevail in early Ireland, but the recluse selected far humbler retreats than lofty towers. We have still near many of our older churches small cells, which served them as hermitages, as at Ardfert, Scattery, and Glendalough. The cell of Declan at Ardmore—his residence in life, his grave in death, still subsists and is called the *Bonachan*. The cell of Marianus Scotus was a similar lowly building. Saint Bernard mentions that Saint Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, in the twelfth century, applied in his youth for instruction to a solitary named *Imarus*, who was shut up in a *cell* near the cathedral of that city. Belonging to Lismore church was an Anchorite whose lands were not inconsiderable; (Smith's Waterford) yet at Lismore there was no round tower. But although the towers were assuredly not erected for the reception of Anchorites, yet in after ages some few of them may have been used by these people for their penitential abodes. Such was the case with the *Turaghan Ancoire* (the Fire Tower of the Anchorite) on Holy Island, in the Shannon. The name refers at once to its original pagan and subsequent christian use. Harris mentions the tradition that an Anchorite lived at the top of the tower of Drumlahan, in Cavan, which on that account retained the name of *Cloich-Ancoire*, or the stone building of the Anchorite.

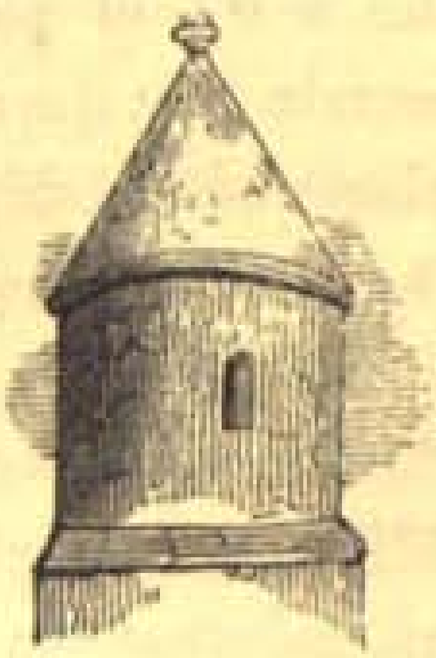
Belfries.—Probability is not in favour of their having been originally raised for this purpose; their *form*, as well as their *separation* and *distance* from the church, being so unlike to the belfries of all other countries. As at periods long subsequent to their foundation, in some few instances, they may have been availed of by hermits, so in others a bell may have been suspended; this has been the case at Cloyne for the last 150 years, and at Castledermot. In the Irish Annals, after the introduction of belfries into Ireland at the close of the ninth century, we have frequent notices of the Cloichteach or Campanile. It is expressly distinguished from the *Turaghan* or *Fidneimhedh*. The Cloichteach or Clochier seems to have been generally of timber, as mention occurs of some of them having been consumed by fire. These buildings so recorded, are placed in localities where no round tower appears to have ever been; as at Slane, Clonard, Emly, Telcha, &c. We have still subsisting two specimens of the Cloichteach at Cashel—the earliest structures of the kind probably in Ireland; they stand at either side, and form part of Cormac's chapel, a structure of the ninth century; are square, and built with well

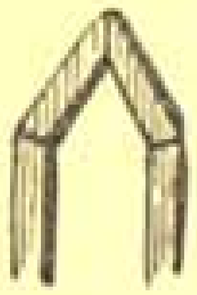
cut stones. A round tower of very different stone and architecture, built in layers not horizontal, stands several yards north of these structures. If its purpose had been that of a belfry, there was scarcely any necessity for building the two towers just mentioned. A similar instance of a round tower near a square steeple occurs at Swords, and at Devenish. We have, adjoining several other towers, old churches with bell gables; as at Donaghmore, Kilicullen, Tulloherin, Kilree, Fertagh, &c. These would not have been thought necessary if the round tower had been a belfry.

Their situation next to churches, (keeping out of view, however, their severance and isolation from them,) it is which has mainly led into the error of supposing that they were the works of Christian Ecclesiastics. But as remarked by Mr. Weld, "it might be stated conversely, perhaps with as much propriety, that the churches were built contiguous to the towers;" and he illustrates this by the well-known disposition manifested by the early christian missionaries to accommodate their worship to that of their pagan proselytes; amongst many evidences of which was the eager appropriation of heathen temples and places consecrated to their gods, to christian uses.

But to us an insuperable difficulty in the Christian theory, lies in the consideration as to the source whence the supposed Christian founders derived this peculiar style of building—where they found a prototype. They are unlike any structure in use by the Christian clergy of any other country, and it will scarcely be contended that it was a spontaneous growth or invention peculiar to the Irish missionaries. Again, if they were structures appertaining to the Irish church, is it not more than surprising that none of the many Irish missionaries who crowded into Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, where they built churches and monasteries, ever thought of erecting round towers in any land of their missionary labours? Neither Columba nor Adamnan built any in Iona, nor did Aedan, Finian, nor Colman, who successively governed as bishops at Lindisfarne. We find none at Glastonbury, an ecclesiastical colony of Irishmen. Fridolin, who founded so many churches, at Poitiers, Strasburg, &c., built no tower, neither did Fingen at Metz, nor Gerard at Toul, nor Gallus at Saint Gall's, nor Marianus at Ratisbon. Nor, on the other hand, at a time when the pious and the learned flocked in crowds

to the Irish shores; when it was usual to say of a learned man who was missing on the Continent, "Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia," did any of these pilgrims—and many of them were royal, and noble, and religious founders, caught by the mania for tower-building then said to be prevalent in Ireland—import the idea into his own country, and there re-erect a structure so admired in the *insula sanctorum et doctorum*; neither Gildas, Dunstan, Saint Cuthbert, Saint David, nor Alfred, thought of building one in England. We have, it is true, a solitary round tower head as a pinnacle on Saint Peter's at Oxford, and

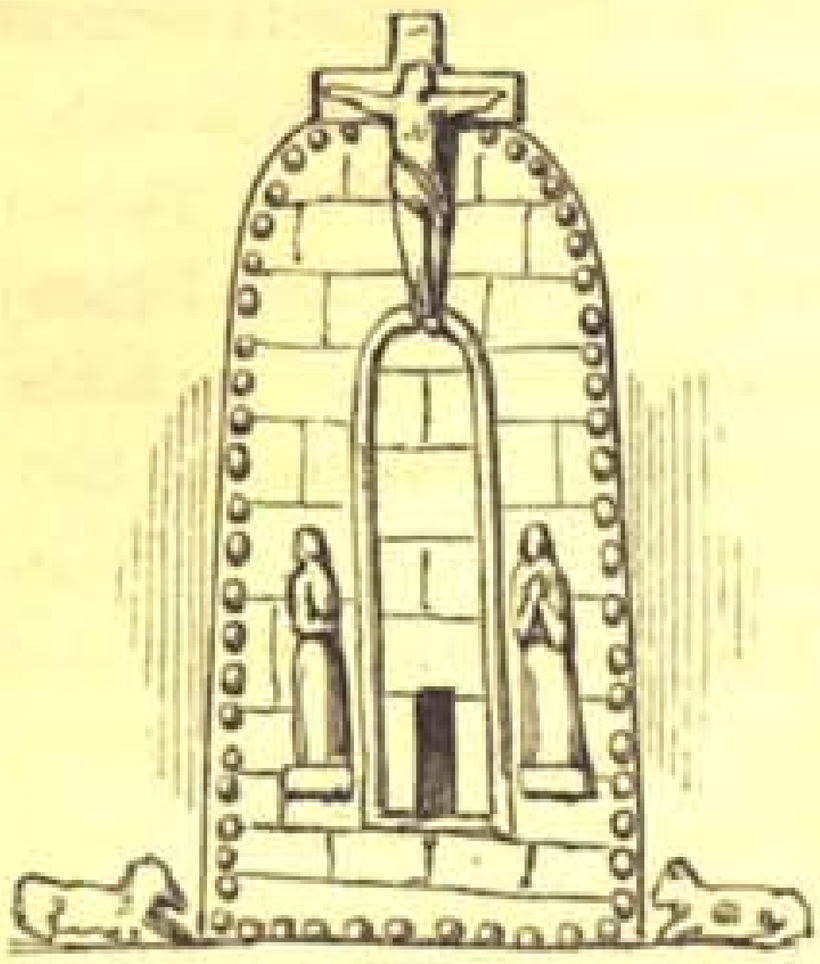




a triangular-headed window, as in the Court of Requests at Westminster; but beyond those we have few other efforts at copying even portions of the details of so striking and prevalent a form seen and wondered at by so many Alumni and visiters from the Sister Island. In France, Belgium, Germany, &c., the case is the same.

Added to their vicinity to churches, Sir R. C. Hoare and others insist upon the presence of Christian emblems on the doorways of Donaghmore, Antrim, and Brechin Towers (that is, in three instances amongst sixty-three of these buildings!) as conclusive evidence as to the whole. Nevertheless, this is but a small number to decide such a question, when besides it is contradicted by the generic name of the towers, so redolent of ignicolism—by their oriental character and similarity, their antique Pelasgic architectural features, and the finding within them remains of unquestionable pagan sepulture. And after all, two of these boasted instances of Christian decoration are of more than doubtful authority. The Donaghmore sculptures, Miss Beauford (Trans. R. I. Acad.) has satisfactorily shown to be comparatively modern; and with regard to Brechin, as the sculptured stones form part of a wall which closes up the original door, the present door being confessedly of a later date, we are coerced either to admit that Brechin Tower was originally built without a door at all, or that the sculptures now

DONAGHMORE.



BRECHIN.

ornamenting the space which it once occupied, are the addition of a more recent age. Whether the cross on the Antrim door may not have been the work of pious mediæval Christians, is a matter for conjecture. It is certain that the early Ecclesiastics, in appropriating to themselves the old pagan places of worship everywhere, took care, very generally, to impose emblems of their religion on the converted structures. Thus, in the Saracenic mosques of Sicily, now used as churches, we find Christian devices set up beside Arabic sentences from the Koran. The Pantheon at Rome, originally a Mithratic temple, has been similarly Christianized; why, then, may we not assume that the Mithratic temples of Antrim, Donaghmore, &c., received a similar care from the successors of the old Sabian priests.

A strong presumptive evidence against the Christianity of the towers lies in the total silence of all Irish hagiography with respect to them. It is natural to believe that had any one of them been constructed by saint or bishop, we should find some record of the fact amongst the "Acta Sanctorum." Smith, undoubtedly, (Hist. Cork) pretends that the Munster annals record the building of the Tower of Kinneagh in 1015. His extract states that the army of Kian passing near that TOWER, then being built by Saint Mocholmog, drank up the milk of the workmen; but the original does not warrant his reading. The passage has it "*Dolodar baine na saor bhi togbail* TEMPOLL *Mocholmog*," i. e. "They drank the milk of the workmen who were building the CHURCH of Mocholmog."

Indeed, so far from the remains of our literature which have been hitherto examined affording a testimony of the Christian origin of the towers, the reverse is the fact. The few notices obtained mention them under the name of *Turaghan* and *Feidh nemedh*, making, however, no record of their *erection*, *era*, or *use:* some proof surely of their high antiquity. One of the earliest events of Irish history, the overthrow of the Firbolg power by the Danaans, is stated to have occurred at a place called, from the vicinity of towers, *Muigh Tuireth na bh Fomorach* (the plain of the Fomorian Tower). *Tor inis* (Tory Island) the Island of the Tower, is also noticed at a like early period, and so is the Tower of *Temur* or Tara, &c. The annals of the four Masters, at 898, mention the Turaghan Angcoire, the Fire Tower of the Anchorite, at Inniscailtre, or Holy Island, already mentioned. The Ulster annals at 996 say that lightning destroyed Armagh, sparing neither the infirmaries, the cathedral, the *Erdam*, nor the *Fedneamead*. The same has Tigernach at that year, except for *Erdam* he substitutes *Cloichteach* (a belfry). Of the erection of churches we have abundant mention in these annals, whilst of the towers we have only those just given, and comparing the magnitude and importance of the

respective buildings, we may reasonably suppose that, did these towers appertain to the same era with the churches, the annals would not have been so silent regarding them—a further evidence in our estimation of their extreme antiquity.

The traditional and legendary notices are equally in favour of our view. Cambrensis relates a tradition of an ancient city which had been, ages previously, buried beneath the waters of Lough Neagh; and states that the fishermen in serene weather were wont to point, in passing, to the round towers "in the waves beneath them shining." The bardic history supports this antique tradition, by affirming that Lough Neagh burst forth suddenly in the reign of Lugad Lamh dearg, or about the year 586 A.C. Popular report at the present day relates that these towers were universally built *in one night* by some holy man or other. This legend curiously enough corresponds with that prevalent in India concerning the cavern temples of Elephanta, Salsette, Ellora, &c., and in Mexico, regarding the mysterious cities of Palenque and Copan. The vernacular name still used, *Cillcagh* or *Golcagh*, is a compound of two sacred words, meaning fire and the divinity. Its root seems to be the same as the Hindoo *Coill*, from *Chalana* to burn, and hence probably our Irish *Cill*, *now* applied to a church. Coupled with the ancient names of *Turaghan* or *Aidhne* (the Tower of Fire, or the Fire of the Circle, i. e. the sun), and *Fidh neimedh* a gnomon or celestial index, as given in the annals; nothing can be more indicative of the original paganism of the structures. But we see this reference to their connexion with sun-worship and the sacred fire still further borne out in the particular names of several of them; thus, *Agh-a-doe*, the field of fire, *Tegh-a-doe*, the fire house, *Ard-doe* (the land in the vicinity of Ardmore Tower) the height of fire, *Kennegh*, the chief fire, *Lusk*, a fire, *Fertagh*, the sepulchral fire-tower. It was anciently called *Fertagh na Guara*, or of the Cabiri, Ghebers, or Gaurs, *i. e.* fire-worshippers. At Rattoo, in Kerry, we have a number of denominations of adjoining lands pointing out their possession by these Gaurs.

The worship of fire by the ancient Irish is a fact sufficiently vouched by the Irish annals and Saints' lives, as well as by existing practices on the eves of May, Midsummer, &c. Its votaries were divided into two sects, one which lighted the sacred fire in the open temple, as at *Gall-ti-mor* (the flame of the great circle), *Gall-Baille* (the flame of the community), &c.;

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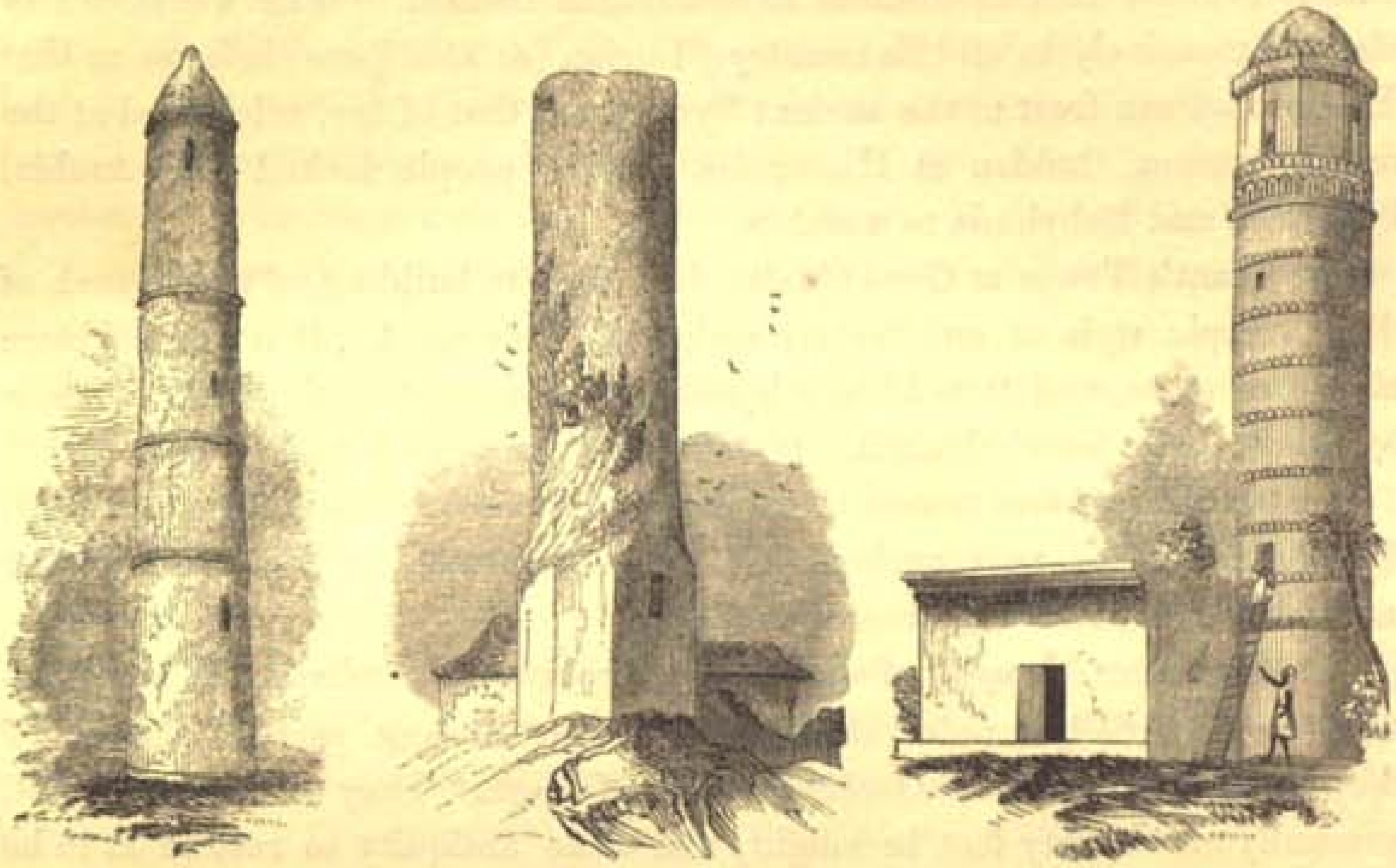
and the other which enclosed it in the *Sun-Tower* (*Turaghan*) or in low over-arched buildings, such as the *Boens*, the cells at *Gall-erous*, &c. The tower and low square temple were equally common to the Persians, with whom, as well as, indeed, with most of the other early pagan nations, fire or the sun formed a main object of adoration. In India the presiding genius of fire is still named *Agni*, a name curiously corresponding with that of the Irish tower, *Tur-aghan* or *Aidhne*, being pronounced nearly as *Agni*. And the columnar temples belonging to the ancient worship of that element still subsist there. The similarity of name and design led Vallancey to recognise the almost identity of the western and oriental towers; and he it was who first announced the real origin and purpose of the former, so long involved in darkness. He has been followed by some of the ablest writers on Irish antiquities that have hitherto appeared; by Webb, Weld, O'Conor, Lanigan, Dalton, O'Brien, Beauford, Moore, and Betham, who agree in their adscription as *sun* temples; whilst O'Brien and Betham only hesitate in supposing that *all* were *fire* temples. Their sepulchral purpose was only guessed at by O'Brien. Sir William Betham is cognizant of it by the discoveries recently made.

Independently of language, the similarity of structure above alluded to would have supposed an identity of design, and offered ground for a reasonable presumption of analogous purpose. We know that the Indian towers were *Mithratic*, that is, consecrated to solar worship; and therefore, and for the other reasons mentioned, derived from language and similarity, we are coerced to consider those of Ireland as similar.

We cannot here be expected to open up the question of early Irish colonisation, but those acquainted with Irish and Asiatic antiquities, are well aware of the many analogies in language, religion, letters, architecture and usages, between Ireland and the cradle of mankind. The Cabiric religion has left vestiges in Ireland, by which a connexion between that country, through Chaldea and Persia, with India, can be satisfactorily traced. In the very form of the structures under consideration we perceive an evidence of this. Nearly all the Mithratic (*i. e.* the solar) temples were *rotund*, varying as they may in proportions and detail, from the Polygar Pagoda, to the Roman Pantheon. Hyde has given a drawing of one of the Eastern structures, with its four upper windows emitting volumes of smoke. Maurice (Indian Antiq., vol. ii.) says that with the Bramins the Pyreia were round.

Lord Valentia was particularly struck by the resemblance which he observed between two round towers at Bhaugulpore, in India, and those of Ireland. The doors were elevated; there were four windows at top, and the

roofs were arched with stone. One of these towers is nearly that of Kenneagh (Cork) reversed, the one being hexagonal at base, the Eastern tower at



summit. In the silence of history, and tradition too, with respect to the latter buildings, the similarity is further carried out. All that is known of them is, that they belonged to the *ancient religion.*

Pennant, speaking of the Polygars of India, says that they retain the *old religion;* and he describes their pagodas as buildings of a cylindrical or round-tower shape, with their tops either pointed or truncated, frequently ornamented with a ball stuck on a spike, intended to represent the *Sun*,—an emblem of the deity of the place.

The fire temples of *Sari*, according to Hanway, are round, one hundred and twenty feet in height, and about thirty in diameter.

Caucasus, the country of the ancient Iberians, whence our Scoto-Iberians of Ireland once issued, abounds in round-tower temples. Klaproth mentions a lofty tower on the banks of the Terek, close to an Inguishan village, with a conical roof, and the door twelve feet above the level of the ground. Amongst the ruins of Damghan in Khorassan, is a tower of similar character. Franklin mentions some of the like towers he had seen in Mandukan.

Amongst the ruins of ancient Babylon is the pile called *Al Kasr*, or the Palace, which consists of a group of round-towers; this we merely notice in proof of the antiquity of buildings of a round-tower shape. A Macedonian coin, mentioned by Dr. Clarke, affords further evidence in confirmation.

Major Keppel has given a drawing of a tower which he saw near the Tigris, (in the ancient Babylonia) which, he correctly says, "shows the resemblance it bears to those ancient columns so common in Ireland." Fire was anciently adored extensively in all this country. Lucian (*de Dea Syria*) informs us that the most solemn feast of the ancient Syrians was that of fire, celebrated at the vernal equinox, holden at Hierapolis, whither people flocked from Arabia, Phœnicia, and Babylonia to worship.

The Giant's Tower at Gozo (Malta) is a circular building, of that branch of the Cyclopic style of architecture called the Polygonal. It is built of large masses of stone, and "its history is lost in the mist of antiquity." *Human bones* have been found about it. (Clarke's "Glimpses of the Old World.")

The round *sepulchral* towers of the ancient Etruscans, found at Cucamella, &c., form another very curious and interesting link in the chain which connects our towers with those of India.

The Sardinian *Nuraggi*, of which there are several hundreds still standing, are of so essentially sepulchral a character, that in some parts of the island they are called "*Domu de Orcu*," or house of death. They are round, conical, generally about sixty feet in height, and of an antiquity so remote as to be attributed to Norax, the Iberian coloniser of the island, or to the Etruscans. Their characteristics partake so largely of those of our towers, that a writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review observes, "there are, we believe, structures of a similar description in some parts of Ireland, which country is supposed also to have been colonised from Iberia." Beneath them are passages and chambers, in some of which urns, fragments of terra-cotta, &c., have been found.

The Tower of Allaior, in Minorca, bears a great similarity to the Sardinian Nuraggi; with this difference, that in the former the passage to the summit winds on the outside, whilst in the Sardinian structure it is carried in the inside, through the thickness of the wall.

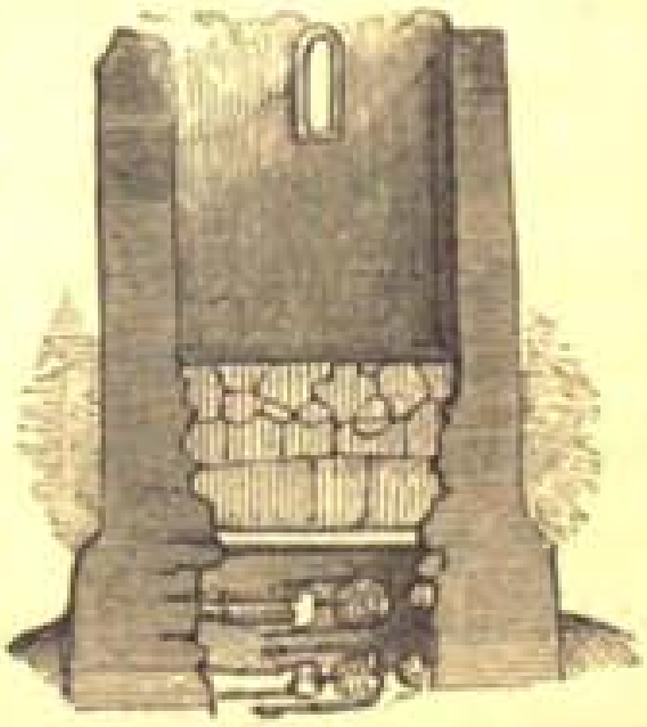
Silius relates that a perpetual fire burned in the Temple of Hercules at Cadiz; and it is said that a fragment of a stone tower, built by Tyrian colonists, remained at that place. The Greeks called it the Pillar of Hercules.

Diodorus, speaking of the Hyperborean Island and the worship of Apollo, mentions, in his description of the Sacred Grove, a singular temple, of *round* form, endowed with many gifts. The identity of this Hyperborean Island has been variously claimed; and our Irish antiquaries amongst others have, on no slight grounds, assumed it to be Ireland. Whether the *Round* Temple be a tower, or an open circle of upright pillar stones, of course

there is no determining. The rotund form was certainly a favourite with the ancient Irish. Their raths or dwellings, their cairns, their tumuli, as well as temples, whether towers or circles of pillar stones, were of that figure. St. Evin, a writer of the 6th century, who wrote a life of Saint Patrick, mentions a prediction by a Druid of one who would come to Ireland, whose houses would be like those of the Romans, *narrow* and *angular*. "A striking evidence," remarks a writer in the Ordnance Survey of Templemore, that previously to the introduction of Christianity into the island no angular buildings were known.

Language, and similarity in form and in purpose, are then, we contend, most satisfactorily and powerfully in favour of their heathen origin, and from what has preceded we can have little hesitation in assuming that most, perhaps all, were at once temples of the Sun, depositaries of the sacred fire, indexes to denote the solstices, equinoxes, and motions of the heavenly bodies, and Gnomons, by which the shadow of that Sun, (of which they were the temples,) indicated the *Rathas*, or seasons of the year. From their summits also the people were summoned, by the sound of trumpets or horns, to worship; and in this respect they served the purpose of minarets. Added to these various uses, many of them were also *sepulchral*, like the Egyptian pyramids, which were Sun-temples, as well as burial places. The Irish, like other ancient heathen nations, buried their dead within the precincts of their most hallowed fanes; human remains have been found interred within the Druidical circle, and beneath the Cromleach.

The recent researches conducted in 1841 by Messrs. Odell, Abell, Hackett, Wall, Horgan, and Windele, by which nine of these structures have been examined, have established the sepulchral character of many of the Irish Towers. In the base of the Tower of Ardmore the remains of two skeletons were found deposited in a bed of sifted earth. Above this was a floor of concrete, over which were four successive layers of large stones, closely fitted to each other, and over these was laid another floor of smoothed concrete. Here a care and precaution were displayed, indicating the importance of the personages interred, whilst the absence of any remains of coffin, or crosier, or ring, or other ornament, afforded a fair presumption that the deceased were not Christian. Three skeletons have been found in the base of Cloyne Tower. Human remains were also discovered in the Tower of Ram Island (Antrim). Similar discoveries have been recently made in the Tower of Roscrea, by E. Wall, Esq.,



of that town. The Tower of Dromboe has been submitted to a like examination. In this, at several feet below a deposit of rubbish, earth, human bones, horns, and stones, which had undergone the action of fire, a concrete floor, similar to that found in the towers of Ardmore, Cloyne, Roscrea, &c., was reached. Beneath this was found a stratum of dark loamy earth, under which, even with the foundation of the building, lay a skeleton nearly perfect. Of the skull a cast has been taken for the Belfast Natural History Society. But what beyond all question decides the Paganism of these buildings is the discovery of an *urn*, in the Tower of Timahoe, and of fragments of others in those of Brechin and Abernethy, in Scotland; in the latter, beside a portion of an *urn* of *green* clay, Mr. Black, the author of a History of Brechin, says that bones were got laid below flat stones; thus in the same sepulchre exhibiting cremation and inhumation together, as has been found in Etruscan tombs. These discoveries justify the name of one of the Irish towers, *Fertagh*, the sepulchral fire-tower; and clearly assimilate those structures to the Nuraggi, the Gozo Tower, the Dagobas of Ceylon, and other most ancient structures appertaining to Sun worship.

It is said that large brazen and iron trumpets have been found in and near several of them. Dr. Pocock saw a long trumpet of iron, which was dug up from the bottom of one of them. The "Gentleman's Magazine," (1742,) states that two silver images were found under a tower; they were three inches in height, representing men in armour, each holding a small *golden* spear in his hand. O'Brien has looked on these as idols.

Vallancey, in one of his works, informs us, that he "had caused the floors of many to be opened, and ashes of burnt wood have been found, the remains of the perpetual fire kept burning in the bottom, in honour of the Deity, the Sun." This curiously coincides with the discovery of small fragments of charcoal at the external base of the Round Tower of Cashel, in September, 1841, by the Dean of Lismore, Mr. Abell, and Mr. Windele, when digging to ascertain the depth of the foundation.

In arguing against the original construction of the Tower by Christians, we endeavoured to show the probability that the early missionaries, in their desire for possessing themselves of the Pagan fanes, erected their churches on their sites, or immediately adjoining; and this, on their part, was an act highly politic. Those temples stood in populous and recognised localities, and, as such, were desirable to the missionary; besides, in choosing such situations, they encountered Paganism in its strongholds. We shall follow out that argument with the statement of a few facts, exhibiting the practice very unequivocally, and thus strengthening our entire case.

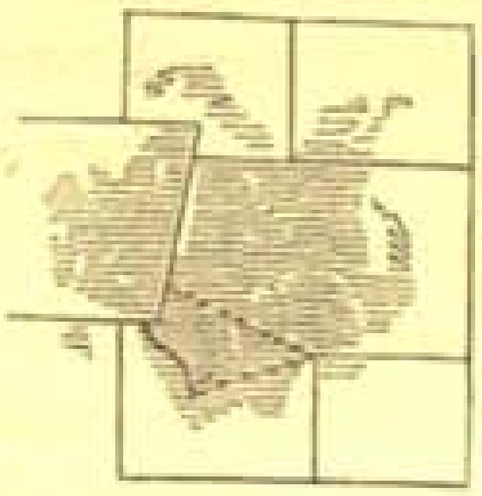
At Sugar Loaf Hill, in the county of Waterford, we have, at the present day, a *Church* and a *Cromleac* within the same inclosure. At Kilmelched or (Kerry) is another church, very ancient, standing within a short distance of an old *Ogham* inscribed Phallic hole-stone, and several stone-roofed crypts or Mithratic temples. At Saint Olan's (Cork), in the burial-ground, stands an Ogham inscribed stone; several others have been found in the neighbourhood, and near it is a highly venerated *holy well.* At Temple Brien (Cork) a Phallus 12 feet high stands within a few feet of the old church. At Ardmore (Waterford) we have the original Pagan character of the place more strongly marked. *Within the area* of the ancient Church, on the cliff, is a celebrated *holy well.* Lower down, on the strand, is one of those mysterious Tolmens, beneath which, annually, a ceremony typical of regeneration is performed by hundreds. And again, within the Church of Saint Declan was discovered, in 1841, by Mr. Windele, a fragment of an Ogham inscription, whilst at the distance of a few feet stands the *Turraghan*, the most beautiful Tower in Ireland. At Ardpatrick (Limerick) are the remains, 11 feet in height, of another Round Tower, and beside it stand the ruins of an old Church. Here also have we another *holy well*, efficacious in the cure of cattle. But what is even stronger to our purpose, this place is mentioned in an ancient Life of Saint Patrick, as a hill sacred to the *Sun.* "In australi regione Momoniæ Desiorum Australium, metatus est erigendæ ecclesiæ locum in quodam colle, qui proinde nominis usurpationem ab eo desumens *Ard patrick, i. e.*, Collis Patricii, nuncupatur (pro *ard grian*, vel *Grianard* quo gaudebat antiquitus); ubi in *veneratione* habetur *Lapis*, qui *Lapis Patricii* vocatur, sed vir Belial Derbhallus ei se opposuit," &c. (Rerum Hib. vol. ii. page 150.) On Scattery Island is a *Druidical Circle* near the Church and Tower, and immediately adjoining is "Our Lady's *Well.*" At Clonmacnois, also, is another evidence of the primitive Pagan character of that place—a *holy well* of much repute. But instances of this description we shall not unreasonably multiply. Need we here remark, that well-worship formed a prominent feature in the Paganism of all ancient nations, and that traces of it have been found in Asia, in Africa, in Greece, Italy, Spain, France, &c.?

Our next point of attention in this inquiry is the *architecture* of these buildings. That Ireland has many monuments of ancient Cyclopic and Pelasgian architecture, no one acquainted with her antiquities can doubt. The interior of several of her cairns, cave temples, forts, cassiols, and cahers, as well as those singular cells—various in form—found at Gallerous, Mount Eagle, and the adjacent Islands of Kerry, amply attest this. The walls are generally of dry stone-work, sometimes cemented; the stones

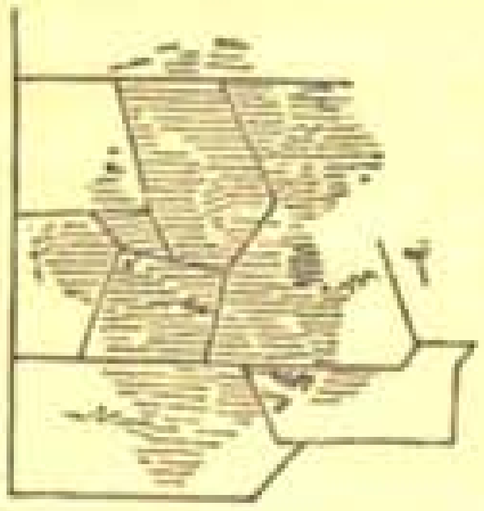
often polygonal, the doors broad at base, narrow at top; their heads, as well as the window-copes, sometimes formed of transverse lintels, and at others presenting the semicircular, or the primitive lancet arch; and the roofs invariably formed by overlaying;—in strict conformity with the style found at Mycene, in the Etruscan Sepulchres, the Egyptian Pyramids, in India, in the Temple of Brombanan in Java, in Mexico, &c., the most ancient in the world, and whose origin is traceable to the Canaanites or Phœnicians—the Giants of the Septuagint, the Cyclopes of the Greeks. The style ceased between the seventh and fourth centuries before Christ, and yet, strange to say, we find it continued in Ireland in some of our most ancient *Christian Churches* for seven centuries *after* the Christian Era. This is accounted for in part by the seclusion and isolation of this country from the Roman world, and by the permanent and, in this and many other instances, Asiatic nature of its institutions, habits, and manners. In a country like Ireland, in which professions and trades were hereditary, as in the case of the brehon or judge, the physician, the Druid, the bard, the marshal, the standard-bearer, the brazier, the smith, &c., Christianity wrought no change of architectural style beyond that of form, substituting, in the Christian Temple, the *angular* for the *rotund* of the Pagan, but preserving all the manner, character, and details of the national style.

This fact, to be sure, may serve as an argument to cut either way, and should not *per se* be relied on as very conclusive in our view of the question; but, taken in connexion with the other weighty considerations in its favour, already adduced, indicating, as it does, an antiquity of such a wide range, it will be found of the highest value.

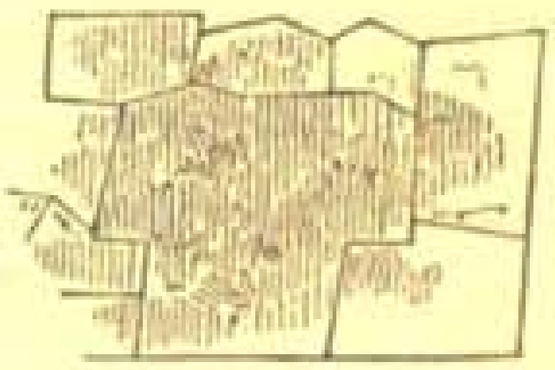
In the construction of the walls we have the Pelasgic feature of the jointing stones placed irregularly, but fitted closely to each other. The Round Tower of Cashel presents us with instances of this; we have it also in the Church of Britway, and it is constantly present in all the Pelasgic remains of Greece and Italy, as at Mycene, &c.



CASHEL.



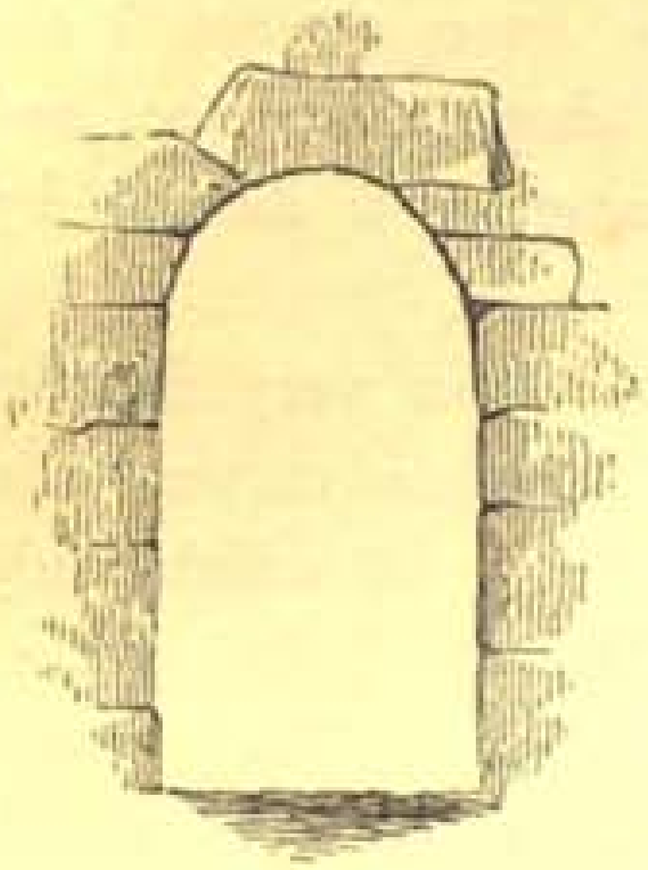
MYCENÆ.



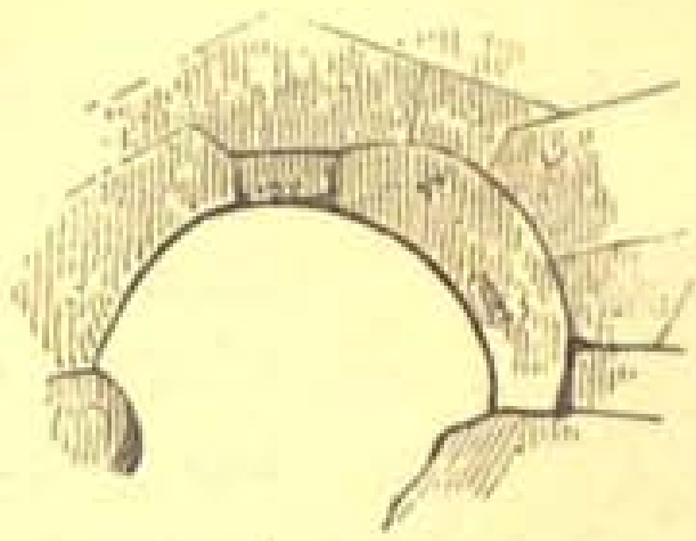
BRITWAY.

Again: we have the semicircular arch in the same Tower, likewise at Brit-

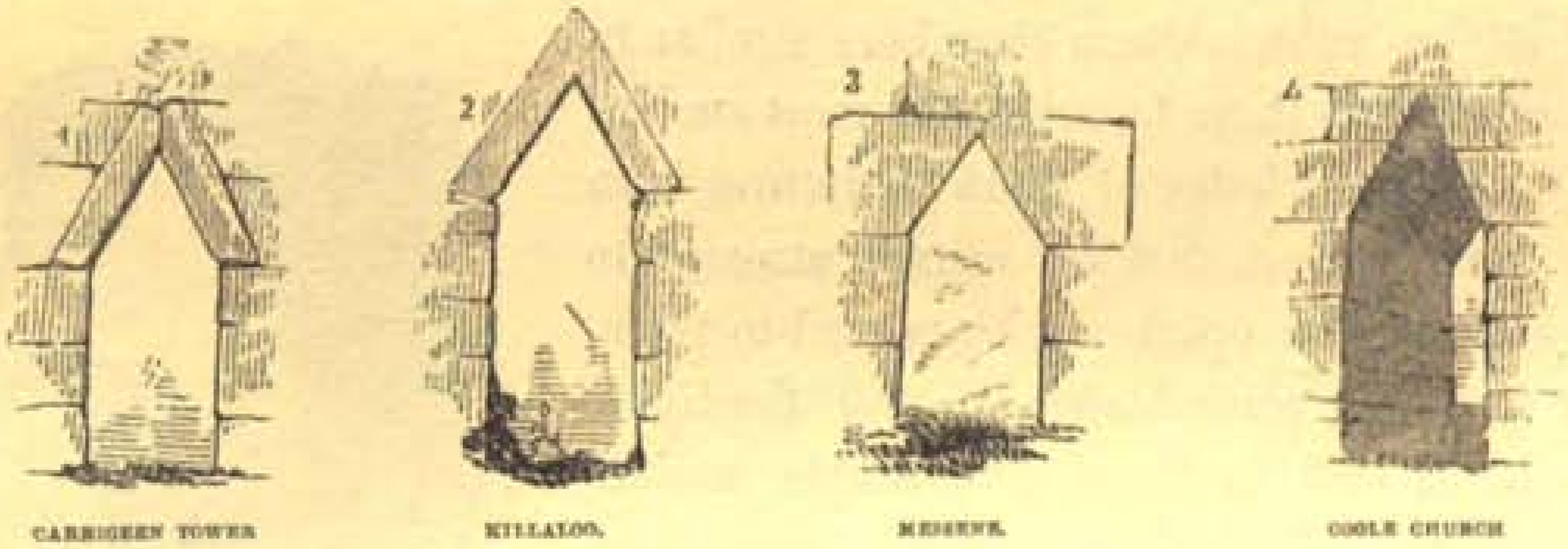
way, in common with all Christian Churches down to the present day; and we have it also in some of the most ancient monuments of Egypt, in the tomb of Mithridates in the Crimea, &c., but we have this arch formed, not by radiation or centering, as in the Churches, but by overlaying, as at Scattery and Ardmore, and in the ancient Cyclopean Gateway at Rhyniassa in Albania. The triangular, or lintel-pointed, arch is common to the Towers; it occurs also in the old Churches of Killaloo (Clare) and of Coole (Cork), and in the Cyclopean Galleries at Tyrins, as well as at Messene and Megalopolis.



SCATTERY.

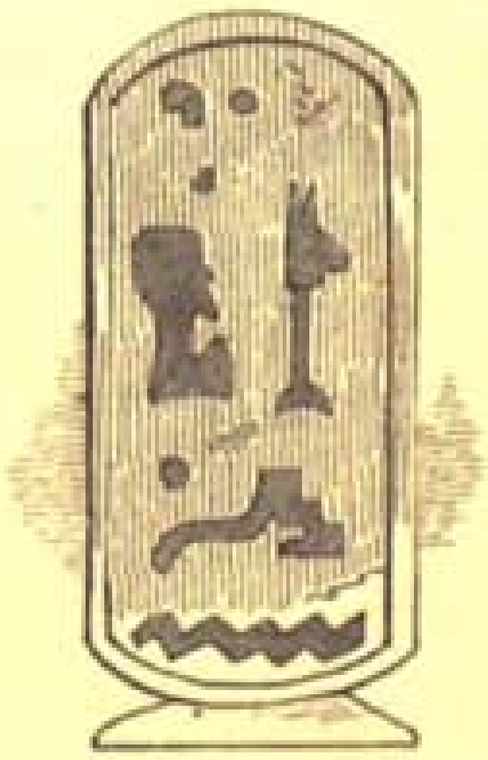


RHYNIASSA.



CARRIGEEN TOWER. KILLALOO. MEDERVA. COOLE CHURCH.

The doorways of two or three of the Towers exhibit the *chevron* or *zig-zag* ornament. This has been seized on by the Christian advocates as evidence of a Christian period, because it occurs in most of our Romanesque Churches. But it has been found also amongst the hieroglyphics of Egypt and Arabia Petræa (see De Laborde's work), on the shafts of the columns in the tomb of Agamemnon, and in the sepulchres of Etruria. We have it also in urns discovered in barrows and cairns in England and Ireland. In fact, it is one of those ornaments of antiquity that, once used, never afterwards fell into disuse.



But in the arching of the stone-roof the Tower possesses a distinctive peculiarity. This covering is invariably formed by overlaying, in the manner of inverted steps, and this

species of arch was skilfully adopted where lateral abutment, so requisite for the round arch, was almost impossible. We have examined the stone-roofed churches of Saint Doulagh, Cormac's chapel, Killaloo, and Killaghy, (Killarney,) and ascertained that their covering is formed by radiation.

We cannot conclude without directing attention to those very singular structures, the Boens, so numerous in Kerry, and of one of which Lady Chatterton ("Rambles," &c., vol. i.) has given a drawing. They would appear to us to be of the same family as the Round Tower. They are low, seldom above 20 feet in height, circular, and of a diameter similar to the Towers, decreasing in the ascent, and the covering formed of an overlaid arch. No cement has been used in their construction. Beneath the one mentioned by Lady Chatterton, and probably under all, are subterranean chambers similar in style and form to those found in our most ancient raths. Our knowledge of these structures is so recent and limited, that we cannot attempt to offer any decided opinion with regard to them. Their external resemblance to the Sardinian Nuragh, as well as those remarkable ancient Scottish Duns, of which "Arthur's Oven," and the Dun of Dornadilla, may be offered as examples, is, however, not a little remarkable. Their name of *Boen*, formed of *Bo*, a cow, and *an* or *ain*, a circle, would seem to refer to that helioarkite worship which once prevailed in Ireland, and in which the *sacred Cow*, as in Egypt and India, formed a prominent object. Tradition has to the present day associated with the *Bo finne*, (the white cow,) strange supernatural attributes which could have only originated in that ritual.

LONDONDERRY & ANTRIM.

LONDONDERRY

Ballymagorry

Carntogher Mount.

Garvagh

Kilrea

Dungiven

Limavady

Ballykelly

Burntfort

Muff

Culmore

Culdaff

Ballyliffin

Clonmany

Malin Head

Inishowen

Buncrana

Fahan

Moville

Greencastle

Inishtrahull

Tory I.

Rathlin I.

Fair Hd

Torr Hd

Bengore Hd

Garron Pt

Glenarm

Larne

Carrickfergus

Belfast Lough

BELFAST

Donaghadee

Portpatrick

Mull of Galloway

Ailsa Craig

Lough Foyle

Lough Swilly

Lough Neagh

Lough Beg

Sea of Ireland

Irish Sea

North Channel

Londonderry — Population 221,880 — English Acres 547,997

Antrim — Population 30,672 — English Acres 318,304

Irish Miles

English Miles

55

LONDONDERRY.

The maritime county of Londonderry, in the province of Ulster, is bounded on the south and south-west by the county of Tyrone; on the east by the county of Antrim; on the north by the Atlantic; on the north-east by Lough Foyle; and on the west by the county of Donegal. According to the Ordnance Survey, it comprises an area of 518,423 acres, of which 388,817 are cultivated, 10,404 are covered by water, and 119,202 are waste mountain and bog. It is divided, for the purposes of civil jurisdiction, into the city and liberties of Londonderry, the town and liberties of Coleraine, and the baronies of Coleraine, Tirkeeran, Kenaught, and Loughinsholin. Its principal towns—besides Londonderry and Coleraine—are Newton-Limivady, Castledawson, Dungevin, Moneymore, Draper's-town, Magherafelt, Maghera, and Garvagh.

Journeying from the Giant's Causeway, the county is entered by way of Coleraine, the liberties of which extend to the borders of the county of Antrim. It is situated on the east bank of the river Ban, about three miles from its influx into the sea. The town appears busy and bustling, and although its commerce is comparatively limited, considering the advantages it enjoys, almost on the verge of the Atlantic, it still carries on a flourishing trade in the finer class of linen—for the manufacture of which it has been long pre-eminent. The Ban is crossed by a pretty bridge, built in 1743, chiefly by aid of the Irish Society. The navigation of the river is obstructed by a bar of shifting sand; and, at a distance of about two miles from the town, by a ledge of rocks—"the Salmon Leap"—which runs from

its eastern to its western bank. The fall over this huge and high barrier is magnificent in the extreme. A lofty, but unemployed and half-ruined mill stands upon its western border; the rapid waters rushing idly and uselessly by; adding, indeed, to the picturesque beauty of the scenery, but contributing only to the occupation of the fisherman and the enjoyment of the angler.

Passing through the town of Newtown-Limivady—a long broad street of poor houses—and the village of Ballykelly, a neat and peculiarly graceful village of "the fishmongers," on the south-west border of Lough Foyle, we soon arrive in sight of the famous city of Derry. Its character is remarkable from every point of view; covering a hill from the summit to the base, round a considerable part of which roll the waters of Lough Foyle; the houses rising in tiers one above another; with the lofty spire of the time-honoured cathedral topping all *. It is impossible to approach the venerable and heroic city without being struck with its apparent "fitness" for resisting the assaults of a besieger; its great natural strength is at once apparent; and as we advance nearer and note the high and thick walls by which it is surrounded, we become convinced that the brave and earnest hearts by which it was defended, and who obtained for it and themselves imperishable names in history, might have scorned the attacks of any enemy but famine. The walls that encompass Derry will first attract attention; they seem, to-day, as perfect as they were in 1688; have been kept in excellent repair; the broad walk upon them is neatly gravelled as a promenade, and the towers appear as capable of defence as they did a century and a half ago. These walls were built by the London companies, soon after the "Plantation"—to which we shall refer presently—indeed the town itself may be said to have been raised by them, for, in 1608, it was burned and destroyed by Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, who almost literally left it "without one stone remaining upon another †."

* We approached Derry as the evening was closing in; nothing could be more imposing than the appearance of "The Maiden City"—at first a few lights became visible near the Foyle, then they sparkled higher up, so as to display to great advantage the far-famed *acropolis* of the north. As we turned into the outward suburb—to the full as large as Derry, within the walls—the reflection of the lights from the river gave a magic effect to the scene. The hill or Island of Derry is of an oval form, and ascends to an elevation of one hundred and nineteen feet.

† By the original contract between the crown and the corporation of London, concluded in 1609, it was stipulated that the walls should be finished on the 1st of November in the following year; but though commenced they were not entirely completed for several years after. They were laid out and built under the direction of Thomas Raven, of London, who had been sent over for the purpose, and the total cost of their erection, "including ports or gates," with all materials and workmanship, was £8357. According to Pynnar, in 1618-19 the city was "encompassed about with a very strong wall, excellently made and neatly wrought, being all of good lime and stone; the circuit whereof is two hundred and eighty-four perches and two-thirds; at eighteen feet to the perch; besides the four gates, which contain eighty-four feet, and in every place of

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LONDONDERRY.

The city gates have been kept in good repair; chiefly by grants from the Irish Society. "The four original gates were called the Bishop's Gate, the Ship-quay Gate, the New Gate (now the Butchers' Gate), and the Ferry-port, or Ferry Gate (now the Ferry-quay Gate); two others, commonly called the New Gate and the Castle Gate (but not by authority), were subsequently added. Between 1805 and 1808, the first three were rebuilt, at an expense of £1403 3*s*. The Bishop's Gate and the Ship-quay Gate are alone embellished. The former is a triumphal arch, erected to the memory of William III., in 1789, by the corporation, with the concurrence of the Irish Society, at the centenary of the opening of the gates." It was the Ferry Gate which the 'Prentice Boys "shut" on

the wall it is twenty-four feet high, and six feet thick. The gates are all battlemented; but to two of them there is no going up, so that they serve to no great use; neither have they made any leaves for their gates, but make two drawbridges serve for two of them, and two porteullises for the other two. The bulwarks are very large and good, being in number nine, besides two half bulwarks; and for four of them there may be four cannons, or other great pieces; the rest are not all out so large, but wanteth very little. The rampart within the city is twelve feet thick of earth; all things are very well and substantially done, saving there wanteth a house for the soldiers to watch in, and a centinell-house for the soldiers to stand in in the night to defend them from the weather, which is most extream in these parts."

During the siege these bulwarks, or bastions, were known popularly by the following names, as given in "A Description of Londonderry," annexed to Neville's plan of the siege, engraved in 1689; —"the *Double Bastion*, soe called from its being divided with a wall, which reaches from the face to the middle or the gorge: this was made because the bastion was built on a descent, and the upper part exposed and lay open to the campagne. It was on this bastion that the governor erected a gallows to have executed the prisoners taken in war, when the poor unprotected Protestants were most inhumanly driven, contrary to the law of armes, under the walls to have perished, or force the besieged to surrender; but, by this stratagem of the governour's, the enemy suffered the Protestants to withdraw. The *Royall Bastion*, so called from the advancing of the red flagg upon it, in defiance of the enemy. It hath a platforme of no considerable greatness. *Hangman's Bastion*, soe called from a person that was makeing his escape from the towne, and (as he thought) had employed friends to let him downe by a coard: they by some means gott it about his neck, and held him soe long by the way that they had allmost despatched him: but this is but a demy bastion. *Gunner's Bastion*, because the master gunner's house stood near it. This is likewise a demy bastion. *Coward's Bastion*, for it was observable that such resorted there, it lyeing most out of danger. It is said it never wanted company good store. The *Water Bastion*, from the washing of the tyde upon the face of it. *New Gate Bastion*, because it stands near that gate. *Ferry Bastion*, as lyeing opposite thereunto. The *Church Bastion*, it being near the church." To this description may be added from the report to the Irish Society of the Commissioners, Proby and Springham, in 1618, that the walls had around them a dry ditch, eight feet deep and thirty broad, which extended from the Prince's Bulwark, at the west end of the city, along the south to the water side, being more than half the circuit of the wall. The wants complained of by Pynnar were not supplied till after 1628, when the corporation of London were ordered by his majesty "to

the 7th of December, 1688. It was from the Bishop's Gate the garrison generally made its sorties.

After its destruction, in 1608, the city rose from its ashes, but not rapidly; in 1618-19, the houses numbered only 92; and its progress continued to be slow, until within the present century. So recently as 1804, there was only one market—a fish market; the court-house was "unsafe from decay;" and the jail was "small and bad;" there was no dispensary; no library; there were no lamps; parts only of the streets were flagged; and the walls were in "very bad order." The city now contains several handsome public edifices and valuable institutions; the houses within the walls and adjoining them, number 2947; and the population exceeds 10,000. It is approached from Coleraine by a singularly long and narrow wooden bridge, crossing the river Foyle*. The quays are good, and the dock-yards rank among the most extensive and admirable in Ireland. The most interesting of the public structures is the Cathedral; it stands upon the summit of the hill of Derry; and derives its importance less from its antiquity than from its close and intimate association with the history of the siege, and as covering the mortal remains of its immortal defenders. On either side of the east window are two flags, taken from the besiegers in 1689—their remains, rather, for time has left them a mere collection of shreds. On the sill of the window is an inscription commemorating the circumstances under which they were placed there—their having been taken from the enemy during a sortie on the morning of the 7th of May. Another memorial of the glory of "the defenders" stands on the central western bastion;

build and erect guard-houses, centinel-houses, stairs, and passages to the bulwarks and ramparts, where they are deficient or defective;" in consequence of which they commenced building three guard-houses and eight platforms. Two of the guard or sentinel-houses then erected, still remain, which are situated between the Bishop's Gate and the south bastion. After a lapse of more than two centuries, the fortifications of Derry retain, nearly unchanged, their original form and character: the external ditch, indeed, is no longer visible being mostly occupied by the rears of houses. Between 1806 and 1808, the walls were repaired at a cost of £1119 6*s*. 2*d*. In 1824 the north-west bastion was demolished to make room for the erection of a market; and in 1826 the central western bastion was modified for the reception of Walker's Testimonial.—*Ordnance Survey*.

* The bridge was erected by Mr. Lemuel Cox, a native of Boston, between the years 1789 and 1791, at the cost of £16,294 6*s*. The length of the bridge is 1068 feet, and its breadth forty. The piles of which the piers are composed, are from fourteen to eighteen inches square, and from fourteen to eighteen feet long. They are made of oak, and the head of each pile is tenoned into a cap-piece seventeen inches square, and forty feet long, supported by three sets of girths and braces. The piers, which are sixteen and a half feet asunder, are bound together by thirteen string-pieces, equally divided, and transversely bolted; on the string-pieces is laid the flooring. On each side of the platform there is a railing four and a half feet high, and a broad foot-way, provided with gas lamps. At one-quarter of the length of the bridge, measured towards its western extremity, a turning bridge has been constructed in place of the original drawbridge: some contrivance of this kind is necessary, the inhabitants of Strabane having a right to the free navigation of the Foyle. There is a toll-house at the end next to the city. *Ordnance Survey*.

a testimonial to the memory of Walker and his brave companions in arms. It is a well-proportioned column, of Portland stone, eighty-one feet high, surmounted by a statue of "the governor," represented in the clerical costume of the period, his right hand holding a bible, his left pointing to the place where the boom was laid; indicating, as it were, the approach of the vessels that brought food to the famished heroes. It was erected in 1828, by subscription, at a cost of £1200. In the area at the base, are four of the famous guns, which performed such signal services during the siege; six others stand at the south-west bastion; and in the yard of the court-house is the far-famed "Roaring Meg," so called from "the loudness of her voice," which is said hourly to have cheered the hearts of the besieged, and appalled those of the besiegers.

The cannon, generally, contain the date 1642, and the names of the several London Companies by whom they were presented to the city. Roaring Meg was the gift of "the Fishmongers."

Although Derry had sustained two previous sieges—one in 1641, and one in 1649—it is from the third and last, which occurred in 1689, that the city derives its fame. The "shutting of the gates of Derry," took place on the 7th of December, 1688. Tyrconnel had withdrawn from the garrison a regiment commanded by Lord Mountjoy, a Protestant, in whom the citizens had much confidence, and proposed to replace it by one then raising by the Earl of Antrim, a Roman Catholic nobleman, whom they distrusted. The terrors of 1641 were yet green in the memories of many, and dismal rumours of a coming massacre were circulated*; the Protestants of the north—sur-

* The natural alarm of the northern Protestants was increased by a letter "dropped at Cumber," and addressed to Lord Mount-Alexander; it was written in an "ill hand," and appeared to have been "penned by one of the meaner sort of the natives." It ran thus:—"Good my Lord, I have written to let you know that all our Irishman through Ireland is sworn. That on the 9th day of this month, they are all to fall on to kill and murder, man, wife, and child. And I desire your Lordship to take care of yourself, and all others that are judged by our men to be heads; for whosoever of 'em can kill any of you, they are to have a captain's place; so my desire to your honour is to look to yourself, and give other noblemen warning, and go not out either night or day, without a good guard with you, and let no Irishman come near you whatsoever he be: so this is all from him, who was your father's friend, and is your friend, and will be, though I dare not be known as yet for fear of my life." The letter was dated Dec. 3; copies of it were immediately circulated, and it, no doubt, tended greatly towards the "shutting of the gates of Derry."

rounded by a hostile population, threatened by an undisciplined mob of armed men, recently recruited from classes whose evil passions required no stimulus, and governed by rulers who made no concealment of a resolve to destroy their rights and their religion—banded together for mutual defence; and, by degrees, assembled in towns where a stand was most likely to be made with effect. Derry offered peculiar advantages; and the neighbouring Protestants were already looking to it as their sanctuary, when the war was suddenly commenced. The two companies of Lord Antrim's regiment were marching towards the city; they were actually within sight of its walls, when a few lads—"about eight or nine of them"—SHUT THE GATES; refused entrance to the soldiers of King James; and, by conduct so seemingly "rash and desperate," so completely without calculation, as to have appeared absolute madness at the moment, these "'prentice boys" became the arbiters of the destinies of three kingdoms, and, according to all human calculation, determined the fate of the Reformation in Europe. The leading authorities, headed by the bishop, Ezekiel Hopkins, vainly endeavoured to persuade the youths to retrace their steps; they were resolute in defending the honour of the "maiden city;" the spirit they had kindled spread rapidly; men of note soon caught it; and within a very brief period a good and substantial band of armed citizens was formed, officered, and disciplined to man the walls and endure a siege. First and foremost among their leaders was David Cairnes, a gentleman who, from the beginning to the end of the war, was brave, active, and uncompromising, and who lived to represent in Parliament the city he had so largely contributed to save. The news that Derry was to be defended, spread like wild-fire through the northern counties; Protestants of all grades made their way to its protecting walls; arms and ammunition were, by degrees, and not without great difficulty, obtained; and preparations were made to preserve the city from the assaults of the army that was certain to be sent against it. Ample time was given for the citizen-soldiers to prepare; for the month of April, 1689, had advanced before they were exposed to serious danger. Meanwhile, James II. had landed in Ireland, at the head of his French allies; and very soon afterwards directed his attention to the north, with a view chiefly to the subjugation of Londonderry, where the governor, Lundy, an officer originally appointed by Tyrconnell, and who, although his commission was ratified by the Prince of Orange, was in reality a partisan of James, was ready to "open the gates," betray the garrison, and sacrifice the cause. The King had actually reached the walls, expecting quiet possession, when the "'prentice boys"—a "tumultuous and untractable rabble," for so they were described to his

majesty, rushed to their bastions, and fired their cannon upon his troops, killing, it is said, "a captain who stood near the king's person *." At this critical moment, Adam Murray, Esq., who had been a medical officer in the service of the East India Company, arrived to the rescue†, resolutely opposed all proposals for capitulation; and succeeded in establishing the principle, subsequently carried out, of "no surrender." On the 19th of April, Lundy, whose treachery had been fully exposed, and whose life was in danger, skulked from the walls in disguise, "with a load of match on his back." Major Henry Baker and the famous ecclesiastic, George Walker, were appointed to succeed him; Baker died about six weeks afterwards, and was buried in one of the vaults of the cathedral; and Colonel Mitchelburne was elected in his place. The garrison was immediately formed into eight companies, amounting to 7020 men, commanded by 341 officers, "each regiment had its own ground, each company its own bastion, and the spirit of the inhabitants was exhibited by a resolve that 'if any man offered to go out on that errand (to propose terms of capitulation) he should be treated as a betrayer of the town, the Protestant religion, and King William's interest." The treacherous had been expelled, the timid had withdrawn, and the brave garrison was left to its own natural resources. The citizen-soldiers were badly armed and ill-provisioned, the town was over-crowded by a useless population; there was no officer of experience to direct their energies; they had no engineers, few horses, and no forage; not a gun well mounted—nothing indeed to support and encourage them, but, according to the simple

* James arrived at Derry on 18th April; and, according to his own account, "endeavoured to bring the unhappy rebels to a sense of their duty, with a singular and unwearied benignity and forbearance." He calls the garrison "obstinate wretches, who neither offered to surrender nor capitulate," and whose answer to a summons was "nothing else than cannon and musket shots from every side." Dalrymple says:—"They alarmed King James by continual sallies, in the day, in the night, in time of meals, in rain, in mist. They destroyed his works; or, when success failed them, they returned contented that they had harassed his troops. These sallies they made formidable by a practice which pedants in the profession of arms would have disapproved. When a sally was to be made, the command was offered to whatever officer would undertake it; and the officer offered the service to whatever soldiers would attend him." The king remained in the camp opposite to Derry, or in the immediate neighbourhood, until the middle of June. The Derry gunners, though "self-taught," must have been very expert. On the 19th July, Hamilton wrote to the king that "Mr. Massé was killed; one Captain Bourke had his left hand shot off, and wounded by splinters through the shoulder; a gunner and two soldiers hurt, all by one shot; that within a moment thereafter, two soldiers had been killed by a second shot; whereof the wind had so burned Major Geogheghan's face, that he was in danger of losing his left eye."

† "In broken speeches he called to the multitude who surrounded him, as soon as he passed the gate, to remember glory, safety, and religion, their country, themselves, their posterity—with other topics which natural passion dictated, or the present exigency required. He pointed to different persons to secure the gates, to run to arms, to mount the walls, to point the guns. He directed all those whose voices were for defending the town, to distinguish themselves by tying a white cloth round the left arm."—*Dalrymple.*

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eloquence of Governor Walker, ' their great confidence, and dependence upon Almighty God, that He would take care of them and preserve them!' Yet in the midst of appalling perils, they persevered in resisting all temptations to surrender; they commenced the contest nearly in despite of hope, continued it almost in despair, and endured sufferings with a degree of patience, fortitude, and courage, scarcely paralleled in history. At this period there appears to have been upwards of 30,000 living souls encompassed by the walls, which enclosed an area of a few acres.

The first sortie of the garrison took place on the 21st of April. An assault was made upon the combined French and Irish at the Mill of Pennyburn, now a picturesque ruin. The men of Derry were led by Colonel

Murray; who killed with his own hand the French General Mammou*; with whom he is said to have had three personal encounters. The success of this effort animated the garrison; so that no difficulty was afterwards found in procuring men for a sortie. There were volunteers enough to follow any officer of note, whenever an attack was to be made upon the enemy. Meanwhile their resolution and bravery were known in

* The sword with which Colonel Murray slew the French general, is still retained as a trophy by Murray's descendants. It was borne by his grandson at the Commemoration festival, which took place in Derry, on the 7th Dec. 1788.

England; and Major General Kirk was sent with men, arms, and provisions to their relief; but the passage up the Foyle was arrested by the enemy, who planted guns upon either border, and placed a boom across a narrow part of the river. Kirk, however, continued to communicate with the city, informing the garrison that he had "stores and victuals for them,"—one of his messengers, "a little boy," carried a letter made up in a cloth button, and as in conveying a reply he was taken prisoner, he contrived to swallow it. Towards the end of June, Marshal Rosen took the command of the French and Irish forces, in person; and James returned to Dublin, previously exclaiming, that if his troops had been English they would have brought him the walls stone by stone. Rosen tried the effect of lures and promises, "of which he was very eloquent and obliging;" and finding them of no avail, resorted to threats—"swearing by the belly of God he would demolish the town and bury the inhabitants in its ashes." Kirk, who earned and deserved the title of "infamous," both for his conduct in Derry, and, previously, in Devonshire—made no worthy effort to relieve the gallant but famishing garison; he had set sail from their shores, advising them "to be good husbands of their provisions"—advice from which they had a melancholy presage. Even then they were reduced almost to the last extremity—living upon salted and dried hides, horse-flesh, dogs, cats, and mice—yet still declaring, and with no empty boast, their resolution "to eat the Irish, and then one another, rather than yield." Disease added its terrors to those of famine, yet half dying men, with emaciated frames and hungry eyes, stalked through the city, day and night, threatening death to any traitor who spoke of a surrender *. On the 1st of July, Rosen kept the promise to which he had pledged himself; he collected from the neighbouring counties of Antrim, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Donegal, every Protestant he could find—and before day broke on that eventful day, the miserable garrison heard a confused murmur of groans and cries; as the morning dawned they beheld a mass of their aged, decrepit and infant relatives—old men, women, and children—to the number of "some thousands"—pushed, or rather pricked, onward towards the walls; with an intimation from the French commander, that unless they were received within them, they should all be left there to perish.†

* On the 25th of July, Hamilton wrote to the king, that in the pockets of some men killed in a sally "starch was found—as a sign of the great wants of the garrison;" and that a dying man had declared he had fed on nothing else four days.

† Rosen, in his proclamation dated the 30th of June, states that he had "sent the necessary orders to all governors and commanders of his majesty's forces, to cause all the men, women, and children, who are any ways related to those in Londonderry, or any where else in open rebellion, to be forthwith brought to

The atrocious act produced an effect the very opposite of that intended; for, says Walker, "the sight only warmed us with new rage and fury against the enemy;" and, according to Mackenzie, "the poor people themselves entreated us not to surrender." The garrison immediately erected a gallows on the bastion next the Irish camp, and declared that unless their friends were allowed to depart to their several habitations, they would hang every prisoner within the walls—an experiment that succeeded, although Rosen remained unmoved, and Hamilton, in answer to a touching memorial, informed his friends that "if they suffered it could not be helped, but they should be revenged on many thousands *."

At length, on the 30th of July, "some ships were seen in the Lough"—they proved to be the Dartmouth frigate, with a convoy of three vessels laden with provisions; the first of them struck against the boom, rebounded and ran ashore; the shock of a broadside, however, "loosened her;" so that she got clear, and passed the barrier. The starving garrison and inhabitants obtained food; and on the next day the siege was raised. Of 7,500 men "regimented," fatigue, hunger, and disease, had swept away nearly 3,200—for the losses in actual fighting were few; and of those who remained alive, at least a fourth were incapable of service.

this place." His orders were even more explicit. His governors and commanders were directed to make an "exact research" for "all rebellious subjects, whether protected or unprotected," "whether men, women, boys, or girls, or infants, of whatever age;" and to conduct them to the camp, "giving them no more subsistence than will be barely necessary to support them this length from the places where they shall be taken," and afterwards to "drive them under the walls of the town that they may starve." It is due to the memory of King James to state that he disapproved of this atrocious measure. According to his own statement, he at once issued counter-orders, and immediately despatched away couriers to all the places where Mons. de Rosen had sent orders to assemble these poor people, commanding them and Rosen to desist from such practices. "Rosen had, however," writes James, "before his master's orders could reach him, assembled above 4,000 men, women, and children, which he caused to be driven to the wall; but," he adds, "so little effect had this proceeding towards persuading the town to surrender, that they fired upon them from the walls, which M. de Rosen perceiving, threw them off, and sent them to their homes again." This throwing off, however, arose from no sense of mercy; it was the result of the threat on the part of the garrison to hang all their prisoners. Of the 4,000 "sent to their homes again," many perished by the way; and many found they had no homes to go to, for they had, meanwhile, been burnt to the ground. The fact of "firing on the miserable crowd," alluded to by James, was accounted for; the garrison, unprepared for so merciless an attack, mistook their friends for their enemies, and discharged their cannon among them. Rosen, in a letter to James, dated July 5, refers to this "firing upon them," and states, that before sending them back to their own habitations, he made them "comprehend the difference between His Majesty's clemency and the cruel treatment of their own party."

* When the unfortunate people were suffered to withdraw from the trenches, the garrison sought to lessen the number of useless hands, by mixing with the crowd some of their own townspeople; the ruse, however, failed; the people were easily detected, and driven back. According to King James's account (Life by Himself, Macpherson's Orig. Papers)—"The town was reduced to so great extremities," that the intruders were "known by their wan and lean countenances, and nauseous smell, that made every one think they had the plague, and others fell down dead upon the strand."

Of those who had taken shelter in Derry—and people had thronged into it from all parts of the northern provinces—thousands died of famine and disease; and many fell by the shot of the enemy. The siege lasted one hundred and five days.

Relief came precisely at the moment when it was most needed and could be made effectual. A delay of a day or two longer, and the people must have perished or the gates must have been opened—opened to but few of King James's soldiers, it is true, for the besiegers had dwindled down to the wreck of an army, but with them would have entered a multitude of camp-followers; and it is more than probable that not one of "the Defenders" would have been left alive. They saw, from the tops of houses, the ships laden with provisions; they even exchanged signals with their deliverers; and yet for no inconsiderable time they had to bear the misery of "hope deferred;" food, almost within the grasp of hungry thousands, was yet beyond their reach; it was impossible for contemporary historians to exaggerate in describing the agony they suffered. "Our spirits sunk, and our hopes were expiring," writes Mackenzie; "We only reckoned," says Walker, "upon two days' life." Proportionally great was their exulting joy when the boom was broken, and the ships sailed slowly but safely to their quays. The bells of the battered cathedral rung out a merry and grateful peal, bonfires were kindled in various parts of the city, and cannon thundered from the walls, when the craving hunger of the multitude had been satisfied. It requires no exertion of fancy to picture the miserable and famished—men, women, and children—crowding around the boats that were conveying to them food. The imagination readily beholds the scene, even to-day, from the heights that command the quays upon Lough Foyle; hears the mingled moans and shouts of the sufferers; grateful for their deliverance, giving thanks and glory to God, who had prospered "the just cause they had undertaken."

Every step we tread in Londonderry calls to mind some incident connected with the siege. Unhappily, Time has not yet sufficiently deprived its history of party taint, to render its memory "glorious and immortal" to all classes; yet it should be considered, by all, only as affording evidence of the courage, fortitude, and endurance of which Irishmen are capable. Derry is the twin of Limerick; the sieges of both are alike honourable to the brave spirits who maintained both—the Catholic in the one case and the Protestant in the other. We trust there are many descendants of the gallant men who were foiled before the old walls, generous enough to merge personal feeling in admiration of the bold defenders of either; and we deduct nothing from the merits of the Derry "Prentice Boys," when we say it was lucky for them that

the army which encamped around their city was not commanded by the king who vainly fought for entrance into Limerick. The triumph of Londonderry is more conspicuous for its results. It paved the way to the Boyne victory; it went far to secure the British crown for the Prince of Orange; and there can be little doubt that the "shutting of the gates," as it were, sealed the charter of our liberties obtained by "the Revolution." William the Third was not ungrateful to his valuable partisans in the north of Ireland*.

We have had frequent occasion to refer to the "Irish Society," whose connexion with Londonderry has been so close and so continuing. A brief account of its origin and state may be acceptable to our readers.

Down to the middle of the sixteenth century, the city, as well as the district now forming the county of Londonderry, remained in the hands of the native Irish, and was governed by their chiefs, the principal of whom were the O'Cathans or O'Kanes,—a branch of, and tributary to, the O'Nials. One of the earliest acts of the reign of James I. was the confiscation of the estates of "certain Roman Catholics of distinction," who about that period, and during the reign of his predecessor, had rebelled against the state; and in 1608, the king, by the advice of the Earl of Salisbury, Lord High Treasurer, took advantage of a new outbreak, to confiscate the whole of the six northern counties,—Armagh, Tyrone, Coleraine †, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Cavan,—and to "plant" them with Protestant British and Scottish subjects; a project which he had for some time contemplated, and "had strongly at heart."

The various stipulations into which the settlers were required to enter were published by command of his majesty; who, "conceiving the city of

* Chief of them all was the Priest-soldier, George Walker; a man against whose integrity many charges have been made—but without one of them having been sustained. He must have possessed vast strength of character, great energy, and immense powers of physical endurance. He kept up the spirits of the besieged alternately with the sword and the Bible; and was their leader, or their pastor, as occasion required. His account of the siege is at once manly and modest. He died "foolishly" in arms at the Boyne Water, where he, at least, could have acquired no additional glory; and where certainly he had "no business." Honours and substantial rewards had been heaped upon him by King William, by the University of Oxford, by the Irish Society, and by the universal voice of England. To Derry, however, he never returned; he was interred in his church of Donoughmore, in the county of Tyrone; but his proudest monument overlooks the maiden city. It records also the names of his brave companions—Baker, Mitchelburne, Murray, and others; and much of the spirit by which they were animated still lives in the hearts of the "Prentice Boys;" although its existence has been made matter of serious question—inasmuch as these descendants have returned to Parliament, as their representative, a gentleman holding political opinions very opposite to those of their ancestors, and a Roman Catholic cathedral is erecting "within the walls" of old Derry.

† Coleraine was entirely merged into the county of Londonderry—and parts of other counties were added to it to form the present county of Londonderry,—which was so, and then, formed. The other five counties were planted by private settlers—"undertakers." To the conditions under which lands were granted to them we have made frequent reference.

London to be the ablest body to undertake so important a work," desired a conference on the subject between the Lord Treasurer and the Lord Mayor —Humphrey Weld. It took place accordingly. "Motives and reasons to induce the City of London to undertake the plantation in the north of Ireland*" were submitted to the city commissioners; the Lords of the Privy Council and the Corporation of London came to a right understanding; and the latter expressed their willingness to undertake the plantation, provided the flattering statements of his majesty were found, upon due examination, to be sufficiently correct. Accordingly, "four wise, grave, and discreet citizens" were sent to Ireland to view the situation of the proposed colony. After their return, an agreement was entered into, settled, and duly executed by the several parties. It was at the same time determined, that "for the purpose of conducting the said plantation, a company should be constituted and established within the city of London, which should consist of one governor, one deputy governor, and twenty-four assistants." The Irish

* "The country is well watered, generally, by abundance of springs, brooks, and rivers; and plenty of fuel, either by means of wood, or, where that is wanting, of good and wholesome turf.

"It yieldeth store of all necessary for man's sustenance, in such measure as may not only maintain itself, but also furnish the city of London, yearly, with manifold provision, especially for their fleets; namely, with beef, pork, fish, rye, bere, peas, and beans, which will also, in some years, help the dearth of the city and country about, and the storehouses appointed for the relief of the poor.

"As it is fit for all sorts of husbandry, so for breeding of mares and increase of cattle it doth excel, whence may be expected plenty of butter, cheese, hides, and tallow.

"English sheep will breed abundantly in Ireland, the sea-coast, and the nature of the soil, being very wholesome for them; and, if need were, wool might be had cheaply and plentifully out of the west parts of Scotland.

"It is held to be good in many places for madder, hops, and woad.

"It affordeth fells of all sorts, in great quantity, red-deer, foxes, sheep, lamb, rabbits, martins, squirrels, &c.

"Hemp and flax do more naturally grow there than elsewhere; which being well regarded, might give great provision for canvas, cable, cording, and such like requisite for shipping, besides thread, linen cloth, and all stuffs made of linen yarn, which is more fine and plentiful there than in all the rest of the kingdom.

"Materials for building,—timber, stone of all sorts, limestone, slate, and shingle,—are afforded in most parts of the country; and the soil is good for brick and tile.

"The harbour of the river of Derry is exceedingly good; and the road of Portrush and Lough Swilly, not far distant from the Derry, tolerable.

"The sea fishing of that coast very plentiful of all manner of usual sea fish, especially herrings and eels; there being yearly, after Michaelmas, for taking of herrings, above seven or eight score sail of his Majesty's subjects and strangers for lading, besides an infinite number of boats for fishing and killing.

"Great and profitable fishing are in the next adjacent isles of Scotland, where many Hollanders do fish all the summer season; and do plentifully vend their fish in Spain, and within the Straits.

"Much train or fish oil, of seal, herring, &c., may be made upon that coast.

"As the sea yieldeth very great plenty and variety of sea fish, so doth the coast afford abundance of all manner of sea fowl, and the rivers greater store of fresh fish than any of the rivers in England.

"There be also some store of good pearls upon this coast; especially within the river of Lough Foyle.

"The coasts be ready for traffic with England and Scotland, and for supply of provision from or to them; and do lie open and convenient for Spain and the Straits, and fittest and nearest for Newfoundland."

Society was thus formed: it was styled "The Society of the Governor and Assistants of London of the new Plantation in Ulster, within the Realm of Ireland," and it was incorporated by charter on the 29th of March, 1613. A very essential part of the business, was the raising and collecting "the sum agreed to be raised by the city" for the purposes of the plantation, and in building towns and fortifications—this was, after much consideration, determined to be done "according to the assessment of the corn-rate made on the various companies of the city." Other assessments were subsequently made, which eventually exceeded the sum of £60,000*. It was soon afterwards determined to divide the estates into twelve parts; these twelve parts to be divided, by lot, among the several London companies: and as it appeared that "the whole monies disbursed in and about the said plantation" amounted to £40,000, that sum was also divided,—each company to pay a twelfth part, *i. e.* £3333. 6*s.* 8*d.* and that "in every of the said twelve proportions of money, one of the twelve principal companies to stand as chief; and unto that principal company, not having of itself expended so much money as amounted to a full proportion, were added and joined so many of the inferior companies as should make up a full proportion of the required sum†." These sums were subscribed in very unequal parts:

* The prices of provisions in Ulster were at this time, for a cow or bullock 15*s.* (about one halfpenny per pound); a sheep from 16*d.* to 2*s.*; a hog 2*s.*; barley 11*d.* a bushel; oats 4*d.* a bushel.

† As the statement referred to is curious and interesting, we print it in a note:—On the 17th of December 1613, "At a Court of Common Council, Mr. Alderman Cockaine, the Governor of the Irish Society, represented to the court, and to the masters and wardens of all the several Companies then assembled, that a division of the estates, which was proposed to be made in Ireland, belonging to the plantation, had been made into twelve parts, which were particularly expressed on twelve several sheets of paper, the same being numbered from one to twelve inclusive; and that, answerable to those proportions, the committee for the plantation had prepared twelve pieces of paper, each piece having one of the aforesaid numbers thereon, which were rolled and tied up severally, like lots, each lot referring to some one of the same twelve proportions of land, which twelve lots were brought into the court by the Governor, in a box by themselves. That the whole monies disbursed already in and about the said plantation, amounting in all to 40,000*l.*, were, on the other hand, subdivided and brought into twelve like several equal portions of money, each portion consisting of 3333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, all which portions being added together made up the sum of 40,000*l.*; and that in the same subdivision this course had been taken, that so many of the Companies of the City which had contributed towards the said plantation as made up one full portion of 3333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* according to the several sums by them already disbursed, had been added and joined together; and that, in every of the said twelve proportions of money, one of the twelve principal Companies stood as chief, and unto that principal Company, not having of itself expended so much money as amounted to a full proportion, were added and joined so many of the inferior Companies as, according to their several sums by them already disbursed, made up a full proportion of 3333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* as near as possibly may be. And where the sum of any Company already disbursed exceeded the last-mentioned sum, the said Company was joined to some other principal Company for the overplus; and inasmuch as the Companies joined together to make up a proportion of money, and their sums did not altogether make up an even proportion, but some happened to be more, and others less, than a full proportion, in that case, the Companies so joined together were rateably to pay to, or receive from, the

thus the Mercers contributed £2680; the Haberdashers £3124; the Fishmongers £2260; the Drapers £3072; the Goldsmiths £2999; the Skinners £1963; while the Grocers and Merchant Tailors exceeded their full proportion, the excess being joined to some other principal company. On the other hand, the Masons contributed £100; the Armourers £40; the Poulterers £80; the Woolmen £20; and so forth. In all fifty-five companies contributed—the twelve principal companies being the Mercers, the Grocers, the Drapers, the Fishmongers, the Goldsmiths, the Skinners, the Merchant Tailors, the Haberdashers, the Salters, the Ironmongers, the Vintners, and the Clothworkers. The whole of the estates so divided had been estimated to be worth no more than £1800 per annum. In letting their lands, the companies stipulated with the parties proposing to become tenants, that they should perform the original articles and conditions of plantation. The duties they had undertaken appear, however, to have been discharged very carelessly: the bargain was thought to be a very bad bargain by the several companies; it was in a manner forced upon them by the crown; and they, for a considerable period, either let their lands at nominal rents, or neglected them altogether. The records of the Irish Society contain abundant evidence that they found it necessary to remind the companies that certain conditions remained unfulfilled; such notes as this are of frequent occurrence in their 'Books:'—"27th July, 1616. Communications were made by the Irish Society to the Goldsmiths' Company, urging them to perform the conditions of plantation, and execute the necessary works on their proportion, which, as well as the proportions of the other companies, appeared at this period to proceed with great slowness."

And it is this property, thus acquired, which the London Companies continue to enjoy, and over which "the Irish Society" continues to hold jurisdiction*.

Treasurer of the said plantation, that which should be more or less than a full proportion; which Companies' names that were so joined together, to make up the said twelve proportions of money, were, in like manner, severally written on twelve several pieces of paper, together with the sum of money disbursed by each Company, and were afterwards, in like manner, rolled and tied up together like lots and were brought likewise, and presented in court by the Governor, in a box by themselves. And the same particulars were also written together on a sheet of paper, and subscribed with the names of the committees for the said plantation."

* Soon after the commencement of the reign of Charles I., however, by a mode as summary as that by which the properties were transferred to the London Companies, the properties were taken from them. Sir Thomas Phillips, who appears to have entertained hostile designs against the citizens of London—we quote from the "Concise view of the Irish Society"—as British undertakers of the Plantations in Ulster—prepared and sent to his Majesty, a virulent accusation against them, charging them with breach of the original articles, and strongly urging the King to seize into his own hands the territories in Ulster; and in addition to this circumstance, various informations were sent from Ireland, at the instigation of Dr. Bramhall (who had

DUBLIN
THE IRISH ANTIQUARIANS

For a considerable period the Society has been accustomed to send Deputations occasionally to examine into and report upon the condition of their estates. These reports have been "printed by order of the Court," and they supply considerable information upon all the topics upon which it was their duty to inquire*.

The last report is that of 1841, the Deputation having visited "the Plantation, in Ulster," in September, 1840.

accompanied Lord Strafford as his chaplain, and was afterwards Bishop of Derry), against the Society, charging them with crimes and misdemeanors, in consequence of which a sequestration was issued, and the county of Londonderry was seized into the King's hands. In 1632 it was sequestered, and the rents levied for the King's use: Bishop Bramhall being appointed chief receiver. But in 1656, Oliver Cromwell granted letters-patent, by which he restored the Society as originally ordained, and conferred on them the same rights as they enjoyed under the charter of James I.; and by King Charles II. a new charter was granted, "to embrace all the possessions and rights the city originally possessed." This was "made out" on the 10th of April, 1662. In 1684 "the King confirmed the Society's Charter."

The Charter of the Society confers upon it the government, not merely of the city of Londonderry and town of Coleraine, but of the entire county of Londonderry, inasmuch as it gives "full power and authority to direct, appoint, and ordain, all and singular things which for or concerning the plantation, supply, establishment, continuation, and government, of the city and county of Londonderry, as to them shall seem best and most expedient. And also, to send orders and directions for the ordering, directing, and disposing of all and all manner of matters and things whatsoever, of or concerning the same plantation, or the disposition or government thereof. And also, for the receipt, ordering, disposing, and laying out of all sums of money now collected and received, or hereafter to be collected and received; and generally, any other cause, matter, or thing whatsoever concerning the direction or ordering of the said plantation, or concerning any other things whatsoever, which, by the true intent of these our letters-patent, can or ought to be done by them for the better government and rule of the said city of Londonderry, and county of Londonderry."

* This most important and advantageous plan is, however, only of recent origin. It is unquestionable that for above two centuries the Society was as utterly unacquainted with their estates as if they had been situate in Kamtschatka. The reports of earlier years are not in our possession; but in 1832 the instructions to the Deputation appear to have been suggested by sound and rational views, and to have been dictated by a sincere and earnest desire to benefit their possessions and improve the country. The principal are as follow:—

"That the Deputation do view and report generally upon the state of the lands, tenements, and hereditaments belonging to the Irish Society in Londonderry and Coleraine, and particularly as to any improvements which can be made thereon; and suggest such measures as they may consider conducive to the interest of this Society, and the welfare and prosperity of the plantation.

"Also that they do view the Fishery at the cuts, near Coleraine, and endeavour to ascertain the value of the yearly produce.

"That they do view the various charitable and other institutions in the city and county of Londonderry, and town of Coleraine, to which the Court do now subscribe, or have heretofore subscribed in aid, in order to ascertain whether their bounty is or has been properly applied.

"Also that they do procure an account of the Charity Schools established on the Society's estates, and the number of children educated therein, and whether any and what improvements can be made for general education.

"Also to ascertain what manufactories there are within the district of the Society's estates, and what their capabilities are, and how the poor are generally employed.

"Also that the Deputation be empowered to take any maps, plans, papers, or documents, in furtherance of their mission: a list being first made of the same, and signed by the Deputation."

Similar instructions appear to have been given and acted upon from time to time.

From this latest Report we learn the existing "Proportions" of the several companies, and are furnished with information concerning their present state. 1st. The Goldsmiths.—The estate of this company is situate in the neighbourhood of the City of Derry, north-east of the River Foyle; it is one of those let in perpetuity, and is at present possessed by Lesley Alexander, Esq., of Foyle Park. The soil is generally poor and superficial, being the *débris* of mica slate, with occasional patches of alluvial soil, which are more productive. The face of the country is without any wood, excepting here and there a few trees round a farm-house, on two or three farm-holdings on this proportion, not held under the company; these are the snug residences of gentlemen of small fortunes, who have improved and planted thereon, so that the otherwise naked appearance of the estate is not so remarkable. The present income from the estate is considered to be £4500 per annum; a number of leases having twelve years yet to run, will, upon their expiring, increase the amount to about £6000 per annum *.—2nd. The Grocers. The estate is situated "at an average of five miles from the city;" its extent is about 15,000 acres, with a rental of about £5000 per annum †.—3rd. The Fishmongers. Their estate is situated about ten miles from the City of Derry; its chief town is Ballykelly, containing about 200 inhabitants. The lands are, generally, superior to either the Goldsmiths' or the Grocers'; "the low lands of Myroe are alluvial, and very productive; the soil near the mountains is formed of the *débris* of mica slate, whilst that in the neighbourhood of Claudy is formed of the disintegration of silicious sandstone and mica slate." This proportion is supposed to extend to about 18,000 statute acres, and to be let at about £7000 per annum ‡.—4th. The Haberdashers. Their estate is situated about fifteen miles from Derry; it contains about 27,000 statute acres. The lands are let at fair and moderate rents, bringing in a rental of about £10,000 per annum. The property has

* "The farms are generally small, averaging from five to ten acres; consequently the lands are badly cultivated, and the small farmers' houses are very inferior in comfort and appearance. The tenants are made to pay very high rents, and the cotters live in perfect hovels."—*Report*, 1841.

† The Report states, that "although the Grocers have built several school-houses, upon which they have expended considerable sums, they have, at the same time, unfortunately and unaccountably neglected the general interests of the tenantry. Many of the farmers' and cotters' houses are of a very inferior description, and the state of agriculture has not improved. These evils they attribute to the neglect of the Company's agent; whom they consider not to have studied the amelioration of the condition of the tenants."

‡ "This estate has been for a considerable time in the Company's possession, and although they have improved the appearance of the country, yet the improvements are far from being carried to the extent that a public body ought to be satisfied with; very little of the income derived from the property is laid out for its improvement. The farms average about eight acres, which is far too small; they are badly cultivated, and have miserable farmhouses: the cotter's huts are void of every comfort, being thatched cabins of the most wretched character, and many are really unfit for the habitation of human beings."—*Report*, 1841.

been let *in perpetuity*, and is at present possessed by the Marquis of Waterford, one of the most excellent of Irish landlords; consequently, "the tenantry are considered comfortable; and the sums paid by new tenants for old leases or holdings are very large, which shows that there is confidence between landlord and tenant, and that the lands are not rack-rented."—5th. The Skinners. This proportion is situated in its nearest part about four miles from Derry, and its extreme end is about twenty-two miles from Derry; it is the largest of all the company's estates; the annual rents amount to about £11,000. The estate is capable of great improvement, and, under proper management, may ultimately become by far the most valuable of the twelve proportions *. 6th. The Merchant Tailors. This estate is situated about twenty miles from Derry, and about two at an average from Coleraine; it contains about 12,000 statute acres, and is worth about £6000 per annum. It has been let by the company in perpetuity †.—7th. The Clothworkers. This estate is situated on the banks of the river Bann, within an average of two or three miles of the town of Coleraine. It is in extent about 10,000 statute acres, and in value about £5000 per annum‡.—8th. The Ironmongers. This estate is situated at an average of about seven miles from the town of Coleraine, and skirts the river Bann; no one of the proportions is more scattered in its allotments, or more diversified in its soil. The rental, increased by the death of the late Bishop of Meath, is about £5200 per annum §.—9th. The Mercers. This proportion is situate about twelve miles from the town of Coleraine, and twenty-eight from Londonderry. Its extent is about 21,000 statute acres, and its value £8000 per annum ‖.—10th. The Vintners. This proportion is situated

* "The houses of the farmers are many of them unfit for common day-labourers, whilst the labourers' or cotters' huts are unfit for human beings to inhabit, and we consider them as most disgraceful to any civilised country, but more especially to a property under the protection of one of the wealthiest and most powerful of the London Companies."—*Report.*

† "Little or no amelioration is taking place either in the moral or intellectual condition of the inhabitants, or in the comfort or progressive improvement of their condition. No schools are supported by the proprietor, and he subscribes to scarcely any charitable institutions on the property, so as to sustain even a semblance of the fulfilment of the Society's charter. Although there are many situations favourable for planting, no advantage has been taken thereof, but all is left wild and barren."—*Report.*

‡ The clothworkers have only recently obtained possession (by the expiration of a lease); they have but just commenced improvements; "and certainly," states the Report, "few properties stand more in need of them."

§ "The late holders under lease seem only to have used this property for the purpose of making the most of it during the term of their lease; consequently those who have no leases are heavily rented, and little or no improvement has taken place. The estate is void of wood or planting to any extent, and the farms are generally in a very mean and disgraceful state. The cotters' houses are of the most wretched description of hovels."—*Report.*

‖ "It is only an act of justice on the part of the Deputation, to state that this Company is acting in the

about nineteen miles from the town of Coleraine, and twenty-five miles from the city of Londonderry; it contains about 25,000 statute acres, and its annual value is from £9000 to £10,000*.—11th. The Salters. This proportion is situated about twenty-nine miles from Derry, twenty-nine miles from Coleraine, and twenty-nine miles from Belfast, being equally distant from the three sea-port towns. Its extent is about 18,000 statute acres, and its value about £14,000 per annum. Several tenants hold favourable leases under the present lessees, so that the present income is only £12,500 per annum †.—12th. The Drapers. This proportion is much scattered. Its average distance from Derry is twenty-nine miles, from Belfast thirty-two miles, and from Coleraine twenty-seven miles. It contains 27,000 statute acres, and is let by the company at about £10,500 per annum ‡.

We have been thus minute in our details concerning the "Proportions" of the several London companies, because at the present moment a suit is in progress to determine the important question, whether these companies are compelled by the terms of their charter to expend the whole of the income derived from the estates, in the improvement of them, or to draw their moneys out of the soil and apply them to purposes which can in no degree benefit the country—whether, in short, they shall continue the worst of all absentees, or be forced into becoming benefactors to Ireland. Upon this point the Irish Society and the Companies are at issue; it is yet undetermined, and is too delicate and far too comprehensive a subject to be discussed here. Possibly "the Deputation" of the Society may have taken too gloomy a view of the condition of the estates; as tourists from the fair meadows of Essex, the

most praiseworthy manner. They are expending nearly, if not all, their annual income in improvements, and in bettering the condition of the inhabitants."—*Report*, 1841.

* The Vintners receive only £212 a year head rent from the property. The lands have been alienated by the Company, and let in perpetuity, or sold. The present proprietors are the heirs of the Conolly family. The houses of the farmers who have obtained leases in perpetuity are generally surrounded by a few trees, giving the country a comfortable and agreeable appearance. The cabins of the labourers are very despicable hovels.

† The lease of the estate is held directly under the Company by Lord Londonderry, and Sir Robert Bateson, Bart., of Belvoir, which lease will expire in May, 1853.

‡ This Company is understood to expend all the income of their estate on its improvement, and in advancing the moral and intellectual welfare of the tenantry, whilst the comfort of the inhabitants is not overlooked even in the minutest detail by the very worthy agents. The Drapers have planted extensively in several glens and faces of hills on the estate. The farms are considered to be let at fair and moderate rents: the tenants are obliged to whitewash all the outsides of their dwellings once in the year. The Company have within the last few years turned their attention towards the interior comfort of the farm-houses, and have expended between £3000 and £4000 on them. The mode adopted is to give an improving tenant such a sum as may be necessary to rebuild or slate his house at the rate of four per cent. per annum, which per centage is added to the rent. The large town of Moneymore, situated on this estate, is one of the best and most prosperous towns of the North of Ireland.

fertile grounds of Kent, and the rich harvest lands of Middlesex—where parish paupers have far more comfortable homesteads than Irish farmers—they may have seen the "miserable hovels" of the north without being enabled to compare them with the wretched huts of the south and west; but our own experience bears them out as to the general aspect of the county—scandalous and disgraceful, very often, to those "under whose protection" they have been placed—wealthy and powerful London Companies, who are deaf to "the clamorous voice of woe," and are more ready to open their hearts and purses to the sleek Negro or the sly Hindoo, than to a people whose interests are so completely identified with their own, and upon whose welfare and improvement must always so essentially depend the welfare and improvement of their common country *.

From much that we have heard, seen, and read, we have reason to believe that the Irish Society are sincerely and ardently desirous of employing their power and resources for the advantage of Ireland, and to diminish, as much as possible, the evil of absenteeism in Londonderry. We have had opportunities of conversing with some of their agents, and have found them, as far as we could judge, anxious to act up to their instructions in forwarding every object that shall seem beneficial to the county; unquestionably they have largely participated in every good work that has been undertaken; and there exist abundant proofs of a steady and continuous design "to remedy many existing

* The city and county of Londonderry may be classed in its division of property under the following heads:—

The Honourable the Irish Society have retained in their own hands the city of Derry and town of Coleraine, with their liberties, the Fisheries of the Lough Foyle and river Bann, and the ground and soil of the same, the Vice-Admiralty of the district between Ballyshannon (river,) and Olderfleete (castle,) with the deep sea fishings of the coasts and shores of the same, and all the royalties, &c., of the whole county, the advowsons, &c., &c.

The county may be considered as divided in the following manner:—

	Acres.
The city of Derry, the town of Coleraine, and the liberties thereof, about	14,000
The Twelve Companies' Proportions, comprising about	260,000
The Freeholds, about	110,000
The Church lands formerly granted to the Bishop, about	100,000
Newton Limavady and Castle Dawson Estates, about	25,000
[Sir Thomas Phillips was sent to Ireland to divide the county of Londonderry into twelve equal proportions: in the progress of this division he set apart two estates to himself, which were in the most fertile and valuable part of the colony, and called them horse parks; one was Newton Limavady, the other Castle Dawson; hence they are both denominated Phillips's Lands.]	
Fisheries, Water, &c., about	12,000
Total	521,000

The annual value is about 250,000*l.* per annum, or an average of 10*s.* per acre. The population is about 250,000.

evils, to encourage the investment of capital and the industry of the population, to alleviate the distresses and wants of the poor, to extend the prosperity and comfort of the entire county of Londonderry, and thereby to offer an example to the whole kingdom of Ireland."

It will be seen that the Haberdashers, the Vintners, the Goldsmiths, and the Merchant Tailors, have alienated their estates, by letting them *in perpetuity;* that the Salters and Skinners hold estates let on terminable leases, which in a few years will expire; while the Ironmongers, Clothworkers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Grocers, and Mercers have their estates in their own hands, which are now let to the occupying tenants. Now, although the Irish Society had, by virtue of the discretion vested in it by the charter, conveyed several allotments of territory in the province of Ulster, to the twelve principal companies of the city of London and their associates, still it retained the paramount duty of "management, control, and visitation, for the perpetual maintenance of those important public purposes, in consideration of which," as was emphatically observed by the Lord Chancellor, (in 1836) "the Crown parted with large possessions for the benefit of that part of the King's dominions."

A suit is still pending between the Companies and the Society—the former contending that the Irish Society are mere trustees for them, bound to account to them, and without any right or discretionary power to apply any part of the income of the property vested in them for any public, charitable, or other purpose. The Irish Society admit that they have, for themselves, no beneficial interest in the property, and that they are trustees for the companies of any surplus which may remain after answering certain public purposes, but they claim to have a discretionary power to apply so much of the income as they may think fit for those public purposes, without being liable to account for the same to the companies. There are two other parties to the suit—the City of London claiming for itself a species of visitatorial or superintending power, enabling it to control the conduct and proceedings of the Irish Society; and the Attorney-General, who, on the behalf of the Crown, "suggests" that the rents and profits are applicable to public purposes.

It is sufficiently obvious that a continuation of this trust to the Irish Society is calculated greatly to benefit and improve the condition of the county of Londonderry, inasmuch as they are, thus, in the position of Trustees only for so much surplus as may remain after they have expended all sums they may consider needful for carrying out the original purpose of the Grant; —so they were considered by Lord Langdale, Master of the Rolls, in giving judgment in the case of the Skinners' Company, 19th Nov. 1838. His lord-

ship determined that "the powers given to the Irish Society for the general operation of the Plantation were of a general and public or political nature; that the property remaining vested in the Society is applicable towards such general operation; and that the Companies of London, though interested in any surplus which may remain after the general purposes are answered, are not entitled to control the exercise of the powers which are given for general and public purposes."

The case is still undecided—for an appeal has been made to the highest Court; but two decisions have been given in favour of the Irish Society, and the result is scarcely problematical; there can be little doubt that ere long the whole of the revenues derived by the London Companies from their Irish estates will be expended in improving them—so long, at least, as improvement shall be required; and that will be, we imagine, to the end of time. Judging from the Societies' "Reports," and from our own knowledge of the condition of the several localities over which they exercise jurisdiction, most important consequences will follow the final settlement of this question. They appear to have enquired concerning nearly every topic worthy of attention—the state of the schools throughout the districts; the character of the various farms and holdings; the nature of the soil, and the best means of enriching it; the places most favourable for planting; the judicious management of fisheries; the practicability of draining bogs, fertilising mountains, and reclaiming "slobs" the advantages that may be derived from forming canals; the making of high roads and bye roads; the reformation of habitations for the humbler classes, by erecting substantial cottages in lieu of miserable hovels; in short, the attention of the Society, as the governing body, has been within the last twelve or fifteen years, continually, and it would seem steadily, directed to a complete regeneration of the county, in order that they may bring to bear upon its natural advantages the advantages of experience, judgment, and capital.

Still—we borrow the words of Mr. Tite, architect to the Society, in his "Report," dated October, 1834—"The Society must always be placed, to a certaint extent, in the class of those who have caused and do still cause much of the misery and wretchedness prevailing in Ireland:—viz., absentee landlords, and therefore, without adverting to the objects of their establishment, as stated in their charter, it becomes their most obvious duty to obtain by all means an intimate acquaintance with their Tenantry, and to endeavour, directly, or indirectly, to afford them that support, assistance, and encouragement, which, in their operation, contribute as much to the interest of the Landlord as to the well-being and comfort of the Tenantry."

THE IRISH GOVERNMENTS
DUBLIN

DONEGAL.

Irish Miles

English Miles

Population 209,150

English Acres 1,170,333

ATLANTIC OCEAN

Bloody Foreland

Inishowen Hd

Fanad Hd

Malin Hd

Horn Hd

Rathlin O'Birne Id.

Arranmore I.

Owey I.

Cruit I.

Gola

Tory I.

Innishboffin

Innishbeg

Innisbrittle

Innishmore

Innishkeel

Innishfree

Innishfree I.

Innishmacsaint

Innisheraght

Innisheraght I.

Innisfad

Innisfad I.

Innisbeg

Innisbeg I.

Innisbeg I.

Innisbeg I.

THE IRISH CENTRAL LIBRARY FOR STUDENTS * THE DUBLIN

DONEGAL.

The maritime county of Donegal, in the province of Ulster, is bounded on the east and south-east by the counties of Londonderry, Tyrone, and Fermanagh (from that of Londonderry it is separated by Lough Foyle); on the south by Donegal Bay and the northern extremity of the county of Leitrim; and on the north and west by the Atlantic Ocean. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 1,165,107 statute acres, of which only 520,736 are cultivated land, the unimproved mountain and bog amounting to no less than 644,371 statute acres. In 1821, the population was 248,270, and 294,104 in 1831. It is divided into the baronies of Raphoe, Kilmacrenan, Inishowen, Tyrhugh, Bannagh, and Boylagh. Its principal towns are Donegal, Ballyshannon, Killybegs, Lifford, Letterkenny, St. Johnstown, and Stranorlar. Prior to the Union, it sent to Parliament twelve members; it is now represented by two—for the county. The most elevated of its mountains is Errigal, which rises 2463 feet above the level of the sea. It abounds in lakes, generally small, although some of them are very extensive. Lough Swilly and Lough Foyle are both connected with it, the former exclusively; and its southern border is washed by the waters of Lough Erne. Its three principal rivers bear the same names—the Swilly, the Foyle, and the Erne; but it abounds with water, and from its mountainous character, huge "falls" are encountered in astonishing numbers.

From the immense proportion of waste land, the reader may form some idea of the barren aspect of the county; and, at the same time, of its surpassing grandeur—for wild and rude magnificence it is, indeed, unequalled in Ireland; it presents a succession of mountains, down every one of which rushes some rapid river, supplying a lake in the valley, that again sends forth its current, tributary to the sea which may be almost said to surround it—for the extensive loughs that bound it on the east and south are nearly as effectual barriers as the Atlantic, that washes its northern, western, and south-western coasts. Soon after passing the liberties of Londonderry—proceeding northward—we enter upon the barony of Inishowen—a huge peninsula

inclosed on one side by Lough Foyle, and on the other by Lough Swilly, both salt-water lakes. On the southern extremity of this barony—distant about four miles from Derry—is the far-famed Grianan of Aileach. The mountain upon which it stands is eight hundred and two feet high, and from its summit there is an extensive and all-glorious view of the two lakes, with the surrounding scenery; scattered over which are the ruins of several ancient castles, strongholds of the earlier Irish chieftains, or the English settlers, by whom they were dispossessed *. Within ken, although distant several miles,

* The latest, and one of the greatest, of the Irish chieftains was Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, whose "rebellion" in 1608 mainly induced the "plantation" under James the First. He appears to have been a gallant young hero; who was stimulated to revolt by a personal insult, and who perished with most of his followers in a battle with the English; not, however, until he had avenged himself by the death of Sir George Pawlett, Vice-Provost of Derry, by whose order he is said to have been "personally chastised," and laid the city in ashes. The following romantic story of the fall of the young chief is related by the Rev. Cæsar Otway, in his interesting and valuable work, "Sketches in Ireland:"—

"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 intruders, 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'Donnel, the Queen's Earl of Tyrconnel, had given him part of that fertile valley, and he there built his bawn. But Sir Cahir, in the midst of 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 covert 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 Kilcarenan, expecting a venerable friar to come from this favoured foundation of St. Columbkill, to shrive him and celebrate mass; and as he was chatting to his men beside him, the Scotchman 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 meanwhile, 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 Tyrconnel; 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

LOUGH FOYLE,

LONDONDERRY

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DUBLIN

is the rock of Doune, a natural fortress in the centre of a district scarcely accessible, where, it is believed, the ancient chieftains of Tyrconnel were inaugurated—a race who, according to Sir Henry Dockwra, were "proud, valiant, miserable, immeasurably covetous, without any knowledge of God, without any civility to man;" and of whom James the First said, in his apology for robbing them, that "their condition was, to think murder no fault, marriage of no use, nor any man valiant that does not glory in rapine and oppression *."

In the immediate vicinity of Derry there still exists a stone, which, according to one of the authors of the "Ordnance Survey," appears to have been an inauguration stone of the ancient Irish kings. The stone, which is of gneiss, exhibits the sculptured impression of two feet, right and left, of the length of ten inches each. That stones of the kind, as well as rude stone chairs, were formerly used, we have the testimony of Spenser in his View of the State of Ireland:—"They used to place him that shall be their captaine upon a stone always reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill; in some of which I have seen formed and ingraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captaine's foot, whereon hee standing receives an oath to preserve all the auncient former customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then 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."

* "Giraldus Cambrensis—an authority upon such subjects hardly more worthy than the spoliator James, or his soldier Dockwra, describes the inauguration thus:—

"He says 'that the people of Tyrconnell, a country in the north of Ulster, created their king after this manner:—all being assembled on a hill, a white beast was brought before them, unto which he who was chosen as king approaching, declared himself publicly before the people to be just such another, (that is, a mere beast); whereupon the cow was cut in pieces, boiled in water, and a bath prepared for the new king, of the broth, into which he entered publicly, and at once bathed and fed; all the people, meanwhile, standing round, fed on the flesh and supped up the broth. At this comely feast and ceremony, it was not proper that the king should use any cup or vessel, nay, not so much as the hollow of his hand; but stooping down his mouth, he lapped like a beast on all sides of the bath of broth in which he was immersed. Having thus washed and supped until he was weary, the whole ceremony of his inauguration was ended, and he was completely instituted in his kingship of Tyrconnell.'

"The Irish historians are very angry with Girald Barry, for telling this story of their kings; and Gratianus Lucius describes the ceremony as quite otherwise. He says, that when the investiture took place at Cil mhac Creunain, he was attended by O'Ferghail, successor to Columbkill, and O'Gallachuir, his marshal, and surrounded by all the estates of the country. The Abbot O'Ferghail put a pure, white, straight, unknotted rod in his hand, and said, 'Receive, Sire, the auspicious ensign of your dignity, and remember to imitate in your government the whiteness, straightness, and unknottiness of this rod, to the end that no evil tongue may find cause to asperse the candour of your actions with blackness, nor any kind of corruption, or tie of friendship, be able to pervert your justice; therefore, in a lucky hour, take the government of this people, to exercise the power given you with freedom and security.'"

hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himselfe round, thrice forward, and thrice backward." The inauguration chair of the O'Neils of Castlereagh is still preserved; it was for a long period built into the wall of the Butter-market of Belfast. The famous "coronation chair" in Westminster Abbey is believed to be of Irish origin; and is said to have been sent into Scotland for the coronation of Fergus, the first king of the Scots, who was "of the blood royal of Ireland."

The hill of Greenan supplies a singular example of earliest architecture; according to a writer in the "Ordnance Survey," it was "a royal residence," —"one of the most remarkable and important works of its kind ever erected by the ancient Irish." The ascent up the mountain, for about a mile, is gradual, till within a few hundred yards of the summit, when "it starts up, as it were, somewhat precipitously into a circular apex of many acres in extent," crowned by the singular pile—of the remote antiquity of which no doubt can possibly exist *.

* A writer in "The Dublin Penny Journal"—understood to be the accomplished Colonel Blacker—was the first to point out, if not to discover, this ancient remain; he considers it, however, to have been a temple for Sun worship, and endeavours to support his theory by argument and proof. He thus describes the singular pile:—"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 directions, in May last, 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 four 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 three 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 two feet wide by four 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 falling 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, different from the other, it carries its breadth the entire way. On either side of the entrance passage, a few feet within, appears

At the base of the hill are several remarkable caves; which are considered by some antiquaries as associated with the ancient relics on the summit. Indeed, such occur in all parts of Ireland. Mr. Croker states that, in a circle of four miles "round Garranes," in the county of Cork, there are no fewer than thirteen of these "circular intrenchments:" and he considers it "probable that these works were thrown up by the native Irish around their little wigwam settlements, as a defence against any sudden attack from an enemy or from wolves, and that subterranean chambers or cellars were formed for granaries, or as secure depositories in time of danger for their rude property*."

a square niche, or what masons would call a double reveal, 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 on 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 traditionary 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."

* The Cave at the base of Greenan Hill is now blocked up; but we obtained some account of it from a gentleman—Andrew Ferguson, Esq., of Burt—by whom it was examined in 1838. It was known to be situated in a field forming part of the farm of John Alison, in the town-land of Speenogue, and parish of Burt. It had been closed since A. D. 1785, in which year Mr. Ferguson recollected his having explored the several apartments. It was then discovered by a boy engaged in digging potatoes, whose spade forced itself between two of the flags which form the roof of the "cave." It remained open at that time for a few months, when it was again closed up by the then occupier of the farm. The only person alive (in 1838) who had any idea of the exact locality of the building, was an old man, named William Dunn, who had lost his sight in early youth, but who remembered to have heard from his brother, that the subterraneous building was situated nearly opposite, but rather north of, a quartz stone in the wall, which bounds the field on the east side. The entrance was accordingly discovered.

The chamber into which we first obtained entrance—writes our informant—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," *i. e.* the eyes of the kiln) 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

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The reader must be referred to the map in order to form some idea of the peculiar character of the coast scenery of the northern districts of Donegal. It is utterly impossible to describe its surpassing grandeur, and our limits permit us only to notice its more leading and striking features. The natural wonders of the barony of Inishowen would alone supply materials for a volume. The stupendous hill-rocks and headlands that stand as barriers to the sea, are frequently covered by the spray of the Atlantic, dashed to a height almost inconceivable ; miles upon miles of sandy deserts stretch along under the huge cliffs, without a single particle of verdure ; "hills and dales and undulating swells, smooth, solitary, and desolate, reflecting the sun from their polished surface of one uniform and flesh-like hue." Such are the sands of Rosapenna. Caves of wonderful construction abound in all parts. One of the most remarkable is "M'Swine's Gun,"—a prodigious cavity, into which the tide rushes with such force as to produce a sound louder than the report of any piece of artillery, and is said to be heard, at times, distinctly a distance of between twenty and thirty miles ; occasionally the waters shoot up through a perpendicular shaft some hundreds of feet high into the air ; altogether, perhaps, so extraordinary a natural marvel does not exist in the British dominions.

Along this coast, too, is Torry Island,—inhabited by about five hundred persons, the greater number of whom have never visited the mainland ; some years ago a few of its fishermen were driven on shore, and when returning to their island homes they took with them leaves of trees as the greatest curiosities

circular, but approaches in form to the oval. Here, as in the other two 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 instances 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 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 1 foot 8 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. The following account gives the dimensions of the several apartments of this building :—

	HEIGHT.	BREADTH.	LENGTH.
First Apartment	. 6 feet 0 inches	. 4 feet 0 inches	. 20 feet 9 inches.
Second do.	. 6 „ 0 „	. 4 „ 6 „	. 7 „ 9 „
Third do.	. 6 „ 0 „	. 5 „ 5 „	. 12 „ 3 „

they could show to "their people;" here also is another Herculaneum—a town buried beneath the sand. Ruins of ecclesiastical structures, and of structures of ages far more remote, are to be encountered in every locality; places are pointed out where the sea-kings entered, and others where the druids held their most solemn rites; every spot has some tradition, there is scarcely a mile without a legend; and as the district is more primitive than any other portion of Ireland—the people adhering pertinaciously to their ancient language and their old customs—the county is immensely rich in stores for the antiquary, the historian, and the writer of fiction. Here, until of late years, the illicit distiller carried on his trade without the remotest dread of interruption; the whiskey of Inishowen became proverbial for its excellence, and the coast from Moville round to Killybegs was famous for all that was rude, uncultivated, and lawless. For a full, accurate, and interesting description of this grand and picturesque coast, we must refer the reader to the interesting volume by the late Rev. Cæsar Otway, published by Messrs. Curry and Co., of Dublin, to whom the literature of Ireland is so largely indebted.

The occasion, however, seems an apt one for introducing some account of the "Fairies" of Ireland—a race which is daily losing its repute—education and Father Mathew having worked sad havoc among them—and whose existence will, ere long, become a mere history of things and times gone by. During our recent visits to Ireland, we have been enabled to add very little indeed to our store of knowledge on this subject; the peasantry have grown "mighty shy" of their communications; they have become, for the most part, even sceptical concerning them; and deliver their anecdotes with an air of doubt, at the least, which indicates an abandonment of their cause approaching to contempt of their power. We venture to assert that a modern traveller even in Donegal or Connaught will not hear from veritable authorities a dozen stories of the "good people." A score of years ago he would have heard as many from a dozen persons, meet them when or where he would. In Ireland, superstitions of a grosser, or more unnatural character, have almost vanished. Prejudices will soon follow them. The Rational is making rapid way. Knowledge is extending itself into places hitherto inaccessible. Common sense is gradually forcing out the imaginative; and, ere long, the Irish peasant will retain little or nothing of a distinctive character. To the mere searcher after amusement this may be regarded as a misfortune; but to those who have higher hopes and objects, the change supplies a theme for grateful rejoicing, as inevitably tending to incalculable good.

The Fairies of Ireland have been the subjects of innumerable stories and many books. The volumes collected by Mr. Crofton Croker contain, indeed,

ample information concerning them. He has divided them into their classes, and preserved the history of each. But the topic is by no means exhausted; it may be varied as often as the relators; and as we have intimated, a few years ago these relators were almost as numerous as the peasants. A few of these stories—illustrative of their habits, dispositions, and "peculiarities"—may interest our readers. We take them nearly at random from our gatherings; for our collection might fill one of our volumes, instead of a dozen pages—the utmost we can spare. Some of the race we have already described—the Phoca, the Cleuricaune, and the Banshee; but these, properly, are not fairies;—they are "spirits," more immediately of Irish growth, while the fairies of Ireland resemble those of England and other countries, appertaining to "the green sod" only, like the natives over whom they watch, by being more essentially poetical than they are elsewhere *.

* Before we commence our stories, in order that the reader may properly comprehend them, we give the history of "the Good People," from the 3rd Vol. of Mr. Croker's Book:—

"The Elves, which in their true shape are but a few inches high, have an airy, almost transparent body; so delicate is their form, that a dew-drop, when they dance on it, trembles indeed, but never breaks. Both sexes are of extraordinary beauty, and mortal beings cannot be compared with them.

"They do not live alone, or in pairs, but always in large societies. They are invisible to man, particularly in the day-time; and as they can be present and hear what is said, the peasantry never speak of them but with caution and respect, terming them the good people, or the friends; as any other name would offend them. If a great cloud of dust rises on the road, it is a sign that they are about to change their residence and remove to another place, and the invisible travellers are always saluted with a respectful bow. They have their dwellings in clefts of rocks, caves, and ancient tumuli. Every part within is decorated in the most splendid and magnificent manner; and the pleasing music which sometimes issues from thence in the night has delighted those who have been so fortunate as to hear it.

"During the summer nights, when the moon shines, and particularly in harvest-time, the Elves come out of their secret dwellings, and assemble for the dance in certain favourite spots, which are hidden and secluded places, such as mountain-valleys—meadows near streams and brooks—churchyards where men seldom come. They often celebrate their feasts under large mushrooms, or repose beneath their shade.

"In the first rays of the morning sun they again vanish, with a noise resembling that of a swarm of bees or flies.

"Their garments are as white as snow, sometimes shining like silver; a hat or cap is indispensable, for which purpose they generally select the red flowers of the foxglove, and by it different parties are distinguished.

"The secret and magic power of the Elves is so great as scarcely to know any bounds. They can assume in a moment, not only the human, but every other form, even the most terrific; and it is easy for them to convey themselves in one second a distance of five leagues.

"Before their breath all human energy fails. They sometimes communicate supernatural knowledge to men; and if a person is seen walking up and down alone, and moving his lips as one half distraught, it is a sign that an Elf is invisibly present and instructing him.

"The Elves are above all things fond of music. Those who have heard their music cannot find words to describe the power with which it fills and enraptures the soul; it rushes upon them like a stream; and yet the tones are simple, even monotonous, and in general resembling natural sounds.

"Among their amusements is that of playing at ball, which they pursue with great eagerness, and at which they often differ so as even to quarrel.

"Their skill in dancing far exceeds the highest art of man, and the pleasure they take in this amuse-

The antiquity of the race is unquestionable. They were generally supposed to dwell in pleasant hills, raths, moats, &c.; hence they are termed in Ossian and other bards "spirits of the hill." They are called by the peasantry out of respect "daoine maithe," or "the good people," and

ment is inexhaustible. They dance without interruption till the rays of the sun appear on the mountains, and make the boldest leaps without the least exertion.

"They do not appear to require any food, but refresh themselves with dew-drops, which they collect from the leaves.

"They severely punish all who inquisitively approach or tease them; otherwise they are friendly and obliging to well-meaning people who confide in them. They remove humps from the shoulder; make presents of new articles of clothing; undertake to grant requests; though in such cases, good humour on the applicant's part seems to be necessary. Sometimes, too, they appear in human form, or allow persons who have accidentally strayed among them during the night to join in their dances; but there is always some danger in this intercourse. The person becomes ill in consequence, and falls into a violent fever from the unnatural exertion, as they seem to lend him a part of their power. If he forgets himself, and, according to the custom, kisses his partner, the whole scene vanishes the instant his lips touch hers.

"The Elves have another peculiar and more intimate connexion with mortals. It seems as if they divided among themselves the souls of men, and considered them thenceforth as their property. Hence certain families have their particular Elves, to whom they are devoted, in return for which, however, they receive from them help and assistance in critical moments, and often recovery from mortal diseases. But as after death they become the property of their Elves, the death of a man is to them always a festival at which one of their own body enters into their society. Therefore they require that people shall be present at funerals, and pay them reverence; they celebrate an interment like a wedding, by dancing on the grave, and it is for this reason that they select churchyards for their favourite places of resort. A violent quarrel often arises whether a child belongs to the Elve of the father or of the mother, and in what churchyard it is to be buried. The different parties of these supernatural beings hate and make war on each other, with as much animosity as nations among mankind; their combats take place in the night, in cross roads, and they often do not separate till day-break parts them. This connexion of men with a quiet and good tribe of spirits, far from being frightful, would rather be beneficial: but the Elves appear in a dubious character; both evil and good are combined in their nature, and they show a dark as well as a fair side. They are angels expelled from heaven, who have not fallen into hell, but are in fear and doubt respecting their future state, and whether they shall find mercy at the day of judgment. This mixture of the dark and malevolent is visibly manifested in their actions and inclinations. If in remembrance of their original happy condition they are beneficent and friendly towards man, the evil principle within them prompts them to malicious and injurious tricks. Their beauty, the wondrous splendour of their dwellings, their sprightliness, is nothing more than illusive show; and their true figure, which is frightfully ugly, inspires terror. If, as is but rarely the case, they are seen in the day-time, their countenances appear to be wrinkled with age, or, as people express it, "like a withered cauliflower;" a little nose, red eyes, and hair hoary with extreme age.

"One of their evil propensities consists in stealing healthy and fine children from their mothers, and substituting in their room a changeling who bears some resemblance to the stolen infant, but is in fact only an ugly and sickly Elf. He manifests every evil disposition, is malicious, mischievous, and, though insatiable as to food, does not thrive. When the name of God is mentioned, he begins to laugh, otherwise he never speaks, till being obliged to do so by artifice, his age is betrayed by his voice, which is that of a very old man. The love of music shows itself in him, as well as extraordinary proficiency; supernatural energies are also manifested in the power with which he obliges everything, even inanimate objects, to dance. Wherever he comes he brings ruin: a series of misfortunes succeed each other, the cattle become sick, the house falls into decay, and every enterprise proves abortive. If he is recognised and threatened, he makes himself invisible, and escapes; he dislikes running water, and if he is carried on a bridge, he jumps over, and sitting upon the waves, plays on his pipe, and returns to his own people.

"At particular times, such as May eve, for instance, the evil Elves seem to be peculiarly active and power-

hence very probably the moats where they were supposed to resort first got the appellation of "Danish moats" from English writers, who were led by the *sound* and were ignorant of the *sense;* though it is also, as we have elsewhere observed, likely that the mistake originated from confounding with the Danes, the Tatha-de-dananns, to whom the erection of all the *very ancient* edifices is ascribed by popular tradition*. The fairies were also supposed to haunt old towers and castles. Of this we give a curious instance, furnished by an old man who resided at Clonmel. This man was many years ago travelling through the county Kilkenny, and happened to pass by the castle of Bonnetstown, which is situate within a few miles of the city. It was about the hour of midnight, when, as he was crossing a field, he was startled by the sound of wild and unearthly laughter at a short distance from him. On looking in the direction of the sound, he found that it proceeded from the castle, which to his great surprise appeared brilliantly illuminated. His courage was, however, in some measure restored when he recollected that there was a wake within a few fields of the castle. "So, by gor, over to it I went," said he, "thinkin' it might be some o' the boys that were preparin' some sport an' divarsion to act at the wake." But on his nearer approach the light suddenly vanished and the laughter ceased. After remaining some time without hearing or seeing anything, he once more proceeded on his journey; but he was scarcely in the middle of the next field when the light shone forth with redoubled brilliancy, and the laughter burst on his ear in louder peals, and with such distinctness that he could clearly distinguish the voices of old men, young men, and children. He was now seized with that

ful: to those to whom they are inimical, they give a blow unperceived, the consequence of which is lameness; or they breathe upon them, and boils and swellings immediately appear on the place which the breath has touched. Persons who pretend to be in particular favour with the fairies, undertake to cure such diseases by magic and mysterious journeys."

* We may trace a similarity in many respects between the Fairies and Demons of Hesiod and Plato; the Rural Deities of the Greeks and Romans; the Genii and Peris of the Orientals; and even the angels and spirits of the Scriptures. The traditions of them existing from Celtic times in France and Britain, formed the ground-work of the Sylphs in Count de Gabelais, and of Ariel, Oberon, and Titania, in the Tempest and Midsummer Night's Dream. Mab is also of Celtic origin, being evidently the maδb, Madbh, of the Irish. Much has been written to trace the sources from which Spenser took the materials of his "Faery Queen," but when we consider *where* he composed that splendid poem, and what he says of his knowledge of the poems of the bards, we may be enabled to account for some of his mythology. Madbh, as already observed, is the Titania of Irish fairy lore; its Oberon is Don of the Sandhills, one of the Milesian or Celto-Scythian leaders, who was drowned off the western coast of Munster, and was after his death promoted to be king of the fairies. He was drowned in a storm raised by the magic of the Tatha-de-danann, on the landing of the Milesians, and the place is called Teac dorn, Teac dhorn, or "Dann's mission." Manannan, one of the Tatha-de-danann chiefs, killed on the same occasion, was promoted to be the God of the Sea, and is therefore called Mac Lir, or "the son of the ocean." He is the tutelar deity of the Isle of Man, which is called after him Inis mananain.

desperate courage which so often accompanies fear, and rushed back to the castle, determined on exploring the cause of all this. The laughter ceased, and the light vanished as before; yet, still resolved to unravel the mystery he entered the castle. But he had scarcely crossed the grass-grown threshold, when, as he expressed it, "there arose sich an infernal din, that I thought the whole castle was down a'top o' me." "Away I set," continued he, "as fast as ever I could lay legs to ground, an' never stopt nor sted until I came to the wake-house, where I remained for the rest o' that night; an' when I tould the people there what I had seen, they looked terrible danted, an' made answer, 'Tis well that worse didn't happen you.' This is all the explanation they gave, and, faix, 'tis all I ax'd." The expression of the old man's countenance as he uttered these words indicated that the remembrance of that night was still very vivid in his imagination.

Although in their true shape they are but a few inches high, they have the power to assume natural forms, or indeed any form they please; and they often do so both for benevolent and mischievous purposes. In illustration, *we were told a story of* The Grey Man of the Valley, or O'Shee's Warning; it is a counterpart of the Grey Spirit in Waverley; the tradition is in the family of our correspondent, who has heard it often from people who never heard of Sir Walter Scott. There is on the north side of Sliabh na man, in the county Tipperary, between the mountain and the river, a lonely ruin called Clonan house, once the hospitable mansion of the ancient and noble family of the Shees. Their chief, at the period of the revolution, was Edmond Shee, who commanded a regiment of horse for King James at the battle of the Boyne, which fought there with great bravery though small loss. Just before the battle of Aughrim, Edmond Shee happened to be at Clonan, where he received orders to join his regiment, but as he was mounting his horse, his wife, who was far advanced in pregnancy, entreated him to stay, alleging, like Cæsar's wife, that she had been warned of danger to him and his men by dreams and omens. The fearless colonel regarded all this as little as Lochiel did the visions of the seer. She then begged of him not to leave her, for the sake of the babe she was carrying. This appeal caused him to hesitate for an instant, but the soldier ultimately triumphed over the father, and he rode away. He soon arrived at the place where his regiment was stationed, with whom he proceeded in gay spirits to the intended scene of action. The day before they reached the field of battle, he was led by a secret impulse to ride in advance of the regiment—he soon left them behind. It was noon—all was still and silent around. A feeling of deep melancholy came over him; he took out his prayer-book and commenced reading. When he lifted up his

eyes from the book, he found himself in the midst of a lonely valley, and beheld a little old man wrapped in a grey mantle walking by his side. The Colonel started at first, for there was something unearthly in the appearance of the stranger; but at length, recovering himself, he addressed him in Irish, "Good morrow, old man." "Good morrow, kindly, Colonel," replied the stranger. "How do you know that I am a Colonel?" demanded Shee with astonishment, for he wore plain clothes. "I know you are," replied the stranger, "and that your regiment is on the road. Your troops are now marching to a battle-field from which none of them will ever return." "What omen do you give me of that?" asked the Colonel. "The omen I give you," replied the stranger, "is this,—when the regiment arrives at the next town, a sergeant and corporal will quarrel, and the latter will kill the former." The Colonel's heart began to fail—he looked back to see if his men were coming in view—when he turned his face again the "grey man" had vanished. The omen was fulfilled to the letter. The corporal killed the sergeant; the whole regiment was cut to pieces at the battle of Aughrim, and the Colonel himself was left on the field dangerously wounded, although he ultimately recovered*.

Another story of this class was related to us by the principal party concerned. Sheedy Macnamara was a mason, who lived in Clonmel some years ago; a man of good character, and very intelligent for his station in life. Returning once from Waterford to Clonmel, he imagined towards nightfall that he saw a large party of men before him on the road. He felt alarmed, thinking they were robbers, of whom he had great terror, but to his surprise they began to diminish in number as he approached them, until at length they were reduced to two men and a horse. As it was an open country, and there was

* The fairy who was always employed in kind and generous acts was called the *Lanan shee*, or "familiar spirit." It was of a benign and auspicious character, "a spirit to mortals good," always appearing for the assistance and benefit of man. The following anecdote of the *Lanan shee* was communicated to us by one who heard it from the individual concerned in it. A farmer residing near Stradbally, in the county Waterford (not far from the residence of the fairy-man, to whom we shall refer) was returning on a summer's night from the neighbouring town of Kilmacthomas, when his horse suddenly became unmanageable, and fled away at full speed. For a time the rider endeavoured to rein him in, but having exhausted all his strength to no purpose he abandoned himself to his fate, resolving, however, to keep his seat as long as he could. At that instant he observed a man riding at his side at the very same speed, and exactly following all his motions. After riding on for some time at this rate the farmer lost his balance, and would have been precipitated from his horse had not the stranger at that moment put his hand against his side and kept him in the saddle until the horse got quiet, which it did almost immediately. The farmer now turned round to thank the stranger, but he had vanished; whether into air or earth he could not tell; but although it was a very clear night, not a trace of him could be found. On his arrival at home the farmer found the mark of five fingers and a thumb imprinted on his side (in the very place where the stranger had put his hand); and this trace remained visible for a considerable time.

consequently no place where the numbers could have concealed themselves, his terror was excessive by the time he came up to the two men, who made way to let him pass, but observed an awful silence, which caused poor Sheedy's hair to "stand on end." When passing he mustered courage to say "God save ye, gentlemen;" they made no answer, and on looking back he could find no trace of men or horse. He was immediately seized with a fit of shivering, and on getting home took to his bed, from which he never rose.

Of the communications that have taken place between the fairies and denizens of earth, we have heard many stories. One of the most remarkable of them we print. There lived some years ago near Tramore, in the county Waterford, a man called, from his reputed intercourse with the invisible world and the situation of his dwelling, Sheevra enuic an aithean, i. e. "the fairy of the hill of furze." This individual might be termed the Hibernian Swedenborg, for he asserted that his eyes were opened to see the spiritual world, and that he held constant communications with it. Our informant (a man of intelligence and veracity) affirmed that he had often seen him in the fields gathering herbs (by means of which he wrought extraordinary cures), and that while so engaged, he would suddenly fall to the ground, as if struck down by some invisible power, and at other times he would stagger over and hither in the field, as if pulled about by viewless hands. On being questioned as to the cause of this, he would reply, that it arose from the attempts of the fairies to prevent him from pulling the herbs, of whose virtues they had (as if by some necessity connected with their intercourse) informed him. He was also often known to rise from his bed in the night and go out—no one knew where. On his return in the morning, he would inform his family that he had been summoned by the fairy host to accompany them on certain errands (the nature of which he would never disclose), and that, mounted on enchanted horses, he and his aërial companions would fly over the fields like "the winged breeze," in execution of their mysterious commission, and clear in the course of the night a space of ground to which no steed of "earthly mould" was adequate, bounding over in their course a very wide stream, to attempt crossing which, in ordinary circumstances, would be madness. On one of these excursions, the seer having remained away for several days, assigned as the reason for not returning at the usual hour, that at this time his phantom visitants placed him, not on a horse, but a bullock; which, however, bounded away with equal speed, but on arriving at the wonted stream, the seer felt a momentary apprehension lest the unwieldy animal would not carry him safely over; but, to his astonishment, he cleared it in such admirable style, that the seer, who had expected a ducking, broke the silence (which we should

mention had been strictly enjoined and as strictly observed), and exclaimed, "Taoir slan, a bhulaen baun!" i. e. "We are safe, oh white bullock!" He had no sooner uttered the words, than the bullock, the horses, and their riders, all vanished into "thin air," and the seer found himself alone by the margin of a stream in the midst of the Cumera Mountains *.

* The following is a *genuine* specimen of the Irish fairy tale—such as the peasantry amuse themselves with at the fireside after the day's work. It is also valuable as throwing some light on the ancient mythology of the country. It was translated for us, from the Irish, just as it was taken down by one who heard it told; and we have marked all the "ipsissima verba" of the original by inverted commas.

Caċbṁa Seaġan Aċwo ṁa Mumaṁ, Eachthra Shawn Acaid na Muan.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN A'CAID (HACKETT), OF MUNSTER.

At the end of the war between the Gael and the Stranger," after the banishment of King James the Second and the surrender of Limerick, in the year 1691, many of the noble Irish were dispersed through the land of their fathers. Some of them sooner than yield to the enemy "took to the mountains and the woods, slaughtering and plundering the strangers whenever they could find an opportunity." Among them was John A'Caid, (or Hackett,) of Munster, who, according to the narrative, headed two successful attacks on the English, one near Killmaule in the County of Tipperary, and the other near Cool na Gupoge (Cú ṁa ccupóg) in the same county. Proceeding with his friends (on the night he had achieved the last victory) in the direction of Holy-cross, they came to the "pleasant, airy hill" of Killoch, where they determined to rest, being weary and fatigued after their journey.

Now, John Hackett, being the most kind-hearted of the whole band, told them all to go sleep, and that he would watch and reconnoitre. They accordingly went to sleep, and John Hackett "ascended the summit of the hill towards the north, and it was not long until he beheld the motion of a whirlwind, and saw the fairy host approaching." The only word he could hear among them was "A horse and a dart, a horse and a dart," which they repeated several times. At length, John took up the words, and exclaimed, "A horse and a dart." They then said to him "Come." "Where are you going?" demanded John. One of the fairies answered, "I am the spirit of the region of Ela, and am going with my host to carry off the daughter of the King of France, which we cannot do unless one of the race of men accompanies us." "Why then," replied John, "I'll not go a foot with you, unless you bring me first to Dublin and from that to London." "That will give us a long delay in our journey," replied the fairy chief, "but, however, proceed." A horse and a dart, such as each of the fairies had, was immediately provided for John; and it was not long until they all were approaching Dublin. "Where will you stop?" asked the fairy host. "At my brother's house, in Francis-street," replied John. "We know the place," they replied, and immediately brought him to the house. John went into the house, where he was welcomed, and meat and drink set before him. "Don't delay me," says John, "but bring me my armour (literally 'raiment of battle')." "What business have you of it?" demanded his brother. "I am going to London," replied John, "to ask forgiveness and pardon of the king." The brother immediately brought him his entire armour, offensive and defensive (such as he wore when he served in King James's army), and further, according to John's direction, he brought pen and ink and wrote on parchment the form of a royal pardon "for John Hackett, of Munster." John put on his armour, and put the parchment, together with the pen and ink, into his bosom, and then went out to the fairies, who were impatiently waiting for him. "Long has been thy delay yonder," they exclaimed, "and the night is far advanced." So away they sped, and away John sped with them; they soon lost sight of land, and "passed o'er the top of the ocean," until they came to Paris. Now it happened that just as they arrived the king was holding a great assembly of the chiefs and nobles of France in his palace; and the fairies went in, together with John Hackett, of Munster, and passing unseen through the assembly, settled "on the pillars and the ceiling and every other place that was convenient." But they could gain no advantage on account of a little spaniel that was near the king's daughter, (you must know that all spaniels are a living talisman against the fairies,) which would not allow any of them to get near her, but continued barking furiously. So they ordered John Hackett to go and catch him. John crept stealthily under the table, and coming on the little dog unawares, seized him and put him

This man's case resembles that of the Swedish visionary in another particular, viz. that there is more reason for regarding him as an enthusiast than

into his pocket. The fairies, in the mean time, had been watching the king's daughter, and seeing her now without the protection of the dog, cast their darts at her while she was dancing. She sneezed three times, and "fell in gentle death," *i. e.* a swoon. The fairies took her up, and leaving a dead body in her place, took flight, and stopped not until they arrived in London before the palace of the king of England. The king was asleep at the time, and they left John Hackett at his bed-side, charging him to do his business quickly, while they would take a range through the royal cellar. John lost no time in awaking the king. "Hillo, king of the Saxons," says he. "Who is that disturbing my sleep?" says the king. "It is I, John Hackett from Munster in Ireland," replied John. "How did you come here, John Hackett?" said the king, "and you so long causing trouble in the land and doing me injury?" "I came," said John, more intent on the *why* than the *how*, "to make friends with you, and to get protection from you." "The protection you shall get from me," said the king, "is hanging and burning." "Less talk from you," says John, "or I will take your life," lifting at the same time his sword above the king's head. "Arrah, John, don't kill me!" says the king, "and there's nothing in my power that I won't do for you; although," he added, "this is not the time to write, and there is no pen nor paper at hand." But John drew from his bosom the writing materials and the parchment. "Put your name to this," said he; so the king put his name to the parchment, which, as before observed, contained John's pardon. John went out unseen by all the guard, as he was under enchantment. He and his aërial companions took plenty of bread, meat, and wine, and everything they pleased, and returned home to Killoch hill in triumph. When they had sat down on the hill, John asked the fairy host, "what they would leave him for his pains!" They answered that "they would leave him as much as he and his friends would eat and drink for a week." "That is not sufficient for my trouble," says John. "Have you not also got your armour and your pardon?" said the fairies. "I don't thank ye for that," says John. "Well then what more do you want?" said they. "I want the woman," said he. "The woman!" said they. "Ay," says John; "ye never would have got her without me, so let me have her." "Less talk from you," said the fairies, "or we will wound you without mercy." But John immediately put his hand into his pocket and took out the little spaniel. "Hilloo! hilloo! hilloo! hurr-r-r-r!" says John, "at them, little dog." The fairies instantly fled in every direction, but as they were departing they cast their darts at John, who was however aware of their danger, and for this reason had provided himself with his armour. So by using the additional precaution of throwing himself on the ground to protect his eyes, he remained unharmed. The fairies were soon out of sight, and John was left alone with the princess, who shortly after awaking from her swoon and expressing her surprise at the strange place in which she found herself, he informed her of everything that had happened. He next awoke his friends, who were still sleeping in different parts of the hill, and related to them his adventures. He next made love to the princess—was accepted, and they were married next day by the parish priest of Holycross. John and the princess (who was aware of his noble origin) lived many years happily together, and had several children. They dwelt on the north-east of Killoch-hill in seclusion and contentment; but John did not like to have his lovely wife in a sphere so far beneath her birth and real rank, and expressed himself to this effect. But she replied that she was perfectly satisfied with her present lot, and would not desire to be happier. John, however, could not bear to see her any longer in such an humble and unsuitable condition, and said he would go to the king her father and inform him of her existence. He accordingly procured a letter of introduction from his parish priest to the Archbishop of Paris; and his wife gave him as a token a silk vest which she was embroidering for her father the very evening on which she was carried away, and happened to have had it in her pocket at the time. John on arriving in Paris immediately presented his letter to the archbishop, who introduced him to the king. The monarch was at first inclined to put John Hackett to death, when he informed him that his daughter was still living—his daughter whom his eyes had seen fall dead at a ball several years ago (for the fairies had left in her place a body having her exact likeness). But when John produced the vest, he instantly recognised it, and detaining John in custody, sent a messenger to Ireland to ascertain the truth of his statement. The messenger returned bringing the king's daughter with him, and the monarch, overjoyed at receiving his long lost child as it were from the dead, was completely reconciled to the marriage. John Hackett was made governor of *Santa Crux*, where he amassed great riches,

an impostor, for he was in easy circumstances, possessed an excellent moral character, and was—what was very rare in his day—a diligent reader of the Bible, in which he was well versed, and could quote it fluently in Irish, to prove that an intercourse between the visible and invisible worlds had not ceased, and in conversing with his neighbours would use words similar to those of the mystic volume in Faust—

" A spirit-world encircles thee,
The Genii are not fled ;
Thine is the eye that will not see,
And thine the heart that 's dead."

The most remarkable quality possessed by the Fairies, is that of changing their own offspring for the offspring of mortal women,—and to this "fact," a few years ago, every cabin in the south and west of Ireland could have furnished "sure" testimony.

"There 's not as many of them now as there used to be in ancient times," said an old man, who had been introduced to us because of his knowledge of the "good people." He was a tall, thin, white-headed person, and would have been the beau ideal of a patriarch, but for a merry twinkle in his clear blue eye. "My father used to see them now and again," he continued, "just about Midsummer, or maybe in harvest ; but my grandfather ! bless you—he was hand and glove with them all his life, and his own mother was away with them for five or six years, more or less—I can't be particular as to a month—and her sister had her eldest boy changed by them, through her own fault; for it 's a foolish thing to go against the likes of them, or to make game of them, or dare them. She, poor thing ! wouldn't put up a horse-shoe on the door-post, or cross a plate of salt, or put a prayer-book under her pillow, or peel the seven rods of hazel in her first pain, or cut a notch in a black cat's tail, or pour a sup of sweet milk out of the pail when milking, or break a new potato on the hearth-stone *, or bite her baby's nails instead of cutting them—or toss

and left sixty thousand pounds to the chief of the Hacketts in Ireland. And the story is current in Ireland that this has caused such disputes, and raised such a number of claimants among the Hacketts of Munster, that the legacy remains still unpaid.

* Many of these anecdotes, as will be supposed, inculcate the old Irish virtue of hospitality. Our guide at Killarney, "Sir" Richard Courtenay, gave us one. A traveller one day went into a cottage, where he saw a very aged man sitting by the fire. The owner of the house welcomed the stranger, but told him not to be frightened at anything he might hear or see. "For," says he, "that's my old father; he's been dead twenty years ; and when the nights are cold, he comes to his cabin to get an air of the fire, and goes away when the morning dawns. My mother sits outside under the thorn-bush waiting for him ; but she daren't come in ; and the reason ye see is this : the old man, while he was alive, was always kind to the wanderer, and would give the bit and the sup for God's sake ; but the old woman grudged every morsel he gave, and used to send the hungry stranger away when her husband wasn't by. So both have their recompense."

the first lock of hay in haymaking, first in a cross that is first north—then south, you see—criss-cross, we call it—nor own that flies always light on a body for death—nor offer a cock to St. Martin—not she! But I tell you what she 'd do; she 'd go wandering of a St. John's Eve in the moonlight, she 'd think no more of crossing a fairy ring betwixt twelve and three than of kissing her hand, she 'd cross a stream without crossing herself, and carry a cat over it without a taste of dread coming over her. If she saw the very print of the good people's feet on the silver sand on the sea-shore, instead of saying, 'Wave, wave, wash out!' she 'd kick the marks into nothing with her ten toes. She was a fearless, careless, devil of a girl; and sure enough, instead of the purty, soft-faced, rosy child, that was the moral of its own people, she had a poor, puny, wish-wash brat put in its place, that was neither fit to live or die; every one said it wasn't a right child at all, at all. Some wanted her to put it out on a hot shovel; others, to make egg-broth before it, that is, to boil egg-shells, and offer it the water they were boiled in for its dinner, which would make it speak at once; others to keep its head under water for twenty and five minutes, when, if it was a right child, it would be drowned; if it was not, why it would be alive in the face of the country*. But the sorra a thing she'd do

* Illustrations of this unhappy custom are very numerous; we select one related to us by an old brogue-maker, a native of Waterford. It occurred in his youth:—

A man of the name of Baldwin, who lived in one of the back boreens leading out of Bally Brecken, the western suburb of Waterford, had a child, a fine ruddy infant of about six months old. About St. John's Eve, which is well understood to be the most "fairytime" of the whole year, when the Good People are most frolicsome and play their gambols the most delightfully, while Baldwin and his wife were absent on business, and the child, which lay asleep in the cradle, was left in the care of a little girl, the Good People came and stole the child, leaving a poor miserable *sprasoun* in its place. At first the change was not observed by Baldwin or his wife, it being the general practice of the Good People to put the *seul a pookeen* over the eyes of those they mean to deceive, so that they may not immediately distinguish the deception practised on them. But as this wore away, they soon began to imagine that it was not their own child they had got. He was grown so thin, so shrivelled and cross, and possessed such a craving appetite, that was never satisfied, and as the mother used to say, 'He would eat the old boy and drink his breath, and would suck her to death.' In this predicament every old woman in the neighbourhood was consulted, and without a dissenting voice it was concluded that it was some old devil of a *leprecaun* that was left in place of the real child, and advised the parents instantly to make a visit to Handrecan, the fairyman, who resided near a place called Wind Gap, not far from the foot of *Sleive na Mon*. Handrecan's fame had spread far and wide beyond his own locality, and he was visited by people from the most remote parts of the adjoining counties; his deeds of prowess against the fairies were truly wonderful, and the cures he wrought, as reported by thousands of witnesses, were miraculous. The journey to Handrecan was rather a difficult one, as the day was advanced, as much of it should be taken at night, and the Good People always having their scouts on the watch, would be well aware of the motives of their journey; but there was no time to be lost, they mounted the old "staggeen," and set off accordingly. At different turns of the road, the old staggeen would make a stand and snort and run as if ready to throw the curious pair from the saddle and pillion on which they were seated; at length, after a perilous journey, they arrived at the cottage of the fairy magician. Handrecan met them at the door, and greeted them with "*Shude vaha Ban a thiegh, shu de vaha Far a thiegh*: Och then it's myself, never thought of seeing you alive, though I'm waiting for you these two hours." "How did you know we were coming?" inquired Baldwin.

that had any sense in it, only would declare that the child was a right child enough when it would get strength and good advice; and, in spite of all they

"Faix, an I did better nor yourself; but never mind, take this bottle and give it to the child immediately; be sure you keep it safe from harm till you cross the stream, and then you may go home in peace. Hadn't you a hard tussel at the Gap? only you had a good many friends there among them that fought hard for you, you wouldn't be here now. You'll be met at the Gap again, but keep the bottle safe above all things;" so saying, he wished them a good night, and they returned on their way home. At the Gap, the horse again made a stand, and would not stir a step in advance for either the whip or the spur. "There must be something, Paddy avourneen, that the horse shies at," says Mary Baldwin to her husband, holding him round the waist with a firmer grasp. "Never fear, a Colleen," says Paddy, "they'll never get the bottle from me dead or alive; and the Fairy man tould us our faction was strong among 'um." A sweep of whirlwind which came whistling on every side, and which nearly lifted them from their seats, and drove the staggeen on his haunches, and a confused indistinct murmuring sound, in which something like articulation came on the ear, whizzed round them; at length the wind subsided, and the sounds died away, and the staggeen moved on at a smart trot, until they came to the stream of the three bridges, which divides the counties of Tipperary and Kilkenny. For this spot the brunt of the battle was reserved, and the death struggle took place. The rushing of the whirlwind was tremendous, and the fallen leaves and dust were raised in a cone which enveloped them. The staggeen staggered from side to side, as if pressed by conflicting forces; and Paddy heard, or thought he heard, the words distinctly uttered, "Paddy Baldwin, Paddy Baldwin, the bottle, the bottle." Paddy heard no more, for the next moment he, Mary, and the staggeen, lay prostrate in the dust; the bottle broken in a thousand pieces, and a profound calm and silence reigned around. Paddy rose with difficulty, and taking his prostrate wife by the hand, said, "Mary avourneen, are you hurt?" "No, no; how is yourself, Paddy? Have you the bottle?" "Ah! that cursed bottle," says Paddy, "is in smeddereens; I wish I never touched it with my living hands. But I'll be even with the vagabone stranger yet." "Hush, Paddy," says Mary, pulling him by the sleeve, "they'll hear you, and we'll never get home alive." Paddy was silent; they raised up the staggeen, and mounting, reached home without further molestation. Paddy was not long in bed, when he thought he heard the sweetest music that ever struck his ear. By gosh, thinks Paddy to himself, Michael Cramp the piper is near at hand, playing some of his purty tunes; oh! 'tis himself is fine to do that same. As he listened, he imagined the music was in the outside room of his cabin; and so it was, sure enough; for looking through a crevice in the door, he saw such a sight! There was a fine rousing turf fire, and some little people round it cooking; others were sitting at a table that was laid out in most elegant style; while another party were dancing in merry rounds, and they were all dressed in green jackets, yellow breeches, and red caps. On the cross beam, above them all, sat the musician with a pair of neat ivory bagpipes, from which he drew the most ravishing music. Paddy looked at him and at him, and who was it that was there but his own leprecawn of a child that he thought he had by him in the cradle. He could contain himself no longer, but raised his voice. Scarcely had he uttered a word, when he found himself in darkness, the music stopped, the fire extinguished, and the entire company departed. In the morning a consultation of the most aged "old women" in the neighbourhood took place, and it was wisely concluded that nothing more could be done than put the leperacawn out on the shovel, which humane resolution was put in practice at midnight. The shovel, heated to a certain degree, was placed at a distance from the house, and the object of vengeance placed on it was left to his fate, no one daring to stay and watch the results, which were not as expected, for the poor infant was found a corpse in the morning. What were the feelings of Paddy and Mary Baldwin it is not easy to imagine, for the prejudices of superstition so harden the heart and blind the understanding, that they hardly leave rationality enough to leave their victims accountable creatures.

Although, as we have said, these and similar superstitions are rapidly departing out of Ireland—education and Father Mathew having been terrible enemies to the fairies—cases that exhibit astonishing ignorance are not even now uncommon. Within the last two years, one of the most extraordinary circumstances of the kind has been placed on "solemn record." It is given in the *Tipperary Constitution* of April 10, 1840. The facts of the case are simply these:—A man of the name of James Mahony, who lives on the demesne of Heywood, the property of Mr. Charles Riall, had a son of the age of six or seven, a most delicate child. It appears the boy had been confined to bed for two years with an affection of the spine, and, being

could say, she rolled the poor scrag of a craythur into her flannel petticoat, and strapping it on her back, put her cloak over all, and set off with it to Dublin to consult some fine doctor she heard tell of, that had a great name; and when her mother-in-law got her out of the house—maybe she didn't make an alteration in the place, she nailed horse-shoes to all the doors, and a

a very intellectual child, and accustomed to make the most shrewd remarks about everything he saw and heard passing around him, his parents and the neighbours were led to the conclusion that he was not the son of his father, but that he was a fairy. Under this impression, a consultation took place at the house of Mahony, and the result was, that the intruder from the 'good people' should be frightened away; and, accordingly, "on Tuesday night last," the poor dying child was threatened with a red-hot shovel and a ducking under a pump if he did not disclose where the real John Mahony was; and so successful were the actors in their scheme devised for the expulsion of the fairy, that the feeble child, after being held near the hot shovel, and also having been taken a part of the way to the pump, told them he was a fairy, and that he would send back the real John Mahony the next evening if they gave him that night's lodging. This occurred on Tuesday night last, and the child was dead the next morning. Mr. William Nash, the stipendiary magistrate, having heard of the matter, immediately arrested four persons, named Pierce Whelan, James and Henry Beresford, and James Mahony, as being implicated in the unprecedented affair; and on the 9th April, 1840, an inquest was held on the body before Mr. William Ryan, coroner. The first witness was Pat. Pigott, a servant of Mr. Riall's; he deposed thus:—"When I came into the house, the child was sitting on the floor in a chair, a little distance from the fire. Some of the men were putting questions to the child all the time. They were asking him was he John Mahony, and whether it was the right person was in it. I heard the child answering and saying he was not, that he was taken away by a man and woman—that he had a pain in his back, and that he was left in the place of John Mahony. He was then asked where the right John Mahony was, and he said he was in a farmer's house, and that he wore a corduroy coat and trousers, and a green cap. I saw a shovel on the fire, and heard a man threatening he would put him on the shovel if he did not send back the right John Mahony. He said he would send him back between four and five the next evening. When I was going away, the men were giving him up, and stopping putting questions to him. I was not in the house when he was brought to the pump. I did not see the shovel taken off the fire while I was there. They were blowing the fire and threatening to put him on it. The child did not appear at all alarmed, and wished to be put on the shovel! As far as my opinion goes, I think the child thought they were in earnest." Another witness, Andrew Heffernan, swore:—"I heard James and Harry Beresford questioning him. James Beresford said, if he did not send home Johnny Mahony he would put him on the shovel that was on the fire. The child said, to give him that night's lodging, and he would have the right Johnny Mahony back the next evening. I saw the shovel taken off the fire. It was laid on the middle of the floor. I saw the child taken out of the chair by two persons. I heard James Beresford and Pierce Whelan threaten to put the child on the shovel. The persons who had the child held him over the shovel, but did not touch him with it. They said if he did not tell the truth they'd put him on it. The child then said it was one Cummins took the right Johnny Mahony, and left himself in the grove at Heywood; I did not see the child taken outside the door, but I heard talk about his being taken to the pump. The child did not appear frightened; I told the mother he was dying. I heard him say 'to turn him.' The shovel was hot enough to scald him." The evidence of the father of the child was thus given:—"I told the child I would take him to the pump when he said he was a fairy. He told me to burn him on the shovel—the devil a bit frightened he was. The reason I frightened the child was, that every one that came in said he was a fairy. That was what induced me to threaten to put him on the shovel. When I said, 'Are you a fairy?" he answered, 'I am.' I did not see any one put him on the shovel. I took him part of the way towards the pump, and said I'd drown him. He then asked me to burn him. I merely did that to frighten him. I heard him say next morning, before he died, to his mother, 'to turn him.' He asked for "a smoke" before he died. He often smoked for half an hour." The jury, after deliberating for twenty minutes, returned a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God;" and the magistrate said that "such a case of ignorance, cruelty, and superstition should be exposed to the world."

fine one, of grate virtue intirely, to the head of the bed-post; then she sent for a fairy-man, and whatever he bid her do, she did; and the upshot of it was, that every one said, if the poor unbelieving craythur brought her fairy boy back with her, he 'd never be able to cross the threshold. Well, as sure as fate, after the woman was away as good as six months, home she comes, and the husband runs out to meet her; and 'Stop!' she cries, 'don't set eyes on the babby until we 're on our own floor, and let me show you what, through the grace of God, I 've saved. They all looked at each other when she said this; and in two or three minutes she sets him down—as fine a *poulter* of a boy as ever came into the world—round, and red, and rosy, with eyes the moral of the grandmother, and a fist the image of his father's, that could grip a shilala with e'er a man in the Barony. As to the granny, she had like to lose her life with the joy, for she knew it was their own was in it.

"'And do you mean to tell me,' she says to its mother, 'that *that's* the child you took from this?'

"'God bless it!' answered the poor blinded parent, 'sure that it is, and no other. My own bouchaleen darlin'—the grace of God be about it!—my own, own darlin'! that I carried when the cry of pain, and the whimper, was never away from it night or day—my own! that after dying down like the flowers in winter, came out afresh, and that the great Dublin doctor wasn't above curing. A fairy boy they called you, did they, a cushla machree?'

"'Whisht, whisht!' says the granny, very sensibly, 'that's enough about it;' for she knew her own know, that the child was returned crossing the thrashold, and didn't care to say anything to vex the mother, who knew no better, only thought she was doing her best—God help her foolishness!"*

* A belief prevails among the peasantry, that if a person praises a child, or any creature whatever, without adding "God bless him, or it," he *overlooks* him (such is the expression); the meaning is that the praise is unlucky, and that some misfortune will befal its object. An old woman will generally "spit" upon a child after praising him or her, to counteract the effect of the praise. Standing once at a hall door, an aged woman, accompanied by a most interesting-looking creature, approached; the younger woman had rosy cheeks, dark hair, a large prominent eye (but its gaze was vacant and unmeaning) and all the personal qualities that constitute beauty. She (the idiot) addressed us in a gibberish we did not understand, but it was evidently an attempt at English. Her tone of voice was slender and drawling. The old woman informed us that it was her daughter, that she was not an idiot from her birth, but, on the contrary, up to the age of ten years she was a smart intelligent little girl. "What happened to her, then?" "A man whom I never saw before or since walked into my little cabin one day to redden his pipe, and while in the act of doing so said, 'That's a very fine little girl you have.' He wasn't ten yards from the door, when I saw a change coming over my poor child. From that day to this she is in the state you see her now. She was *overlooked.*" In the west of the county of Clare, we are told, there is a family, every member of which is said to be able to bring misfortune on any person or thing they please, by praising. "That's a very fine ship," said one of them one day, as a merchant schooner under all its sails floated by off the coast, apparently on its way from Galway to some foreign port. The next day tidings arrived that this very ship foundered and went down. They are regarded with dread by their neighbours, but they are never molested.

We inquired if he had ever seen the "good people" himself. He said, "No, he never had; they had grown shy, and strange, and mistrustful, and the schools, and wisdom, and things of that kind, displeased them; *they liked to be with Nature.*" But though he had never seen them, he had heard them very often of a night, when he was coming home from a fair or a wedding, and maybe "a little hearty;" their music had many a time set him asleep, and he 'd never wake till near morning, as stiff as a crutch; for they 've a deal of mischief in them, and take delight in pinching and punching everything they can lay their hands on. They had a great love for the fine old families, as they knew them well; and it wasn't the fine old families altogether, but the fine old family names—the O'Brians, O'Connors, and O's of all kinds; but they had no love for the Macs, as they proved at the place, which in old times was called the Fairy Mill. Here is his story.

"Grace O'Brian, of a country girl, was the greatest beauty in the parish, and had the finest fortune; her father's mill, five acres of prime land, at half-a-crown an acre, *as long as the mill-wheel turned*, besides lashings of sheep and pigs, and cattle of all kinds, in reason: and, to be sure, whatever her or hers took in hand, throve like a house afire! all things prospered, and if any of the men dropped flour, or oatmeal, or cutlings, down upon the floor at night, as sure as you 're standing there, it would be gathered up into its own place by the morning; and one of the millers, who had no belief in the good people, took a thought, and, just before he locked the room up for the night, shook down a bag of flour in the far corner, laughing to himself that none of the good people, with all their love for Grace O'Brian, would be able to clear the heap into the flour-bin. Well, when he went to bed that night, he couldn't shut his eyes for the restlessness that was over him; and as he lay on one of the lofts, up he gets, and walks out forenint the mill-door, and it was as clear a moon as ever lit up the heavens, and he stood looking at the frothy dash of the water over the dark mill-wheel, and the shadow of the trees in the stream, and thinking of where all the waters of the earth came from, and where they went to, and many other little simple things that way, when he hears a great buz-whir-ro, inside the mill, and instead of knowing, as any man in his senses would, who made the noise, he, thinking it was the rats, walks straight up to the door, and looking through a crack that was in it—maybe he wasn't all as one as a dead man—if there was one, there was a thousand craythurs not bigger than my thumb, working like mad, filling the flour into everything they could find, and then emptying it in its own place again—men and women, big and little, they worked and worked; and something was over this fellow, so that he hadn't power to move; he 'd have

given all Ireland, if he had it, to be back again in his own bed; but the never a stir could he stir. So, when they had done and swept the floor, open flies the door, and without a word they seized him and dragged him towards the stream, bound him hand and foot, and pounded, and pinched, and murdered him, till he hadn't a sound bone in his body; and when he woke in the morning, he was all over in a rash of bumps, like overgrown hives, and it was as good as a month before he came quite to himself. Well, the news of how Grace O'Brian's work would all be done by the good people, if she 'd let 'em, travelled far and near; and you may be sure whatever it gained by travelling it lost nothing. And a fine Mac of a fellow came from the north to court the maid of the mill. Now it 's worthy of thought, that from the very first minute this broth of a boy came near the place, Grace couldn't walk a turn in her own flower-garden without hearing sighs and lamentations out of the heart's core of every flower that grew in the place; and as to the Mac, the queerest things were put upon him: if he was making a fine speech, he 'd be seized with a sudden fit of stammering; if he was eating, when he 'd get the bit of bacon and a scallop of greens on the top of his fork, there it would stop, and if he was starving alive with the hunger, it would get no farther; if he got up to dance, he'd be seized with a fit of the shake (the ague); and if he was going to sit down, the seat would be whipt away from under him, and he'd come sprawling on the floor. Still, as if a stronger bewitchment was over Grace O'Brian than the good people had the strength to overcome, nothing would do for her but to marry this great red-headed *Omadaun;* and before she married him, she settled all she had in the world upon him. Now, did any one before or since ever hear the like of that? Well, to make a long story short, they were married—and so beautiful a bride the counthry never looked on before or since—her eyes were like diamonds, and the leaf nearest the heart of a rose in June was never purer than the blush on her cheek. The Mac had certainly put his *comether* over her; and yet when the words were finished and the marriage ended, the blind dropped from her eyes—the charm was broken, and she refused a kiss from the bridegroom, who then declared it was never herself he wanted, but the house and land. You may be sure she was not without a *strong back*, and the faction of the O'Brians would have murdered him where he stood, in his fine coat, buckskin breeches, high-faced shoes, steel buckles, and plaid waistcoat, but for the Priest; he saved him, and cried 'shame;' and the bride she turned to go away, and her bridesmaids they followed her; and she walked out into her little flower-garden, that sloped down to the mill-stream, and she sat down upon the moss bank where her mother used to dance her in the sun; but now it was the moon

that was peeping at her from behind a hurdle of soft clouds, and the wheel was turn—turn—turning, dashing the water off into thousands of sparkles; and she thought what a fool she was to bestow away what had been so long in her family; and she rocked herself backwards and forwards in the moon-beams like an uneasy spirit, muttering out 'Too late, too late!' and the brides-maids thought it better to let her alone for a while, and they sat down under a far-off thorn-tree, and mourned greatly, not only on her account, but their own, for they thought to have had great *divarshun* at the place, and instead of that it was nothing but long faces, and sighs and tears. Well, they sat talking of one thing or another, and how strange it was that the mill-wheel never stopped, and how if it was stopped for any length of time the land would be lost; and then they lamented that a girl of such a fine Irish family should put up with a Mac; and just as they came to that point of talking, a lull came over them, and they saw a great sheet, for all the world as if it was made of two or three double of spiders' webs, come down between where they sat, and where Grace was moving backwards and forwards, and it glittered and shone like a silver cloud, and they heard a rush through the air, and the sweetest of music, and the cloudy screen folded itself into a pillar and moved up into the sky, and they followed it with their eyes, without ever thinking of poor Gracey; and at last when they were tired of looking into the sky, and looked down again—she was gone!—and the mill-wheel stopped, and a shiver came over the poor girls, but still they took heart, and said they would find her, but neither they nor any one else ever did; and the powers of man or mortal would never get the wheel to turn from that day to this.

"And what became of Grace?" we inquired. "Why then I wonder at a lady like you to ask the question. What became of her? why the good people took her to be sure, what else? out of a regard for the ould name, and stopped the wheel—why not? and so the Mac might go whistle for his bride and his land, which the landlord of course took back; and if you don't believe me, why, there's the place to the fore, still, and it is called the Fairy Mill to this day.*

* The following fairy tale was related to a friend, in Irish, by an old woman named Mary Barry. The translation is as literal as can be.—"When I was a little girl, I had a little brother about seven years old. What we used to have for breakfast that time was meal and sheep's milk boiled. My mother went out one morning to the end of the house to milk the sheep, and the little boy being impatient for his breakfast, my father, who was an old man then, and not able to stir from the chimney-corner, desired him to take down a piggin from the dresser and go to his mother for some milk, and that he'd get him his breakfast. The child had only just got out of bed, and had nothing on him but his little shirt, saving your presence. Just as he was taking down the vessel, it pleased God that his head turned the wrong way, with his face over his back. My dear, when my father saw what happened, he called out as loud as he could, for he wasn't able to stir but badly, poor man. When my mother heard the cry, she ran in and found the little boy just as I told you, and you

The old superstition of witchcraft is, or rather was, common among the peasantry. We remember some years ago talking to an old man on this subject, when we received from him the following "statement":—

"Well, God brake hard fortune before any woman's child, but parents have a dale to answer for! Sure I said to the boy's mother myself, 'Whatever you do,' says I, '*don't cut his nails before he's six months old*' says I; 'for if you do, as sure as the sun shines in the heavens if he's a rich man, he'll be a *fiddler*; if he's a poor one, he'll be a thief; and now God help us!' Believe it? why haven't I the sight of my eyes for it, and what *can* go beyont that? Sure I tell ye I was out thracking hares meeself, and I seen a fine puss of a thing

may be sure her heart was heavy. Well, this happened on Tuesday, and the poor fellow was very bad all the week till Sunday; a show before the neighbours and all the world. My brother went to mass on Sunday morning, to Doneraile, where he met a *cardas criosd* of ours (a friend in Christ, meaning one that was godfather to some one of her family) who kept him out late. It was nightfall when he was coming home. We had a little spot of ground that time, from Mr. Evans, of Casker, and a good man he was by the same token; my father and his father before him always lived under the Evanses. Well, as I was saying, my brother was coming home late, when what should he see in a big field not far from the house, but the field full of people, *daoine maha*, you know, fairies, and his little brother in the middle of 'em, with his fine long white hair hanging down over his shoulders, and they having ever so much fun about him, and taking him up in their arms, and singing and dancing. 'Oh,' says my brother, 'Johnny is surely dead, and my father will kill me for being out so late.' 'Hold your tongue, you fool,' said the other, ''tis getting better he is.' But sure enough when he came in he found him already laid out. This happened just about St. John's day, and my brother himself didn't live but till the Michaelmas after. God's blessing be with his soul, and give him the everlasting repose of heaven (*suanas siorui na vlahas*), and our own souls, at the last day."

Connected with this is another singular superstition; it may be best described by an anecdote. Some time ago a countryman bought a suit of clothes in Clonmel. The proprietor of the establishment, previous to cutting the cloth, asked was it for himself he wanted the suit. "No," replied the purchaser, "but for my father." "Very well," replied the proprietor, "bring your father here before I cut the cloth, in order that I may know how much will be wanting to make him a suit." "Arrah, sure, he's dead, sir," replied the countryman. "Dead!" exclaimed the proprietor, with astonishment, "what do the dead want of clothes! I thought all our wants ended with life." His customer stated in reply that his father had very bad clothes at the time of his death, and that he believed that by purchasing a new suit and wearing it in his father's name, it would, according as it wore away on *him*, go to clothe his father in the other world. This, he added, was the belief of all in his neighbourhood, and had been so from time immemorial (he was from the mountains to the south of Clonmel). Shortly after the proprietor of the establishment at which the above took place had mentioned it to our informant, two countrymen came in, one from the mountains and the other from the plains. The proprietor, who is a very intelligent man, questioned both in Irish respecting this extraordinary opinion. The man from the plains laughed at it as nonsense, but the mountaineer expressed his firm persuasion that it was true as the light. This curious opinion is evidently a relic of Druidism. The Druids are generally supposed to have held with Pythagoras the transmigration of souls; but they appear (at least in Ireland) to have held a doctrine the very opposite to that of the Samian philosopher, viz., the transmigration of bodies. They believed that the soul immediately after death went into the air; but that the body, according as it was decomposed, went to the formation of new bodies, either of men or animals; and that they held the same opinion respecting the garments, &c., of the dead, as well as their bodies, is evident, from the custom which prevailed among the ancient Irish and their Celtic ancestors, of burying with the dead not only their garments, but their arms, arrowheads, harps, dogs, &c., all of which they believed would be thereby restored to them (as an ancient bard expresess it) "in the clouds of their rest."

hopping, hopping in the moonlight, and whacking her ears about, now up—now down, and winking her great eyes, and—'Here goes!' says I, and the thing was so close to me, that she turned round and looked at me and then bounced back, as well as to say Do yer worst! so I had the least grain in life of *blessed powder* left and I put it in the gun—and bang at her! My jewel, the scritch she gave would frighten a regiment, and a mist-like, came betwixt me and her and I seen her no more; but when the mist wint off I saw blood on the spot where she had been, and I followed its track, and at last it led me—whisht! whisper!" exclaimed our narrator, "right up to Katey Mac Shane's door; and when I was at the thrashold, I heerd a murnin' within, a great murnin' and a groanin', and I opened the door and there she was herself sittin' quite contint in the shape of a woman, and the black cat that was sittin' by her rose up its back and spit at me; but I went on never heedin', and axed the ould——how she was and what ailed her.

"'Nothing,' sis she.

"'What's that on the floor?' sis I.

"'Oh,' she says, 'I was cutting that billet o' wood,' she says, 'wid the reaping hook,' she says, 'and I've wounded myself in the leg,' she says, 'and that's drops of me precious blood,' she says."

"Now wasn't *that proof?*"

"Of what?"

"Why, that she was the hare I shot to be sure, and took back her own shape when it *shooted her convaynience.*"

One more story we select from our gatherings; it concerns a party who having lived with the Fairies, gave some account of their "court."

In our youth we had once the privilege of being shown a woman who, it was believed, had really lived with the Fairies for a number of years. She was then small, old, and decrepit, with remarkably light blue eyes, which, light as they were, had a wild wandering look about them, enough to convey an idea of much mystery to the superstitious, among whom she wandered. Superstition is by no means, even now, confined to the lower class,—the imaginative faculty is ever at work with high and low; and we know several fair ladies—highly born, and highly bred—who would rather not see a winding sheet in the candle, and would turn pale at the ticking of the death watch.

"Molly the Wise"—as she was called—never wanted food or reception; but though the food was abundant, the reception was never a "hearty one," for Molly was more feared than loved. She was rather an object of dread, for they imagined she knew all that passed; it was in vain the poor little old

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thing denied this,—they were certain of it, and if she persisted in her denial, they persisted in their assertion, declaring it was only her "cuteness" that made her silent. Yet her presence was considered particularly "lucky," and she was often forced to do what she would have avoided. She was always pleased to attend weddings and funerals, but she had no particular fancy for being dragged out of her bed to be in at a birth; it was no uncommon occurrence to send for the midwife and "Molly the Wise," at the same time; and many a poor horse has felt the weight of the midwife on the pillion, while the good man, trusting to the strength of "the baste's" back, made no scruple of lifting Molly up before, as you would a child, for Molly would not walk. She hated everything belonging to the sea with a determined hatred, yet every new boat must first go to sea with "Molly the Wise," to insure it against wreck.

Molly did not much like talking of "when she was with the good people;" yet she could be persuaded to do so occasionally, particularly if bribed by a "quarter of tobacco," or "an ounce of tay;" these were sure to draw forth her eloquence. She would crouch close into the capacious corner of a cottage chimney, like an old cat, her back hunched up, her arms clinging round her knees, upon which she rested her chin, and then, without fixing her eyes upon any one, or any place, she would wander on in her story, which she told in a faint, low, monotonous sort of wail. Sometimes her eyes would fix for a moment on a particular spot; and if they rested upon any of the young ones who crowded round her, you were certain to see that person grow nervous and uncomfortable and fidgetty, until he or she got another seat.

"The way of it," she would say, "you see, was this: it was when we lived by the Slaney—God bless it,—near the Enniscorthy road, where Fitzstevens' ould tower is, that was built by King John, and battered down by Oliver Crummell; and my father and brothers would be always out in the little cobble, earning their bread; and there's a spot there, where, long ever ago, the people say a boy was drowned—drowned, oh yah!" "And wasn't he drowned, Molly?" "A yah—how innocent ye are!—not he indeed! he was taken by the good people, dear—it isn't all of them that have power to take through the wather—only when they make marriages with them other spirits that live among the things at the bottom of the many wathers, and then one helps the other—tit for tat, you see, yah! So I used to be, then, a *colleen das*, not all out fifteen, in the boat with them, sometimes minding one thing, and sometimes another, with plenty of heart that kept my eyes and my feet dancing the length of a summer-day. And so, it was of a Midsummer's night, and we crossing over in the cobble just to be in time for the divarshun

of the bonfires, and my father and my uncle, out of respect to the poor boy that was drowned in it, raised their oars as they passed over the place where he was lost, as every other Christian does, in coorse; and if I had done what I ought to do (mind this, girls, for it's Molly the Wise that's talking to ye)—if I had done what I ought at the same time, no harm could have come to me; but I didn't, for instead of a prayer, or the sign of the cross, it was lilting a song I was, and my father and uncle paused just while the boat was gliding over the place, and they said that they were looking at me that minute, and thinking how purty the moonlight was settling on my face, and the next I was gone!—Oh then it was themselves that took on, and first they thought I was struggling at this side the boat, and then at that; there was a sort of foam, like silver, and though the blue river was so clear that they could see down-a-down into it, they couldn't see me."

"And where war' you, Molly dear?—tell us that, tell us all about it."

"Is it where I was?—why then is it a common informer ye'r wanting to make of me?—I'll tell you what's fitting without questions. I was away then, in the knowledge of the whole country—every fool knows that—and I'm here now, and fools as ye are, ye understand that much any way, don't ye? because if ye don't there's no use in my talking to ye at all, at all." So of course her audience immediately understood everything she desired.

"I was away with them for seven years and more, and they kep' me night and day, and what I had most to do was to mind the childre, and dress the Queen."

"Oh, Molly, what sort of dress did ye put on her?"

"What sort of dress? Why, ye don't suppose it's trusting to one sort of dress she'd be of a day; no, nor ten sometimes, when it's a court she'd be houlding. One day she'd be dressed all in diamonds in the morning, and in spiders' webs in the evening, and indeed like the rest of the quality when she'd be full dressed, its half naked she'd be, saving yer presence."

"Molly avick—is it green satin and gold she'd wear?"

"Ay."

"And, Molly, what would she do wid all the goold she has—would she ate it?"

"Ate it! bedad no—she'd put it in her pocket, I suppose—but what foolish questions you do be asking! oh dear me, girls agra, when will ye git sense? Sure it's like any earthly queen she is in her little ways, and all—only a weeshy thing—and full up of all kinds of love of divarshun, and faix I a'most danced the ten toes off myself, striving to plase herself and the

childre! Oh, then, it's them that *was* the childre! talk of edication, bless ye, they war *born* larned; and it's never a wink o' sleep they'd get at all in the night time, nor let any one else have, only dancing on the sands of the sea, or in a ring on the softest of grass, and then take to flying on rushes, which they turn into horses, and whisk through a latch-hole, or a key-hole —hundreds of them. Many an hour I spent on a beam at a dance, and many a cheek I pinched, and many a kiss I *spiled*, and many a pail of milk and glass of scalding-hot whiskey punch I turned over, and many a shindy I caused in a fair—Ah! yah! soh oh!—now he's down, hit him hard, there's no one to take his part." And then she would shout, and clap her hands, and grind her teeth, in a way that left no doubt as to the occasional malignity of her insane nature. At other times she would describe the fairies as the most benevolent "little craythurs" in the world, and lament bitterly that she ever left them. "She had," she would say, while with them, "white bread, and fresh butter, and cruddy cream, and beautiful flowers, and loads of sweet-hearts, and everything but the grace of God." And the manner of her getting away was this: "the spirits" and "the fairies" are always having feuds together, and both have strong factions; sometimes one faction beats, and sometimes another, but the spirits being the "most god-fearing" have the best "luck." And one night she was by herself, the queen having gone upon some "divarshin." And she was very lonesome, and began thinking of her own people, and her own country, and how she never had the power to say so much as a Pater or an Ave since she came into the place; and how she had no chance at all of her soul being saved, for whenever she *turned* her thoughts to a prayer she fell off in a sleep. And all this came over her, and as it did she dropped down on her knees to strive and pray; and the very minute she did this, who should come to her but her own uncle, who had been in the boat the night she was taken, and who had been dead four years! and so he gave her a blessed herb, and as she had it in her fingers, back came the queen and all her "coort," like a flash o' lightning. As they did, the queen made a grab at the herb, and her uncle, who was fading away before her eyes, said "Pray;" and the holy power was given her, and she did pray at once, and as she did, where should she find herself, but back at the door of her father's house! and he wasn't in it, but in his grave—only a week, and no grass on it yet. So she sat on the loose clay of his new-made grave and told him all; and then she went back to the house, and there was no flax on the wheel, nor turf in the rick, nor potato in the garden. Nothing—only a wild swallow, with its young, in a hole in the wall; and her heart was near bursting, but she kept it whole; and she'd have tried to get back to the good people, for

the world was hard, and she had no friends; but still if she went back, she'd have no power to pray, and what would become of her soul?

The Northern and Western districts of Donegal, so rich in all that can delight the antiquary, the naturalist, and the lover of nature in its simplicity and grandeur, afford, as we have intimated, rich materials for a volume. Our own journey, however, lies southward to Donegal Bay, through a remarkably wild country, and magnificent in the extreme, although infinitely less so than the rude coasts which keep out the Atlantic.

From Londonderry we verged westward to the ancient city of Raphoe, returning into the direct route to Donegal, and so visiting the town of Stranorlar, and the border-town of Strabane.

On our way through St. Johnstown, we visited the singular lake, Fort Lough.* About two miles from Raphoe—now a mere collection of cabins around the ruins of the Episcopal Palace—there is a high hill, commanding a magnificent view of the country below, extending with various undulations of surface on all sides, and finally terminating in a circular chain of moun-

* This sheet of water occupies nearly the centre of an extensive bog of black turf, and lies on the right-hand side of one of the roads leading from St. Johnstown to Burt or Lough Swilly. It is at present about one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. It was formerly of much more considerable extent, but a portion of the water has been drawn off, and part of the bottom of the former lake converted into arable land. There had always been a tradition that this, in common with many other lakes in Ireland, had a castle erected in the centre, where the peasant, at day's declining,

"Saw the round towers of other days."

The legend of this castle's disappearance below the surface differs somewhat from the legends we have already given, and is as follows: — There was within the walls a well of pure water, so precious that it was always carefully covered by a stopper, and a tradition existed that if by any negligence the precious water remained uncovered, some awful calamity would ensue. The daughter of the Governor, as ladies of similar rank have done from time immemorial, frequently went herself to draw the water. She had a lover, who contrived to meet her at the spot, as a convenient place of assignation. In the interesting conversation that ensued all things were forgotten by the girl except the words of her lover, and she departed with her pitcher, never thinking of the stopper of the well. Immediately, the water below swelled up, and began to overflow the mouth in such torrents as to render all attempts to replace the cover ineffectual; and it never ceased till it inundated the whole country, and ascended so high that the castle was completely submerged, and disappeared with all within it, including the careless young lady. This tradition was long considered as fanciful as others, and those who affirmed they saw the building under the surface at particular times, were looked upon as visionary and credulous. About twenty years ago an attempt was made to reclaim the morass, and a deep sluice was cut, through which the water drained into Lough Swilly. As the waters of the lake subsided, marks of an island became visible in the centre; by degrees regular masonry was observed ascending above the surface; and there is now seen—even from the road—the remains of a building at the bottom of the lake, proving that the subaquatic castle was no visionary fiction, but a real existence. Its present remains are walls of masonry, supporting a deposit of bog, on which some green vegetation has commenced. It is supposed that a castle had been at an early age erected in the morass, but by the exit of the waters being intercepted they had accumulated and formed a lake, which had ascended above the walls of the castle, and so submerged it, without supernatural agency.

tains 60 or 70 miles in circumference. On the summit of this hill, and in the centre of this view, stands a Druidical temple somewhat resembling that at Stonehenge in size and structure. It consists of a perfect circle of large stones set perpendicularly, varying from 8 or 9 feet high, and as many broad of 3 or 4. These perpendiculars form a circle of 150 yards; and consist of 67 large rocky fragments, still standing upright, with various irregular intervals between, which were once apparently filled up with similar stones but now dilapidated. On the east side is an open space of 7 yards, bounded by two large stones, still standing like door-posts, and which probably formed the entrance into the temple, and on the opposite side are two of the largest, tallest, and broadest stones filling up a space of equal breadth, against which the altar stood. The large area inside presents a very uneven surface, rising into hillocks and sinking into depressions, encumbered with large stones, now in irregular confusion, but once forming portions of the structure. The stones are generally of a lamellated structure, and taken from neighbouring slate quarries with which this part of Donegal abounds.

The place is called Baltony, a name not uncommon in some districts of Ireland. It is supposed to be a corruption of *Baal tinné*, the "fire of Baal," intimating a spot where that Deity was particularly worshipped in Ireland, and having the same etymology in Gaelic as the Baltane tree burned at Midsummer. Among the rigid Presbyterians of the North, such remains of antiquity are lightly regarded, because they are deemed remnants of superstition and idolatry, though some respect has been paid to them by its respected proprietors. The hill on which it stands was under a fair field of flax up to the very walls, but the area inside remained undisturbed by the plough, and this grey, rude, but vast monument of the remotest antiquity forms a strong and interesting contrast, undisturbed in the rich crop of modern agriculture that surrounds it.

Our object in visting Stranorlar—which lies, however, in the direct road to Donegal town—was to examine certain improvements effected upon a wild tract of mountain land, by which, we had been informed, many hundred acres had been so reclaimed as to furnish comfortable farms for several tenants. It was also our purpose to inspect the schools connected with the estate of which the now fertile meadows form a part. We were not disappointed. We drove over well-made roads where a few years ago bridle-paths only existed, by the side of a broad and most rapid river—which unhappily is still suffered to run waste and idle—and after ascending some miles, reached the mountain top, where we had ample evidence of the vast good that may be achieved by skill,

judgment, and perseverance. The district is called Glenfin, and the estate to which we more immediately refer, Cloghan.

It is about twenty years since Sir Charles Style inherited his estates. He found the part that was situated in Donegal in a deplorable condition. Illicit distillation was then at its height, and Glenfin was one continued distillery, over-run with all the demoralization and misery which accompanies the trade. He at once determined to leave his native country, England, and to establish himself upon his Irish property. It contained about 16,000 acres,—of which about 2000 were arable, and the remaining 14,000 mountain waste. He gave new leases to his tenants—made war upon the distillers, and in a short time completely eradicated them. He built the house, and formed a domain on a portion of the wildest bog; had a bridge built across the river Finn, and several roads made through the property; and after fourteen or fifteen years' residence and active exertion, the state of his health compelled him to leave Ireland; but instead of abandoning his tenants to their own resources and misery, as absentee proprietors too frequently do, he selected a substitute, to whom he gave *unlimited* powers to act for him, with ample means for continuing his improvements. He divided the rents of the estate into two equal portions, leaving one half to bear the charges of management, charities, taxes, &c. This arrangement left to the agent, to be applied to the improvement of the property, about £300 a year, after deducting all the fixed charges.

Captain John Pitt Kennedy settled, as his agent in Glenfin, in the autumn of 1837. The leases given by Sir Charles Style were to expire in November, 1838. During the continuance of these leases the tenants had divided and subdivided the small portions of arable land into Rundale*, a state of things which paralyses all improvement. It consists not in merely subdividing the farm into a given number of small detatched farms, but every quality of land is subdivided, so that a holding of four or five acres was frequently to be found scattered into fifteen or twenty different lots at considerable distances from each other, and interlaced with the similar lots of other occupiers, precluding all possibility of enclosing the holdings. He found the tenants congregated in villages which, from the incessant and unavoidable trespass of

* "Rundale, which is a most mischievous way of occupying land, was, till of late years, the common practice of the North of Ireland. It is thus—three or four persons become tenants to a farm, holding it jointly, on which there is land of different qualities, and values; they divide it into fields, and then divide each field into as many shares as there are tenants; which they occupy without division or fence, being marked in parcels by stones or other landmarks, which each occupies with such crops as his necessities or means of procuring manure enable him; so that there are, at the same time, several kinds of crops in one field."—*Report of the Irish Society*, 1836.

the cattle on each other's lands, were the seats of incessant warfare. Many of the villages and townlands being without any means of ingress or egress by road.

His first step was to take up the possession of all the farms, and to re-divide the estate into compact holdings, giving to the original tenants as nearly as possible an equivalent, in their new farms, for the arable land they previously held. Observing that when such a claim came below the quantity by which a family could support itself, instead of receiving a similar small lot of arable, the claimant was placed on a waste-land farm, of improvable land, and dimensions suited to his capability—averaging twenty statute acres; and he besides received some compensation from those amongst whom his former small arable lots may have been divided. The effect of this measure was at once to multiply by about five the average extent of every man's field of exertion, which previously had been so limited as not to afford employment for one-third of their time; and that in a country where there was but little opportunity of obtaining day labour.

The annexed print is an illustration of Rundale tenantry, in which semi-barbarous state large portions of the country still exist; and the same land,

Fig. 1.

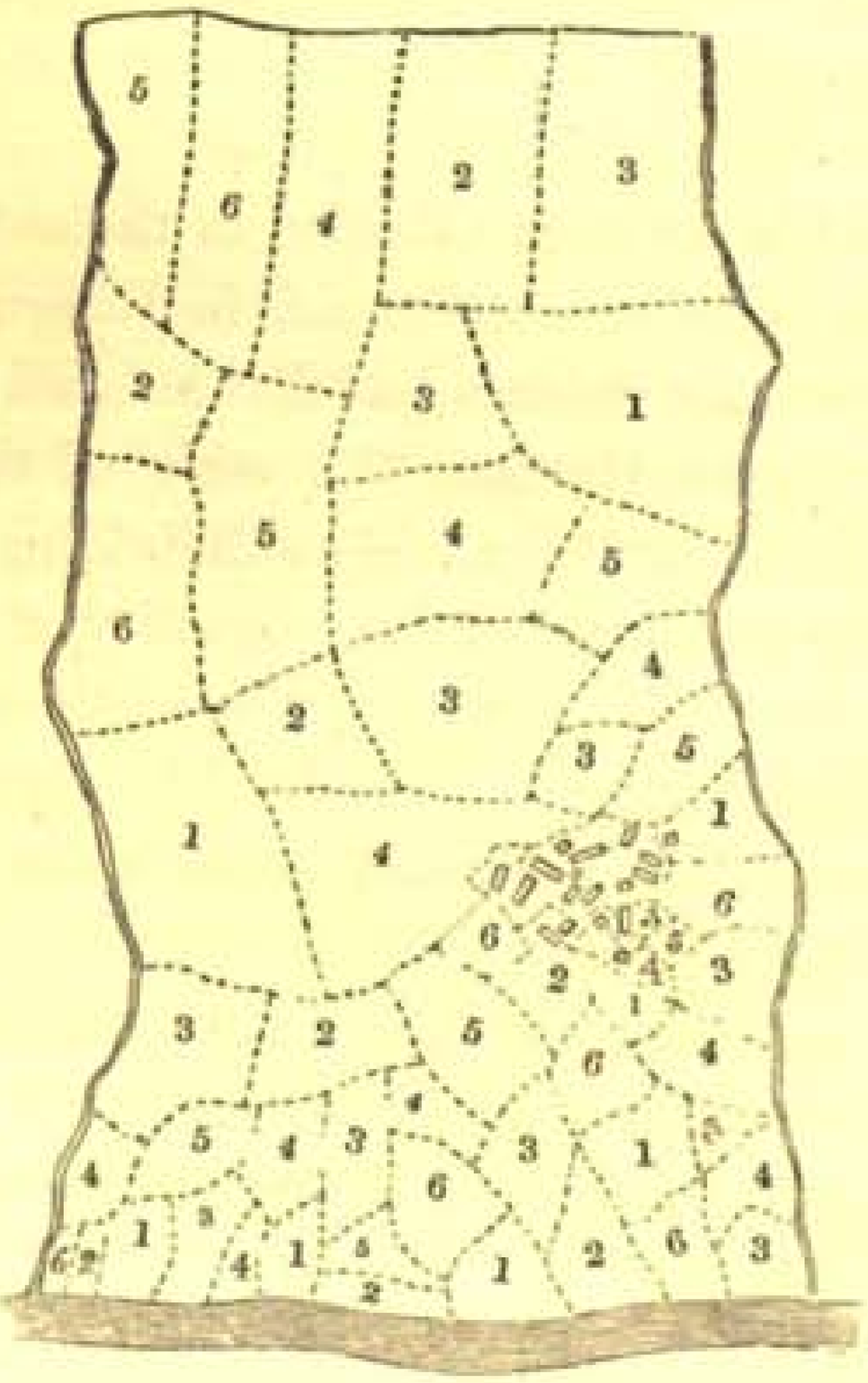
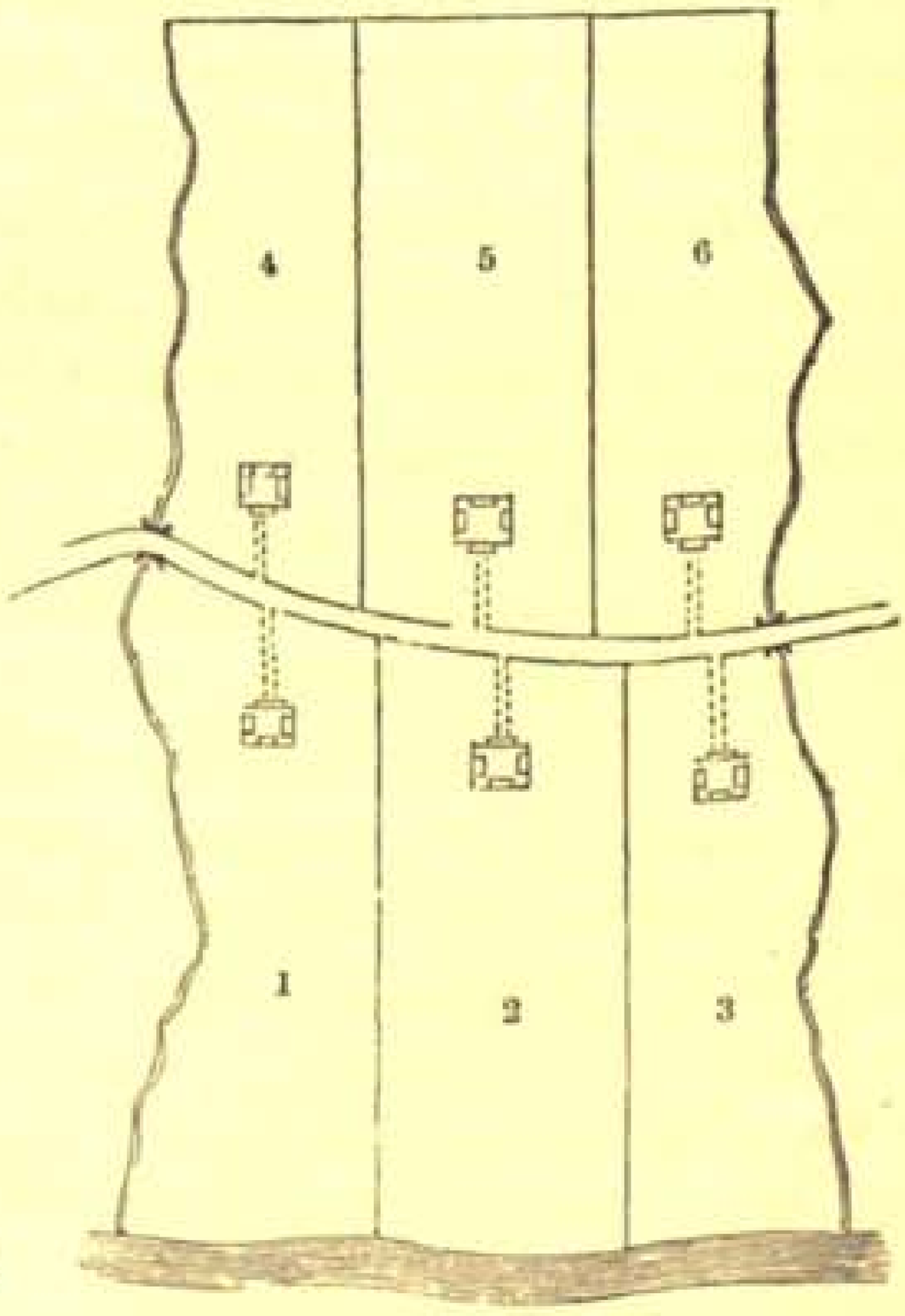


Fig. 2.



supposed to be occupied by the same number of tenants, in compact farms, with the additional luxury of a general road.

The number of new mountain farms thus tenanted has been 160. Their occupiers are to hold rent-free for the first three, four, five, six, or seven years, according to the quality of the land, and are afterwards to pay a small, and gradually increasing rent, commencing at one shilling per statute acre, till it reaches about ten shillings an acre on the average. The oldest settlements are now of four years' standing; their progress we witnessed *. The agent is well satisfied when they improve at the rate of an acre per farm each year, and many have exceeded this rate, notwithstanding the three last unfavourable seasons. This year promises to make up all losses. The richest crops are now growing on these new mountain farms.

The first operation of both the old, and new, land farmers consisted in inclosing their holdiugs and in building cottages in the centre of each. To the building Captain Kennedy contributes a stipulated rate of assistance on the part of the proprietor. We should premise that previously to fixing the limits of farms on the new division of the lands, he laid out general lines of road through the estate, and then laid off the farms with reference to these communications, the construction of which has been gradually going on from the commencement, at the entire cost of the proprietor, and at the rate of about five miles yearly. The cost of these roads varies from about twenty to sixty pounds per statute mile, according to the nature of the districts through which they pass; the average cost is about twenty-five pounds per mile *. The extent made, up to this moment, amounts to about twenty miles; and the employment they afford, as well as every other outlay for labour that admits of it, is strictly reserved for the summer idle season of the year, when the stores of the poorer class become exhausted, and they are most in want of assistance. It is not sufficient, under the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, merely to effect objects useful in themselves. In order to obtain the

* In improving this district, the improvers are opposed by difficulties which must affect every enterprise of the kind in a greater or less degree, until Government shall take up the subject and remedy the evil. They can do every thing required by the interests of the tenants, as far as the limits of their property extends, but there their powers end, unless they are met in a spirit of co-operation by the neighbouring proprietors. For example, all the cross lines of road are directed for the market-towns and seaports of Donegal and Letterkenny; these roads form portions of well digested projects for opening general lines of intercourse through most improveable districts, yet if the neighbouring proprietors refuse to concur, this district must be cut off from the benefits of such an intercourse. The judicious intervention of the Board of Works by a very limited assistance would go far to remove such difficulties. The average rate of their expenditure, as appears from returns presented to Parliament, exceeds 500*l.* per mile. If they could be persuaded to grant less than one-tenth of this rate of assistance on desirable projects such as we now advocate, there are few proprietors who would not gladly meet them with equal funds. The impetus that the adoption of such a principle would give to improvement in this and similarly circumstanced counties is incalculable, and we fear that without something of the kind very little will be done. It has been well said, that the road-makers are the safest and surest missionaries of civilization.

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maximum result, they must be effected in the right way, and at the right time. This consideration involves an analysis of the habits of the poor. They are, we may say, exclusively agriculturists. They imagine that their duties, as such, are limited to the spring sowing and the harvesting of their crops. The judicious preparation of his land for receiving the ordinary operations of tillage do not enter into the calculation of the small Irish farmer. And during the winter season, which ought to be passed in draining and deepening his soil, irrigating his land, collecting manure, &c., he lays himself up in absolute idleness. His liliputian farm thus produces but a liliputian crop, not equal to one third of its natural capability*. His provisions become exhausted about May. Unable to get day labour to support his family through the summer, which is likewise a season when he thinks his farm has no claim upon him, he borrows at usurious interest for their support, and for the following year brings an additional burden upon his shoulders, already too heavily laden for his strength. Having thus commenced his downfall he adds on, debt over debt, by the same process, each successive year, until he is obliged to sell his interest in the land, and turn out a pauper. Those proprietors who would use their influence or their means to improve their tenants should consider well those circumstances. They should reserve the whole of their expenditure on all general labours that will admit of it for the "loan quarter," as it is aptly termed, and thereby prevent the poor man getting into debt. All Government and County works should be regulated upon the same principle. And again, the winter idle season, which if properly looked to may be termed the *remedial* period of the year, should likewise receive the attention it deserves, by taking every means to call forth the energies of the farmer, so that in each successive year he may bring an additional portion of his land into a more prolific state than it was previously. The method proposed by Captain Kennedy to avert the evils of the "loan quarter," is to reserve all possible expenditure in labour for that season. The plan he has found most effectual in bringing out the poor farmer to make the indispensable improvements required on his farm during the winter remedial season, is, by the instrumentality of a loan fund; from which no one can receive a grant unless he shall have qualified by completing a given quantity of draining, trenching, or other requisite work on his farm—to have been previously laid out, and its completion certified for, by the agricultural teacher of the district. The loans, for this reason, are for the most part

* An ingenious writer in "Blackwood's Journal of Agriculture," states that "There are hundreds of acres in the north liberties (of Cork) entirely under grass, which, if cultivated, would produce fifty per cent. more than in their present state, together with the incalculable advantage of employing the working population."

made in the winter. The application of a loan when granted is likewise looked to. It must be for some reproductive object—as lime, improved farm implements, the purchase of a cow, &c., but not for food or clothing.

No fines are levied in this fund. No rate of interest is taken beyond what the ordinary law allows. During five years that it has been in operation, the "decrees" have not exceeded seven in number, and no loss has yet been sustained. When the defaulters exceed a certain proportion of the borrowers, the issues cease until the number is reduced within that limit, and the names of the defaulters are made public. The system is working well. The people are gradually supplying themselves, by the aid thus afforded, with carts, improved farm implements, additional live stock, lime, &c.; and they are gradually losing their dormouse qualities, and facing the winter's blast for the permanent improvement of their lands. During the last winter, about a hundred tenants were to be seen constructing, on their farms, thorough-drains, which they had never before thought of; but without which, from the nature of the soil and humidity of the climate, harvesting a crop was by no means a necessary consequence of sowing the seed. It is not unreasonable to anticipate that a very advantageous change must follow a continued system, thus adding to the productive time of the farmer about five months in each year, which were hitherto, we may say, lost to him; yet the change does not stop here. The intensity of his exertion whilst employed is gradually increased by the system of classified remuneration given to labourers at the public works; the man who performs the most labour receiving a commensurate reward, and already the fruits of this classified remuneration have been most prolific. Add, also, the effect of the agricultural teacher periodically visiting each man's farm, and advising with him on all his projects, besides the repeated practical lessons he is receiving as often as he passes the model farm in connexion with the agricultural school *.

* With respect to education—male and female boarding-schools have been established for the training of practical teachers in the subjects most important to the neighbouring counties.

Boys are boarded, lodged, and educated, at a cost of £4 per annum; and their practical knowledge is made to keep pace with the theory. With this view, the execution of the extensive works in progress is conducted by them as overseers of the working parties, acting under the general superintendence of the inspector of works; it is common to find boys of fifteen or sixteen, the children of the poorest class, in every way qualified, except in maturity of years, for taking charge of a school with credit, or for conducting the most scientific operation that could be required by a proprietor in the improvement of his estate.

The training of the female pupils is sought to be accomplished on a like scale of economy and efficiency, with a view to the fulfilment of their future duties. The cost to the youngest class under twelve years, is £5; permanent pupils above twelve years pay £8; and teachers, coming from other schools for a short period of training, pay at the rate of £10 a year for all charges of board, lodging, and education. Already several of the pupils of both sexes have gone forth to confidential employments with much satisfaction to their employers.

Thus we have at once three elements of improvement at work in every man throughout the estate; first, a vast increase of his *productive* time;

Both the male and female schools are in connexion with the National Board; the grants from which, however, are very small; but the female school—established for the training and education of schoolmistresses to send throughout Ireland—is supported chiefly by a private fund. Several of the boarding pupils are educated at the cost of their parents, others at the expense of their patrons and patronesses. Already schools, in various parts of Ireland, have been supplied with teachers from this excellent and valuable establishment.

The girls are dressed entirely in articles of their own manufacture, and their dress, so produced, is picturesque and becoming; it consists of a grey linsey-woolsey petticoat, a blue jacket, edged with scarlet, and a grey cloak bound with scarlet. This cloak is shorter than usual: an advantage, as it can conceal neither dirt nor rags, and the hood is not so large as the hoods of the Irish cloaks generally. Another advantage—it takes less material, and it protects the head more effectually from wind and rain, as it sits close round the face. The school filled with neat, well dressed, and intelligent girls, in this pretty costume, in the very heart of a mountain district, has a picturesque effect, both novel and pleasing. The thread of which the dress is composed is spun by their own hands, woven in some cottage loom, dyed in their cabins, cut out and made in the school; the stockings are knit by themselves; and those who have bonnets or hats,—pretty broad-leaved Swiss hats,—plait them and sew them with their own hands.

The peasant girls for a long time disliked the uniformity of their dress, attaching some charity-school notion thereto, which the Irish instinctively abhor; but Miss Mary Kennedy, the accomplished sister of Captain Kennedy, devised a plan to overcome the prejudice, which proved most incontestibly that her patriotism was genuine,—her love of the people's welfare sincere:—she wore the prescribed dress herself; after that, no peasant could have had the bad taste to object to it; the consequence is that you constantly meet in the neighbourhood of Glenfin not only children, but women, habited in this neat costume.

Much as we rejoice at the expense thus saved to the poor cottager—much as we value the industrious habits and the increased comforts to be obtained by this new mode of cottage industry—highly as we appreciate all these advantages, there is *one* which we consider far above them all: the SELF-DEPENDENCE, created by such a system—this is, of all things that which requires the most assiduous and constant cultivation in Ireland. The Irish peasant finding his own resources so limited, crushed and fettered as he has been for so great a number of years, has acquired a slavish habit of looking to any one rather than to himself for assistance. His energies of mind and body are all directed to the service of others; he has no idea of working for himself, beyond the narrow limits of his potato garden. *There* he will dig and delve; but the seed once in, he leaves the rest, as he expresses it, "to God;" and for every thing with which he is connected, every thing he has to obtain, he looks to others. He can hardly understand justice being done to him, except by favour. "It's about the bit of land I wanted to spake to ye'r honor, thinking you'd *favour* me, rather than a stranger." "I'm come up to the mistress, to ask her if she'd give me a line to the big shop, thinking that might lead them to *favour* me, by giving me a bit of cotton for my gown, at a *fair* price." "Oh, then is that the way it's going! Sure ye'r honor knew me longer than that other man, and it's him ye'r *favouring!*" This habit of looking, as a *favour*, for what is a free man's right, sounds very strangely in English ears; and whoever teaches them to depend on themselves, and not on others; whoever leads them to the consideration that it is in their own power to obtain, by their own exertions, what they would consider the luxuries of life, is really a benefactor to the country at large. This, the plan adopted by Captain and Miss Kennedy, certainly achieves. The man has the "little flax"—the produce of his "bit of land" and his industry—transformed, by the industry of his wife and daughters, into useful wearing apparel *for themselves*; and it is to be hoped that in time the men may be induced to work in those "*blouses*," or "smock-frock" dresses, so generally worn by the English peasants, and which can be made up at so small a cost, and are at once both light and clean to labour in.

We have never seen education more practically conducted than in the Cloghan Schools. The education of the females is not confined to the mere "learning," or the regular needle-work taught by routine. Every effort is made to render them good household servants. They are taught scouring, cleaning, washing, ironing, milking, and making butter; and above all, neatness and good order. It is, in fact, an admirable training school, either for good domestic servants, or teachers in national schools. It is surely enough to say of the

secondly, a vast increase of his productive energies during that time; and thirdly, a vast increase of his skill and judgment in directing those energies.

We have very frequently received gratification by visiting the comfortable villages and cottages where the inhabitants are auspiciously located, and under kind and judicious management; such are rapidly on the increase, and, year after year, we have been happy to observe the active progress of improvement. Yet we had been unprepared, amid the mountain fastnesses of Donegal, to see the number of prosperous and pleasant dwellings that are to be met with throughout Glenfin.

Looking down from one of the hills, over folding valleys and leaping torrents, it was impossible, knowing the nature of the country and the nature of the people, not to feel deeply anxious to ascertain how such admirable roads, intersecting the bogs and traversing the high lands, had been so quickly constructed; and how in the midst of bog, such well-built homes and productive gardens had metamorphosed the "cottier" into the small farmer—respecting the laws, and respected by his superiors. The wild beauty of the scene was

boys' school, that while Miss Kennedy receives every day from the mistress a report of each pupil's progress, and inspects the school herself several times during the week, her brother, by whom so much real good has been accomplished in this remote and beautiful glen, watches over the boys with the deepest solicitude. Nothing can exceed his care and anxiety respecting their improvement; and his zeal deserved the eulogium bestowed upon it with Irish quaintness, by a poor fellow who did not know that "his Honor the Captain," of whom he was speaking, was known to us:—"He's made a new counthry out of the ould one; and as to the children that have the luck to get into the Cloghan Schools, he's a father ten times over to every one of them." There is also an admirably conducted agricultural school at Templemoyle, in the county of Londonderry. It was commenced in 1827, and has been continued, prosperously, ever since, to the great gain of the neighbourhood and the advantage of Ireland. To this school nearly the whole of the Irish counties have sent scholars. Although the seminary was originally intended for the education of young men destined for agricultural pursuits, several individuals have availed themselves of the advantage derived from the course of education there pursued, to qualify themselves for other avocations; and of those who have already left the seminary (we copy from the report of 1838, unfortunately the latest in our possession),

29	are employed	as Land Stewards,
2	,,	as Assistant Agents,
5	,,	as Schoolmasters,
1	,,	as Principal of an Agricultural Day School,
8	,,	as Writing Clerks,
6	,,	as Shopkeepers,
1	,,	as Civil Engineer,
2	,,	as Assistants to County Surveyors,
124	,,	at Home in Agricultural Pursuits,
32	have emigrated	to America, West Indies, and Australia.

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We earnestly hope that whenever the National system of Education in Ireland shall be considered with a view to its improvement, especial attention will be directed to this very important branch of it—so that similar Institutions may be established in other parts of the country.

enhanced by the moral beauty of improvement—cottages perfected, and in progress, dotted the landscape; the cry of the wild plover was mingled with the wild song of industrious labour. In one dwelling, which we entered by chance, we found a woman habited in the dress of the district busily employed at her wheel, which though she turned with her bare foot, was in a neat room, lighted by a window that *opened and shut*, decently furnished—more than decently furnished, for a "jack-towel" actually hung on a roller behind the door, and the newly-made stairs leading to the loft were covered in the centre by a narrow strip of coarse carpeting. The young woman shook hands with us both—a ceremony never omitted by these mountain peasants, when a stranger or an acquaintance enters their house*.

We passed more than once over those roads, formed across what was once considered an irreclaimable bog, to a height from which we could command an extensive view of Glenfin and its interesting vicinity. How delightful was the reflection that but for what had been done for the civilization of the country, and the improvement of the land, the people who now are, and in a few years will be a still more, valuable tenantry †, would have either increased the starving population, or been emigrants to a foreign country.

* After we had praised all we saw, especially a likeness of the good Father Mathew, which hung over the chimney, we ventured to inquire how it was that she, who evidently could so well afford it, did not wear shoes.

"Ah," she replied, in half English, half Irish, "that is what all English quality say; but his honour the captain, and Miss Mary know better than that. Shoes would give me my death of cold. I could afford one pair or two, and some stockings. If I go out, to look after pig, or fowl, or to cross to a neighbour, I cannot go forty feet without getting wet beyond my ancles. If I have shoe and stocking, I must change them, or sit in them. I could not afford to have (like the English quality) so many pairs, then I must sit in the wet; but if I run out in my natural feet, all the time I'm *on the batter*, my feet though wet are warm, and the minute I come in I put them before the fire on the warm hearthstone, and they are as dry as the heart of a rush in a minute. Oh, lady, it is not because you *get* wet foot that you catch cold, but because you *sit* in wet foot. The good captain understands this now, but he did not at first." Indeed we found this was considered to be reasonable, and though we can hardly separate even now, the idea of bare feet from poverty, yet we believe that in mountain districts, habituated as the peasantry are to go without shoes, the uncertainty of the climate, the necessity for herding cattle, traversing bog and long grass, and crossing rivulets, the fashion is not only wise but necessary. If anything could reconcile us to their appearance, it was the neat, well dressed, and orderly appearance of this woman; and afterwards we saw many in Glenfin who, despite their bare feet, would have been considered respectably dressed even in England. It is no uncommon thing to meet a group of mountain women and girls, washing their feet in a brawling river after sunset, just before they go to bed.

† At Loughash in the county Tyrone, where Captain Kennedy's own property is situated, the following is the memorandum of agreement with tenants taking WASTE land:—

1. A lease of twenty-one years to be granted to the tenant. 2. During the first seven years of the lease, the tenant is to occupy his farm rent free; the eighth year he is to pay one shilling per acre; the ninth year, two shillings per acre; the tenth year, three, and so on, increasing one shilling per acre per annum, to the end of the lease. 3. The tenant is *bound* to reclaim one acre each year to the end of his lease, or until the whole is brought into cultivation. 4. The tenant shall not underlet, or divide his farm. 5. Such clauses to be introduced into the lease as shall secure the performance of the above agreement.

DONEGAL CASTLE.

DONEGAL.

Dublin Kelly Pub. & Bookseller

Now, they are prosperous, industrious and happy. Where the foxes of the earth made holes, their cottages are built; land, over which the screaming eagle flapped its wings, echoes with the hum of cheerful voices. Children, ignorant of all book-knowledge, and wandering like Indians over the hills and valleys, are gathered in the profitable union of a happy school, and taught the independence produced by steady and well directed labour. Land reclaimed, without an outlay, which frequently Irish landlords cannot afford; members of a population of almost paupers converted into cultivators, improving the value of the proprietors' land, and their own condition at the same time; while the agricultural school, established with such fair success, promises that a race of better farmers shall spring up to guide the earth in bringing forth its fruits in due season.

Soon after leaving Stranorlar—from which Glenfin is distant some ten or twelve miles—we entered upon a district still wilder than any we had yet visited; and drove through the famous pass of Barnes-gap, through which the road runs to the town of Donegal. On the whole, perhaps, it is the most magnificent defile in Ireland; less gracefully picturesque than that of Kylemore, in Cunnemara; and less terrific in its shapeless forms than that of Dunloe, at Killarney; but more sublime than either. It is above four miles in length, passing between mountains of prodigious height, which soar above the comparatively narrow way, and seem actually linked with the clouds that continually rest above them. The road is level the whole distance—nature having, as it were, formed it between these huge mountains, in order to surmount a barrier that would be, otherwise, completely unpassable. All along the course, from its commencement to its termination, rushes a remarkably rapid river, foaming over enormous masses of rock, which every now and then divert its passage, forcing it into a channel that, after taking a circuitous route, again progresses onwards by the side of the traveller. The mountains pour down innumerable contributions, which seem to the far-off spectator only thin and narrow streams, but, approached nearer, become broad and deep rivers, forming cataracts at almost every yard. Our visit to this singularly stupendous Pass was made at a lucky period; the day previous, there had been a heavy fall of rain—and while we rode through it, we were surrounded by a floating mist, which cleared off occasionally in order, as it were, that we might see the great natural marvel to advantage. The reader will imagine, then, that every tiny rivulet had been converted into a rapid river, while the river had been swelled into an absolute torrent. When the gap had been nearly passed, we found ourselves on the brow of a high hill, from which we looked down upon a rich and fertile valley, in the centre of which was Lough Eske—one of the smallest, but one of the most pleasing and beautiful of the lakes of

the county. Through this luxurious vale we drove into the town of Donegal; and examined the ruins of its ancient castle. The castle of Donegal is not, however, of very remote antiquity*. The town is neat and clean; and appears to carry on no inconsiderable trade with the interior. Our own route lay through the southern extremity of the county to Ballyshannon; but we diverged a few miles in order to examine

the picturesque and venerable ruin of Kilbarron—an ancient fortalice of the

* Donegal Castle was, for ages, one of the principal residences of the illustrious O'Donnells, the chiefs and princes of Tyrconnell—*the land of Connell*—from Connell, one of the most eminent of their ancestors. In the annals of the Four Masters they are called *siol na Dallagh*, i. e. *the seed of Dallagh*, from Dalagh, another of their chiefs. There was also a celebrated monastery here, in which the aforesaid annals of the Four Masters were written, and they are sometimes called the Annals of Donegal from that circumstance.

O'Clerys, chiefs of the district. We were compelled to leave unvisited the whole of the southern coast; for an object of still greater interest lay before us—the far-famed Lough Derg, situated a few miles to the north of Lough Erne, and bordering upon Tyrone County. The adjacent country is rich in traditional and legendary lore; it abounds in ruins of castles and of structures centuries more ancient. The nearest town is Pettigoe, a short distance from

which are the remains of the old fortalice of Termon Magrath. It commands a beautiful and extensive view of the Lower Lough Erne *. We have already entered somewhat fully into the peculiarities of the Irish superstitions as connected with religion; and it is unnecessary to refer to a subject revolting in the strongest sense of the term. The evil—of which Lough Derg has been for many centuries the hot-bed—is growing less and less every year; in some parts its grosser features have indeed altogether vanished; and as sobriety becomes established and education is increased, it will no doubt be regarded by the peasantry, as it has long been by all enlightened members of the Roman Catholic church, as degrading to their faith and disgraceful to the national character. "St.

—Soon after the wars of 1641, the castle was abandoned, and gradually became a ruin. It stands close to the river Easky, above the bridge, and is in tolerable preservation. "It is to the credit of its present possessor that he has taken every care to delay as much as possible the further ravages of time on a structure so interesting in its associations with the past." At one end of the banqueting-hall there had been a splendid window, reaching from the floor to the ceiling; but this is now nearly destroyed. A fine old fireplace still remains entire in this apartment. It is made of freestone, and formed in the fashion of James the First.

* "The foundation of this castle, according to popular tradition, is ascribed to the celebrated Malmurry, or, as he was usually called, Myler Magrath, the first Protestant Bishop of Clogher; and there is every reason to believe this tradition correct. The lands on which the castle is situated, anciently constituted the Termon of St. Daveog of Lough Derg, of which the Magraths were hereditarily the termoners or church-wardens; and of this family Myler Magrath was the head; so that these lands properly belonged to him anteriorly to any grant of them derived through his bishopric. He was originally a Franciscan friar, and being a man of distinguished abilities, was advanced by Pope Pius V. to the see of Down; but having afterwards embraced Protestantism, he was placed in the see of Clogher by letter of Queen Elizabeth, dated 18th May, 1570, and by grant dated the 18th September, in the same year.

Patrick's Purgatory" has been famous from a very early period. The lake upon which it is situated is about six miles in length and four in breadth; it is surrounded on all sides by bleak and barren hills. The "Holy Islands" it contains are little more than bare rocks; the one to which the pilgrims resort —"Station Island"—is about half a mile from the shore, and rises very little above the surface of the lake; a ferry-boat carries them across, and, of course, a considerable income is derived from this source. If we were rightly informed, the profits are participated in by the owner of the soil—a Protestant Lady! We trust, however, that this is merely a rumour—or rather a calumny. Upon several islands are the ruins of ecclesiastical structures; but on Station Island, several rude buildings—"hideous slated houses and cabins"—have been fitted up for the "accommodation" of the pilgrims. These consist of "a slated house for the priest, two chapels, and a long range of cabins." The extent of the island does not exceed half an acre; yet, into this narrow space many hundreds have congregated, crowded together almost to suffocation. When it was visited by Mr. Inglis—in whose work the reader will find it accurately described, with very minute details concerning the "observances"—"There was not a vacancy of a square yard over the whole surface of the island;" and he surmises that "there could not have been fewer than 2000 persons upon a spot not 300 yards long, and not half that breadth." The station commences on the 1st of June and continues till the 15th of August; and from the same authority we learn, that the "whole number of pilgrims visiting the Lough would amount, during the season, to above 19,000," the great majority being women; and many of them will have travelled a distance of two hundred miles to arrive at the scene of their "devotions;" this, too, at a period of the year when labour is particularly needful and profitable.

There are few intelligent persons of any creed, who will not rejoice that "St. Patrick's Purgatory" has "fallen from its high estate," and that the gross superstitions associated with it are becoming every year, more and more, a mere record of gone-by degradations.

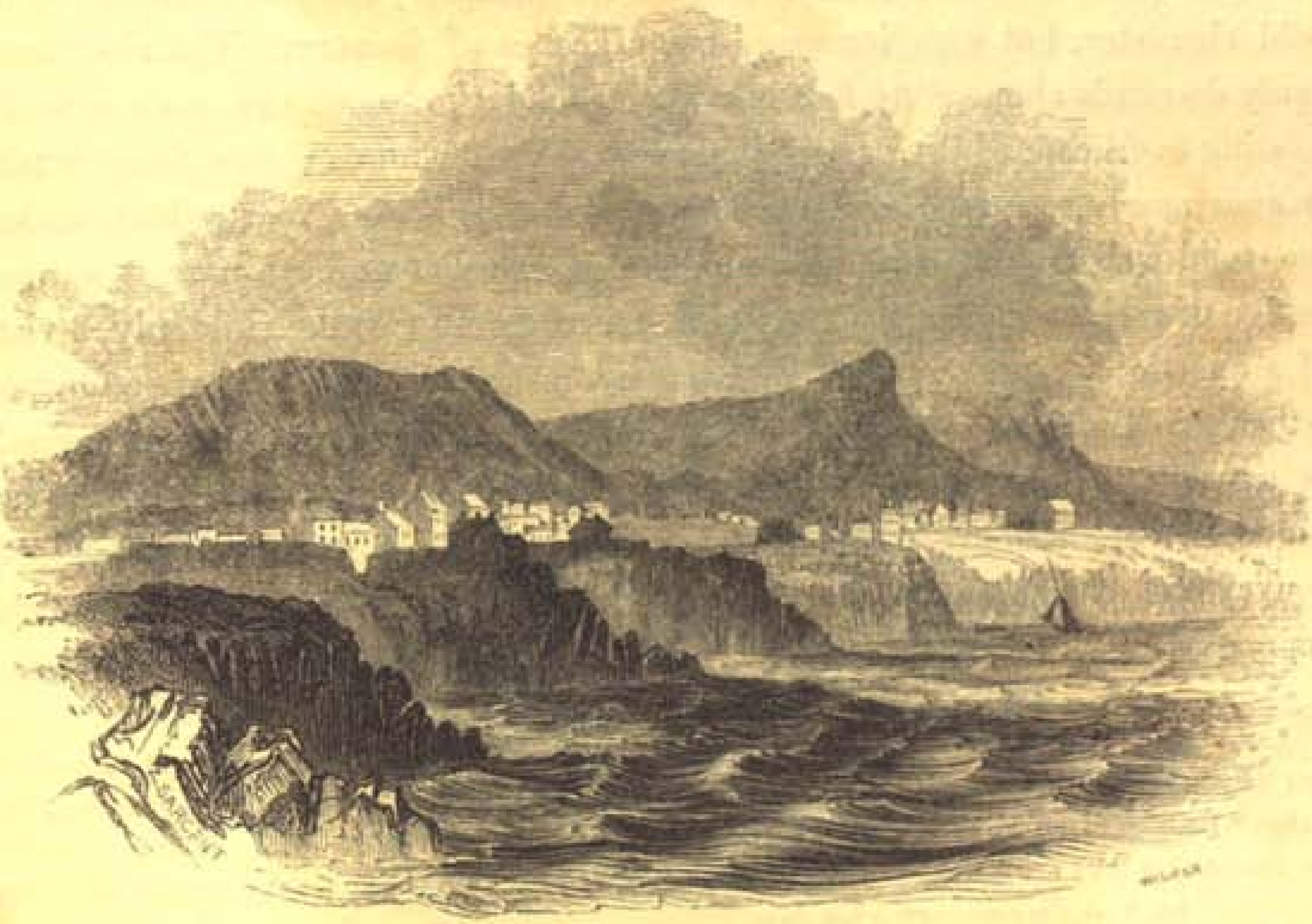
We leave Donegal County with regret—regret that our confined space prevents our rendering justice to its natural wonders and beauties. It is rich in both, and a time is no doubt approaching, when both will receive the aid of industry, science, and art; when its bare mountains and barren wastes will yield worthy succour at the call of the planter and the husbandman; when the produce of its marble quarries—it contains many—will be contrasted, and that without disadvantage, in the public market, with the marbles of Italy; when its rivers and coasts will contribute their full amount of wealth to the great store-house of mankind; and, when nature will be no longer permitted to conceal her vast resources from the search of the social and political economist.

THE IRISH CENTRAL LIBRARY FOR STUDENTS
DUBLIN

BALLYSHANNON.

Printed by Alf.ed Aylmer

Of the town of Ballyshannon and its magnificent salmon leap we have already spoken. It is neat, clean, and comfortable; and has an air of business. Its situation on the northern border of Lough Erne, and within a few miles of the sea, renders it advantageous for commerce. The Erne is here crossed—into Fermanagh—by a bridge of fourteen arches. The adjacent scenery is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; and its famous fishery supplies great attraction to the angler—who is, however, subjected to unwise restrictions which considerably detract from his enjoyments and prove highly detrimental to the interests of the town. About four miles from Ballyshannon is the pretty village of Bundoran, near the mouth of the Harbour. It is much frequented by sea bathers, and is exceedingly healthy; the wide ocean immediately facing it, and a line of mountains enclosing it from harsher winds.



On the other side of the town of Ballyshannon, and not far out of the way from Donegal, the tourist will do well to visit a natural wonder, "the Pullins," situated in the demesne of Brownhall. It is formed by the course of a mountain torrent, which runs for nearly a mile through a most singularly picturesque ravine, presenting to view in succession a series of cascades, caves, wild cliffs, huge shattered rocks, amidst a profusion of the richest and most varied ferns, and every description of mountain plants. The whole course of the river is shaded by a mass of deep wood, which greatly enhances the effect of the scenery. A solid bed of limestone seems to have

been cleft, from thirty to forty feet in depth; and in this narrow fissure, turning often at a very acute angle, the river foams along, frequently entirely disappearing in caves where its course passes under and through the rock for a considerable space. In one of these caves, the regularly formed arched roof, above fifty feet span, and above one hundred yards long, presents one of the wildest representations imaginable of the lawless distiller's haunt, or the outlaw's refuge. A dropping well of the purest water is found in a basin of the rock within, and a succession of winding caves, forming numerous outlets, afford opportunities of escape or concealment on all sides. Often the course of the river is obliterated by masses of rock piled over each other in the most fantastic manner, and the existence of the stream is only known by a hoarse murmur deep below the place on which the spectator stands. After a course again, of half a mile through a flat meadow, the river reassumes its wild character, but with increased magnificence of scenery. The river suddenly descends about sixty feet in a deep and dark chasm, the rock actually meeting overhead, whilst a precipitous wall of rock bounds either side; it falls at once nearly twenty feet in an unbroken stream with a roar, which makes the solid wall around absolutely quake. It emerges under a narrow natural bridge of rock of the most perfect gothic mould, and turning suddenly, a vista of a quarter of a mile appears opening upon the sea in the distance, and on either side a perpendicular wall of rock, clothed with the richest ivy, extends in a perfectly straight line to the village of Ballintra, the river occupying the entire space between these curious walls. A description can but faintly convey the extraordinary character of these lovely scenes, nor can the artist represent their singular beauties*.

* Fragments of several old traditions are connected with them. A fierce monster is said formerly to have inhabited these caves, which was at length slain by St. Patrick on a neighbouring hill, called from that conflict "Bally na dearg." The famous "water-horse" is said to resort to these caves, in form resembling a serpent, and as thick as "a sack." He comes out only by night, and chiefly for the purpose of stealing the farmers' hay from the neighbouring meadows.

On the borders of the river lies a huge mass of granite on the surface of the ground—singular in consequence of its distance from any rock of that description. It is called "Crockmacraoshleen," and bears a noted character. On one side of it is a hole, said to be the print of a finger, (a giant's it must have been), and whoever can walk blindfolded twelve paces towards it, and put a finger into this hole, will, whether man or woman, infallibly be married in the course of that year. The tradition respecting its appearance there is curious. Two giants or heroes, Fin Ma Coul, and another, were in the habit of sitting in the evening on the tops of these two mountains which form the grand pass of Barnesmore to smoke their pipe most lovingly, passing it across the valley from hand to hand. One day, the smoker having kept the pipe rather longer than his due time, Fin gruffly called to him "to hand it smartly across," but not being noticed, he took a pebble in his knuckle, and as a marble shot it at his companion's head to remind him of his delay. The pebble missed its mark but now lies where it fell, in the Pullins, a distance of ten miles from Barnesmore, and bears the mark of the finger of Fin Ma Coul, as a witness to the truth of the whole transaction.

LONGFORD.

The inland county of Longford, in the province of Leinster, is bounded on the south and east by that of Westmeath, on the west by that of Roscommon, from which it is separated by the Shannon and Lough Ree, and on the north by the counties of Cavan and Leitrim. It comprises, according to the Ordnance survey, an area of 263,645 acres; of which 192,506 are cultivated; the remainder being either mountain and bog, or under water. It is divided into the baronies of Abbeyshrule, Ardagh, Granard, Longford, Moydon, and Rathelme. Its principal towns are Longford, Edgeworthstown, Granard, and Lanesborough. The population in 1821, was 107,570, and in 1831, 112,558.

We entered the county by the Royal Canal, voyaging part of the way in one of the "Fly-boats" to which we have already made some reference, and to which we recur chiefly in order to supply the reader with a pictorial description of the singular "conveyance." It is here represented passing under one of the bridges, in the suburbs of Dublin. It is long and narrow; covered in as we see it; and there are two divisions for different classes of passengers. As a mode of travelling it is exceedingly inconvenient; there is scarcely space to turn in the confined cabin; and an outside "berth" for more than one is

impossible. The guide, or guard, takes his stand at the bow of the boat, and a helmsman controls its motions. It proceeds at a very rapid pace—about seven Irish miles an hour—drawn by two or three horses, who are made to gallop all the way. There is also a more cumbrous vessel, called a "night-boat," which travels at a much slower rate—about four miles an hour—and always at night. It is large, awkward, and lumbering, and is chiefly used by the peasantry on account of its cheapness.

The county of Longford possesses few features of a distinctive character. It is generally flat; contains large districts of bog; and its northern boundaries are overlooked by remarkably sterile mountains. Its principal town—of the same name—is neat, clean, and well-ordered; it may be distinguished—and was so described by the estimable companion with whom we visited it—as "the best painted town in Ireland;" for the shops and houses are clean and trim, and partake very little of the negligence and indifference to appearances encountered too generally elsewhere.

Our principal object, in Longford county, was to visit Edgeworthstown and to avail ourselves of the privilege and advantage of spending some time in the society of Miss Edgeworth. We entered the neat, nice, and pretty town, at evening; all around us bore—as we had anticipated—the aspect of comfort, cheerfulness, good order, prosperity, and their concomitants—contentment. There was no mistaking the fact that we were in the neighbourhood of a resident Irish family—with minds to devise and hands to effect improvement everywhere within reach of their control.

We have, as our readers may have perceived, throughout this work studiously avoided all reference to the seats or domains of country gentlemen,—except where improvements carried on in particular places excited and deserved general comment. It would have been, however, impossible, within our limited space, to have noticed them all. And we have especially abstained from intruding our own personal acquaintances upon the notice of the reader. We have, as will be readily believed, participated largely in that hospitality for which the country has been always famous. Wherever we have been, we have found a hearty and cordial welcome from all classes; and every available source of information has been invariably placed within our reach. But we should have ill requited such kind and gratifying attentions if we had made private individuals topics of public conversation.

Edgeworthstown, however, may almost be regarded as public property. From this mansion has issued so much practical good to Ireland, and not alone to Ireland, but the civilised world,—it has been so long the residence of high intellect, industry, well-directed genius and virtue,—that we violate no duty

by requesting our readers to accompany us thither—a place that, perhaps, possesses larger moral interest than any other in the kingdom *.

The demesne of Edgeworthstown is judiciously and abundantly planted; and the dwelling-house is large and commodious. We drove up the avenue at evening. It was cheering to see the lights sparkle through the windows, and

* The Abbé Edgeworth was uncle to Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth. Mr. Edgeworth's residence abroad had enlarged a mind of far more than ordinary capacity. He had passed much time in England, and did not feel disposed to suffer things to "go on in the wrong" in Ireland because they had been "always so;" once settled upon his estate in Longford, he laboured with zeal, tempered by patience and forbearance, among a tenantry dreading change, and too frequently considering "improvements" as "insults" to their ancestors and injustice to themselves. Those who desire to ascertain the value and intelligence of this enterprising gentleman, who, in all good respects, was far beyond the age in which he lived, will be amply rewarded by the perusal of his Life, commenced by himself and finished by his daughter. It is curious to note how many persons, unknown to themselves, have been working out ideas concerning education, and other matters which he originated, and which, in many instances, were, at the time he promulgated them, rejected as visionary, or at least impracticable. The time was not come; but he foresaw it. He knew the future by his knowledge of the present and the past. His capacious mind was not content with a mere speculative opinion; but when he had established a theory, he put it in practice: thus, at an advanced age, which is supposed to require especial repose, he undertook the drainage of bogs, and was as anxiously engaged in absolute labour as if he had been only five-and-twenty. In early life, he devoted considerable time to mechanics, and his inventions have been acknowledged with due honour—and yet, not with all the honour they deserved. It will excite no surprise that a man so much in advance of the age should have been occasionally misunderstood by his own class; yet he outlived prejudice, and his children have seen his memory respected alike by rich and poor, and his name classed among the benefactors to mankind. One proof of the power and success of his mechanical genius is pointed out with much exultation by the peasantry to the stranger—the spire of the church where so many of the Edgeworth family are interred—is of metal, and was drawn up and fixed in its elevated position in the space of a few minutes.

Maria Edgeworth was not born in Ireland—she entered the world she has helped to regenerate during her parents' residence in Oxfordshire—and did not go to Ireland until she was twelve years old.

to feel the cold nose of the house-dog thrust into our hands as an earnest of welcome; it was pleasant to receive the warm greeting of Mrs. Edgeworth; and it was a high privilege to meet Miss Edgeworth in the library—the very room in which had been written the immortal works that redeemed a character for Ireland and have so largely promoted the truest welfare of human-kind. We had not seen her for some years—except for a few brief moments—and rejoiced to find her in nothing changed; her voice as light and happy, her laughter as full of gentle mirth, her eyes as bright and truthful, and her countenance as expressive of goodness and loving-kindness, as they had ever been.

The library at Edgeworthstown is by no means the reserved and solitary room that libraries are in general. It is large, and spacious, and lofty; well stored with books, and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints—the suggestive; it is also picturesque—having been added to so as to increase its breadth—the addition is supported by square pillars, and the beautiful lawn seen through the windows, embellished and varied by clumps of trees, judiciously planted, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. An oblong table in the centre is a sort of rallying-point for the family, who group around it—reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point,—that all in the house should do exactly as they like without reference to her, sits quietly and abstractedly in her own peculiar corner, on the sofa; her desk, upon which lies Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her by him when in Ireland, placed before her upon a little, quaint table, as unassuming as possible. Miss Edgeworth's abstractedness would puzzle the philosophers; in that same corner, and upon that table, she has written nearly ALL that has enlightened and delighted the world; there she writes as eloquently as ever, wrapt up, to all appearance, in her subject, yet knowing by a sort of instinct when she is really wanted in dialogue; and, without laying down her pen, hardly looking up from her page, she will, by a judicious sentence, wisely and kindly spoken, explain and elucidate in a few words so as to clear up any difficulty, or turn the conversation into a new and more pleasing current. She has the most harmonious way of throwing in explanations;—informing without embarrassing. A very large family party assemble daily in this charming room, young and old bound alike to the spot by the strong chords of memory and love. Mr. Francis Edgeworth, the youngest son of the present Mrs. Edgeworth, and, of course, Miss Edgeworth's youngest brother, has a family of little ones, who seem to enjoy the freedom of the library as much as their elders; to set these little people right, if they are wrong; to rise from her table to fetch them a toy, or even to save a servant a journey; to

mount the steps and find a volume that escapes all eyes but her own, and having done so, to find exactly the passage wanted, are hourly employments of this most unspoiled and admirable woman. She will then resume her pen, and what is more extraordinary, hardly seem to have even frayed the thread of her ideas; her mind is so rightly balanced, every thing is so honestly weighed, that she suffers no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer.

This library also contains a piano; and occupied, as it is, by some members of the family from morning till night, it is the most unstudied, and yet, withal, from its shape and arrangement the most inviting to *cheerful* study—the study that makes us more useful both at home and abroad,—of any room we have ever entered. We have seen it under many circumstances; in the morning early —very early for London folks, yet not so early but that Miss Edgeworth had preceded us. She is down stairs before seven, and a table heaped with roses upon which the dew is still moist, and a pair of gloves too small for any hands but hers, told who was the early florist; then,—after the flower-glasses were replenished, and a choice rose placed by each cup on the breakfast-table in the next room, and such of the servants as were Protestants had joined in family worship, and heard a portion of scripture read, hallowing the commencement of the day;—then when breakfast was ended, the circle met together again in that pleasant room, and daily plans were formed for rides and drives; the progress of education or the loan fund was discussed, the various interests of their tenants, or the poor, were talked over, so that relief was granted as soon as want was known. It is perhaps selfish to regret that so much of Miss Edgeworth's mind has been, and *is*, given to local matters, but the pleasure it gives her to counsel and advise, and the pure happiness she evidently derives from the improvement of every living thing is delightful indeed to witness.

But of all hours those of the evening in the library at Edgeworthstown, were the most delightful; each member of the family contributes without an effort to the instruction and amusement of the whole. If we were certain that those of whom we write would never look upon this page—if we felt it no outrage on domestic life—no breach of kindly confidence—to picture each individual of a family so highly gifted, we could fill our Number with little else than praise; but we might give pain—and we believe should give pain—to this estimable household; and although Miss Edgeworth is public property belonging to the world at large, we are forced every now and then to think how the friend we so respect, esteem, and love, would look if we said what—let us say as little as we will—she would deem in her ingenuous and unaffected

modesty, too much; yet we owe it to the honour and glory of Ireland not to say *too* little. It was indeed a rare treat to sit, evening after evening, by her side, turning over portions of the correspondence kept up with her, year after year, by those "mighty ones," who are now passed away, but whose names will survive with *hers*, who, God be thanked! is still with us; to see her enthusiasm unquenched; to note the playfulness of a wit that is never ill natured; to observe how perfectly justice and generosity are blended together in her finely balanced mind; to see her kindle into warm defence of whatever is oppressed, and to mark her indignation against all that is unjust or untrue. We have heard Miss Edgeworth called "cold," we can imagine how those who know her must smile at this; those who have so called her, have never seen the tears gush from her eyes at a tale or an incident of sorrow, or heard the warm genuine laugh that bursts from a heart, the type of a genuine Irish one, touched quickly by sorrow or by joy. Never, never shall we forget the evenings spent in that now far away room, stored with the written works, and speaking memories, of the past, and rendered more valuable by the unrestrained conversation of a highly educated and self-thinking family. Miss Edgeworth is a living proof of her own admirable system; she is all she has endeavoured to make others; she is—TRUE, fearing no colours, yet tempering her mental bravery by womanly gentleness—delighting in feminine amusements—in the plying of her needle, in the cultivation of her flowers; active, enduring—of a most liberal heart;—understanding the peasantry of her country *perfectly*, and while ministering to their wants, careful to inculcate whatever lesson they most need; of a most cheerful nature—keeping actively about from half-past six in the morning until eleven at night—first and last in all those offices of kindness that win the affections of high and low; her conversational powers unimpaired, and enlivening all by a racy anecdote or a quickness at repartee which always comes when it is unexpected.

It is extraordinary that a person who has deserved and is treated with so much deference by her own family, should assume positively no position—of course it is impossible to converse with her without feeling her superiority, but this is *your* feeling, not *her* demand. She has a *clearness* in conversation that is exceedingly rare; and children prefer it at once—they invariably understand her. One advantage this distinguished woman has enjoyed above all her cotemporaries—two indeed—for we cannot call to mind any one who has had a father so capable of instructing and directing; but Miss Edgeworth has enjoyed another blessing. She never wrote for bread! She was never *obliged* to furnish a bookseller with so many pages at so much per sheet. She never received an order for "a quire of Irish pathos," or a

"ream of Irish wit." She was never forced to produce humour when racked by pain, nor urged into the description of misery, by thinking over what she had herself endured; this has been a great blessing. She has not written herself out, which every author, who has not an independence, must do, sooner or later. It is to their high honour that women were the first to use their pens in the service of Ireland—we do not mean politically but morally. For a number of years, a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman, were synonymous terms in the novel, or on the stage. Abroad, to be met with in every country, and in the first society in Europe, were numberless Irishmen, whose conduct and character vindicated their country, and who did credit to human nature; but in England more particularly, such were considered as exceptions to the general rule, and the insulting jibe and jeer were still directed against the "meer Irish;" the oppressed peasant at home and abroad was considered as nothing beyond a "born thrall;" and despite the eloquence of their Grattans and Sheridans, the high standing taken by their noblemen and gentlemen in the pages of history, when an Irish gentleman in every-day life was found what he ought to be, his superiority was too frequently referred to with the addition of an insulting comment, "though he is an Irishman." When this prejudice was at its height, two women, with opposite views and opposite feelings on many subjects, but actuated by the same ennobling patriotism, rose to the rescue of their country—Miss Owenson by the vivid *romance*, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury! spreading abroad the knowledge of the Irish character, and portraying as they never had been portrayed before, the beauty, generosity, and devotion, of Irish nature—it was a glorious effort, worthy of them and of the cause—both planted the standard of Irish excellence on high ground, and defended it, boldly and bravely, with all loyalty, in accordance with their separate views.

We rejoice at this opportunity of expressing our respect and affection for Miss Edgeworth; and tender it with a whole heart. If we have ourselves been useful in communicating knowledge to young or old—if we have succeeded in our hopes of promoting virtue and goodness—and, more especially, if we have, even in a small degree, attained our great purpose of advancing the welfare of our country—we owe, at least, much of the desire to do all this, to the feelings derived in early life from intimacy with the writings of Miss Edgeworth; writings which must have formed and strengthened the just and upright principles of tens of thousands; although comparatively few have enjoyed the high privilege of treading—no matter at how large a distance—in her steps. Much, too, we have owed to this estimable lady in after life. When we

entered upon the uncertain, anxious, and laborious career of authorship, she was among the first to cheer us on our way; to bid us "God speed;" and to anticipate that prosperity—of which we would speak only in terms of humble but grateful thankfulness.

The county of Longford has been rendered famous by another immortal name. It contains the birth-place of Oliver Goldsmith: he was born at Pallas, on the 10th of November, 1728*. The village of Pallas, Pallice, or Pallasmore, about two miles from the small town of Ballymahon, is now a

* The honour has been disputed by no fewer than four places in as many counties—Drumsna in Leitrim, Lissoy in Westmeath, Ardnagan in Roscommon, and Pallas in Longford. The question, however, may be considered as settled by Mr. Prior (Life of Goldsmith), who examined the Family Bible, now in the possession of one of the descendants, in which was the following entry of the birth of Oliver, the third son and sixth child of the Rev. Charles and Ann Goldsmith:—

"Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, Novr. ye 10th, 17 —"

The marginal portion of the leaf having been unluckily torn away, the two last figures of the century are lost; "the age of the poet is, however, sufficiently ascertained by the recollection of his sister, and by his calling himself, when writing from London, in 1759, thirty-one."

In the epitaph, written by Dr. Johnson, and placed on Goldsmith's monument in Westminster Abbey, are these words:—

"Natus in Hibernia, Fornie
Lonfordiensis, in loco cui nomen Pallas."

Here, however, the day and year of his birth are recorded as Nov. 29, 1731; and in the statement given by Mrs. Hodson, elder sister of the poet, to Bishop Percy, the day named is Nov. 29. It is clear from other documents also, that his birth-place was Lissoy. The family was of English descent; and appears to have furnished clergymen to the Established Church for several generations. One of them, the Rev. John Goldsmith, "person of Brashoul" (Burrishoole), in the county of Mayo, had a narrow and singular escape during the Rebellion of 1641. From the examination of Mr. Goldsmith, it appears that the Protestant inhabitants of Castleburre (Castlebar) had been promised safe conduct to Galway by "the Lord of Mayo," Viscount Bourke, a Roman Catholic, married to a Protestant; previously to setting out however, Mr. Goldsmith was detached from the party, no doubt in order to save his life, under the pretence of attending upon the lady. At Shrule, they were transferred to the "guardianship" of Edmond Bourke, a namesake and relative of the Lord of Mayo. When, according to the evidence of Mr. Goldsmith, "Bourke drew his sword, directing the rest what they should do, and began to massacre those Protestants; and accordingly some were shot to death, some stabbed with skeins, some run through with pikes, some cast into the water; and the women, that were stripped naked, lying upon their husbands to save them, were run through with pikes." The Rev. Charles Goldsmith, the father of the poet, married Ann, daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the Diocesan school at Elphin. Both were poor when they began the world; and the Rev. Mr. Green, uncle of Mrs. Goldsmith, provided them with a house at Pallas, where they lived for a period of twelve years; and where six of their children were born—the remaining three having been born at Lissoy. The list of their children, as copied by Mr. Prior, from the family bible referred to, cannot fail to interest the reader. The entry stands thus:—

"Charles Goldsmith of Ballyoughter was married to Mrs. Ann Jones ye 4th of May, 1718.
"Margaret Goldsmith was born at Pallismore, in the county of Longford, ye 22nd August, 1719.
"Catherine Goldsmith, born at Pallas, ye 13th January, 1721.
"Henry Goldsmith was born at Pallas, February 9th, 17—.
"Jane Goldsmith was born at Pallas, February 9th 17—.
"Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, November ye 10th, 17—
"Maurice Goldsmith was born at Lissoy, in ye county of Westmeath, ye 7th of July, 1736.
"Charles Goldsmith, junior, born at Lissoy, August 16th, 1737.
"John Goldsmith, born at Lissoy, ye 23rd of (month obliterated) 1740.

collection of mere cabins; the house in which the poet was ushered into life has been long since levelled with the ground; we could discover no traces of it, nor could we perceive in the neighbourhood any objects to which the poet might have been supposed to have made reference in after life. The village of Lissoy, generally considered the place of his birth, but certainly the

"Seat of his youth, when every sport could please,"

is in the county of Westmeath, a short distance from the borders of Longford, on the high-road from Edgeworthstown to Athlone, from which it is distant about six miles. The Rev. Charles Goldsmith appears to have removed to this place soon after the birth of Oliver, about the year 1730, when he was appointed to the rectory of Kilkenny-West: here the childish and boyish days of the poet were passed, and here his brother—the Rev. Henry Goldsmith—continued to reside after his father's death, and was residing when the poet dedicated to him his poem of "The Traveller."

The village of Lissoy, now and for nearly a century known as Auburn, and so "marked on the maps," stands on the summit of a hill. We left our car to ascend it, previously, however, visiting, at its base, "the busy mill," the wheel of which is still turned by the water of a small rivulet, converted now and then by rains into a sufficient stream. It is a mere country cottage, used in grinding the corn of the neighbouring peasantry, and retains many tokens of age. Parts of the machinery are no doubt above a century old, and probably are the very same that left their impress on the poet's memory. As we advanced, other and more convincing testimony was afforded by the localities. A tall and slender steeple, distant a mile perhaps, even to-day indicates

"The decent church that tops the neighbouring hill,"

and is seen from every part of the adjacent scenery. To the right in a miniature dell the pond exists; and while we stood upon its bank, as if to

confirm the testimony of tradition, we heard the very sounds which the poet describes,

"The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool."

On the summit of the ascent, close beside the village ale-house, where "nut-brown draughts inspired," a heap of cemented stones points out the site of "the spreading tree,"

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

The hawthorn was flourishing within existing memories; strengthened and sustained by this rude structure around it—a plan of preserving trees very common throughout the district; but unhappily, about forty or fifty years ago, it was "knocked down by a cart," strange to say, laden with apple-trees, which some carter was conveying into Ballymahon; one of them struck against the aged and venerable thorn, and levelled it with the earth*. There it remained until, bit by bit, it was removed by the curious as relics: the root however is still preserved by a gentleman of Athlone. On the opposite side of the road, and immediately adjoining the "decent public," is a young and vigorous sycamore, upon which now hangs the sign of "the Pigeons;" the little inn is still so called, and gives its name, indeed, to the village; for upon conversing with two or three of the peasantry, old as well as young, we found they did not recognise their home either as Lissoy or Auburn; but on asking them plainly how they called it, we were answered "The Pigeons, to be sure†." Nevertheless, it was

* Mr. Prior quotes an anecdote "told by a traveller—Davis—some years ago, in the United States." Mr. Best, an Irish clergyman, informed this "traveller," that he was once riding with Brady, titular Bishop of Ardagh, when he observed—"Ma foy, Best, this huge bush is mightily in the way; I will order it to be cut down." "What, Sir," said Best, "cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in the Deserted Village!" "Ma foy," exclaimed the bishop, "is that the hawthorn bush? Then ever let it be sacred from the edge of the axe; and evil be to him that would cut from it a branch!"

† The name of the public-house—called the Pigeons in the time of Goldsmith, as well as at present—does not occur in the poem of the "Deserted Village"; but it is the name given to the inn in which Tony Lumpkin plays his pranks—"The Three Pigeons," and where he misleads the hero of the comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," into mistaking the mansion of Squire Hardcastle for a tavern. There is little doubt that such an incident did actually happen to the poet himself; and that many other of his early adventures were subsequently introduced into his fictitious narratives. We heard from Capt. E———, a descendant of the poet, a story that will call to mind the leading occurrence in "The Vicar of Wakefield." A Mr. J———, the heir to a considerable property in Westmeath, was travelling to Dublin on horseback, (as usual in those

pleasant to be reminded even by a modern successor to "the spreading tree" that we stood

> "Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
> Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye."

"The public" differs little from the generality of way-side inns in Ireland. The "kitchen," if so we must term the apartment first entered, contained the usual furniture; a deal table, a few chairs, a "settle," and the potato-pot beside the hob, adjacent to which were a couple of bosses, or rush seats. There was a parlour adjoining, and a floor above; but we may quote and apply, literally, a passage from the "Deserted Village:"—

> "Imagination fondly stoops to trace
> The parlour splendours of that festive place;
> The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
> The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door—"

objects that we suspect never existed at any period, except in the imagination of the poet; being as foreign to the locality as "the nightingale," to which he alludes in a subsequent passage—a bird unknown in Ireland*. The old inn, however, was removed long ago; and the present building, although sufficiently "decent," gave ample evidence that it was not "a house of call;" there was no whiskey, either in its cellars or its bottles, and the "nut-brown draughts" that were to solace "grey-beard mirth" and "smiling toil," and to stimulate "village statesmen," must have been composed of tea—the only beverage which the inn afforded†.

days), attended by his natural brother, who acted as his servant. On the way they agreed to exchange clothes and positions; and when this was effected they called at the dwelling of Mr. Goldsmith, where the natural brother, in his assumed character, paid his addresses to the clergyman's sister, to whom he was soon afterwards married; and until the marriage had taken place the cheat was not discovered.

* There is, however, some authority for the existence at "The Pigeons" of

> "The pictures placed for ornament and use,
> The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose."

Mr. Brewer states, that "a lady from the neighbourhood of Portglenone, in the county of Antrim, visited Lissoy in the summer of 1817, and was fortunate enough to find in a cottage adjoining the ale-house, the identical print of the 'Twelve good rules' which ornamented the rural tavern, along with 'the royal game of goose.'" We were told that the "old original" sign-board lay, not many years ago, in an out-house, and was removed thence to the mansion—Auburn House—of Mr. Hogan, who is said to be in possession of the chair and reading-desk of Goldsmith's brother, the clergyman. Mr. Prior observes, that "this gentleman has used all his influence to preserve from the ravages of time and passing depredators, such objects and localities as seem to mark allusions to the poem." We confess, however, that we could find nothing "preserved," except the things which even Time itself could not destroy.

† The American authority already quoted—it is to be regretted that the date of the visit is not indicated—states, that the inn was then kept by "a woman called Walsey Kruse." The oldest existing inhabitant of the neighbourhood bears the same name—Kruse. He told us that his age was above ninety; but he had little or no information to afford us. He recollected, he said, perfectly, the clergyman, Mr. Goldsmith—"a nice, kind little

The remains of the Parsonage House stand about a hundred yards from "The Pigeons." About fifty years ago, we were told, the road was lined at either side by lofty elm trees, which formed a shaded walk completely arched—they used to "lap across," as we were informed by one of the peasants. They have all perished, except a few juvenile successors, planted between the entrance gate and the dwelling. It is a complete ruin. The roof fell about twenty-five years ago, if our informant, a neighbouring peasant, stated correctly; it was always thatched, according to his account, and up to that period "a gentleman had lived in it." It must have been a "modest mansion" of no great size. "The front," according to Mr. Prior, "extends, as nearly as could be judged by pacing it, sixty-eight feet by a depth of twenty-four; it consisted of two stories, of five windows in each." The length was increased by the addition of "the school room"—at least tradition so describes a chamber, the walls of which are remarkably thick, which adjoins the south gable; it is now used as a ball-alley. Several stone "cupboards" as it were, are still to be seen in the walls, where, we learn from the same authority—tradition—the boys used to keep their books. At the back of the building the remains of an orchard are still clearly discernible; there are no "garden flowers" "growing wild" about it; but there exist "a few torn shrubs," that even now "disclose" the place where

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

Of the "schoolmaster," whose name is said to have been "Paddy Burns,"

gentleman he was," added the old man. Upon inquiring if he had any recollection of "the poet"—a title very well understood by the humbler Irish—his answer was, "Oh no, I never knew *the man* at all, at all." "Did you ever hear of him?" "Oh yes; plenty of the quality come to see the place." "Do you remember his ever having been here himself?" "No; I never see him at all, nor any of the neighbours." We could obtain nothing more—the old man neither drank, smoke, nor took snuff; and we had no stimulus to rouse his dormant energies, as he sate listlessly by the fireside of his cottage.

whom the "traveller in America" recollected well, and whom he describes as "indeed a man severe to view," we could learn nothing more than the fact, that Byrne—not Paddy but Thomas, and not Burns but Byrne, as stated by Mr. Prior—was a schoolmaster of whom old people "would still be talking." It appears, however, that when Oliver was about three years old, his earliest instructress was a woman named Delap; who, "almost with her last breath, boasted of being the first person who had put a book into Oliver's hands." According to her account, he was a remarkably dull child, "impenetrably stupid;" and for several subsequent years he was looked upon "by his contemporaries and schoolfellows, as a stupid heavy blockhead, little better than a fool, whom every one made fun of;" but, at the same time "docile, diffident, and easily managed*."

Byrne, under whose charge he was placed when about six years old, was a singular character; he had been a soldier; and was wont to entertain his scholars with stories of his adventures, swaying his ferule,

"To show how fields were won."

Much of the wandering and unsettled mind of the poet is attributed to the sort of wild and rambling education he received under the roof of the "noisy mansion" of Mr. Byrne; and there can be little doubt that the tales and legends, of which the Irish peasantry have been always the fertile producers, gave to his genius that peculiar bias which determined his after career.

Goldsmith left the neighbourhood of Lissoy for a school at Athlone, and subsequently for another at Edgeworthstown, from which he removed to the University; and on the 11th of June, 1744, when sixteen years of age, he was entered of Trinity College, Dublin.

Whether he ever afterwards returned to Lissoy is very questionable. His brother, with whom he frequently corresponded, continued there as "the country clergyman,—"

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;"

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* Connected with this period of his life may be noticed an anecdote, inserted in Mr. Graham's "Statistical Account of Shruel," on the authority of a direct descendant of the Rev. Henry Goldsmith. "Goldsmith was always plain in his appearance, but when a boy, and immediately after suffering heavily with the small-pox, he was particularly ugly. When he was about seven years old, a fiddler, who reckoned himself a wit, happened to be playing to some company in Mrs. Goldsmith's house; during a pause between the country-dances, little Oliver surprised the party by jumping up suddenly, and dancing round the room. Struck with the grotesque appearance of the ill-favoured boy, the fiddler exclaimed, 'Æsop!' and the company burst into laughter, when Oliver turned to them with a smile, and repeated the following lines:—

'Heralds proclaim aloud, all saying,
See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing.'"

who spent his days "remote from strife," and of whom the world knew nothing. It is probable, however, that Oliver visited the parsonage once or twice, during his collegiate course; that in after-life he longed to do so, we have undoubted evidence:—

> "In all my wanderings round this world of care,
> In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
> I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
> Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down."

The circumstances under which he pictured "Sweet Auburn" as a "*deserted*" village, remain in almost total obscurity. If his picture was in any degree drawn from facts, they were, in all likelihood, as slender as the materials which furnished his description of the place, surrounded by all the charms which poetry can derive from invention. Some scanty records, indeed, exist to show that about the year 1738 there was a partial "clearing" of an adjoining district—

> "Amidst thy boughs the tyrant hand is seen,"

and this circumstance might have been marked by some touching episodes which left a strong impress upon the poet's mind; but the poem bears ample evidence, that, although some of the scenes depicted there had been stamped upon his memory, and had been subsequently called into requisition, it is so essentially English in all its leading characteristics—scarcely one of the persons introduced, the incidents recorded, or the objects described being in any degree Irish—the STORY must be either assigned to some other locality, or traced entirely to the creative faculty of the Poet.

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LEITRIM.

The county of Leitrim—a very small portion of which is maritime, situate between the counties of Sligo and Donegal—is in the province of Connaught. It is bounded on the north by Donegal Bay; on the west by the counties of Sligo and Roscommon; on the east by those of Cavan and Fermanagh; and on the south by that of Longford. It comprises an area of 420,375 statute acres; 266,640 of which are cultivated land; 128,167 are unimproved mountain and bog, and 25,568 are under water. In 1821, the population was 124,785, and in 1831, 141,303. It is divided into the baronies of Carrigallen, Mohill, Leitrim, Dromahaire, and Rossclogher. Its only town of size is the assize town, Carrick-on-Shannon. The county is remarkably long and narrow, its extreme length being forty-six miles; while its breadth varies from sixteen miles to two.

As the county of Leitrim presents no particular feature for comment, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity for offering some observations relative to the dwellings of the humbler, or working, classes, in Ireland. There are exceptions certainly, and, as we have taken frequent occasions to show, where there is a resident landlord, careful of the interests of his tenantry, and anxious to promote their welfare, these dwellings become raised from miserable huts into comparatively decent cottages; but, generally, throughout the country, their condition is so wretched as to become almost revolting, and to excite astonishment, that human beings should continue to inhabit them, year after year, without the acquisition of a single comfort, and with scarcely a sufficiency of necessaries to render life, to all appearance, worth preserving. Unhappily, it be may said of poverty, as it has been said of vice—

> "Grown familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The poor occupant of a miserable hovel, loses, or rather never had, any ambition to obtain a better; and the rich persuade themselves—easy when they find their improvements, if made, unappreciated—that the tenant requires nothing more than the mere means of sustaining animal existence.

As the father has lived, so lives the son; and so may continue to live their descendants. Of late years, undoubtedly, there has been some advance towards civilization in the exterior as well as in the interior of the Irish cabin; very frequently, now, they are whitewashed—a practice introduced during the terrible visitation of the cholera;—but the progress towards a happier state of things has been grievously slow; and in the more remote districts they retain their primitive characteristics, absolutely degrading to human nature and shocking to humanity. This picture is not overwrought. The accompanying print represents a cabin by no means of the worst class*. Very frequently there is not only no window, but no chimney, the chinks in the door alone supplying air and light. The thatched roof is rarely kept in repair, and it is not uncommon for the rain to drip through it, so that one half of its small space is continually in a "sop." Many of them—indeed a majority of them—consist of but one apartment, in which the whole

* "An Irish cabin, architecturally described, is a shed about eighteen feet by fourteen, or perhaps less, built of sod (mud) or rough stone, perhaps with a window, or a hole to represent one; it is thatched with sods, with a basket for a chimney. It generally admits the wet, and does not pretend to keep out the cold. A hole on the ground in front of the door, or just on the side, is the receptacle for slops, manure, and other abominations. This one room, wretched as it is, is generally all the shelter that is afforded for the father and mother, with the children, perhaps the grandmother, and certainly the pig; and therefore it appears to me obvious that the first and most necessary change is, that there should be two rooms instead of one, that the dung-pit should be put at the back of the house instead of in the front, and that a pig-sty should be provided."—*Mr. Tite's Report to the Irish Society*, 1836.

It is impossible not to mourn over the general aspect of the cottages. The tent of the Red Indian and the hut of the Esquimaux, are constructed with a greater degree of care and more attention to their rude notions of comfort, than the cabin an Irish peasant erects on the side of the road, or mountain. If by the road side, instead of raising his dwelling above its level, so as to secure it from damp, he invariably sinks it below, considerably *below*, the level of the highway; making it, in fact, a drain to the road. If on the side of a hill, he never dreams of levelling the floor; on the contrary, we have seen numberless instances where one gable has been two feet higher than the other, and the roof straight. We remember a particular instance where a wealthy farmer, we forget his real name, but we always called him "Inigo Jones," set about building a substantial farm-house on the side of the hill of Carrig. When the foundations were laid, a friend of ours asked him if he did not mean to level the part of the hill whereon he built his house. "Level it!" he replied. "Plase yer honour, I was born in a hill-house myself, and all my people lived in it, and it was so steep that *the children used to roll into the bed every night*, but sure they wern't the worse for it, nor will I be, plase God. Oh, be dad! *I can't be bothered* levelling the ground, by no means." Inigo Jones built his house, and his

family of grown up young men and women eat and sleep; there is generally a truckle bed in a corner for the owner, or the "old people,"—a cabin will be seldom found in which there is neither grandfather nor grandmother, and affectionate zeal usually cares first for them; but the other members of the household commonly rest upon straw or heather, laid on the floor, covered with a blanket, if it be in possession, and the wearing apparel of the several sleepers. We have more than once entered a cabin where we have found eight or ten people, of all ages, so recruiting mind and body for the toil of the next day*. The pig—the never-absent guest—a cow if there be one—and occasionally a few fowl, occupy the same chamber at night. The furniture consists of an iron pot to boil the potatoes; a rude dresser, sometimes; a couple of three-legged stools; a couple of stone seats on either side of the turf fire; a table, but not always; a "kish"—a basket of wicker-work—into which the potatoes are thrown when dressed; and the poor bed we have mentioned, in the corner. The dung-heap is invariably found close to every door, sometimes, indeed, frequently, right across the entrance, so that a few stepping stones are placed to pass over it. And this evil is perpetuated, in spite of all appeals on the grounds of decency and health, and seems almost unavoidable; without the manure, the food could not be grown; the cottager cannot trench upon the road—in almost all instances cottages are built lining either a high-road or bye-road—and he cannot spare out of his poor modicum of earth the space thus occupied; every inch must produce its potatoe†. It will be remembered that we are speaking of the very

barns and piggeries, and even the piers of his gate, according to the drop of the hill, and certainly, when finished, it was a curious illustration of dogged obstinacy. The gate and the doors were made square, consequently they did not fit, the windows looked in full chase down the hill, and the entire offered so provoking an opposite to common sense, that our countryman was ridiculed even by those who would have done the same thing. On the whole, the erection of this huge farm-house under such circumstances, was so palpable a proof of the absurdity of the non-levelling system, that it had a beneficial effect upon the architectural taste of the people, for by and bye, it became necessary to prop one wall, then another, then the windows *would* drop out of their frames and the gate never would shut. In this state we last saw "Inigo Jones's Folly," and as a lapse of seven or eight years occurred before we again visited the neighbourhood, we had no opportunity of witnessing the speedy dissolution of his ill-constructed walls; the last time we passed the spot the grass was growing green where the farmer had set up the "Staff of his rest."

* "Sleeping on a damp floor, and often without any bedstead, is injurious to the Irish peasant, and unquestionably depresses his moral energies, for he must have a strong sense of his degradation when stretched upon the same level with his hog."—Martin Doyle's "Hints to Landlords."

† The stranger who "turns up his nose" at the standing-pool and still more offensive dirt-heap, which engenders so much disease, and is so destructive to every clean and healthy thought, may not be aware that with this sludge and refuse the cotter enriches his little potatoe-garden, and that to take it away, *without* providing some spot where refuse can be gathered for the same purpose, would be doing the poor fellow irreparable injury. A pig-sty at the back of the cottage, built of large stones and thatched, in lieu of something better, with reeds or rushes, could have a drain made into a square enclosure formed of the same rude material, where garbage of all kinds might be collected; and this the peasant could build himself.

poorest class—but alas! we speak, therefore, of the great bulk of the population *, who

"beg a brother of the earth
To give them leave to toil."

A fine, high-hearted, generous and intelligent race of men and women, of whom it is no exaggeration to say the former are brave to an adage,

* We have already quoted the descriptions of the Irish cabins, given by the Deputation of the Irish Society, as resulting from their examination of the county of Londonderry. "The cotters live in perfect hovels;" "cabins of the most wretched character, unfit for the habitations of human beings;" "disgraceful to a civilized community;" "despicable hovels," *are some* of the terms they make use of; yet the cottages of the county of Derry are by no means so miserable, wretched, or "despicable" as the cottages, generally, of the south and west. But the English tourist, accustomed to see the humbler classes treated like human beings, and so considering themselves, may be a questionable authority on such a subject. Every Irish writer writing concerning Ireland draws, however, the same melancholy picture. We have been referring to the various "statistical surveys" of the Counties, of which there are about twenty or five-and-twenty. Without one exception, they describe the habitations of the peasantry so as at least to tally with our own report; and although the majority of them are "surveys" of some twenty or thirty years back, the improvement *generally* is so little as scarcely to demand any serious drawback from these descriptions. A single example will suffice. Mr. Thompson, in his "Statistical survey," writing of the county of Meath, says, "Few of these cottages have chimneys, and fewer still have any other means of admitting the light than by opening the door, or a small hole in the wall, stopped up occasionally with a bundle of straw, &c. The hog is generally the inmate, the hens constantly, and if they are possessed of a cow she also is introduced and becomes one of the family." He adds, "the cabins are all built with mud, and the clay is taken to build the walls from the spot on which they are raised, leaving the surface of the floor and the ground immediately about the walls, the lowest part, and, of course, subject to receive all the surrounding damp; so much so that I have often gone into a cabin and seen a hole dug in the floor to receive the water coming in at the door, or under the foundation, from whence it might be paled out with the greatest ease when collected."

From the Poor Law and Parliamentary Reports we might select a mass of corroborative testimony. One quotation will suffice, from the "Report of the Select Parliamentary Committee of 1823, appointed to inquire into the Condition of the Poor of Ireland."

"The condition of the peasantry of those districts of Ireland to which the evidence refers appears to your Committee to be wretched and calamitous to the greatest degree. An intelligent Scotch agriculturist who visited Ireland during the last year alleges that a large portion of the peasantry live in a state of misery of which he could have formed no conception, not imagining that any human beings could exist in such wretchedness. Their cabins scarcely contain an article that can be called furniture: in some families there are no such things as bed-clothes; the peasants strewed some fern, upon which they slept in their working clothes."

We extract one or two passages from the second edition, just published, of a most valuable little work, printed by Alex. Thom, Abbey Street, Dublin: the price is fixed so low as barely to cover the expense of its production, with a view to extensive circulation, which we earnestly hope it will obtain, for a volume more admirably calculated to produce the object of its benevolent compiler never issued from the press. It is entitled "The Farmers' Guide, compiled for the Use of Small Farmers and Cottier Tenantry of Ireland." "The cabin of the Irish labourer," he says, "is now too often hardly fit to be seen; frequently without a chimney, full of smoke, without a window, (or if a window, it is very small and does not open,) with uneven, crumbling walls, seldom whitewashed. * * * Nothing can be more unseemly than to see human beings and cattle entering together at the same door, and feeding and sleeping in the same room."

We venture to add another extract from a paper published, some eight or ten years ago, in the *Dublin Penny Journal*:—

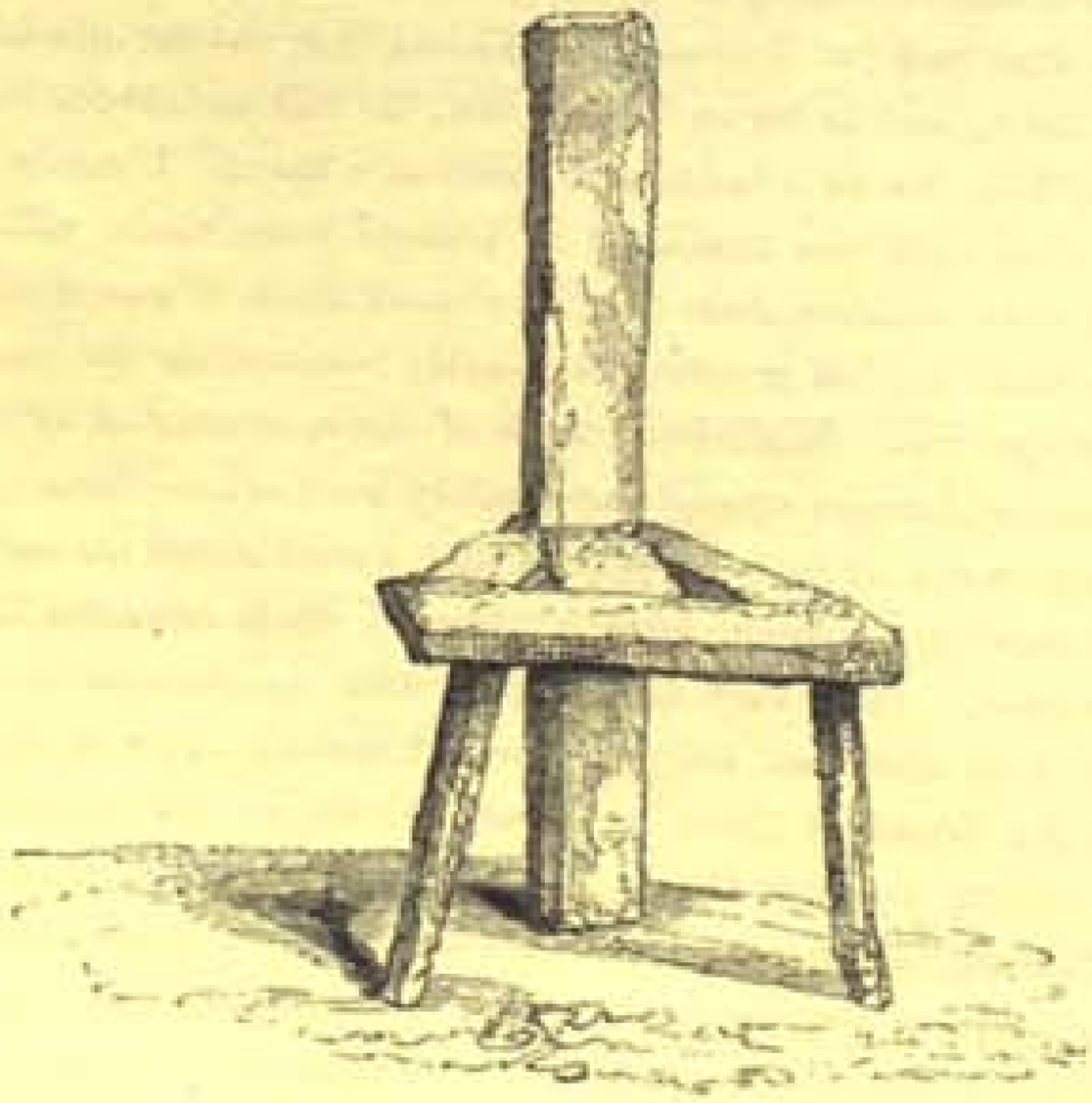
"There is nothing in Ireland that strikes the eye of a non-native traveller, so much as the misery—the squalid misery of the habitations of our people. The tottering, crumbling, mud walls—the ragged, furrowed, and half-rotten thatch—the miserable basket-shaped orifice that answers as a chimney—the window, with its

and the latter virtuous to a proverb. Cabins even more wretched than those we have described are to be encountered very often in the less frequented parts. A few months ago we examined one, of which an artist by whom we were accompanied made a sketch. Seven persons were housed there. We measured it; it was exactly ten feet long by seven feet broad, and five feet high, built on the edge of a turf bog; within, a raised embankment of dried turf formed a bed, and besides the clothing of the more than half-naked children, a solitary ragged blanket was the only covering it contained. The family had lived here for two years; some work recently undertaken in the neighbourhood had given the man employment, and he was on the eve of building himself a better house. Close to this hovel were two others scarcely superior; and, indeed, nearly every cottage in the district was almost as miserable and destitute of anything approaching to comfort. We write of the island of Achill. Much of this evil is no doubt attributable to the exceeding and unaccountable apathy of the peasant; for in this very

broken panes stuffed with a wisp of straw, or some rags filthy and nasty—the dunghill before the unfitting door, which the pig has broken; altogether the erection is one which no unaccustomed eye can repose on without disgust and pity; and hard is the heart and worthless the man who would not desire to give his fellow-creature a better home and sojourn in this vale of sorrow and trial, more consonant to a thinking and immortal being. Somehow or other, the squalidness of our Irish dwelling-places is peculiarly distressing and unseemly, for there is no people on earth that require more comfortable homes—the singular wetness of our climate, its constant rains and fogs, require that our shelter should be good; and if the poor labourer who has been working all the day long under an incessant fall of rain, is obliged to come home with his clothing soaked through, to find a wet floor on which to sit—wet turf with which to back his fire—wet coming down through the roof on the damp bed on which he is to sleep—why, here is the very perfection of discomfort; and you are induced to philosophize and admire the astonishing power of adaptation in the human frame, that can fit it for the vicissitudes of all climates and the variations of countless hardships. At the same time, it should be the aim of every one to increase the comforts of his fellow-creatures, and especially his countrymen; it is no satisfaction to the kind in heart, that man can bear and suffer a great deal and yet live—no, he knows that the inmate of a hovel is not in his right position in the sight of God or man, and as far as in him lies, he will endeavour to help him to a sense of comfort, as a sure means of making him less of a brute and more of a man. I really, while impressed with these views, cannot understand of what stuff the landlords of Ireland were made, who allured their tenantry to dwell in such filthy dens as they have hitherto done; and I almost think it would be a duty of the Government of a well-constituted State, to make landed proprietors penally responsible for the decent dwelling of all those who were attached to their properties. Well-built walls of stone, cemented with mortar, or clay slowly and firmly compressed—slated roofs—chimneys strongly and safely built—fire-places so constructed as to ensure the greatest warmth with the least waste of fuel—windows that would admit air and light—apartments that would supply clean and *separate* sleeping accommodations; these I deem essential to the comfort, the health, the safety, and the morals of the poor. How they are afflicted with the rheumatism, indigestion, palsy, and chronic diseases, arising from bad food and bad lodging—need I remind them of the watchful, sleepless misery that attends the fear of having the thatch of their house set fire to, by the wanton or vengeful incendiary—need I allude to the indecent revolting practice of three or four adults sleeping, and that quite naked, in *one* bed? Surely these are evils affecting the temporal and eternal interests of our poor countrymen; and it should be the wish of every patriotic man, as soon as possible to remove them. Indeed, I have often entertained the scheme of instituting a society for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, and of forming a fund for aiding the deserving, the peaceful, and industrious, in building the walls and slating the roofs of their dwellings."

locality huts were pointed out to us inhabited by men substantial enough "to give a marriage portion of a hundred pounds with a daughter"—a common way in Ireland of estimating the possession of wealth. And—not here but in the south—we once entered a cabin, the owner of which seemed so complete a victim to poverty that we left some money on his table; this being observed by a "knowledgable" companion, we were assured that the man was richer than ourselves, the mountain being dotted with his sheep. This evil will vanish before an improved order of things. It has grown out of long suspicion—a belief that the acquisition of money was sure to bring an increase of rent; a belief not ill founded in old times; we have ourselves known instances where the purchase of a single piece of furniture, or the bare indication of thrift and decent habits, was a certain notice to the landlord that it was his time to distrain for arrears due; arrears being *always* due under the ancient system, when the land was let at a nominal rent—the real value and something above to be paid, and the remainder to be entered as a debt, that kept the tenant in the condition of a slave, utterly and at all times in the power of his master.

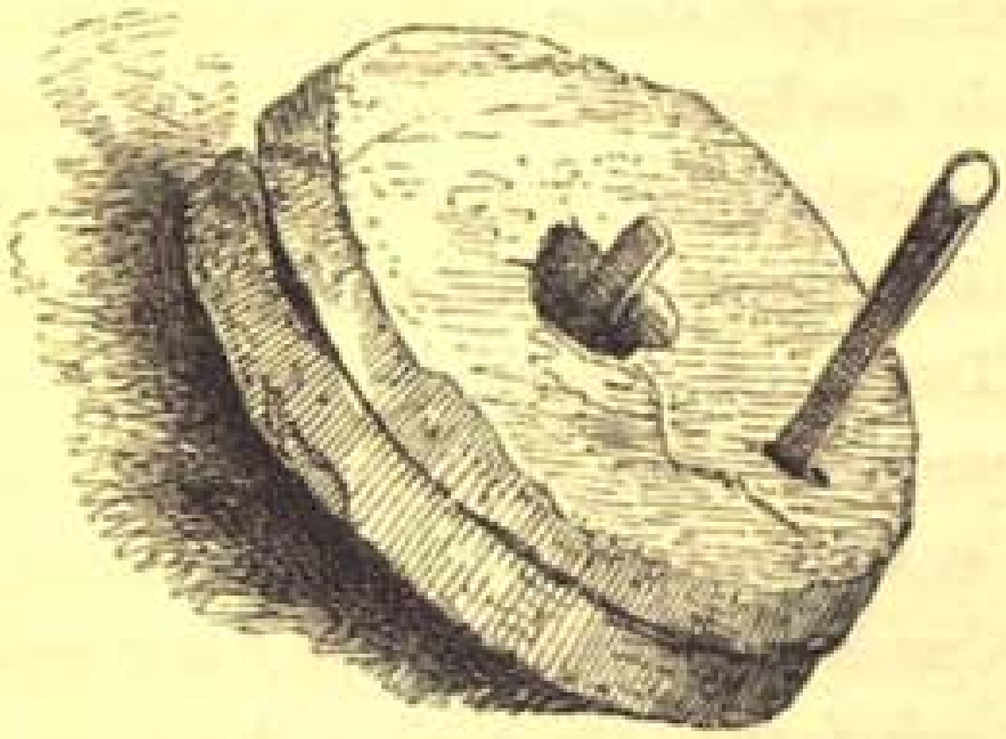
Let us now picture one of the *comfortable* Irish cottages; for such are occasionally to be met with, even where there is no protecting hand to guide the destinies of the inmates. A few months ago we sought shelter from a passing shower in one that will answer our purpose. It is at Erive, a small glen among the mountains that enclose the head of Killery Bay, in the county of Galway. There was no upper story; but there was a room branching to the right, and another to the left, of the "kitchen, parlour, and hall"—the sleeping-rooms of the family, decently furnished. This cottage contained, indeed, nearly every article of furniture in use in such dwellings of the humbler classes. Each of them we had often seen, but very seldom had been enabled to notice all together. The first object that attracted our attention was a singularly primitive chair, very commonly used throughout Connaught. It is roughly made of elm, the pieces being nailed together, as may be seen by the accompanying print. There is evidence that this piece of furniture has undergone little change during the last eight or ten centuries. The inhabitants of the cottage consisted



of the father, mother, grandmother, and seven children, a dog and a cat,

and half a dozen "laying hens." Unusual care had, however, been given to the "live stock;" there was a small cupboard in the wall converted into a hen-roost, with a door to open and shut. The pig had a dwelling to himself outside; and on our remarking this to the owner, he replied, "Oh, yes, he has a nate sty; he has every convaynience that a pig can ax."*

We next observed—what is now rarely seen anywhere—the quern or handmill. It was a very perfect one †. We borrow a description of the mode of using it, from a writer in the "Dublin Penny Journal."—"The quern was tolerably adapted for grinding corn. The upper stone was about twenty-two inches in diameter; the under surface considerably concaved; the under stone was about an inch narrower, and convexed, so that the two surfaces might coincide, and afford an easy descent for the meal when ground. *In the centre of the upper stone* wasa circular hole,



* The old story of "Why shouldn't the pig come into the parlour—sure who has a better right to it than him that pays the rent?" is sufficiently known. The fact is so, literally; for the peasant rarely saves—or has the power to save—money for the landlord. The pig is sold at the proper season, and the rent is paid.—The windows, of which there were two or three, were, we should especially observe, made to "open and shut;" but this, be it remembered, was a "cottage" in which the inhabitants were comfortably clad, and had other preservatives from the cold besides smoke and a close atmosphere. The Irish peasant has a great dislike to windows that will open and shut—he associates his ideas of *cold* and *air*. If you talk to him of a lattice window, (the best and cheapest for small cottages, as it can be made out of broken pieces of glass and needs less care,) you are reminded, "Oh! then, where is the use but to fasten it in? Sure it will only *let in the could*." Their dislike to ventilation, their desire to cram with old rags or hat-crowns, every chink where air can enter, and the stagnant pools at their cottage doors, predispose them to fever, which their miserable dirt insures; but there is a duty incumbent upon those who wisely insist upon ventilation, to see that the peasants are sufficiently clothed to protect them against the cold they complain of. We, in our warm dresses, enter their poor cabins, and are immediately struck with the suffocating nature of the atmosphere; and we say so, and the reply is, "Oh, then, may be so, yer honour, but in the *hard weather* we're kilt alive with the could." One woman understood why this was, and gave us her opinion: "If I have a warm linsey-woolsey petticoat and a stuff gown, plaze yer honour, and flannel instead of '*flitters*' (i. e. rags,) for the children, it's proud we'd be of the air and the light of heaven in our little place. Sure the only reason we put up with the blinding smoke, is because of the heat that's in it." Thus, if we expect them to adopt ventilation, let us provide them with clothes; if after that they persist in their injurious love of a close atmosphere and prefer smoke to free air, let us *then*, but not till then, pronounce them irreclaimable.

† This ancient "machine" is frequently found broken, but seldom entire. At Armagh we saw several hundreds of fragments scattered around the ruins of an old windmill; the circumstance was thus explained to us:—When windmills and watermills were first introduced, it was the interest of the miller to cry down the querns, as prejudicial to the new trade; and it was customary for them to offer rewards to those who brought the primitive article to the mill, where it was broken into pieces. We learned also that, so lately as 1794, in Fermanagh County, the millers invariably destroyed them whenever they were found, and believed they were acting according to law. Many centuries ago, the legislature of Scotland endeavoured to discourage

nearly three inches in diameter; across this stone was set a bar of wood, having a hole in its centre about half an inch deep, and the same in width, by means of which the upper stone rested *in equilibrio* upon the punthan (a strong peg or pivot in the centre of the lower stone), and by the use of little pieces of leather fitted into the hole in the bar above mentioned, the upper stone could be raised or depressed, so as to make the friction greater or less, as the meal was meant to be coarser or finer. There was also an upright handle about ten inches long set firmly in the upper stone, within about two inches of the edge; and thus was the whole machine fitted for work. The corn was generally dried in an iron pot over a slow fire, and kept constantly stirred to prevent its burning, and when it arrived at a certain degree of crispness it was taken out to be ground. Two women generally worked the quern, one sitting facing the other, the quern between them, and each in her turn taking hold of the handle, turned it with a degree of velocity much greater than you would, perhaps, imagine. One or other of them 'fed,' as it was called; that is, put the corn into the large hole (called the eye) in the upper stone, as above described. The feeding required some dexterity in avoiding a blow of the handle in its rotatory motion, and at the same time to drop the corn into the eye without scattering it. The process of shelling was never performed, but the corn and husk were ground down together, so that the meal appeared at first very dark and rough, but was afterwards sifted *."

these awkward mills, so prejudicial to the miller, who had been at the expense of others. In 1284, in the time of Alexander III., it was provided that "Na man sall presume to grind qukeit, maishlock, or rye, in hand-mylne, except he be compelled by storme, or be in lack of mills quhilk soulde grinde the samen; and in this case, gif a man grindes at hand-mylnes, he sall gif the threllein measure as milture; gif any man contraveins this our proclamation, he sall tyne his mill perpetuallie."

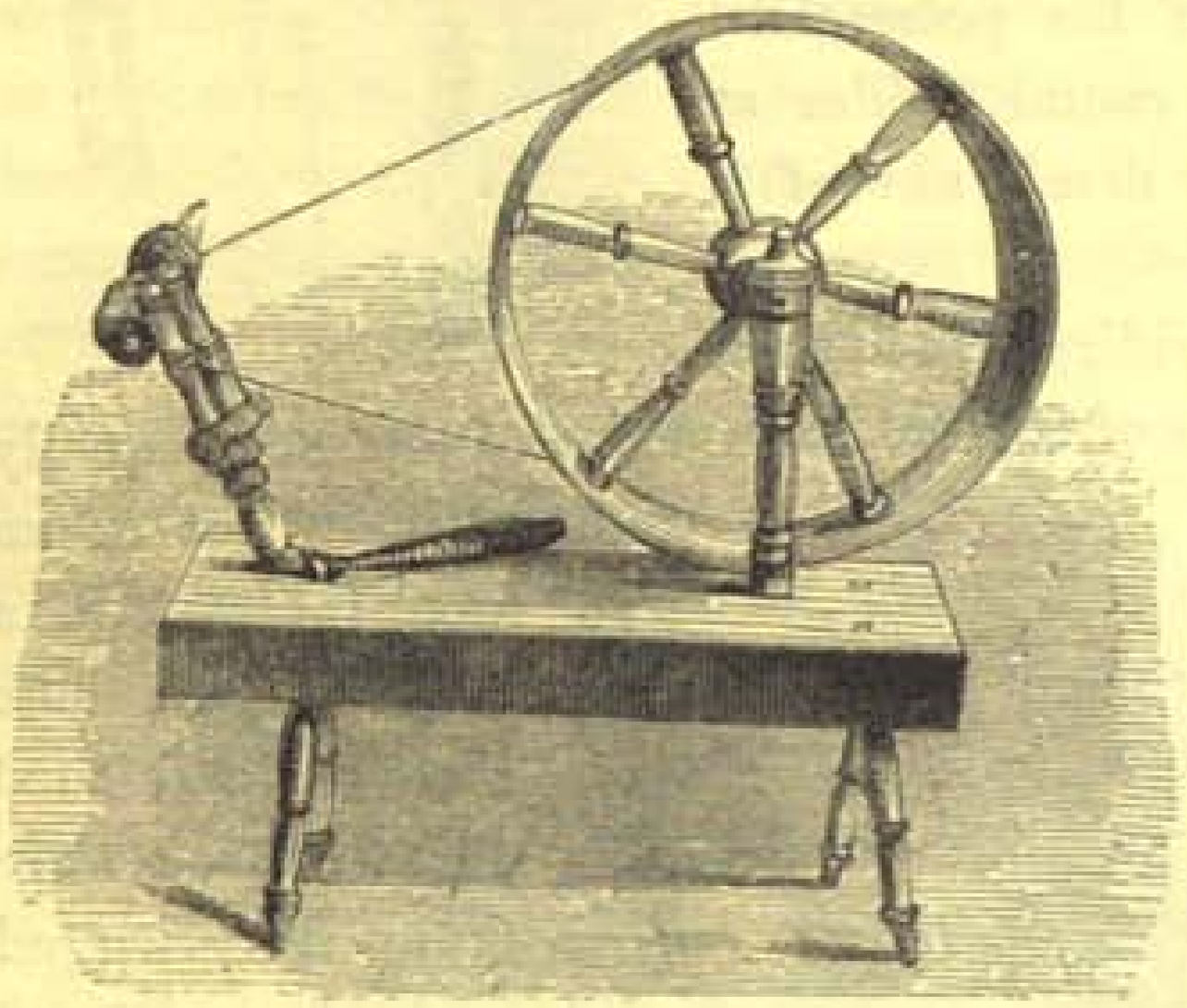
* There is little doubt that similar mills were formerly in general use throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa. Dr. Clarke describes one which he found at Cyprus; and adds that it was "common also in Lapland and in all parts of Palestine, and was still found in all corn countries where rude and ancient customs have not been liable to those changes introduced by refinement." "The employment of grinding with these mills," he observes, "is confined solely to females; and the practice illustrates the observation of our Saviour, alluding to this custom in his prediction concerning the Day of Judgment, 'Two women shall be grinding at the mill: the one shall be taken, and the other left.'" When he visited Palestine, he stopped at a village near Jerusalem, and saw the quern at work. "Looking from the window into the court-yard belonging to the house, we beheld two women grinding at the mill in a manner most forcibly illustrating the saying of our Saviour before alluded to. They were preparing flour to make our bread, as is always customary in the country when strangers arrive. The two women, seated on the ground opposite to each other, held between them two round flat stones, such as are called querns. * * * In the centre of the upper stone was a cavity for pouring in the corn, and by the side of this an upright wooden handle for moving the stone. As the operation began, one of the women with the right hand pushed the handle to the woman opposite, who again sent it to her companion, thus communicating a rotatory and very rapid motion to the upper stone, their left hands being all the while employed in supplying fresh corn, as fast as the bran and flour escaped from the sides of the machine." In one of the papers of the Church Missionary Society, (No. 86, 1837,) is given an engraving of two women working at a quern, at "Nassuck in the north-western parts of India, and in the

The next object that attracted our notice was the wooden drinking-cup —the modern substitute for the ancient "mether." It is a simple rounded cup, with a single handle, —such, indeed, as are common enough in this country. The annexed cut is copied by Mr. Crofton Croker from a mether in his possession. The mether was square and not round, wider at the top than the bottom—and to drink out of it was no easy task.

There was also a primitive gridiron to "broil the red herrings," made of a piece of twisted iron, and a candlestick, equally rude, formed out of an iron tube inserted in a small "slab" of oak. The dresser was well garnished with plates; there were three or four three-legged stools and "bosses," and at either side of the chimney was a stone seat; in the chimney there were two holes, one very small to place the tobacco-pipe when relinquished; another larger, for the "screeching-hot tumbler" of old times. A saddle hung upon a peg; a rude and smoke-dried chimney piece was garnished with plates; and a waiting wench bare-footed and healthy as the heath in spring, denoted that the family belonged to the better class; there

Bombay presidency." The drawing and description are by "Mrs. Farrar, the wife of one of the missionaries." Both correspond exactly with the Irish quern. "The mill," she says, "is composed of two flat stones. The lower one is stationary, and has in the middle a pivot upon which the upper stone turns. The grain is thrown in at the hole in the centre of the upper stone, and, falling between the two stones, is reduced to powder by the action of the upper upon the lower stone. The upper stone is turned by means of a stick fixed into it. If the mill be large, two, three, or four women, holding the same stick, turn the stone."

was a pair of oddly-shaped tongs to place the turf on the fire, a churn, a rafter to hang clothes upon, a salt-box, a trough for the pig, who though domiciled in his own house was an occasional visitor—after dinner; the iron pot, of course, and the crook fastened up the chimney, to hang the pot upon; and there were two wheels—the wheel for wool and the wheel for flax. Of the latter we have given an engraving; the former, although familiar to most readers, will bear copying also, for it is always found in Irish cottages, where the inmates make their own comforts. This cottage, then, may be taken as a model of the better class, both in its exterior and interior "accommodations." The roof was sound; the windows were whole, and, as we have said, opened and shut; the stagnant pool was at a respectable distance; the pig had his separate apartment; and there was a stable for the cow and horse. The arrangements here were totally independent of any landlord's encouragement or agent's survey; yet how rarely do we meet the houses of "snug farmers" so provided with comforts!



It will be well to inquire if the great and crying, and almost general evil, is incapable of extensive remedy, and whether proper means have been adopted for its removal. The cabin of the Irish peasant is usually left out of consideration in his rent; he pays so much per annum for his "bit of land," and the hovel is "thrown in." Under existing circumstances it may well be so, for the ordinary cost of such a building is often under thirty shillings, and seldom above three pounds. It should be well constructed, and charged for. That which is given for nothing is generally considered of no value; or, better still, he should be *assisted* to build it himself *. When leases are made, there should be, as in the case of the estate at Glenfin, clauses introduced for

* "Be it remembered that the poor man builds cheaper than the rich, and the poor man pays for all in the end. Every operation which he can perform himself ought to be left to him—he can dig foundations, quarry stones, burn lime, attend the masons. The proprietor ought to advance all moneys required for artificers' work, transport of materials, purchase of timber, &c., charging as a rent for the house the interest of the money thus advanced; or charging this rate of interest for the three first years, and binding the tenant to pay back the principal by easy instalments after the third year." * * * "Upon the average, five pounds may be considered a sufficient assistance for the proprietor to give towards the building of each house."—*Captain John Pitt Kennedy.*

their gradual improvement; and above all things the peasant should be taught to *want* comforts, to consider that such, and not mere necessaries to sustain existence, are the rewards of labour. The present time is especially auspicious for the introduction of a new order of things; the Irish people are now universally sober; a few years ago their habits of intemperance formed the great barrier to bettering their condition. This has been entirely removed. The moneys squandered upon drink may now be expended in procuring sources of domestic enjoyment; and when the people have learned the value of humble luxuries, they will soon be brought to look upon them as necessaries *.

It would be apart from our purpose to detail the several projects that have been suggested, and plans that have been drawn, for the erection of decent cottages, in lieu of the wretched hovels that now exist. They may be easily procured by those who require them. That such substitutions are practicable has been sufficiently proved. We have had frequent occasion to show that many landlords have completely succeeded in rooting out seemingly inveterate habits of indifference and sloth; and we have more than once pictured Irish cottages, as neat, orderly, and *comfortable as the* best cottages of England—such, for example, as those on the estate of Grogan Morgan, Esq., of Johnstown Castle, county of Wexford; some other landlords in the south, and many in the north. To effect this change, however, must be a work of time and perseverance, and, above all, of patience.

It has been truly said that injudicious friends are the most dangerous enemies; the observation will apply with equal force to injudicious "improvers." Much evil has arisen to Ireland from those who, with every disposition to go right have gone wrong, simply because they have lacked practical knowledge, and have been unable to take into account the habits, feelings, dispositions, and capabilities of those they have desired to serve. Persons who are anxious to improve others are very often eager to force improvements according to their own peculiar views, without considering that the parties to be benefited have been instructed and, as it were, moulded into plans and systems altogether differing from those they are expected at once

* We confess that during our recent tours in Ireland, we have not been able, generally, to trace any material improvements in the houses of the peasantry, as arising from the large sums of money saved from the whiskey-shop. We inquired closely and continually upon the subject, but satisfactory proofs of the beneficial working of the new system were not to be had. We speak, however, of the agricultural districts; in the towns, among the small shopkeepers and artisans, we were told there were abundant tokens of a change for the better, and certainly "rags" are infinitely less common than they used to be. It should be remembered, however, that the agricultural labourer was seldom an habitual drunkard; he drank at fairs, wakes, and patterns—and they occurred often enough—it was in the towns that the evil was revolting and appalling. The peasant seldom had money to spend in drink.

to adopt, as the most suitable and the best.* It is not alone the necessities of such, that must be duly weighed. When a sincere wish is entertained to do them service, their prejudices must be looked to also. But this principle will be best illustrated and explained by an anecdote, which may, moreover, lighten these heavy, but essential, details.

An English lady, of our acquaintance, who had married an Irish gentleman, possessed of a good property in his own country, went over to Ireland with her head full of all sorts of plans for the improvement of his

* In furnishing cottages, but little should be given to peasants to take care of at first; a couple of chairs, a table, a few articles of crockery, and as few wooden vessels as possible, for the latter are not healthy if not scrupulously clean, with a comfortable bed, a tub, an iron pot, a griddle, and a few very simple articles, are quite enough to begin with. The large, round piece of iron called a "griddle," placed upon two stones over the fire, is a primitive but most useful piece of cottage furniture, and is a fair introduction to the knowledge of baking. If a deal chest of drawers can be substituted for the universal and unwieldy "box," into which the women huddle their "bits of clothes" in a most untidy manner, so much the better; it is a great point gained, a decided step to improvement in domestic arrangement. A wheel and knitting-needles of course, and if you hear a wish expressed for "a taste of a box just to keep a skein of thread in or a thimble on the shelf out of the children's way," you may consider yourself fortunate, and leave the inhabitants with a fair prospect that the seed for improvement is sown, and that if sickness or want of employment does not take place, though there is but little in the lowly dwelling, that little will be cared for: still you must have patience, you must not become wearied of well-doing, you must not expect them to forego at once the experience of a life because you tell them they have been always wrong and you are right; above all, you must not lose your temper: the moment you do that, Paddy sees and seizes his advantage. He is a wonderful compound of contradictions, that same Paddy—simple as a dove yet cunning beyond all earthly things. "And why wouldn't we be cunning?" exclaimed a ragged messenger whom we accused of the vice, "Why wouldn't we be cunning? *isn't it our strength!*"

We say, without hesitation, that in almost every instance where the Irish peasant has been judiciously managed, the reward has been ample; but though he does things in a hurry himself, he will not be hurried to do them. He is peculiar—more differing from the English than from any other nation—the child of poverty and yet of a cheerful spirit—grateful for generosity, which he feels and understands, rather than for justice, with which he is not much acquainted, but believes it belongs to the law, and is therefore hard to get at. There is no country so likely to overturn all Utopian schemes of improvement, or so likely to "bother" you with wit, blarney, and obstinate adherence to old customs; but if you work slowly you will progress surely.

We believe we have already inveighed against the long coats worn by the Irish peasants, but when we have failed to make him believe that so heavy a coat is really an inconvenience to a working-man, that he could be more comfortably dressed at less expense, we gained our point by proving that the tails of his cotamore would make a capital jacket for his coat-less son; this at once decided him against his old habit—the Irishman is always managed if you touch his feelings. It is impossible to inveigh too strongly against the use of anything in cottage economy that does *not* require washing. Woollens, if not scrupulously clean, are proverbially unhealthy; thus, the woollen cloak not only covers all rents and renders the women still more careless of their under clothes, but it carries infection in its folds; and we have known medical men assert, that infection has been frequently carried from one village to another in a borrowed cloak.

The system of every country-school must be defective that does not devote considerable care to teaching the girls needlework of the more common and useful kinds, and, where it is possible, household work. One of the great wants of Ireland is the want of good female servants. If girls are usefully occupied at the National Schools, properly paid, and well-treated—that is, treated in the same manner, considering the expenses of the two countries, that they are in England—in a very few years all grounds of complaint will be removed. It is greatly to be regretted that the instruction of females in needle-work forms so little a part of National Education.

tenantry in education, cleanliness, industry, and every comfort; her husband assured her she might "work away till she was tired, at what she pleased, so she did not worry him." She formed a Utopia of his demesne; very pretty, very nice, and very admirable it was—in theory:—"Come and see me," she exclaimed, in reply to a shake of the head at the "neat houses, flower-gardens, and well conducted peasantry," she talked of as to be created in six months, out of the wild village we may call "Ballindob"—"Come and see me in a year at all events; and then doubt if you can."

Our kind friend, in a month after her arrival, wrote to us thàt she was charmed with the people. Such an account as she gave of their reception—such bonfires blazed—such shouts rent the air—such hundreds bade them welcome—such a warm-hearted country she had never expected to see!

Well, she began badly; her feelings were so outraged by the misery she witnessed, that she gave in charity what she ought to have paid for labour; she had no idea of teaching the peasant to value his time, by paying a fair remuneration for it. This was her first false step, and when she sought to retrieve it, she was assailed with,—"Ah, lady dear, sure it isn't forgetting me *that you gave to so often, you'd be!*"—"Oh then sure it's not hard in yer heart ye'd be getting; sure there's no strength left in my bones for work. And I'm one of the very first yer beautiful ladyship *ought* to look to, for don't I send my childre every one of them to yer honor's school *to oblige ye*, in the teeth of those that say it's from the ould ways ye'd be taking them; sure *we stood up for ye* ever since ye set foot in the counthry."

Despite all her exertions, and all her expenditure, the gates were beset by paupers. She had not strength of mind to "systemize" so as to devise employment, even for the poor on her husband's estate. She was carried away by her feelings: it was a great pleasure to *give*, and her mind was not of a nature to carry her *much* beyond the present. So she submitted quietly enough to be hunted down by beggars, and did not hear what those who really worked had frequently observed, "that it was as good to be idle, as to work for Mrs. ———, for she paid the one as much as the other." She built eight "such pretty cottages" with a porch and *four* rooms, and a back-door, and a piggery, and nailed juvenile honeysuckles up the walls, and sowed with her own fair hands mignionette in the borders of a little railed-in front garden; and the persons, (and she chose the best), whom she put in these cottages—built on an approved English model—*had never been off the clay-floor* of a one-roomed cabin, until, *at once*, she placed them in this (to them uncomfortable) paradise. They were cheerful, grateful, honest creatures, but her wishes could not suddenly transform the unlearned into the learned.

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It was in vain the friends who understood the character of the people assured her that improvement—the *evidence* of education—must progress, not leap, to a conclusion—that women, who had never trodden upon a boarded floor, could not be immediately expected to keep it clean, and that the first step to such a luxury was one composed of beaten lime, sand and earth; that while they would appreciate the comfort of a two-roomed house, four rooms would be beyond their powers of management; that the culture of simple vegetables should precede the care of flowers; that more time and more means, would be required to keep it, as the lady desired it should be kept, than an Irish cotter could possibly bestow: that in fact a peasant's dwelling should be of no more than two principal rooms, *at first*, built upon a plan which admitted of additions as they were required; and that one addition made at the suggestion, or by the hand of the humble tenant himself, is worth half a score of those performed by the landlord. All these protests were useless; the lady had made up her mind to turn, as it were, a potato-pit into a pinery. She filled her cottages with willing tenants; who promised, and at the time *intended*, to do every thing 'her honour" desired, though they did not understand one-fourth of her instructions; and having been absent in England about four months, early on the morning after her return, she went to visit her tenants, full of hopes and quite prepared for the anticipated blessings of grateful hearts in comfortable houses. The first she entered was pretty well outside; to be sure one of Mogue Colfer's stockings was thrust into the window, where one of the panes had been broken out; and a very audible battle was going forward within, between Ally, Mogue's wife, and the pig, who having enjoyed the freedom of the dwelling during the absence of the lady, did not see why he should all at once resign it.

"Yer honour's welcome, kindly welcome, my lady. Hourish out, ye dirty baste, saving yer presence, ma'am, the pig that got in it in spite of me, and wants the run of the house, which he was used to; oh, murder, if it isn't under the bed he's getting, at the potatoes—oh, my grief!"

"And why do you keep your potatoes under the bed," said poor Mrs. ——, looking about in vain for a seat to sit on.

"Sure yer honour forbid us to keep them in the kitchen, so we put 'em under the bed in the little room to plaze yer ladyship, where you wouldn't see them only for the pig, bad cess to him for turning them out." The lady sighed—"I wished you to keep them in the house provided for them."

"Oh, ma'am, is it outside? the potatoes! sure it's bit by the frost they'd be. Molly, take the iron pot off the chair and wipe it down for her ladyship."

"And why was it on the chair?" inquired Mrs. ——; "why that is the great thing you boil your potatoes in."

"Thrue for ye; see that now, how her darling ladyship knew that!—it was Mogue's shirt, and my own bits of rags, and the childre's, I was washing, to go clean and dacent before yer ladyship."

"And where's your nice little washing-tub?"

"Is it the tub? Oh be dad I'd be sorry to put a present of yer ladyship's *to such a dirty use*."

"But where is it?"

"Why then, it's God's truth I'll tell ye mee lady," said Ally, taking up the corner of her apron that she might have something to fidget with while she spoke, "the little girl left it outside, and the sun (whenever it does shine it's to take the shine out of us) the sun plase yer honour split it into smithereens."

"And where *are* the smithe—what you call them?"

"Ah then, sure," she said, "lifting up the corner of her apron to her eyes. "Ah then, sure, it's Mogue that said don't be vexing her honour with the sight of the staves, but put them out of her sight; and so we did, plaze yer honour—we burnt them!"

"And now through your own carelessness you have nothing to wash your clothes in?"

"Oh, yes, my lady, thank ye kindly, we have; we don't want anything that way: we've what we're used to, and what's used to it, plase yer honour —the iron pot, ma'am, always handy, and without any trouble."

The lady seeing the litter and dirt and carelessness in the cottage where she had expected so much that was clean and comfortable—annoyed by the woman's readiness as much as her untidiness—and pained at the blight of her first hope, turned to leave the dwelling without saying a word; but with so much evident disgust that the quick feelings of the Irishwoman were wounded; rushing forward with all her national energy, she fell upon her knees before her.

"Ah then, sure, it's not going out of the place angry, that your honour would be? I see it in ye, my lady, about the tub, and the potatoes, and the pig—Och, murder, sure I'd lay my hands under the soles of yer feet any day, and travel the country all hours of the night to serve yer ladyship, and fear neither wind nor rain for yer honour; and good right there's for it; it was you that took me and mine from the height of misery, and settled us here where to be sure we might be like queens and kings of the earth, if we could only plase yer ladyship, and hadn't so much to do, *taking care of the convanyancies yer goodness gave us.* Sure we do our best, according to our under-

standings, and will get more into the way of it, afther a while. Sure my heart's splitting at this very minute into two halves striving to plase yer honour and do everything to plase ye; and yer ladyship not plased after all!"

The lady was touched at first by the quaintness and tenderness of poor Ally, for she was neither heartless nor capricious, but her sense of justice revolted against the idea of the woman supposing she wished her to serve *her* when she wanted her to serve herself; she replied that she was only anxious for the improvement of the people for their own sakes—and that it was very provoking to have what had been done destroyed by wilful neglect.

"I ax yer honour's pardon," answered the cotter's wife; "but it's holy truth I'm telling—I've no *wilful* neglect to answer yer honour for—on the conthrary,"—and she burst into tears; "I've no pace night or day striving to keep things the way you'd like, and to remember the uses of the things you gave us for convayniance; and if yer ladyship had just given us the half of them we'd have more understanding; only the iron pot yer honour's looking at, it's handy as I *tould* ye for everything; so that barring the tub that went to pieces with the *druth*, everything else is spick and span new to show yer honour—all put up out of the way of the childre, on the loft, my lady, and that's the reason there's nothing on the shelves. God knows, ma'am, while you weren't in it, it's half-starved we war between the seasons; the old potatoes going out and the new ones not in; and yet the Lord he knows I kep' the bits of *curosities* yer honour gave us for convayniance, safe, and would die rather than part them."

Mrs. ——— was too much disappointed to appreciate fully this strange mixture of right feeling and old habits. She never dreamed of blaming herself for expecting a poor uninstructed woman, whose cabin six months before had contained the obnoxious iron pot, a chest, two stools and a boss, a broken dresser, a couple of noggins, a kish and potato basket, a bed, a cracked looking-glass, some remnants of plates and pitchers, and a portrait of a saint in a black frame, to remember the names, much less the uses, of all the things in a well-furnished cottage, in little more than a quarter of a year; to undo the habits of thirty years in four months. So she turned to the next—this was worse. She was obliged to step across a pool of stagnant water to get into the door.

"It 's the ducks, my lady," said a round-faced, placid woman, who evinced habitual industry by keeping on at her knitting with great rapidity while she curtsied and spoke; "it 's the ducks, ma'am, that yer honour was so good as to give me, and I'm sure you 'll be plased to see how I 've as good

as reared seven young ones; and they 'd go blind for want of a sup of water and—"

"But surely one of your boys could drive them to the pond?"

"Bedad, he could, ma'am, and would ax no better divarshun; but what call for the bother of that, when all we had to do was to scrape out a bit there, and have the little craythurs safe under our eyes? I said yer ladyship would be delighted to see how they throve." This interview sadly disappointed both parties; the poor woman really deserved praise for her industrious habits. She *was* greatly improved, but her patroness was so disgusted with the mud pool where she had planted a woodbine, that she left that poor woman also in tears.

One virago, when "her ladyship" found just fault, not only with the carelessness but the wanton destruction of her cottage, where the floor had been actually lowered to admit of the action of the flail, so as to enable the grain to be thrashed in the kitchen, upbraided her with her having been the cause of her "catching her death of *could for want* of the smoke;" and to remedy this she had placed a flag on the top of the chimney, and had blocked up the back door, because none but an *informer* would come in at it." *This* was a solitary instance of ingratitude—all the rest were eager to please; but the veil had been rudely torn from the lady's eyes. It was a damp October morning, and this added to the neglected look of the dwellings, which four short, short months before had been fit to illustrate a page on rural beauty. The people lost interest in her eyes, though they were exactly the same people who had at first excited it. The truth was, the lady lacked the three grand requisites for those who seek to improve Ireland. The first is patience; the second is patience; the third is patience. The people were not incapable of improvement; with the exception of the virago, they were all willing to learn, and *were* learning; but the system they were taught upon was wrong—as though you put a book into a child's hand, and bade it read before it knew its letters! But, like many others, Mrs. —— lacked patience, and, alas! *abandoned the country!*

SLIGO.

The maritime county of Sligo, in the province of Connaught, is bounded on the east by the county of Leitrim, on the north by the Atlantic ocean, on the west and south by Mayo county, and on the south-east by the county of Roscommon. It comprises an area of 434,188 statute acres; 257,217 of which are cultivated; 168,711 are unimproved mountain and bog; and 8260 are under water. Its population was in 1821, 146,229; and in 1831, amounted to 171,508. It is divided into six baronies—Carbery, Coolavin, Corran, Leney, Tiraghrill, and Tyreragh. Its principal towns are the assize town of Sligo, Ballymote, and Collooney.

The town of Sligo is a sea-port, but its trade is very limited, although it is the only port of much importance upon the western coast between London-

derry and Galway. Its abbey has been long famous; and its ruins are classed among the most remarkable in Ireland. The abbey was founded in 1257, by Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare and Lord Justice. In 1270,

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SLIGO AND ROSCOMMON.

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S L I G O
R O S C O M M O N
Ballina
Ballyhaunis
Roscommon
Boyle
Elphin
Strokestown
Castlerea
Tulsk
Frenchpark
Ballaghaderreen
Tubbercurry
Collooney
Ballysadare
Dromore West
Easkey
Ballina
Killala
Ballycastle
Belmullet
Erris Head
Blacksod Bay
Broadhaven
Killala Bay
Sligo
Ballysadare Bay
Inishmurray
Inishmaan
Inishmore
Aranmore
Rathlin O'Birne I.
Tullaghan
Bloody Foreland
Tory I.
Inishbofin
Inishshark
Clare I.
Achill Head
Clew Bay
Blacksod Point
Eagle I.
Inishturk
Clare I.
Inishbofin
Inishshark
Davillaun
Inishlyre
Inishgort
Inishkea North
Inishkea South
Duvillaun
Inishglora
Inishcrone
Kilcummin Head
Kilcummin
Ballina
Ardnaree
Killala
Kilmoremoy
Ballysakeery
Ballina
Foxford
Swinford
Ballaghaderreen
Castlerea
Ballyhaunis
Kilkeevin
Castlerea
Tulsk
Elphin
Frenchpark
Boyle
Carrick on Shannon
Ballinamore
Ballinamore Bridge
Arigna
Keadue
Kilronan
Ballyfarnon
Drumshanbo
Leitrim
Mohill
Carrick on Shannon
Roscommon
Castlerea
Ballaghaderreen
Ballyhaunis
Kilkeevin
Ballinlough
Castle Plunket
Ballymoe
Tulsk
Elphin
Strokestown
Longford
Lanesborough
Ballymahon
Edgeworthstown
Granard
Ardagh
Carrick on Shannon
Drumsna
Jamestown
Mohill
Leitrim
Keadue
Ballinamore
Arigna
Drumshanbo
Ballyfarnon
Kilronan
Keadue
Boyle

however, it was destroyed by fire, but was soon afterwards re-erected; again it underwent a similar fate in 1415; but during the following year a bull was issued granting indulgences to all who contributed to its restoration; it was speedily rebuilt; and from this era we are to date the foundation of the present structure. The remains of this edifice attest its former splendour. "The steeple or dome is still entire, supported upon a carved arch or cupola, the inside of which is also carved; adjoining this are three sides of a square of beautifully carved little arches, of about four feet in height, which seem to have been anciently separated from each other, and probably formed cells for confession and penance. Almost all the little pillars are differently ornamented, and one in particular is very unlike the rest, having a human head cut on the inside of the arch. There are several vaults throughout the ruins, containing the remains of skulls, bones, and coffins. The abbey and yard are still used as a burying-place."

The county of Sligo is rich in the picturesque; it abounds in wild mountains, surrounding fertile fields; and though not much irrigated by rivers, it is full of lakes. Its scenery and character, however, so nearly resemble that of the adjoining county of Mayo—a county with which we are better acquainted, and which offers far stronger temptations to the tourist—that we pass over Sligo, designing to describe at length its more primitive, interesting, and attractive neighbour, which supplies us with nearly the same prominent features, in addition to matters that demand more minute comment.

The reader will, therefore, permit us here to illustrate Irish character, by bringing out some of its darker shadows. The outline of the following story was supplied to us by a friend by whom we were accompanied on a visit to one of the wildest districts in the northern boundary of the county; as wild and savage a looking district, indeed, as may be found in all Ireland. We had been conversing upon topics connected with the illicit trade in whiskey formerly conducted to such an immense extent, and which for centuries formed the great barrier to the improvement of Ireland.

Far away in the mountains, and of a wild and lawless race, dwelt a family who, without any visible employment, lived better than the industrious dwellers in the glens who laboured to cultivate small patches of ground for their daily food. When the exciteable nature of an Irishman is taken into account—when it is remembered that in a time of dearth and famine he is frequently turned adrift to starve, the only wonder, to the unprejudiced, will be that he does so little mischief. "Hill Murphy," as he was called, never wanted food or clothes; he was rude, but not ragged; wild, careless, and of an uncouth and ferocious aspect—a tall man, of gigantic proportions; and when

the children who resided in a little straggling village at the foot of the chain of mountains where he was known to prowl, heard the sharp, sudden report of a gun, or if a huge mass of stone came crashing down a precipice, they would crowd and whisper together, saying that "Hill Murphy" was at his old ways. What those "old ways" were, could hardly be matter of conjecture; and yet, though formerly there were few "natural-native" Irishmen who would have hesitated to "cheat the law," and none who considered illicit distillation as a crime, Hill Murphy had, in addition to his blots of character, a very un-Irish propensity of keeping his affairs to himself: this reserved disposition made him more foes than his evil reputation.

Few of the glensmen mounted so high as Hill Murphy's house; but those who did described him as living in a long straggling dwelling, built of stone and shingle, smelling of potteen,—having a numerous progeny of sons, and one daughter, of singular beauty, but of weak intellect, who would sit arranging her hair and smiling at her shadow in a tub of water all day long; this natural looking-glass being the only looking-glass that had found its way to her mountain-home.

Violent, and rude, and brutal in his voice and bearing as Hill Murphy was, he was much attached to this child; nor was his attachment diminished by her drooping gradually into ill health. After some parrying with the disease, he resolved to abandon his sheeling to his sons for a time, and try to conquer "the sickness" that had "come over" her, by descending into the valley. Mounting her on one of the sure-footed horses of the district, he descended the mountain with her, taking their way to a holy well some miles distant, which enjoyed the reputation of curing all manner of diseases. Hill Murphy and his child progressed slowly, and the man's wild and reckless habits were so well known to many of the pilgrims who sought the "healing waters" from the same cause, that they whispered as he approached, and were astonished at his zeal in performing the various acts of devotion which the poor girl was unable to go through for herself. In the mean time, his sons, freed from a brutality to which they had crouched for mercy, frequently, in vain, exulted and revelled in their new-found liberty, which the eldest immediately asserted by marrying a young virago, whose sole womanly feeling had been a love for young Phade. She had five or six brothers, wild mountain boys, whose occupations varied according to the

seasons. Sometimes they stole sheep; sometimes they poached upon the only preserved land in the neighbourhood, that is to say, within a circle of twenty miles; sometimes they assisted the Murphys in disposing of their whiskey; and at all times they helped to make and drink it; they would not hesitate to bear a hand in the navigation of midnight boats, or, as sworn Ribandmen, to do any act that might be dictated by their "Lodge." The old man had been accustomed to treat these boys as harshly and capriciously as his own children, at the same time that he imagined he was showing them all possible kindness. Like tyrants generally, he had not imagined that his power was on the wane; indeed, had he been at home, he was so vigilant, and the only creature who really loved him, his daughter, though inert and weak-minded on many points, was so exceedingly clear-sighted and "sharp" on others, that it is doubtful whether any plan could have been carried into effect, tending to shear him of his strength. So completely did the mountain dwelling of the distillers command the country, that they hardly took the trouble of concealing the implements of their calling. Any ragged urchin of the district would act as a picket to warn them of danger; and they trusted for security to the inaccessible nature of their fastness, and the peril that would arise to any who entered upon it, without doing so "according to knowledge."

Often had Hill Murphy been out on an expedition that occupied him two

or three days, his wife mounting guard on "the dew." She would sit near an old, half-withered tree, whose very roots had been bared by the wild winds

that rattled through the defiles, her babe at her breast, her firelock ready to her hand, while her elder sons, sharp and quick-eyed, watched from the heights, and the cauldron steamed and bubbled beneath its rude shed. What had become of that woman was a mystery. Her husband told the priest (the only one who dared to inquire after her) that she had run away from him; but this was not likely, as a wailing baby was in the cradle, and she was devoted to her children as a wolf to her cubs. So much for the past of Hill Murphy's life. After the disappearance of his wife, he became more ferocious than ever, lavishing no kindness, except upon his daughter—his affection for her the one white spot on his darkened soul.

"Did ye ever see anything like the devotion that's come to Hill Murphy?" whispered one voteen to another, as she took "a rest" from her beads,

"Glory be to the saints! it's wonderful, and to see how he crosses and sprinkles that poor dead-and-alive cratur that has no understanding for herself! Well, the blessed Virgin be praised, but it's grate intirely to see the likes of him convarted."

"Whaap! blessed Saint Bridget, forgive me my sins!" responded the other, "but it's not every one, Molly, macrie, that thumps their breasts, and cries 'Lord! Lord!' that's converted; it takes a *dale*, astore, to make a saint out of a sinner, especially of a man-kind. Father Murray, (and he's a fine priest intirely, though somehow he's not in the church now, and more goes to him at his own place than you'd see at any other knee, at the Christmas or Easter,)—he said, and I murning to think of the hard penances he gave me, for only a trifle, 'Ye'r well off to be a woman,' he says, 'for I've ten times the load of sin to put over a man than comes to the share of any woman. Ye'r like snow to soot,' he says, 'so hould your whisht, the time will go over fast enough, if the weather houlds up, and you pepper away at the prayers.'"

"My tongue 's wore to a shred, with them for prayers," retorted the other crone, bitterly, as she again dropped on her knees, "but I'll have the good of it, and so will Hill Murphy, sure he's the kind father anyhow."

"Heavy and many must be his prayers before they'll count for good," muttered her comrade. "Heavy and loud—very loud—to stifle the cry that the earth sends up to the Heavens, day and night, for justice; ay, bate yer breast, and sign the cross,—ay, yours is a cross that will bear no crown, I can tell you that; you don't remember me; but I do you: the bird that flies and the hare that runs know more about you than you'd like to hear them tell; but no matter; it's a poor case to see me bothering and bewildering my senses with the sins of other people, me that have such a power of prayers to go through

before night!"—then in a whining tone, "Send me that coal to light my pipe, good man,—and may ye never want the light of heaven—" and then, strong in the deceit of self-righteousness, the poor creature followed her companion's example, and proceeded to move round the well on her bare knees.

All Hill Murphy's prayers and supplications failed to restore his beloved child; for her sake he did what he had not ventured to do for nearly twenty years; he entered a town in the open day, to consult a physician about her health; and when the man, either in honesty or ignorance, declared he could do nothing for her, he fell on his knees before him, as if he had been a God, offering him gold—all he had in the world—to save his daughter's life; while she—poor fond thing—unable to comprehend the cause of his agony—clung feebly round his neck, entreating him not to weep. At last, starting up, he exclaimed, "And afther all I have worked, *and sinned my soul*, for what is no good! the one little flower—the only thing I ever loved or cared for—will be taken"—and then he dashed his hand over his brow, and rushed from the house to return, *alone* in the night-time; convinced that there must be a power in medicine to save his daughter, he could not relinquish hope. He forced himself into the physician's room, and stood before him a giant. "It's because I'm an unlearned man, and come in a frieze coat, that you'll take no pains with her," he said; "and I saw you didn't believe me when I talked of gold, but I scraped all I could for her, poor innocent lamb, and sure if it saves her life, I can scrape more; take it, sir, and if I had a blessing to give, I'd give it you; but they that help the innocent will have their prayers." He laid some gold, literally the savings of his life, before the physician; his features expressed the deepest anxiety, while his strong fingers clenched his stick, and worked convulsively as he spoke.

"My good man," said the doctor, "it is all in vain; life and death are not in my hands, but in the hands of God. Nothing but a miracle can save her; it is as painful for me to tell you this, as for you to hear it—" A wild unearthly yell, the laugh of a powerful fiend, interrupted the physician's words.

"As painful for you to tell as me to hear," he shouted. "Ah, you've nothing so close to yer heart as a child!—Nothing!—I see that—and I see how it is all through; there's no justice for the poor, that's how it is; no justice, no law, NO CURE, but for the great; no cure for the *poor man's* child. If I had you on my own mountain, I'd *make* you cure her;" and after much violence he finally departed. With a heavy heart he turned the horse's head homewards. When he descended the mountain a few weeks before, poor Nancy was able to support herself on the horse; now, on her return, she had grown so feeble that he was obliged to pass his arm round her waist to keep her up.

"Father," she said, as they wound up the only pass that a horse could take,—"father, the gap up there is built over with rocks." The old man rubbed his eyes, but his vision was dimmed by age, and he thought that a film was over the clear blue of his daughter's eyes; but he was mistaken; she was right. Considerable labour had been used to blockade the road; and it was impossible even to climb it over; time had been, when Hill Murphy could have hurled every stone into the gulph below; but, strange as it may seem, the agony of the past weeks had enfeebled him more than the exertions of his whole life; he lifted Nancy down—took off his "big coat," which he wrapped round her—laid her beneath the protecting shelter of a crag, and galloped the horse down the mountain, determined to take the first cragsman's path that he met, so as to reach his house that way, and then arrange how to get his dying child home. He went on steadily towards his object for a considerable time, until, suddenly, two of the brothers of his new daughter-in-law stood before him, accompanied by his eldest son.

The old man greeted his son more kindly than ever he had done before, but the youth's countenance remained dark and steady, without one smile, and the three crowded the path so as to prevent the father from going on his way.

"Stand back, boys," he said, "and let me pass, or if ye won't do that, come back and help poor Nancy home."

"We'll do neither," was the gruff reply. "I am king of the castle now, and you'll have something to do to get possession again." The old man staggered back, and looked into the face of his eldest-born, as if unwilling to understand his words. The second also had come to the parley.—

"It's true enough," he said; for five-and-twenty years we have been born slaves to you, with nothing but a bit and a sup, and no pay for our labour; you got the profit; but now our turn 's come, and we'll keep it; so go live on your earnings in the glens, or find another mountain for yourself; but back at once, for foot again you'll never set in *our* house."

"Unless," added the other, tauntingly,—"unless you go to his honour the justice, and take the law on yer side for the first time, and if you haven't lived by it, die by it; we're ready for ye every way; bring the red coats on us, do, or the law-runners, one will fit as well as the other!"—and while the old man clung to the rock for support, stunned by the blow he had so unexpectedly received, gasping for breath, as the clouds drifted above his head and the crevices of the rocks moaned with the approaching tempest, his sons and their companions, brandishing their shillelas, then shouldering their muskets, set up a yell, as if they were hunting some wild beast to its death. Suddenly the father fell on his knees, and the curse he pronounced

upon his own children—those wild, reckless creatures whom he had brought into the world, and tutored to trample on all law and justice, is too terrible to record. Having thus vented his wrath, he prepared to descend the mountain. One of his son's wife's brothers hurled a stone after the old man, and the instant he did so, was struck down by the youngest of Hill Murphy's sons.

"Take that," he said, "for your cowardice; if he wasn't an ould man, there's none of us, no nor ten more to back us, would dare to do what we have done this day." The stone fell harmless, nor did the old man so much as look back, or take more notice of it than if a pebble had rolled to his feet.

Hill Murphy found the horse where he had left it, and driving his solitary spur into its flank, the jaded animal dashed up the pass amid a torrent of rain to where he had left his daughter. Although drenched by the wet, her worn face smiled when she saw her father. To place her before him on the horse, and re-seek the glen, was the work of a moment, but when he had reached the plain he thought where he should find shelter. In Ireland this question is always answered by a sight of the first roof; but even to the lowland peasant Hill Murphy was as a ban. However, he took courage, and knocked at the door of a farm-house, which was speedily opened.

"Shelter, for the love of God!" exclaimed the man, as he strode in with his dying daughter in his arms. "Shelter, for the love of God." The farmer knew him well; he had too many sheep on the hills, and had lived in the neighbourhood too long, not to know Hill Murphy.

"Ay," he answered, "shelter, and welcome, though I must say it's a quare house for you to ask it in; but there—God bless me, is the poor girl dead?"

In an instant a dozen warm Irish hands were employed in drying Nancy's long hair, and exchanging warm for dripping garments. She was put into the only bed, properly so called, in the house, and smiled her vacant smile upon them all. If a king and queen had visited that poor cabin they could not have been more generously received; and when the farmer saw the deep feeling evinced by the father for his child, he was the first to exclaim—

"Lord look down upon your trouble, poor man, for it's hard to bear: God pity you!"

Nothing could induce Hill Murphy to lie down or quit his child's bedside; there he sat, holding her hand in his, pressing down his cheek upon it, and then pushing back the hair that would cluster over her brow. It would seem that the lamp of reason was lit in this poor girl's mind by the expiring one of life. "I'll be with my mother in heaven," she said, "before long, and sure the delight of her soul will be to hear all you've done for me, father dear—

don't turn away sir, but listen to me: keep from the mountain father, for sure many a time when *I'd not let on* to understand, and indeed I did not rightly then, my brothers would be talking about ye in a way I don't like to think of. I wish, father dear, you'd turn a rale Christian—you'd be a fine man then!" She said much more to the same purpose, and at last, exhausted, sank into a deep sleep on her father's arm; the old man, worn out by the dreadful struggle his mind had undergone during that day, also slept. The morning advanced; the good woman of the house, with a care for the things of eternity which the Irish so rarely neglect, seeing the poor girl was dying, sent for the priest, and he as promptly attended. "I don't like to go into the little room to disturb them, plase your reverence," she said to him, "though it's time; but the father sleeps the dead sleep of sorrow: oh! I wish he would bend his stubborn heart at your knee."

"It would be the first time then," answered the priest, "that one of the family ever did so": the farmer's wife shuddered.

After waiting some time she went to "the little room." Hill Murphy was still sleeping heavily, his head upon the pillow—his face, bronzed and heated, formed a striking contrast to that of poor Nancy; the thin-pinched, but finely-chiselled features were of marble whiteness—her arm lay across her bosom, and her hand was clasped in that of her father—her head indeed still rested on his arm; the woman saw that her eyes were open; she spoke, there was no reply, none—there could be none—she was dead!

It would be impossible to paint the father's strong agony—it amounted to positive madness. Only those who have witnessed the welling forth of kindness, the deep springing up of tenderness towards the afflicted, could understand what was bestowed upon that sinful man, who rebelled to the utmost against the will of the Almighty, and vented his misery in curses that drove the priest from the house.

Two or three years passed: the children of Hill Murphy did not succeed as their father had done; even the most lawless of their customers, fellows who would destroy life without experiencing a single sting of conscience, expressed unmitigated hatred and contempt towards those "who had no nature in them," and the reproach, "what could you expect from those who would turn their father out of doors?" was so constantly flung at them that they really became—not ashamed of their conduct, but conscious that it had injured them. The glens increased in population, and the march of improvement impaired their illicit trade. Contrary to their expectations, their father made no attempt to regain his possessions. After the funeral of his beloved child, he "took a penance on himself," for the sake of her soul, making his

appearance at all holy wells and stations, and spending much time in the neighbourhood of old ruins, sanctified by age and tradition, and was not seen for many months. When he came back to the glen, he was so bowed and broken down that few recognised him; and the manner of his return was so strange as to be worth recording. He drove a horse and car, containing a chest, up to the house of the farmer where his daughter died, declaring his intention of spending the rest of his days and *his money* with them, if they would permit him so to do. Whether *he* set the report afloat or not, we cannot tell; but the story every one believed was that Hill Murphy, in some of his pilgrimages, had found a "crock of gold," and was richer than ever he had been, or ever was supposed to be, before. He certainly encouraged this belief in every way; he talked mysteriously of dreams; and gave away several curious old coins; his chest, that required the assistance of two men to move, he slept upon, refusing every other bed: he was generous (a very small sum is deemed a generous gift in that part of Ireland), and apparently spent much time in prayer.

The singular return of Hill Murphy to the glen that was sheltered by his native mountain, his more singular conduct, and the exaggerated accounts of his immense wealth, soon reached the ears of his rebellious sons; and like the rest of the world, finding their own interests affected, they began to think that an appearance of repentance would be becoming and very wise; the younger brother had gone over the seas, so that the cottage remained in possession of Phade Murphy and his wife, whose brothers claimed part and parcel of all they had. A family conclave assembled and determined that it would be much better for Phade to seek his father and ask his blessing. "And," added his wife, with woman's tact, "take the child with you when you do so." Accordingly, Phade and his little curly-headed boy, made their appearance in the glen; although he told his wife before he set out that he did not expect his visit would "come to good," because his father was never known to turn from anything he ever took in his head. Strangely enough, the old man received him with evident and undisguised satisfaction; making him welcome in every way, and at once agreeing to return and spend the remnant of his days in his old home.

"I don't like the look of it at all," said the farmer's wife, after their strange guest had so eagerly departed.

"I don't like the look of it at all; there's something out of 'natur' in a man that has been '*dark*' all his life, brightning up like a sunbeam of a suddent, and going off hot foot, to those he hates like poison; it's not in natur; besides the old man is wasting into his grave, though maybe, and it's

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an ill thought to think, only what the heart thinks ill it's better for the lips to breathe, maybe he'll not go as fast as some want him to go."

"God bless and save us!" ejaculated her husband, "only don't be thinking such things, Molly, for you're an unlucky craythur afther knowledge—finding out more than you can understand."

"May be so! but you didn't hear the chuckle of a laugh the old man gave when the son complained of the weight of the chest, and the delight he took in repeating, 'I'm an ould man, and can't live long, Phade—I can't live long, Phade!' and the fuss that bitter bad boy—bad, egg and bird—made about him. Sinners don't become saints in the twinkle of an eye; and the nearer the blood the greater the hate when it begins."

The mountain distillers resumed their ordinary reserve; there was little more traffic between them and the dwellers in the glens, than what was necessary for the sale of the spirit, the manufacture of which was still carried on as usual. After the old man's return, the farmer's wife paid him a visit which she did not feel inclined to repeat; for the family regarded it in a mercenary point of view; and while they affected the greatest love for the old man, his daughter-in-law threw out sundry hints of people who were neither "kith nor kin," bothering about what did not concern them for the sake of what they could get.

These observations seemed to amuse Hill Murphy as much as his rugged nature could be amused; and again the good woman carried in her ears, long after the sounds had ceased, the low, malignant chuckle, of the old man's laugh.

Their trade they still carried on; but even this small and bad resource was soon taken from the family. Intelligence was conveyed—they could not guess by what means, although, subsequently, the informer was known to be the wretched old man—to a neighbouring justice; and one evening they were surprised by a body of police, who advancing upon them by the most secret of their bye-paths, were upon them while in the act of removing their "still," which they of course seized, thus depriving them of the means even of providing a miserable subsistence.

The just and natural consequence followed. The household was reduced to absolute want. One night in February, while the wind and rain threatened instant destruction to the shingly buildings which crouched around the rocks and extended in some instances beneath them, the family, with the exception of Phade and one of the young wife's brothers, were assembled round the peat fire; a basin of warm goat's-milk, and a cake hot from the griddle, were placed upon the old man's knees; and upon a table were a few wet potatoes just turned out, for the supper of the family. The noggins, three in number, were not more than a third part filled with curdled milk; the youngest child crept to the grandfather's knee and looked up in his face; but the old man went on eating and took no notice whatever of the silent appeal of its eyes, which devoured the food he would not share. After watching for some time, the little creature crept back to its mother, and refusing the dark wet potato which she peeled, cried itself to sleep in her arms, while her dark eyes scowled, and her brows knit above them. The extreme of poverty was struggling with dark and bitter passions in that cottage; yet old Murphy continued eating, and chuckling to himself without taking the least notice, apparently, of what passed.

At last, Phade, who had been absent the entire day, returned, and the atmosphere of the cabin seemed to deepen into blackness as he entered; there was so much ferocity mingled with his natural roughness of manner that even his wife shrank from him.

"I'm going to my bed, now," said the old man rising; "I'm going to my bed as soon as I've had my night-cap—Ah!" and from a nook in the wall he took a black bottle, and swallowing a copious drink of whiskey, smacked his lips, and looked round with twinkling eyes upon his family—the son seized the bottle his father resigned, and drained its contents. "There!" he said, flinging it down; "there! now, that's the first bit or sup that has crossed my lips this day, and, more betokens, the last, it's likely, for many a day more. It's all up with us; new shoopervisers; new ways, new everything; those that owe me a trifle of money, won't pay it! Every door was as good

as shut against me, and I'm come back bad as I went—indeed a thrifle worse for the weight of bad news. We must clear out of this before morning, or there's no knowing what may happen ; for I've certain news that the thieving robbers have a warrant against myself, on account of some sheepskins they took when they stole the still."

"Can't ye guard the passes and blockade the road, as ye did when ye hindred my coming home ?" growled forth the old man ; and then he laughed —"Can't ye do that ?"

"Well !" retorted the woman, "if we did do it, we showed our sorrow since : sure it's the best bit in the house you've had, many a day ; the *only* bit you had to-night, didn't I deprive my own child to give it you, and it famishing alive with the hunger ? you needn't throw that in our teeth now, I'm thinking."

"I won't stay with you," replied Hill Murphy, "I'll go to them that will be happy and glad to have me ; I needn't stay where I'm not welcome. I'll go to-morrow ; me and my box."

"You wouldn't leave us in our trouble, I'm certain," observed his son sulkily. "You would not leave us now, would you, and the throuble so heavy over us, when I'm sure, father, you could lighten it ?"

"No one lightened mine when I had it ; I'll do nothing for ye, you must work and wait—that's all—work and wait."

"You would not wait till we were all turned out by the law, and starved, would you ?" observed the son, knitting his brows, and looking dark and determined, "you would not wait for that ?"

"No, no, I would not," he replied, "I would not wait for it, I would go before it—ah, ah, I would go away before it !"—the jest was cruel, as ill-timed. The son swore a fearful oath and paused. "And I will go, I will go," resumed the old tormentor, "I will go to-morrow morning ; they'll be glad of me in the glen, and give me sweet milk and new bread ; I was foolish to leave them ; but I'll go."

"You've eat and drank everything of the best," screamed the woman, "since here you've been ; you had the heart to see that baby fainting for a bit of bread, and—"

"Whisht, whisht," interrupted her husband.

"I've held my whisht too long," she replied fiercely, "and I'll do so no longer ; if he has money, let him give it, or—"

"You'll make me, I suppose—ah, ah !"

"Many a true word's said in joke," exclaimed the son : "it's too bad to think of what you've seen, and never thought it worth yer while to give us relief;

and to make an end of it, I'm determined to see the contents of that chest — I'll—" The old man strode to his treasure and prepared to defend it.

"Now or never, Phade!" shouted the young virago.

"I havn't long to live, and there'll be a curse on ye if ye open it now," he answered.

"None worse than being your child," was the bitter taunt, accompanied by a struggle to tear the old man from his strong hold; the two muscular young men had enough to do to drag him from his treasure; even when on the ground, he grasped the padlock.

One dull heavy blow from the handle of a spade made him relax his grasp.

"That has stunned him for a bit," exclaimed the woman's brother, "now have it open." This unnatural strife occupied much less time in action than it has done in recital; there is little doubt but they had frequently discussed the plan of obtaining the treasure they believed was contained within the chest; but the utter heartlessness of the old man, and the chance of present relief, had urged them forward that night. Not one thought did the woman bestow upon the probable result of her husband's violence; but with the strong desire for plunder, so long pent up within her cruel heart, she rushed forward to hold the long, lean, yellow candle, so as to enable them to break open the chest more quickly. "There! there! now, one more tug, hurra!"—the lid flew up in a score of splinters; one, two, old garments, that looked as if they had shrouded the beggars for many a day, were first carefully shaken and then tossed out; and "Now!" was the mutual exclamation—"Now!"—nothing was there but a heap of rubbish —stones, and bits of lime, and slate! Horrible curses followed this discovery; eagerly as jackals prowl over and tear up dead men's graves, did they tear and root out what they now knew had been placed there to deceive them. In the midst of all came a low cackling laugh of scorn and exultation; the old man had raised himself on his elbow, and through thick and dabbled blood his eyes gleamed fiercely, while his arm was extended towards them, and his finger pointed in bitter mockery to the broken chest, above which they still cowered like ravens over a carcase. The word "Fools, fools!" which he tried to articulate, croaked in his throat—there was something so appalling in the sound and the action, that the murderers were deprived of the power of motion, and as the sound diminished into the death-rattle in the victim's throat, they fixed their eyes upon him without the power of withdrawing their gaze. After many efforts, he got up on his knees, stretched forth his gory hands, and as the word "Curse!" came forth distinctly, he fell and expired.

What the wretched people felt remains unknown; they placed the

body in a hole, and covered it with stones ; but it was found after Phade had been taken, and conveyed with his still to the nearest town. Nothing could exceed the fury of the people ; they followed Phade from the jail to the court-house with execrations, though at the very same time the police were obliged to protect his brother-in-law, who, to save his own life, had turned king's evidence. It was certain that the wretched old man had gloated over the idea of deceiving his relatives by the semblance of wealth, and fell a victim to his own plot. No one has ever inhabited the old Sheeling since, though the fate of Hill Murphy and the execution of his wretched son is still talked of in the glen.

ROSCOMMON.

The inland county of Roscommon is in the province of Connaught. Its boundaries are, on the north, the county of Leitrim; on the north-west, those of Mayo and Sligo; on the south and south-west, that of Galway; and on the east, those of Longford, Westmeath, and King's County. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 609,405 statute acres; of which 453,555 are cultivated land; 131,063 unprofitable mountain and bog; and 24,787 are under water. In 1821, the population was 209,729, and in 1831, 249,613. It is divided into six baronies:—Athlone, Ballintobber, Ballymoe, Boyle, Moycarnon, and Roscommon. Its principal towns are the assize town of Roscommon, Boyle, and Tulsk; nearly the whole of the flourishing town of Ballinasloe is, however, in this county, and also the major part of the ancient and famous town of Athlone, the town being divided by the Shannon.

The county was for a considerable period celebrated for its iron-works—"The Arigna works," commenced in 1788 by three brothers of the name of O'Reilly. Ages previously, the metal had been manufactured at the base of the range of Slieve-a-neeran, literally signifying in Irish, the Iron Mountains, and the forests had consequently fallen under the axe of the woodman to be converted into charcoal*. The discovery of coal in the district, induced the comparatively recent attempt to render the natural wealth of the county available—without success, however: the works, at first undertaken with spirit, gradually declined, were at length abandoned—subsequently renewed, and are at present conducted upon a very limited scale.

* Isaac Weld, Esq.—a name venerated, as it ought to be, in Ireland, and respected everywhere—in his "Statistical Survey of Roscommon," a work that goes far to redeem the usually inane character of the series of County Surveys undertaken at the instance of the Royal Dublin Society—enters upon this subject at considerable length. A single anecdote, however, speaks more emphatically than his whole chapter. He was walking with a gentleman who had been the purchaser of the concern, and paused before the beautiful gate that opened into his demesne. "Upon being asked," says Mr. Weld, "whether I had ever seen so costly a piece of workmanship, I hesitated, for there was nothing extraordinary in its appearance. 'That gate, sir,' said his companion, 'cost me 80,000*l.*; for it is the only thing I ever got out of the Arigna Iron Works.'" It may be inferred, however, from the statements of Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Weld, and others, that the failure of this great concern arose from want of proper management; and that under more favourable circumstances it might have contributed prodigiously to the prosperity of the country.

The coal mines, too, have been made but partially available, chiefly in consequence of the great abundance of turf; bogs being dispersed over the county, in divisions of various sizes, from tracts of a thousand acres to small patches which barely suffice to supply the neighbouring districts with fuel. "It is rare," writes Mr. Weld, "to find four miles together without the occurrence of bogs, and they are met with in almost every variety of situation; on the summits of the coal mountains, and the tops of the highest hills; on their sloping sides; on the banks of loughs and rivers; and in the depths of valleys." The county is not particularly mountainous—the loftiest mountains are the range of Slieve Curkagh, at the northern extremity; one of them, Fairymount, Mr. Griffiths describes as the most elevated ground in Roscommon. Its rivers and loughs are abundant and extensive, and it contains a considerable number of turloughs, "temporary lakes, which usually commence in winter and disappear in summer;" and which, no doubt, ere long, enterprise will convert into permanently arable land. The noble and beautiful river Shannon forms the eastern boundary of Roscommon county*. Remains

* "On the whole face of the globe, probably no river exists of so large a size in proportion to that of the island through which it flows, as the river Shannon; and were all the advantages which it is capable of affording turned to the best account by the industry and intelligence of the inhabitants, *aided by capital*, its influence upon the internal communication and commerce of the country could not fail of being very extensive. In its natural state, however, the Shannon has conferred fewer benefits upon the country it waters than streams of far inferior magnitude, which were more even and regular in their course, and at the same time easier of access along their banks. This will be more readily understood, when it is explained that in the distance between Lough Allen and Limerick, amounting to about 120 Irish miles, no less than seventeen different falls or rapids intervene, amounting in all to at least 146 feet 11 inches in height; each of them operating as a positive impediment to navigation." This was written by Mr. Weld in 1832; since, as our readers are aware, Government has undertaken the Herculean labour of rendering the Shannon navigable. The work is still carrying on, with what advantage we are unable to determine. It is the latest of many plans to achieve this most desirable purpose, and the only one that appears likely to be attended with even partial success. The source of the Shannon is in a gulf or hole, near the base of the Culkagh mountains, about six miles north-east of Lough Allen, in the county of Leitrim. This gulf, though not exceeding twenty feet in diameter, is represented as being of such vast depth, that soundings, with a line of 200 yards, have not reached the bottom. From the quantity of water which issues out of this gulf, and which at once forms a deep, dead, and sluggish river, it has been supposed that there must be a reservoir within the limestone rocks of the mountain, fed by subterraneous streams. Its height above Lough Allen is 115 feet; above the sea, 275. We condense this statement from Mr. Weld. The following, however, is another account of the source of this magnificent river:—"It rises in the county of Cavan, barony of Tallyhaw, parish of Templeport, townland of Derrylaghan, at the head of a wild district called Glangavelin, and in the valley between Culkagh and Lurganacallagh mountains, close to the base of the former. The source or spring is of a circular form, about fifty feet in diameter, called the Shannon Pot, or more generally Leigmonshena. It boils up in the centre, and a continued stream flows from it, about eight feet wide and two deep in the driest season, and runs about four miles per hour. In rainy weather the flow of water is so much increased, that its banks and all the low ground in its immediate vicinity are overflown. There are numerous caverns and clefts on the top and sides of Culkagh mountain, which receive the rain water; and from the circumstance of no streams descending this side of the mountain, I conclude that the drainage of this vast mountain, combined with its subterranean springs, here find an outlet, and give birth to this river. After winding its way through the valley, and collecting its tributary branches, it falls into Lough Allen, about nine miles south of

of antiquity are very numerous; and some of them are of remarkable interest and beauty. The most ancient of the castles and abbeys of old times are principally those that were founded by the O'Conors *dhumne*, the ancestors of the present O'Conor Don, a gentleman who sustains their high repute—by liberality, generosity, hospitality, and high intellect—in the county of which his family were rulers, and of which he is the existing representative in the Imperial Parliament. The legends, traditions, songs, and histories of Ireland, are rich in records of this royal family; and the walls of their ancient fortress of Ballintobber bear tokens of many a hard contest for their lands and independence, and of many a still harder for the chieftainry of the sept.

Of the three principal towns of the county, Boyle is in the north, Roscommon is nearly in the centre, and Athlone is in the south. Boyle is a good town, yet a very ancient one; it grew up originally round a rich and powerful abbey, founded early in the twelfth century, the picturesque remains of which still grace the borders of the river *. Roscommon town, although the assize town of the county, is small and poor; this also was indebted for its existence to one of the ecclesiastic establishments, about which habitations gradually gathered. An abbey is said to have been founded there so early as the year 550, by St. Coman, who gave his name to the county. The humble structure was a few centuries afterwards eclipsed by one erected by O'Conor, King of Connaught, in 1257; and about the same period a castle was built near it by the English under Sir Robert de Ufford. "The remains of these edifices, vast and extensive in the days of their prosperity and glory, are still, in their ruined state, imposing and venerable."

The fame of the town of Athlone is derived from the contests of a later period. It was the great gateway into Connaught, for several centuries, and many a bloody battle had been fought under its walls, long before the war

its source, having in this short course swelled to a considerable river, from fifty to sixty yards wide, varying in depth from five to ten feet."

Lough Allen is about ten miles long, and is deeply imbedded in lofty hills, which contain rich and copious stores of iron and coal. Out of Lough Allen the river flows in a narrow and rather shallow and impeded channel; occasionally, however, widening into small lakes, between the counties of Leitrim and Roscommon, to Lanesborough, where it expands into the great Lough Ree, twenty miles long, and in some parts four broad. For thirty-seven miles to Portumna, the channel is more confined; but it is still a bold and wide river. From Portumna to Killaloe, its course is through Lough Derg, the largest of the Shannon lakes, being twenty-three miles long. At Killaloe it resumes the character of an ordinary river; but the navigation thence to Limerick is contracted and difficult. From Limerick to its mouth, the Shannon is a tideway, and appears, in fact, a great estuary or arm of the sea.

* In the cemetery of Kibronan, not far from Boyle, was buried the famous Carolan, one of the last of the veritable Irish bards; and here for several years the scull, that had "once been the seat of so much verse and music," was placed in a niche of the old church, decorated, not with laurel, but with a black ribbon. He died in this neighbourhood in the year 1741, at a very advanced age, notwithstanding that he had been in a state of intoxication during, probably, seven eighths of the hours of his life.

of the revolution. Its castle was, indeed, famous very soon after the inflow of the Anglo-Saxon invaders; for when the third Henry granted the dominion of Ireland to his son, he expressly reserved for himself this stronghold; and subsequently, when Connaught was assigned to Richard de Burgo, the monarch retained for his own especial use "five cantreds of land contiguous to the fortress." It stands on the direct road from Dublin to Galway, and protects the passage of the Shannon, at the only place where it can be forded in a distance of twenty or thirty miles. It is now used as a barrack, and still exhibits proofs of prodigious strength. The bridge that conducts to it from the Leinster side is remarkably narrow, and certainly as ancient as the castle*.

* "There is a curiously sculptured monument on it, bearing an inscription rather difficult to read, which records that 'in the ninth year of the reigne of our most dere sovaraign ladie Elizabeth, this bridge was built by the device and order of Sir Henry Sidney, Knt., who finished it in less than one year, bi the good industrie and diligence of Peter Levis, Clk. Chanter of the Cathedral Church of Christ, Dublin, and steward to said Deputy.' The inscription goes on to state that 'in the same yeare the bridge was finished, the newe worke was begun in the Castel of Dublin, besides many other notable workes in sundrie other places. Also the arch rebel Shane O'Neil was overthrowne, his head set on the gate of the said Castel; Coyne and Livery abolished, and the whole realm brought into such obedience to her majestie as the like tranquilitie hath no where been seen.' In a compartment of this monument is the figure of Master Levis, attired in his Geneva gown; in his right hand is something which is said to be a pistol, though it is twisted, and more calculated to represent a screw than an instrument of death. On this pistol is the figure of a rat, appearing to bite the thumb which is holding it."

Peter Levis is said to have been an English monk who turned Protestant, and coming over to Ireland was made a dignitary of Christ Church; being a man of great scientific and mechanical knowledge, Sir Henry Sidney sent him to superintend the erection of this important bridge: but being a "turncoat," a righteous rat, vexed with his tergiversation, followed and haunted him—by day and night, at bed and board—on horseback or in boat, the disgusting vermin pursued him, slept on his pillow, and dipped and dabbled its tail or whisker in all he ate or drank—the church itself could not save him from the persecution. One day in the church of St. Mary's Athlone, he ventured to preach, and lo! this unclean beast kept peering at him with its bitter, taunting eye, all the time he was holding forth; and when he descended the pulpit, after having dismissed the congregation, the cursed creature still remained with his reverence. This was too much—Master Levis presented a pistol, which he had always about him, to shoot it—the sagacious and unaccountable creature, to avert the shot, leaped up on the pistol, as represented on the monument, and seizing the parson's thumb inflicted such a wound as to bring on a locked jaw, which terminated in his death.

A new one, however, is in process of erection. The town of Athlone is, as we have intimated, divided into two parts. The oldest is west of the river; the houses run up a hill; they are miserable and dirty; indeed, the more courtly end of the town is but a degree better. The siege it endured in 1690-1, has rendered it famous in history. Lieut.-General Douglas was sent against it immediately after the battle of the Boyne. It was then held for King James, by Colonel Richard Grace, "an experienced officer"—writes Story, an eye-witness of the business,—"upon whose skill and fidelity every reliance was to be placed." His reputation had been established during the wars of the Commonwealth, and he appears to have been the last person of note who resisted, or was capable of resisting, the republican power in Ireland; in 1652 a price of £300 had been set upon his head. He was an old man when appointed governor of Athlone; and his enemies, flushed with victory, anticipated an easy and bloodless triumph. They were mistaken; when the veteran soldier was summoned to surrender, on the 17th of July 1690—according to Burton, Rapin, and Leland—he returned a passionate defiance. "These are my terms," said he, discharging a pistol in the air, "these only will I give or receive; and when my provisions are consumed, I will defend my trust till I have eaten my boots." The many ineffectual attempts and heavy losses of Douglas, at length, obliged him to raise the siege; and for a time the aged lion remained quietly in his lair. Athlone, however, was of too much importance to be long left in repose; towards mid-summer following Ginkle "sat down before it," with a sufficient force and a heavy train of artillery. Breaches were soon made; and on the 30th of June an assault was commenced—the signal to ford the river being given by the tolling of the church bell *. St.-Ruth, the French general, who commanded the French and Irish forces, lay with his troops in the neighbour-

* Previously, according to Story, the siege had cost the English "12,000 cannon-balls, 600 bombs, nigh 50 tons of powder, and a great many tons of stone shot of our mortars." On the 27th June, the English burned the wooden breast-work, (made on the other side of a broken arch of the bridge), and "next morning,"—thus writes Harris, Life of William III.—"they had laid their beams over, and partly planked them; which the enemy perceiving, they detached a serjeant and ten bold Scotsmen in armour, out of Brigadier Maxwell's regiment, who passed over their own works with a design to ruin the others, but were all slain. Yet that did not discourage others from undertaking the same piece of service, which they resolutely effected, by throwing into the river all the planks and beams that had been laid to make good the broken arch, though they all, except two, lost their lives in the attempt. This disappointment obliged the general to carry on the work by a close gallery on the bridge; and that afternoon, to resolve by advice of a council of war, to pass the Shannon next day, by ordering one party to go over the bridge, a second to ford the river about 150 feet above it, and a third to be carried over by a bridge of floats and pontoons, about 900 feet above the pass. The attempt was considered to be rash and desperate, as no discovery had been made if the river was fordable. Three Danish soldiers, under sentence of death, were offered their pardon if they would undertake to try the river. The men readily consented, and putting on armour, entered at three several

hood; but with that arrogant blindness for which personal courage could make no sufficient atonement, he permitted the English enemy to advance, until his co-operation was of no avail; merely contenting himself,—when he heard that Ginkle had actually passed the river and was in the town—by ordering his army to "advance and beat them back again;" while, at the very moment of extremest peril, he was entertaining a gay party in his tent; or, according to some accounts, in a farm-house, the ruins of which are still standing.

The "forders" made their way "through fire and smoke," reached the other side, laid planks over the broken bridge, then rushed to the assistance of the boats; and in "less than half an hour Ginkle was master of the town*." It was a gallant achievement; Harris rightly says "it would be difficult from history to parallel so brave an enterprise—in which 3000 men attacked a fortified town, across a rapid river, in the face of a numerous army, who by their intrenchments were masters of the fords." Ginkle earned his title of Earl of Athlone.

The loss of the besiegers amounted to no more than twelve men; of the besieged, however, there fell, "as was reported," about 500; notwithstanding that, according to Harris, "it was observable that when the English found themselves masters of the town, they were very backward, though in the heat of action, to kill those who lay at their mercy." Indeed, it was never the policy of William or his generals to imitate the brutal system of extermination adopted by Cromwell. Among the slain was the good and gallant governor, Sir Richard Grace†.

places. The English in the trenches were ordered to fire, seemingly at them, but to aim over their heads; whence the enemy concluded them to be deserters, and did not fire till they saw them returning; the men were preserved, two of them being only slightly wounded; and it was discovered that the deepest part of the river did not reach their breasts, the water having never been known so shallow in the memory of man."

* The rubbish thrown down by the cannon being more difficult to climb over than a great part of the enemy's works, occasioned the soldiers to meet the bullets with volleys of oaths, which drew from Major-General Mackay, (a soldier noted for religion and virtue as well as valour and conduct), this memorable reproof—"that they had more reason to fall upon their knees and thank God for the victory, than blaspheme his name; and that they were brave men, and the best of men if they would swear less."

† Strean, in his account of Athlone, renders ample justice to the memory of the brave and high-souled veteran. "During the exile of the royal family, Colonel Grace was treated by the Duke of York with the familiarity of an equal, rather than the reserve of a sovereign. Hence arose that warm attachment to his person, and those indefatigable exertions in his service, which so pre-eminently distinguished him on all occasions. The reputation he acquired for military experience, during his residence abroad, was, therefore, not higher than what the effects of his zeal merited for him at home; and the example which he displayed, at an advanced age, of activity, enthusiasm, and contempt of death, commanded universal admiration. On one occasion, having left Athlone, he unexpectedly returned at the expiration of a few days with a reinforcement of 400 men, which he accompanied on foot from a remote part of the county of Kilkenny, distant above 70 miles, in a forced march of two days. At another time he rode to Dublin, from Athlone, and returned in

The vanity or imbecility of St.-Ruth had given a victory to his enemies, whom he had affected to despise. The English forces had no sooner entered the river, and manifested a resolve to pass it at any risk, than an express was sent off to his camp—where he was literally "fiddling," while Athlone was burning. He coolly replied, "it was impossible for them to take the town, and he so near with an army to succour it;" adding "he would give a thousand pistoles that they durst attempt it." Sarsfield, who knew his opponents better, and estimated them more justly, reproved the arrogant Frenchman*; warm expressions passed between them, "which bred a jealousy that proved not long after of fatal consequence to their cause."

It was this jesting on the one side, and serious indignation on the other, which lost the subsequent battle, and made way "for all the consequent successes by which the reduction of Ireland was entirely completed." St.-Ruth with his broken army retreated to Aughrim, a small village about twenty miles from Athlone, and three from Ballinasloe. It is in the county of Galway, but in order to carry out this narrative, we shall make some reference to it here. Early in July the combined French and Irish forces were posted, very advantageously, having had ample time to choose their ground, at Aughrim; St.-Ruth being determined to make a stand here, and either regain his character or lose his life. The battle was fought on the 12th of July, 1691. The Irish forces outnumbered those of the English—those of Ginkle amounting to 18,000, and those of St.-Ruth to about 25,000; but the former had greatly strengthened his appliances, was abundantly supplied with all the munitions of war, and his soldiers were animated by recent victory; while the latter was depressed by failure, distrusted by his generals, despised or hated by his Irish troops, and stood in need of absolute necessaries.

The battle commenced early on the 12th, but was little more than a series of skirmishes until five o'clock in the afternoon. The English historians, here as elsewhere, bear generous testimony to the gallantry of the Irish, who "behaved with undaunted courage, defending their posts with unparalleled

twenty-four hours. His conduct to the protestant inhabitants of the district under his command is said to have been so singularly humane and just, as to bring censure upon him for granting them protections too profusely, and administering to them justice too impartially. Hence it was that, till the arrival of General Douglas, this neighbourhood enjoyed a degree of tranquillity unknown elsewhere. The lifeless bodies of ten of his soldiers, executed together beyond the walls of the town, proclaimed his determination to repress military outrage; but, though the severity of his discipline was contrasted with the prevailing licentiousness of the Irish army, he nevertheless possessed, in an eminent degree, the affections, as well as the confidence of his soldiers."

* "He gave the messenger a deaf ear, and when urged by some one present to take instant measures, he replied that he would give a thousand louis to hear that the English DURST attempt to pass. 'Spare your money and mind your business,' was the gruff retort of Sarsfield, 'for I know that no enterprise is too difficult for British courage to attempt.'"

obstinacy;" they had veteran foes to contend against, however, and foes equally brave and resolute. The great brunt of the encounter took place upon the hill of Killcomoden, pictured in the appended print, and which is

now topped by a modern church. Here St.-Ruth was slain by a cannon-ball; although, as he fell, one of his officers threw a cloak over the body to conceal his death from the army, the intelligence rapidly spread; he had suffered his generals, from pique or jealousy, to remain ignorant of his plans; all became disordered—the Irish fled in confusion—and the English remained masters of the most eventful field that was fought during the war.

Portumna, Banagher, and Loughrea, and "other places on the Shannon," succumbed in succession; Galway stood a short siege, and surrendered; and the broken army fled to Limerick, where they made that heroic stand which gives the name of the city a foremost place in the history of Ireland.

We leave these historic incidents of old times to introduce a very opposite subject to the notice of the reader. We have treated of the habits of the Irish peasantry as connected with marriages and deaths; some observations upon those associated with the BIRTHS may not be unacceptable, although they offer less peculiarities, and are, as may be expected, more common-place; indeed, the only singularity attending them arises from a dread of the "good people," to which we have referred elsewhere, and who are always assumed to be upon the watch when an infant stranger is about to enter the world. The Irish nurses—be they mothers or hirelings—are beyond all question the best nurses, as regards either the health or the intellect of the future

man or woman ; and the ties of fosterage are considered second only to those of nature. History abounds, indeed, with evidence of the close link it created ; it was one which the Anglo-Normans found it impossible to break ; and the faithfulness and affection it produced were among the leading "crimes" charged against the "mere Irish" by their conquerors. It endures in all its strength to the present day*.

* We might illustrate this positiou by a host of anecdotes ; not alone from books, but supplied by our own experience. All the ties of nature are so strong among the peasant Irish, that it is difficult to say which is the strongest. This one, however, they have made for themselves. In England it is scarcely understood ; how different are the feelings excited by the mention of "a wet nurse" and "a foster-mother!" the one is a hired, and, generally speaking, a most troublesome, menial ; the other clings often closer than a mother. But not only is the foster-mother attached to the being she has nourished, the child upon whose milk the babe is nursed becomes its "*foster brother*," and all the children "its fosterers." Some fifty years ago the peasant foster-brother was a sort of born thrall to the young gentleman—his attendant and his friend—a being leading the life of a parasite, not from the love of advantage or flattery, but from a self-devoted affection that formed a beautiful page in human nature. We knew one of these men, who was old when we were young. His devotion to a brutal foster-brother was extraordinary :—he had saved his life in the Rebellion of '98, and that by perilling his own ; for he received an injury which lamed him during the remainder of his days. This did not protect Neddy Gahar from the practical jokes and unfeeling jests of his superior, who could find amusement in setting his dogs on him until the poor fellow's garments—none of the soundest at any time—were torn to atoms ; his only remonstrance would be made with a trembling lip, "ah! Master Phil, how can you use me so?" The "Master Phil," like many of his class, managed to finish running through the property which Cromwell had granted to his ancestor, and which each descendant had successively encumbered, while the people emphatically declared that having "come over the devil's back, it must go under his belly," and Phil was consigned to gaol. There Neddy Gahar, and only poor Neddy, accompanied him : the creature would serve him, and bear his humours all day ; and when he could do nothing else, he would retire to a corner and sit looking with streaming eyes at the wreck of one of the handsomest men in the county. "There's nothing," said Philip one day to a casual visitor, "there's nothing breaks my heart more than my unfortunate foster-brother ; I can endure anything better than his affection and patience—I used him so unfeelingly when I had it in my power to act differently." "Ye never did, Master Phil, ye never used me hard ; what was I ever and always but a stupid bocher, fit for nothing but your divarshin? and never thought to be of any other use ; and now, ye let me sit with ye, and stay with ye, and the only thing else I'd desire from ye is that you'd give me a tally-ho! or the wind of the whip to show you hadn't forgot I was out and out yer foster-brother." This was said with a faint earnest smile ; but the poor spendthrift's days were drawing to a close, and it was evident he would end them in the county gaol. One day while poor Neddy was as usual bearing the worn and violent temper of his foster-brother, and the still-more-difficult-to-endure reproaches he vented on himself after he had indulged any violence towards him, a letter was brought to the latter, informing him of the death of his mother's brother, who had been abroad for many years, leaving the poor Bocher, one way or another, about fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds. Nothing could exceed his joy : the money at first seemed to him enough to purchase a king's ransom ; and it was not until after consideration had convinced him of its inefficacy to pay off even a single debt, that he set about procuring every possible luxury for his beloved foster-brother in the gaol ; the necessity for obtaining even a comfortable garment for himself never once entered his head, and he endeavoured to persuade every one that Master Phil would recover and be a great man yet. His plan was to have deceived the gaoler and get his master off to America, giving him all his wealth. It is to be hoped that Philip would not have permitted this sacrifice—at all events death put an end to the struggle. "God bless you, poor Ned, my only true friend!" he said ; "but for you I should have died on gaol allowance." His foster-brother gave him a splendid funeral, and put a tombstone over his grave, upon which, with rare delicacy, his own name was not mentioned. Foster-sisters are attached, but not as strongly as foster-brothers, and in many parts of the country a superstition prevailed against nursing a boy on girl's milk, or a girl on boy's milk. Nevertheless the mother of a healthy boy will sometimes be preferred as the

It is impossible to overrate, in describing, the devoted attachment of Irish mothers to their children—to their sons especially; they sometimes speak harshly and snappishly to their daughters, but their boys are petted and spoiled as much as boys can well be: this is the case throughout the country. No matter what privations the poor mother endures, she shields her child without considering herself. Is her pillow of twisted straw? she cherishes him in her bosom. Is the wind high, and does the hail fall? she kneels down like the camel in the desert, and the children who have been trotting by her hand or galloping before her, climb on her back, and cling there, sheltered from the storm by their mother's cloak, who breasts the tempest with her burden. Is the food scant? with a sad, yet patient countenance she divides the potatoes, reserving to herself the scraps and skins which an English dog would refuse; the consequence is, that, whatever it may be towards the father, the love of the boy is with the mother. And this is apparent in all things; when she grows old, the mother of the husband rules, not only him, but his house and his wife; and young girls have always a great dread of "The mother-in-law over them," but in their turn they rule, and with the same power and the same results: as to the daughters, you frequently hear the observation, "Augh, sure she has got a husband, and she must put up with his quareness, as we had to do with the man that owned us: glory be to God! but they are all mighty quare for men, every one of them, mighty quare intirely!" But for the son: "Oh then, sure my boy—and a fine boy he was—might have done far better than taking up with her; not that there's anything against her, far from it; only ye see my boy could not *pass his luck;* so that it's only natural for me to watch and see how he's trated." Any interference in married feuds is dangerous, and in this particularly so; an observer will generally find that the mother-in-law takes the part of the son-in-law, and the husband's mother of her own son.

Irish women are, as we have intimated, very tender of their infants, and very superstitious as to a young mother's first child and the danger that attends him from the fairies; her friends never leave her alone night or day, from the birth, for nine days; after that they consider that the "good people" do not think her worth having; they guard their offspring by spells, and have more faith in charms than in medicine; they will go a long way to get the seventh son of a seventh son to sign the sign of the Cross upon their children, knowing

nurse of a delicate girl, the nourishment she imparts being considered strengthening, but apt to make the little lady rude and boisterous. We once heard this given as a reason for the masculine propensities of a girl of the Diana Vernon school. "Ah, then, no blame to *her*, the darlin; didn't her mother get her nursed on boy's milk, and wasn't her foster-brother the finest jockey that ever rode a race? How can she help being a thrifle wild? and it's nothing but innocent wildness afther all!"

that he must be "knowledgeable"—for which they have a great respect—how indeed can he be otherwise? for were not his lips first wet with water from a raven's skull, so that he understands the language of the raven and of other birds; and will they not force the child trembling in the paroxysm of "chin-cough," *i. e.* hooping-cough, to inhale a donkey's breath and pass nine times beneath its stomach?—but we will illustrate these superstitions after our own fashion.

It was the very first day of June; the sun had almost set, and the air was fragrant, for the hay had been ricked that morning in the meadows that surrounded the pretty farm-house of Edward Devereux, an Irish grazier much respected by his humble neighbours; there was a general stillness outside the dwelling, and a very strong grey horse, bearing upon his back both a saddle and a pillion, had taken advantage of the farm-yard gate having been left carelessly open, and was making a plentiful supper upon the fresh hay which he pulled at pleasure from out the little rick, left nearest to the house "to be handy."

Several women were gathered together in the kitchen of the dwelling; and, strange to say, though there were many women, there was very little noise; they spoke in whispers, and by signs and nods and smiles seemed anxious to do anything and everything, and yet did nothing, unless it may be considered employment to watch a door that, unlike the farm-yard gate, was carefully closed; this door led into a small parlour, and was immediately opposite another door which, in its turn, communicated with a bed-room; up and down the parlour paced Edward Devereux, and every time his step was heard to pause, there was a universal "hush" expressed by the watchers in the kitchen, as if they expected to hear some wonderful news; and so they did, for Nurse Kelly had arrived some time before upon the stout grey horse that was devouring the new hay, and it was confidently expected that Ellen Devereux would soon present her husband with, as is usual in such cases, either a son or a daughter.

"Nurse Kelly's a fine woman," whispered one to the other. "Oh! but she is"—was the reply in an equally low tone—"so knowledgeable; she nailed the horse-shoe over the door, out there, this day month, in spite of the master, who called it foolishness; and made the round of the house three times, before she'd set foot inside, with a switch of witch hazel peeled under the moon on the fifth night of its age, and steeped nine days in holy water: she's the *safest* against the *good people* of any one going."

"That's all nonsense!" exclaimed Esther D'Arcey, a young girl who had been educated at the National School, "Nurse Kelly's a fine skilful woman,

but I wonder to hear you talking of witch hazel and moonbeams at this time of day."

"Ay, Esther," was the retort; "I suppose you think there's nothing to be done under moonbeams but making love! where do you buy rose-pink, Essy? where were you and Larry Doyle last full moon?"

"It's a shame to see the unbelief that's spreading with new books and new fashions," muttered a very old woman whose hair was white, and whose hand was palsied; "look at me! all of a trimble ever since I met THEM, at the Gap of Kinross; a thousand and more through the air, and out of the bog, shining like stars over the face of the earth and glittering in the heavens, and if it was my dying hour I could swear to the face of more than one that has faded out of the place since I danced at a bone-fire on a St. John's eve."

"Lord save us!" "This be betwixt us and harm!" "See that, now!" "Oh wirrusthrue!" and various other ejaculations followed this statement; while Esther having recovered her self-possession, whispered "May-be you fancied it, granny!" This heresy was replied to by a general shaking of heads, and another crone inquired, "How many children has the Lord given and taken from under this blessed roof?"

"Wisha! two or three; but they were all delicate born little craythurs, like the white buds of a sickly rose, no colour or strength in them! Pray God make poor Ellen's trouble light, and grant her even one to keep young days about her when she grows old; it's only the *childre* can do that."

To this kind prayer there was a unanimous Amen.

In England the importance of the monthly nurse begins with the infant's first cry—announcing to the watchful mother that the consciousness of existence and of suffering are twin-born—and expires exactly that day month; the *monthly* nurse then unwillingly abdicates in favour of the *nurse*, and her very being seems almost a doubt, until her services are again required; but in Ireland the nurse who is, or rather was, synonymous with midwife, is omnipotent. Wherever she has once been, she has a home, and is consulted by the peasant and farming class upon weddings and feastings, and not unfrequently arranges the death-bed for those whom she ushered into life. As to Nurse Kelly, she considered all the people in the parish—if not in the barony—her rightful thralls; and woe, woe, to any who doubted, much less disputed her authority and wisdom! Perhaps the only man of the farming class who had openly done so, was Edward Devereux, and he at last yielded his own opinion in deference to the weakness and superstition of a wife whom he tenderly loved; her neighbours had impressed her mind with a belief that she lost her children because she had not the luck to have "lucky Nurse

Kelly," and that the only way to "turn the luck" was to engage her services and propitiate her temper, which had been much irritated by Edward's contempt of her professional abilities.

This time, when all was over and a daughter born, every one declared she was more than usually lucky; they decided that "Ellen had not been ill, to signify, a minute;" and she, when she looked upon a really fine infant, did not contradict this marvellous statement; it was however, but a specimen of Irish hyperbole, "not a minute" signifying "not an hour"—just as "only a step" means in plain English, "not more than a mile or two." The father was so delighted with his little girl, that he absolutely shook hands with Nurse Kelly, a compliment she did not seem to desire, but received rather as the forced tribute of a rebellious subject; and the watchers in the kitchen declared unanimously that the baby was "quite a picture, and the very *moral* of its mother;" some deciding that the likeness was most striking in the eyes, while others were in favour of the mouth. Nurse Kelly sprinkled the babe all over with holy water, until the little stranger proved that her lungs were in excellent condition; she blackened its little rosy forehead by the sign of the cross, made with ashes preserved for the purpose of "marking to grace," from the previous Ash-Wednesday. She warned every one in the house not to cut, but to bite, its nails, until it was nine weeks old, as a preventive against its becoming a thief; she tied "a Gospel" round its neck with a thread drawn out of a vestment. She made it open its eyes before the blaze of a candle, as a symbol that it would prefer deeds of light to deeds of darkness. She gave it a fair share of sugar and salt, rendered liquid by oil, as a type that sugar sweetens, salt preserves, and oil softens existence; in short, every possible charm was resorted to, to preserve the baby from all manner of evil influences, and from all natural and supernatural dangers; if Nurse Kelly could have procured a four-leaved shamrock to place upon its bosom, she would have considered the baby not only safe, for ever, from the powers of fairy-land, but witchcraft also; she assured the gentle mother, and the host of gossips who hung upon her accents, that if the next Midsummer-eve was over, she would consider *that* baby might even sleep in the centre of a fairy ring without being *changed*—so thoroughly had she worked her knowledge against the art and cunning of "the good people." Certainly, Ellen had never before been blessed with so fine a child; when a week old, every one said it looked double its age; and the Priest, after he named it by the sweet name of 'Mary,' declared he had not baptized so attentive a baby for many a day; "It looked up in his face as if it understood Latin." Midsummer-eve—when it is believed in Ireland that the spirits of the air have so much power over the children

of earth—was nigh at hand, and Nurse Kelly had promised Ellen that, if she could, she would stay that night and keep her eye so fixedly on the infant, that it would be impossible for any supernatural power to do it wrong.

Notwithstanding this gracious promise, Ellen became anxious and feverish —the Pishogues so injudiciously repeated by her neighbours—and Nurse Kelly in particular—in her hearing, had rendered her nervous; and this deplorable feeling increased tenfold when the nurse was summoned to attend the mother of "ten fine children, God bless them," who expected an eleventh, and "could not wait."

"Keep a good heart, Mrs. Devereux, ma'am," she said, "and never take yer eyes off the darlint, when the eve comes, from the turn of the sun until the moon sets; and keep on at yer bades; don't be minding any noise, or any voice that would make you take your eyes off your own born child; that's the great point; and I'd recommend the master to stay in the room too, but that he has no *faith* in him, poor man! only rasoning upon everything. Ah! it's little he knows! how little the good people have to do with rasons! there's *lashins* of holy water, and blessed palm, and everything needful *to the fore*, and no fear of anything;—sorry am I to leave you, but there is no help for it. Sure, it's a happy mother you are; and keep the prayer-book under your head! and——" but her directions and adieus were too numerous to repeat, and unfortunately all tended to confirm the weak-minded but affectionate woman, in the belief that she was in great danger of losing her child—of having it "changed" by the fairies. She did not venture to communicate her fears to her husband, for he would have laughed at her, and the laugh of the scorner is harder to endure than a volume of reasons; while those of her neighbours who sat with her by day or night, were even more superstitious than herself. One tossed the tea-cup, to discover, in the mystic grounds of the Chinese infusion, whether the little Mary was to marry a farmer, or get a "grate match intirely." Another declared she would be twice married, as she had *two* rings of fat on the third finger of her little hand; and all agreed that if she *got over* the St. John's eve, she would be the greatest beauty in the parish, and die a widow, for the widow's peak was plain to be seen on her forehead. At last THE EVE came—a fine, joyous, sunny day—an Irish holiday; much mirth and some mischief going on in every cottage, while boys and even men were engaged in preparing for the bonfires.

Ellen sat in her little chamber, supporting her infant on her lap, while one by one the beads dropt from her slender fingers; the heat of the day had passed, but her anxiety doubled with the shades of evening; her lips were white, and the prescribed prayers trembled upon them; a heavy dew stood

upon her fair high forehead, and she frequently stooped to kiss the unconscious cause of all her anxiety; the woman who usually companioned her had gone forth to make holiday, and her husband was engaged with one or two farmers, who discussed the prospects of the season, and laughed loudly in the next room; at last they went out to look at the hay, and Ellen's terrors increased—she trembled so as to rock her sleeping child, and its gentle breathing sounded loudly in her ears—all her senses appeared to be performing double duty. Again and again she pressed her cold lips upon its rosy forehead, and felt (for the sober grey of twilight had succeeded the glories of the setting sun) for the branch of blessed palm, which she had placed upon its little breast. She would have given the world for a candle, but there was no one within to call to; and though she could hear the voices of her neighbours from without, she well knew that they could not hear her; the cat, too—the great old brown cat left his place at the kitchen fire, and, jumping with the agility of a kitten upon a chair opposite to where she sat, kept staring at her with his large green eyes. For the first time in her life she discovered meaning in the chirrup of the mysterious cricket, who looked out from his hiding-hole and welcomed the evening; and the ticking of a time-honoured clock (that rare inmate of an Irish cottage) reminded her so painfully of the death-watch, that if she had been able to walk across the sanded floor, she would have stopped the pendulum. She started, and pressed the child closely to her bosom, when the first red glare of a distant bonfire shot athwart the room, cheered loudly by the voices of those who had created the blaze; but after a moment the glare revived her, and she felt the light to be a companion. As suddenly, however, as it came, it faded; and then she was more solitary than ever. Remembering Nurse Kelly's injunction, she kept her eyes fixed upon her child, and, folding her in her arms, resolving to wait her husband's return as patiently as she could, she recommenced her prayers, and continued repeating them rapidly; but, despite her exertions, she grew fainter and fainter, and all around her became heavy and indistinct, until—she saw a creature as straight, and hardly stouter than a rush, gliding towards her; on it came, robed in green, glittering all over with silver, first standing and twisting on one leg, then on another, and whirling, around and above, a wand, upon the top of which sparkled a shining star; at the same instant the room became filled with the most delicious music—not common or familiar minstrelsy, not even those national airs which make the cheek flush and the heart beat—those airs so dear to every patriot heart—imperishable records of Irish hope, Irish love, Irish glory, and Irish grief: No!—but the daintiest music, as Ellen said, "from foreign parts,"—now high, now low, very grand, and very sweet, but

hard to remember; a floating melody, increased occasionally by the richest harmonies, that overpowered her senses; and as it fell away

"With a dying fall,"

Ellen was still more dismayed at perceiving a troop of half-transparent beings; creatures who seemed as light as the air in which they sported, crowding round the imperial sprite, who still continued to wave her wand; there were others, too, quaint distorted beings, but more material than those who first appeared; comical little fellows, with hump backs and high noses; their heads covered by the caps of the purple foxglove—bearing little hammers in their hands, which ever and anon they clicked-clicked upon the soles of the high-heeled boots they were pretending to mend; well may it be said pretending, for the little rogues continually paused in their work to jibe, and scoff, and jeer, at the affrighted mother, and point towards her treasure with their brown crooked fingers. Astonished, and filled with apprehension, Ellen could neither speak nor move, every faculty seemed paralysed, she even forgot Nurse Kelly's injunctions, and instead of keeping her eyes fixed upon her baby, she became spell-bound by the evolutions indulged in by the fairy queen—the little lady was so full of fantasies; and yet to look on was to love her and admire; Ellen was not at all afraid of *her*, for she smiled upon her most graciously, and as she had never before in her whole life been smiled upon by a queen, no wonder that such an event bewildered her senses: suddenly however the whole scene changed—the fairies with their queen vanished, how, she could not tell, but they were there, and the next moment—nay the same moment, they were gone; the distorted fellows lingered a little in the corners of the room, and one of them kept poking his head and shaking his hammer out of a reputed rat-hole which disgraced the wall; but he too disappeared, and Ellen was just assuring herself she was alone, when a figure clothed from head to foot in a long dark mantle stood before her, and then advanced towards where she sat; it paused, and turning slowly round pointed across the room, but instead of the whited wall of her simple dwelling, poor Ellen shuddered when she beheld the ruins of the old church, over whose mouldering walls an aged elm waved its stately branches; well did she know that tree! for beneath its shadow were her children buried: she tried to speak, but her parched tongue only rattled against her frozen lips; the spectre waved its arm, the little mounds of earth upheaved, and there were those she had loved so dearly—three, so cherished, so mourned for; the eldest, Aileen, her fair hair curling on her snowy shoulders, and little Ned, so bold and brave; and the last she laid in its cold resting-place, a toddling baby; they had

risen from their graves, and, but for their stony eyes—so fixed and void of love, she could have forgotten that they had ever left her hearth. She tried to meet them, but had she been chained she could not have been more firmly rooted to her seat; she stretched her arms towards them, and a great cry burst at last from her full heart; and they too vanished; but when she would have pressed her *real* infant to her bosom, what words can paint her horror—it was gone! The stars flung a flickering uncertain light through the open casement, and what she touched was foul and hairy—a changeling.

* * * * * * *

"Ah then Nelly avourneen, it's glad I am to see you awake, and a fine spell of the sleep you had anyhow, and I took the babby from your arms when I saw how sound you were; but Aileen, darling, why you're the colour of death! Ellen—why, Ellen!" and Edward Devereux, affrighted in his turn, endeavoured to arouse his wife.

"Bad luck to the old cat!" he exclaimed, "for crowding your lap when I stole away your own child lest she should be too heavy."

"The old cat!" murmured Ellen. "Are you sure, Edward, it *is* the old cat, the poor old—but where's my child?"

The sight of her baby soon relieved Ellen Devereux from the effects of her heated dream; but when she repeated it, great was the triumph of Nurse Kelly, who declared that only for *her*, Ellen and Edward would be childless; still it is too evident that the worthy woman's influence is on the decline, for at this day Ellen and Edward and their rosy daughter Mary laugh at the story of the changeling.

The subject of the Poor Law for Ireland—with its mighty influences and innumerable ramifications—is one that demands some consideration before we close our book. Although when we commenced our labours, it was necessary for every looker-on to wait until theory had been followed by practice, ample time has been obtained, since the beginning of the year 1840, to try it according to its own merits. Of one hundred and thirty "Houses" in process of erection, eighty-four are occupied, sixteen are on the eve of occupation, and the remaining thirty are in a state of preparation. Sufficient opportunity is therefore supplied for testing the practical working of the measure; for ascertaining its effect upon the rate-payers; its influence upon the parties who receive relief; and its actual bearing upon the character and condition of the country.

In order to enable the reader to obtain a clear view of the whole matter, we shall first submit to him a few matter-of-fact details.

The Act entitled "an Act for the more effectual* relief of the destitute poor in Ireland," received the Royal assent on the 31st July, 1838.

The office operations began in September 1838. The erection of the new workhouses commenced in June 1839. Relief was first administered to the poor (under the Act) in the Old House of Industry, in Cork, 15th February, 1840; (the new building not having been declared fit for occupation until the 21st December, 1841;) and relief commenced in Dublin on the 25th March, of the same year.

The Unions comprise certain Electoral Divisions, and these are formed by uniting a number of town-lands together†; the number being dependent on the population resident therein, and the means of each to support the destitute who are likely to claim relief in the workhouse. Each electoral division is chargeable with the support of the poor it furnishes to the workhouse; hence individual properties, if sufficiently large, are usually formed into separate electoral divisions, in order that every proprietor shall as much as possible be liable to support the paupers furnished from his estate ‡. The extent

* The words "more effectual" were inserted as showing that some kind of relief had been given in Ireland, though not effectual; e. g. dispensaries, hospitals, &c. supported principally by county cess, but no other State provision previously existed.

† The electoral divisions in England comprise a certain number of parishes; in Ireland, town-lands are united for this purpose. In Ireland the most generally known division of land is the "town-land;" properties are usually sold by town-lands, for which, among other reasons, they were made the units of which the respective Unions were formed; besides, as the Protestant and Roman Catholic parishes are not always coterminous, the former is the most easily recognised boundary. Each principal market-town is made the centre of a Union, with a radius (as nearly as circumstances will admit) of about ten miles. Where Unions are exceptions to this rule, it will be seen, on reference to the map, that the county being poor, and having a large area of mountain bog or water, is less able to support the burden of poor-rate than others having a smaller area.

‡ The division of the country into these "electoral divisions" was, and continues to be, the great stumbling-block of the commissioners. Complaints are continually made of injustice upon this ground; sometimes, indeed, with an appearance of reason. For example, let us take that portion of the Queen's County included in the Roscrea Union. At a recent meeting of the guardians, the following entry was inserted in the Minute-book:—"The Queen's County section of the Union has much to complain of in being connected with Roscrea, and is involved in an expense from which parts of it derive no advantage whatever. There are many paupers in the poor-house charged on the Queen's County, or on the Union at large, who have never been resident in the Queen's County. The following Scale will give an idea of the expense imposed upon these divisions:—

	PAUPERS.	RATES.
Rathdowney	16	£252
Borris-in-Ossory	13	105
Donoghmore	6	141
Kyle	2	61
Eirke	none	75
	37	£634

From this it appears that the Electoral Division of Eirke has not even one pauper in the house, Kyle having

of the Union is determined by the population in reference to the acreage; thus the Ballina Union contains a population of 115,030, on 507,154 statute acres, being four and a quarter acres, or rather more, to each person, whilst the Rathdown (the smallest rural Union) has a population of 39,391 on 57,154 statute acres, being about one and a quarter statute acres to each person. The Union of Gortin, in the county of Tyrone, has the smallest population, and contains 17,315 persons, on 111,248 statute acres. The Unions of smallest area are, of course, those which comprise the cities of Dublin and Belfast; the acreage of these is respectively as follows:—

North Dublin	38,917
South Dublin	44,474
Belfast	47,702

The number of Houses, declared fit for occupation, is one hundred out of

but two, and Donoghmore only six, for which they have paid collectively, in the shape of rate, 277*l.*" This is by no means a solitary case; on the contrary, it is of frequent occurrence, and indeed may now be regarded as the source of every difficulty with which the Commissioners have to contend. The power of the Commissioners to make what arrangement they please is absolute, and has been loudly and continually protested against. It will be obvious, however, that various obstacles would present themselves in the way of any mode of settling the question; yet it is more than probable that, ere long, the present system will be remodelled upon a more equitable footing.

On the enactment of the existing Poor Law a wise clause was introduced, limiting the levy for the support of paupers to small districts, so that the amount assessed upon each should depend on the amount of pauperism in the respective electoral, or small, districts, instead of being uniform over the whole Union. At the first framing of the bill the rate was to have been equal over the Union; and so it passed the House of Commons. The evil that this would have produced was detected in the House of Lords, and the remedy referred to was adopted at the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington. The alteration thus made, however, can only be useful if its spirit is understood and strictly acted upon by the Poor Law Commissioners. Unfortunately such is not the case. The intention of the Legislature in making separate ratings for small integral portions of the Unions, was—to give an impulse to proprietors to improve the condition of the people on their estates. If the electoral district, which is separately rated for the maintenance of its own paupers, be all under one proprietor, his management may be so judicious as wholly to remove pauperism, and thereby wholly to exempt his property from this portion of the poor-rates. No stronger worldly impulse could have been invented. If an estate form but a portion of one of these separate rated or electoral districts, its proprietor cannot by any exertion protect himself or his tenants against the tax; because, although his portion may be without a single pauper, it is still, as we have shown, liable to be charged in common with the remaining lands of the electoral district, and may be overwhelmed by the mismanagement of his neighbours, who, on the other hand, only bear a portion of the tax produced by the pauperism existing on their lands and caused by their own neglect. Nothing can be more hostile to the interests of both poor and rich than this state of things, or more contrary to the spirit of the wisest provision of the act itself. More of the good or evil working of the Poor Law depends upon the manner in which the Poor Law Commissioners exercise their *absolute power* in regulating the limits of electoral districts, than upon all other measures which affect property. These limits should in every possible case be made to correspond with the limits of the estates of individual proprietors within each Union. There is no principle outraged by making an electoral district to consist of town-lands separated from each other. There is no principle that can require an electoral division to be of a square or compact form. Its functions in no way require contiguity or compactness of territory, such as is required, for example, by a school district, a police district, or even by a general Poor Law Union, each of which have reference to central points.

the one hundred and thirty, the total number in Ireland; and these have the following capabilities of accommodation for the destitute :—

2	houses	capable	of	accomodating	200 persons each.
2	,,	,,	,,	300	,,
6	,,	,,	,,	400	,,
15	,,	,,	,,	500	,,
2	,,	,,	,,	550	,,
18	,,	,,	,,	600	,,
1	,,	,,	,,	650	,,
10	,,	,,	,,	700	,,
22	,,	,,	,,	800	,,
6	,,	,,	,,	900	,,
1	,,	,,	,,	960	,,
8	,,	,,	,,	1000	,,
2	,,	,,	,,	1200	,,
1	,,	,,	,,	1300	,,
1	,,	,,	,,	1600	,,
3	,,	,,	,,	2000	,,
100 houses.					

Eighty-four of these houses are, as we have stated, now occupied, and the remaining sixteen are receiving stores and preparing for occupation.

The number of persons receiving relief (in the eighty-four houses) on the 17th September, of the present year, was as follows :—

Men.	Women.	Boys under 15.	Girls under 15.	Infants under 3.	Total.
5,486	9,134	6,134	5,308	1,475	27,537.*

The total amount of accommodation which the hundred and thirty workhouses in Ireland, when finished, will be capable of affording, is for 92,860 persons; and in case of pressure the capability of the houses may be considered to be from ten to twenty per cent. beyond this number; included among these there is accommodation for upwards of 2000 idiots or harmless lunatics—the buildings being provided with wards for persons of this class. The hundred and thirty workhouses are expected to cost between £1,100,000 and £1,200,000, which, considered in reference to the accommodation afforded, is, as may be expected, much lower, per head, than the expense incurred in

* The number of persons receiving relief will appear small; but food being more plentiful at this time of the year (September) than at others, fewer persons would be obliged to resort to the workhouse; independently of which, several of these houses were only just then opened, and there is always great hesitation on the part of the poor to entering the house; they generally wait for information respecting the treatment of the more "adventurous" before they apply. In one instance, in the west of Ireland, this feeling operated so strongly, that the master, being "au désespoir" of filling the house, turned recruiting officer, and actually engaged a fiddler to play, while the children danced in the front of the building. Of course, with such a demonstration, plenty of recruits were soon found. The workhouse master, however, fell into some disgrace for his extra-official zeal.

England, and considerably below the cost of accommodation obtained in other public institutions in Ireland *.

The money required for the erection of the buildings is obtained on favourable terms from the Government, being advanced free of interest for ten years, and to be repaid by annual instalments within a period of twenty years; so that the interest which the Government foregoes is equivalent to the amount advanced by it. The payment of the first instalment does not take place until twelve months after the date of the declaration that the house is fit for occupation.

The officers appointed (by the guardians)† at salaries, for duties in the workhouse, consist of the following :—

Clerk of the Union—usual salary		£50 per annum.
Workhouse master	,,	40 ,,
Matron ‡	,,	25 to 30 ,,

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* "It was originally estimated that the cost of the 130 workhouses in Ireland would not exceed a million sterling, and provision was accordingly made by Government to that extent: as the buildings advanced, however, it became apparent that this amount would be insufficient, and accordingly, in December 1841, application was made for an additional sum of 150,000*l.*"—*Eighth Report.*

† Every cess-payer (or rate-payer, where poor-rates have been struck) is entitled to vote for the election of Guardians, and is eligible for that office. The annual election of Poor Law Guardians gives rise to annual disputes, heart-burnings, and animosities. The framers of the Act threw the power almost exclusively into the hands of the "Liberal" party; the consequence has been that many respectable persons, and persons of property in land, who should have been especially considered, are nearly excluded from participation in the administration of the law—we fear there is too much truth in the assertion, contained in a Dublin newspaper, of comparatively moderate views, that "The Irish Boards of Guardians are too generally complete bear-gardens, from which every gentleman desirous of retaining his own self-respect must be anxious to withdraw, because he is brought into painful collision with a class whose habits and manners are intolerable. No sooner is a Board of Guardians elected than the most indecent scramble commences for the disposal of every piece of patronage attached—their blood relations are commonly put into the stipendiary offices, their more distant relatives into the body of the house; and this, not unfrequently, to the exclusion of the really destitute and infirm." This is, however, an evil that will cure itself, and was almost inseparable from a sudden transfer of political power to those who were not accustomed to its use. It is, indeed—as we know—growing less and less, from year to year. The Irish "people" have a sort of natural yearning towards persons placed by rank or property above them; they are the very reverse of democratic in their feelings and modes of thinking and reasoning; and we feel assured that ere long the just exercise of influence will flow into its legitimate channel.

‡ "It was supposed by many persons that we should not be able to find individuals possessed of the requisite qualifications for filling the several offices in the Unions in Ireland; and we were ourselves not free from apprehensions on this score, especially with reference to the offices of master and matron, on whom the order and efficiency of the workhouse would in every instance so much depend. We are rejoiced to be enabled to state, however, that the difficulty arising from this source has been much less than was anticipated, and that in general very good officers have been obtained. Many of them were ignorant at first, and uninformed of their duties; but by sending them to one of the Dublin workhouses in the first instance, and recently to one or two of the other best-managed houses for training, for a time, we have been enabled generally to secure efficient officers."—*Eighth Report.* We made continual inquiries upon this very essential subject, and were in almost every case assured of the fitness of the parties employed; notwithstanding that they are elected by the Guardians, and that private influence will sometimes operate to the prejudice of public duty. The officers of the establishment are, however, closely watched—not only by jealous guardians, but by the assistant commissioner.

Schoolmaster—usual salary		£20 per annum.
Schoolmistress ,,		14 ,,
Porter (with a suit of clothes)		10 ,,
Chaplains—Established Church	30 to 40	,,
,, Roman Catholic	50 to 60	,,
,, Presbyterian	20 to 30	,,

(Differing, especially the R. C. C., with the size of the Union). *

These salaries appear small; but they are considered sufficiently large, taking into account the relative value of money in England and in Ireland. The expensive machinery of the Law is, however, very generally complained of; but chiefly in reference to the incomes of the superior officers connected with the establishment. That of the commissioner is £2000 per annum; and that of each assistant-commissioner, £700 per annum, independent of allowances for travelling expenses, &c. † Whether these salaries be high or low is best determined by contrasting their amounts with the sums paid to officials of equal social standing. They have very laborious duties to perform; in the discharge of which they incur great responsibility;—many of them being exceedingly irksome. In some districts, we know that the life of an assistant commissioner is a continued scene of turmoil and wrangling, in consequence of the very unmanageable parties with whom they have to deal. They are, we believe, without an exception, gentlemen of integrity and ability; and their work appeared to us to be performed with zeal, discretion, and industry ‡.

* Various complaints have been made concerning the disproportion of payments to Protestant and Roman Catholic Chaplains: they have been thus met by the Commissioners. "In some, if not in several, of the workhouses in the western districts, we doubt if there be a single Protestant inmate; and in many of the other houses, the number will be very small; and in these cases we have considered it to be our duty, in accordance with what we believe to have been the intentions of the Legislature, to assign a less salary to the chaplain of the Established Church than to the Roman Catholic chaplain." Where—as in the north of Ireland—the proportions are more upon a par, other regulations are of course made. This embarrassing subject has given rise to many other difficulties. An application by the Roman Catholic Bishops to permit the chaplains "to associate with them their own curates in the discharge of their duties," in the workhouse, was refused by the Board, on the ground that—"They cannot but look upon an officer appointed by them as being individually responsible to them for the due execution of his duties; and as a general rule, they cannot sanction or permit the duties of any officer to be delegated to a person not named in the order of appointment." A question having arisen as to the religion in which a child was to be brought up, who had been deserted, and of whose parents nothing was known, the opinion of the Attorney-General (Blackburne) was thus taken: "I am of opinion that the guardians ought, in such a case as this, to cause the child to be educated in the religious creed of Protestantism—the religion of the State."

† The sum estimated for the Irish Poor Law Commission (exclusive of the head commissioner) from 1st April, 1841, to 31st March, 1842, was 21,634*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.*, paid as follows: viz., secretary, 600*l.*; eleven assistant commissioners, at 700*l.* a year; architect, 600*l.*; eleven clerks, 1185*l.*; eleven assistant commissioners and their clerks, 7938*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.*; one temporary assistant commissioner, 676*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.*; architect and his clerks in the inspection of works, 940*l.*; contingencies, 900*l.*

‡ The law in Ireland is administered by the Poor Law Commissioner, Mr. Nicholls, who has been hitherto resident in Dublin. There are eleven assistant commissioners, ten with districts, one detached on medical inquiries. The districts may be considered as having the following towns as their centres:—Galway, Limerick, Cork, Waterford, Donegal, Belfast, Derry, Longford, Kilkenny, and Dublin.

The clerk of the Union is now usually the returning officer in the election of Guardians, for which he receives a small fee in addition to his salary; in the first election, in each Union a returning officer was appointed by the Commissioners, and his fee varied from fifteen to fifty pounds, according to the extent of the Union, and the number of divisions contested.

The clothing of the adult males consists of a coat and trousers of barragon, cap, shirt, shoes, and stockings. The female adults are supplied with a striped jerkin, a petticoat of linsey-woolsey, and another of stout cotton, a cap, shift, shoes, and stockings. The male children have each a jacket and trousers of fustian, a shirt and woollen cap. The female children have each a cotton frock and petticoat, a cap, and a linsey-woolsey petticoat*. Each bed is supplied with a straw mattress, with blankets, bolsters, &c. The able-bodied women and children sleep in double beds; the sick, the infirm, and the male persons sleep in single beds.

The diet varies in particular Unions, chiefly depending on the condition of the poor in the neighbourhood, the object being to give such diet to the

* In some of the workhouses the clothing of the inmates is made "at home." In that of Galway, we saw the paupers at work—upon coats, petticoats, shoes, &c.—and here, by the way, to our great surprise, we found that the woollen stuff used for men's dresses was *not the manufacture of Ireland.* Every visitor will be struck by the insufficiency of employment for the paupers; but upon this important subject we quote the "Eighth Report" of the Commissioners:—

"In connexion with workhouse management, we may notice the difficulty everywhere experienced, of finding suitable employment for the inmates. The unprofitableness of pauper labour is so generally admitted as to require no argument for establishing the proposition; and if this be the case in England, where the field of employment is so large and so varied, it must be at least equally true with respect to Ireland, where the labour market is in so many instances overcharged. All that has hitherto been attempted in this respect in the Irish workhouse, has been to endeavour to provide employment of the simplest and commonest description, especially for the more aged and infirm of both sexes, who constitute the great majority of the inmates. These are generally employed in oakum-picking; in the picking, and spinning, and carding of wool; in knitting; and some few in making and mending the clothes belonging to the establishment. Of the able men, very few have been admitted, and there are scarcely any of this class in the workhouses, although there are a great many of the partially-disabled, who are, for the most part, occupied in the kitchen, and doing the rougher work about the house and yards; and where this does not afford sufficient occupation, they are employed in breaking stones. The able-bodied women (with or without children) are generally employed in household work; and, in several of the houses, there are not a sufficient number of these to clean and keep the house in proper order, without the aid of paid assistants; but where the number of able-bodied women is greater than can be so employed in household work, they are set to work with the needle, or in carding, spinning, and knitting. On the whole, therefore, the difficulty with respect to employment in the Irish workhouses is not, perhaps, greater, or even so great, as might have been apprehended, owing to the very large proportion of the aged and infirm, of whom the inmates consist. With regard to the children, and the youths of both sexes, in addition to the instruction which they receive, it has been our endeavour to impress upon the guardians the necessity of training them up in habits of industry, by which they may in due time be fitted for earning their own livelihood. They are, accordingly, when not at school, employed in occupations fitted to their age and strength: the girls, under the matron, in household work, or in working with the needle; the boys working in the yards, or in the garden, or at some trade in the house—thus accustoming their hands to labour, and developing their muscular powers, and fitting them for every-day occupations of life."

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inmates of the workhouse as shall not be superior to that obtained by the independent labourer *.

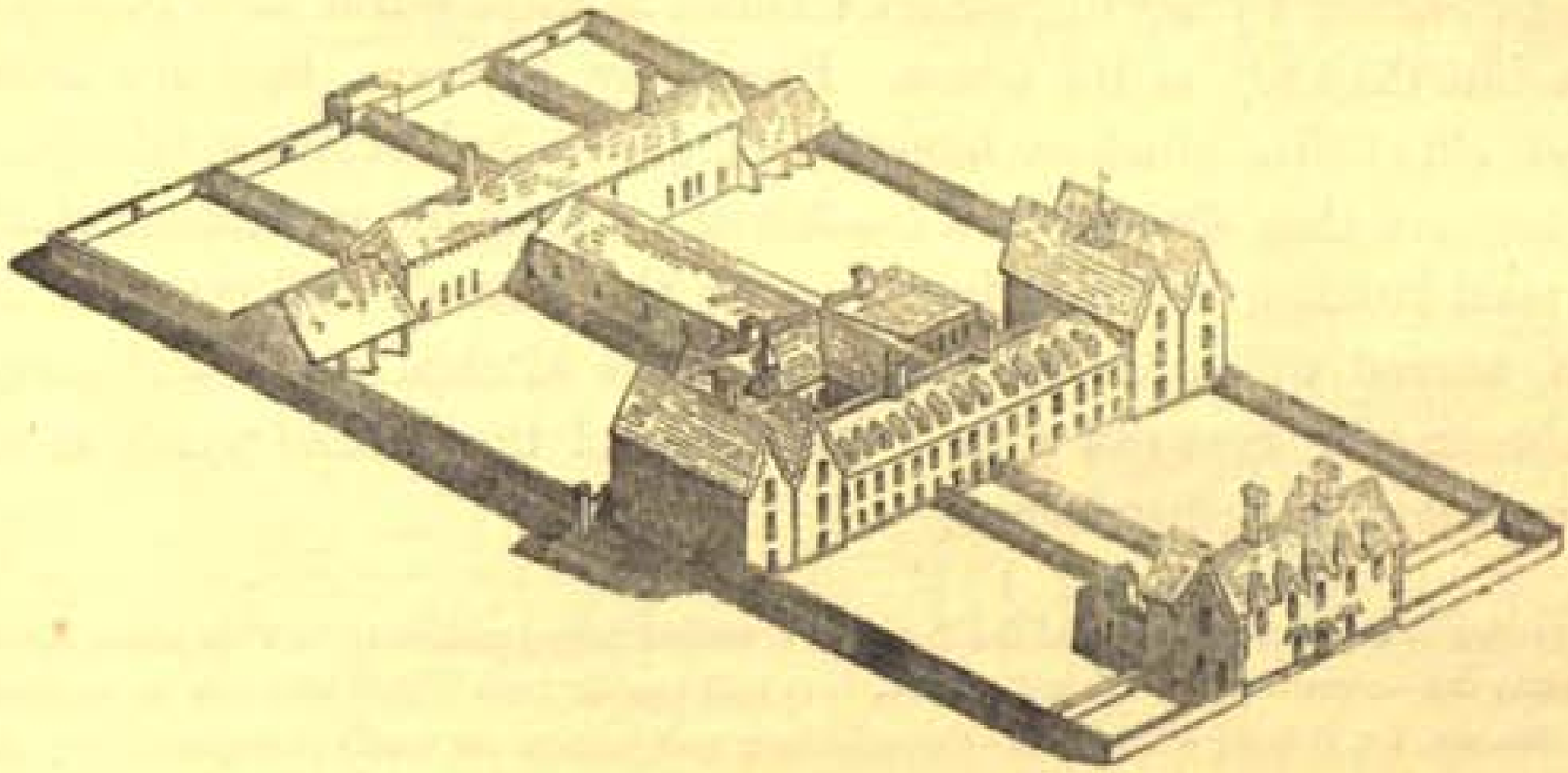
The principle adopted in affording relief in the workhouses (except in special cases) is not to admit children without their parents (if dependent on them), nor a man without his wife, nor the latter without her husband,—no more distant members of the family are affected by this principle. If a son be able to support his father, the law very properly makes this natural duty legally incumbent on him.

In England, the workhouses have acquired the name of "bastilles," chiefly on account of their construction, the windows being very small, and placed above the height of the inmates to prevent their seeing out of them; the yards also have been much too confined in this respect. In Ireland the houses are in size greatly beyond those erected in England, where a workhouse for 1000 persons is one of the largest, and one for 500 persons in the rural districts is considered of large extent; while in Ireland, houses for 800 and 1000 are common sizes, and they vary, as we have shown, from 800 to 1200, 1600 and 2000 persons. The workhouses in Ireland being of immense size, appear to have been designed with a view to render them picturesque, and to diminish the appearance of their real magnitude; the rooms are placed in double width, to insure effective superintendence. The style of most of the buildings is that of the domestic Gothic, being best suited for the materials available in their construction, the walls being built with rubble masonry, which would have required more dressing and cut stone-work had the Italian or common domestic style of buildings been adopted. The use of the dirty and perishable "rough casting" or "dashing," so common in Ireland, appears to have been avoided as much as possible. The buildings, by their arrangement, are capable of being extended in various ways, and

* The dietary in most common use consists of a daily allowance of—for breakfast, to adults, 7 ounces of oatmeal made into "stir-about," one pint of butter milk, or half a pint of new milk; for dinner—3½ lbs. of potatoes, and 1 quart of butter-milk: children 5 to 14, 3½ ounces of oatmeal for breakfast; dinner, 2 lbs. of potatoes; supper, 6 ounces of bread, and 1 pint of new milk, daily. Infants, the sick, infirm, &c., dieted as directed by medical officer. Two meals a day only are allowed; except in some districts, "where the bulk of the labouring population can and do usually provide for themselves three meals." Children have three meals. Meat is not given; it is unnecessary to say that meat is a "luxury" rarely tasted by the Irish peasant out of the workhouse. In Dublin, Cork, and other localities, however, soup and other descriptions of food are given to the paupers; in Dublin we saw them dining upon rice, which they at first loudly protested against, but to which they afterwards became accustomed. Potatoes were then at a very high price.

"Circumstances may occur rendering it inexpedient or disadvantageous to adhere strictly to the established dietary, when a temporary departure from it may be advisable, owing to the state of the markets or other cause. In such cases, a variation may be made by substituting bread for either potatoes or oatmeal, in the proportion of twelve ounces of bread for three and a half pounds of potatoes, and eight ounces of bread for seven ounces of meal;—or eight ounces of meal in stir-about may be substituted for three and a half pounds of potatoes."

the houses, as constructed, are considered only as portions of buildings, planned to a larger scale, according to drawings which are deposited with the clerk of the Union, agreeably to the 35th section of the Poor Law Act, which empowers the Commissioners to carry into execution the additional buildings contained in the plan—a portion only of which is considered to be carried into effect originally. The division for classification as contained in the Irish workhouses is greater than in workhouses erected in England, though they were originally intended to be less; the yards are larger, and the rooms are much more lofty and airy.



Of the character of the buildings, generally, this "bird's-eye view" will convey a sufficiently accurate idea*. There are, however, several houses

* The Commissioners deserve the highest credit for the rapidity with which these structures have been raised. There has been nothing of that dilatoriness and procrastination, to which Ireland has been accustomed for centuries, in the conduct to completion of public works; nor have we heard from opponents of the system any charges on the ground of jobbing in their erection. "Even with favourable seasons," we quote from the Eighth Report of the Commissioners, "it was by no means a light task to superintend and direct extensive building, proceeding simultaneously in every part of the country; but with such weather as that of the last three years, and with not less than a hundred of these buildings in progress at one time, and all requiring frequent inspection and constant superintendence, the difficulty has been proportionately increased." The architect to the Commission is George Wilkinson, Esq. Among the difficulties encountered by the architect, may be stated the anomaly created by the Poor Law Act, in rendering the Poor Law Commissioner responsible for the building of the workhouses, but making it necessary that the guardians should be required to borrow the money for their erection; this, however, may have been indispensable, as little doubt can exist that in certain parts of Ireland, unless the Act had so provided, no workhouses would have been built; and, moreover, very great difficulty would have been encountered in obtaining plans which would have suited the tastes of the several parties interested in the structure. But the onerous nature of the architect's duties can perhaps be appreciated only by those who are officially connected with him. Some estimate of their extent and importance may, however, be formed by considering that 100 of the workhouses were simultaneously in progress; that there were employed *directly* on the works at the same time 11,117 workpeople and 1032 horses and carts; that in addition to this, the terms of the contracts for the erection of the houses devolved on the architect the irksome and anxious duty of "awarding the amount which he shall deem to be due to the contractors for work executed by them, and for which the contract has not provided." Of course Mr. Wilkinson has

with elevations differing from the one here given—intended to diversify the appearance of these structures in different localities.

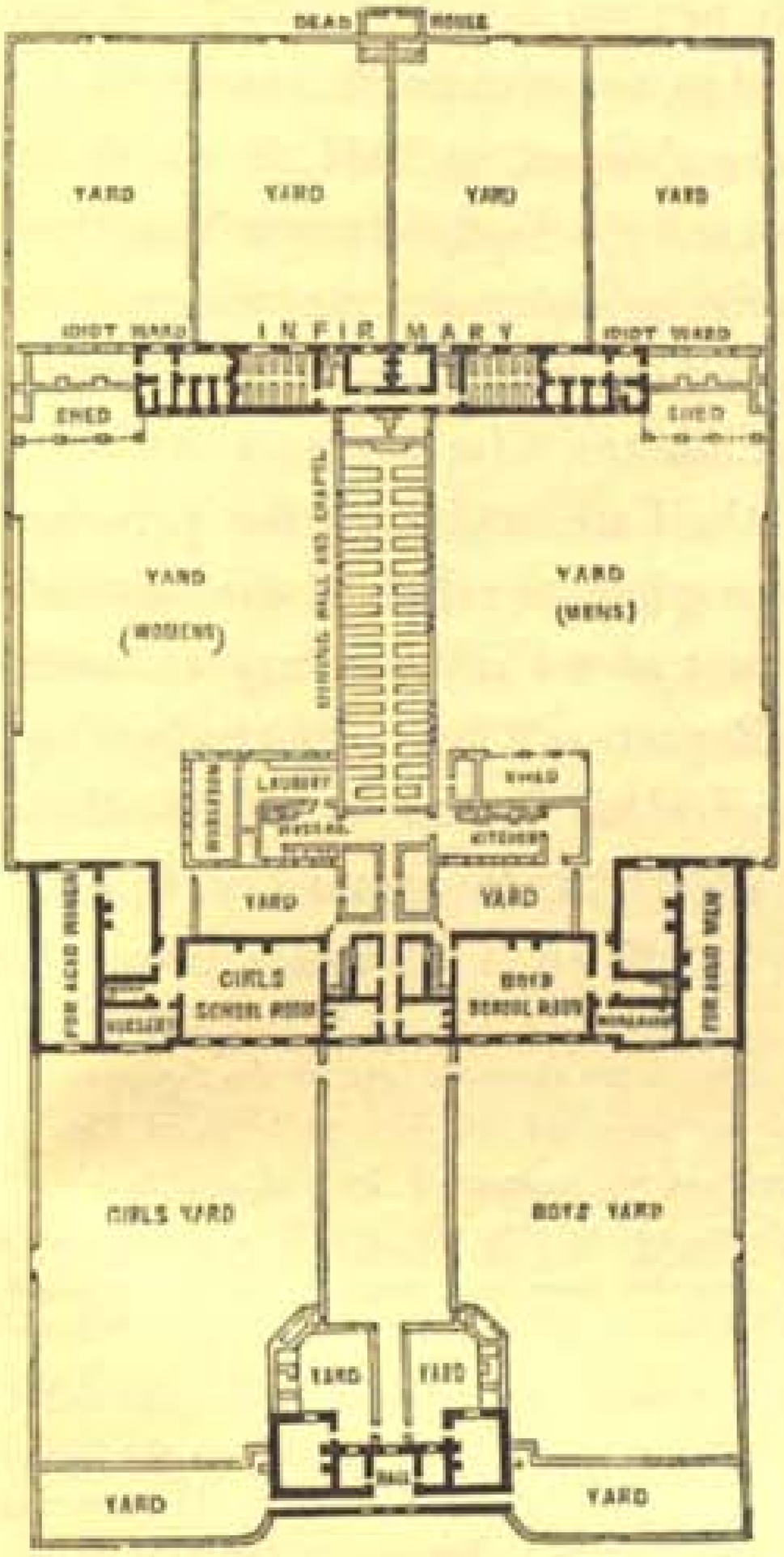
The workhouse may be considered to consist of four separate structures, containing as follows:—The entrance building, which contains the waiting hall for paupers applying for admission, and the porter;—the board room on the upper floor, in which the guardians meet and determine the admission of applicants for relief;—the probationary wards, with four separate yards for containing those paupers when admitted; and who are here examined by the medical officer, and washed in a bath supplied with hot and cold water*. Paupers affected by any disease are retained in these wards until in a fit state to go into the body of the house. Previously, however, they are deprived of their old clothes, which are fumigated, and deposited for return (if required), and they are then dressed in a comfortable suit of the workhouse clothing. The main building contains, in the centre the master's and matron's apartments, around which are the store-rooms, the kitchen and workhouse, the school-rooms for boys and girls separate †, and the several wards to which they command immediate access.

shared the fate of most arbiters, some of the Boards of Guardians having considered that the prices allowed are too liberal; the contractors, on the other hand, have held two or three public meetings to express their indignation, &c. &c. at being offered by the Commissioners such sums as are totally inadequate (they state) to cover the first cost prices of the works. Wherever these complaints have been sufficiently definite to allow investigation to be made, it has been found that a fair and equitable course has been pursued, both as regards the interests of the Unions and the fair remuneration of the contractors. This has been amply shown lately in an investigation made by direction of Government through the Board of Works. Those who know the architect of the Poor Law Commission could have anticipated no other result; the conviction being general that for efficient zeal and upright and honourable conduct the Government does not in any department possess an officer superior to Mr. Wilkinson.

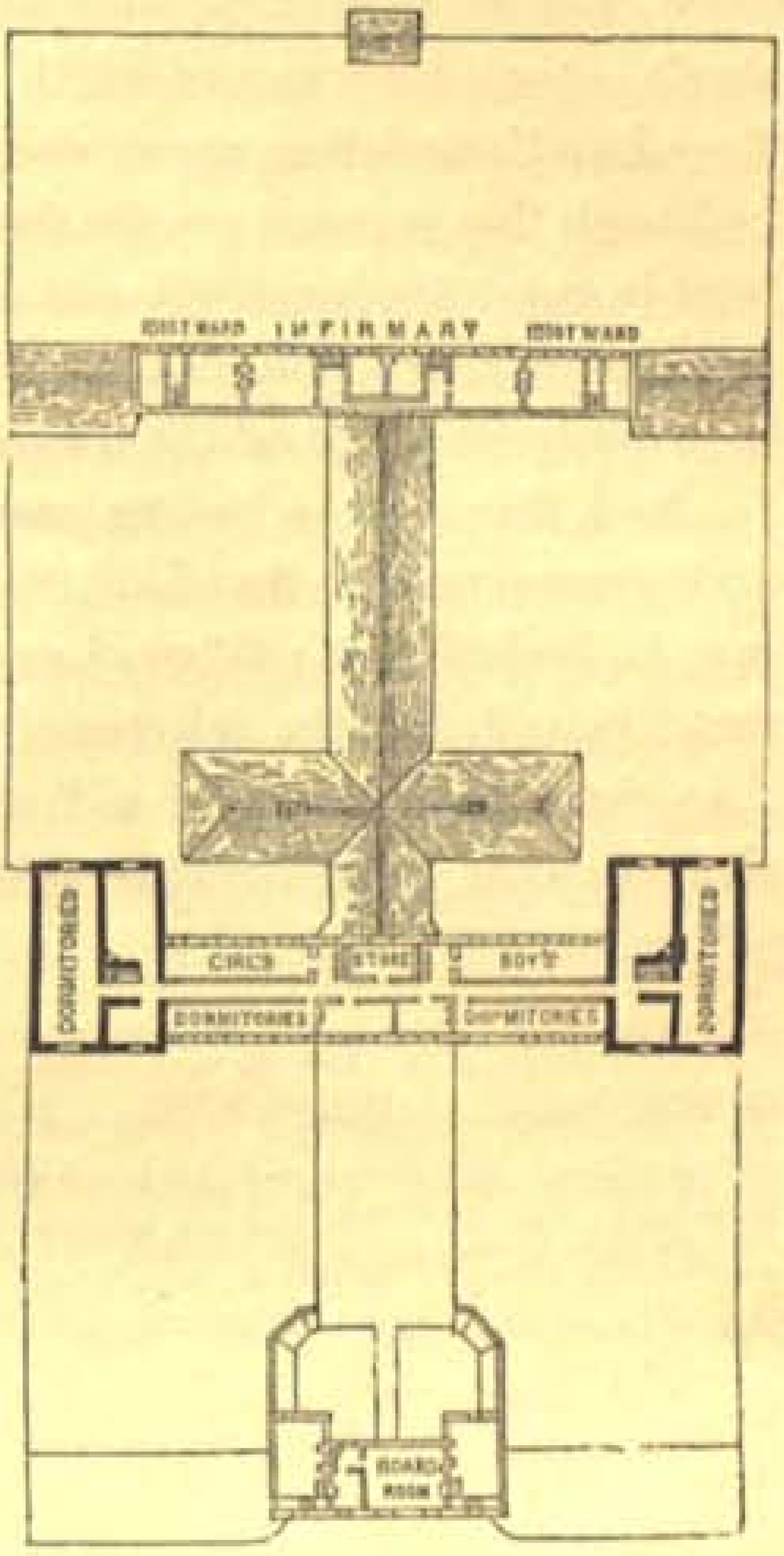
* All accounts agree in considering that the necessity for frequent ablutions—and above all "the bath" at entrance—is looked upon by the applicants as a most intolerable evil. The paupers, generally, complain that after washing they have felt the cold as if they had been deprived of a suit of extra clothing; and Drs. Kennedy and Corrigan, in their report "upon the state of the Dublin workhouse, more especially in reference to accommodation for infant pauper children," say, "The prejudice of the mothers against the use of the bath for their infants was such that, we were informed, they had rebelled *en masse* against its employment; in fact, we found but one, out of the thirty, who gave her child the advantage of this adjunct to health—most of the others rested satisfied with washing the face, some the limbs, and a few the hands and arms of their infants, but none of them washed the whole body." We were once present during an altercation between the master and the inmates on the subject of ventilation; he endeavouring to persuade them that he only wished to let in the *air*, while they declared "that his open windows perished them alive wid the *could*." We succeeded in convincing one poor woman that this could not be the case, as the day was fine and she was comfortably clad. She listened attentively, and answered, "Sure then there's sense in *that*, anyhow; and barring the wind in my face—that would be sure to give me the toothache, *if I had any teeth left*,—I don't feel the cold at all! But you see," she added, "we're used to the cold and not to the clothes; and no wonder we'd have a dread of it."

† It is by no means among the least of the advantages incident to the system, that every boy and girl, from the earliest age at which it is capable of receiving it, obtains education. The plan adopted is that of "the National Board," under whose superintendence this department of the establishment has been placed.

The third division contains the dining-hall, and kitchen and washhouse; buildings, which are all arranged in connexion with the yards of the paupers employed or having access thereto, so as to avoid passages and other separations which interfere with proper classification.



GROUND FLOOR.



FIRST FLOOR.

The infirmary is a distinct building, and conveniently placed for access; on each side is a building reserved for male and female idiots—a class of inmates

We found these schools, generally, in a very satisfactory state; and more than once chanced to be present when the "Inspector" was examining the children. It was really astonishing to find them so well informed—their information being by no means limited to mere reading, writing, and cyphering; they were usually well read in the scriptures, in history, in geography, and so forth. Upon this subject we extract a passage from the "Eighth Report of the Commissioners:"—

"We adverted, in our last Report, to the education and training of the pauper children in the several workhouses, and explained the steps which we had taken, in reference to this most important subject, on which we continue to feel extreme solicitude; for the condition and usefulness of these children in after-life—moral, social, and religious, will mainly depend upon the manner in which they are educated and trained after they have been received into the workhouses. Our unceasing and earnest attention will be given in furtherance of this object, in which we are unable to say that such progress has yet been made as to preclude the necessity for further exertion on the part of the several Boards of Guardians, as well as of the Commissioners."

unprovided for in buildings of the kind in England, and whose location here greatly relieves the lunatic institutions of the country.

The upper floor of the buildings contains dormitories, from which the paupers are excluded in the day-time. The arrangement for sleeping is entirely novel, and for such large buildings infinitely beyond the arrangement of bedsteads,—the advantages of which are detailed in the architect's report to the Poor Law Commission, as contained in the annual report for 1841, in which the bedsteads that are used are also described, and are of a kind different from those used in any other buildings, and very conducive to order and cleanliness *.

The appended plans of the ground floor, and the upper floor, are necessary, in order to comprehend the nature of the building.

Such then are the leading provisions of the Law, and such the principal arrangements under that Law, "for the more effectual relief of the destitute poor in Ireland." It followed rapidly a Report of a Parliamentary Commission; preceded by the delivery of the three Reports of George Nicholls, Esq., "on the establishment of a Poor Law for Ireland," made in 1837—these three Reports being not only virtually, but avowedly, the ground-work upon which the Act was framed †. It is not our province to comment upon the

* The platforms on which the paupers sleep are raised about ten inches above the level of the "gangway;" on these platforms are placed their straw pallets; when these are taken off, the place can be swept like an ordinary floor. This arrangement has been highly approved, and has, we, understand, been adopted, in several instances in England. The plan was invented by Mr. Wilkinson, and by this very ingenious contrivance a considerable saving in the cost of the bedsteads, which would otherwise have been required, has been effected. It would not be too much to estimate the saving at £30,000.

† The Reports of Mr. Nicholls have been very severely canvassed, and continue to be, occasionally, "handled roughly." He received his instructions from the Government, it would appear, on the 22d of August, 1836; and his Reports were sent in on the 15th of November *of the same year*. It is asserted that he had "no previous personal knowledge of Ireland, her interests, or her inhabitants;" that consequently, being an "inexperienced stranger," he did not enter upon the task with sufficient information, or sufficiently unprejudiced; and that the period allowed him for arriving at conclusions relative to so momentous a subject, was infinitely too limited. One of his opponents, writing in 1837, affirms that "in his nine weeks' tour it seems a question whether he was not seeking to shape the wants and condition of the people to his Act, rather than to frame an Act suited to their real wants and condition;" and within the present month, a leading journal of Dublin—the "Evening Packet"—contends that the late Government "committed a primary error in entrusting the whole working of the preliminary measures to Mr. Nicholls:" maintaining that "he knew nothing of Ireland or Irishmen," and that there should have been associated with him some person, who knew much of both. This opinion is, indeed, very general in Ireland; and there can be no question that Mr. Nicholls made certain mistakes, which he as certainly would have avoided, if he had been more conversant with the country. It is, however, impossible to read his "Reports," without entertaining feelings of high respect for his benevolence, clear-sightedness, and, generally, soundness of judgment. If he had previously "known nothing of the country,"—which we greatly doubt,—his power of obtaining information and arriving at accurate views is perfectly amazing. His Reports are classed chiefly under the following heads:—1st, State of the Country and habits of the Peasantry; 2nd, Expediency of establishing a Poor Law; 3d, On Workhouses and the Workhouse System; 4th, On the Workhouse Dietary; 5th, On Relief; 6th, On Settlement; 7th, On Rating; 8th, Pauper Idiots and Lunatics; 9th, On Migration and Emigration; 10th, On Mendicancy; 11th, On the Repression of Mendicancy.

several provisions of the Legislature; our duty confines us, indeed, to the observations we have made in the course of our tours through Ireland, our visits to several of the workhouses in operation, and the general aspect of the country, and the condition of the people, as affected or altered by "the New Law."

The destitute condition of the very poor in Ireland had been, for centuries, a reproach to the Legislature; but although the State made no provision for the aged and incapable of labour, the tax for their maintenance has been always a grievous tax—pressing not the less heavily because it was a voluntary one—for it fell upon the generous and released the mercenary, and was levied, to a considerable extent, upon the classes only a degree removed from the destitution they relieved. Distress was met in three or four ways; collections were made for the poor in all churches and chapels of the country; immediately after the sermon and before the congregation was dismissed, the box was handed to every sitter; and occasional charity sermons were delivered, which usually produced large sums. It will be obvious that by this means the uncharitable were never reached. Another mode of raising money was by subscriptions, to supply blankets in hard seasons, and food during periodical visitations of famine; the contributions of the selfish to this fund were also very limited. The several charitable institutions, including the "mendicity associations," were supported, exclusively, by the charitable; in fact, payments for the maintenance of the destitute being in no degree compulsory, they were made only by those who sympathised with human sufferings and had hearts that could be touched. By such, consequently, the tax was very sensibly felt; it was levied in large sums frequently, and small sums perpetually, for it was rare to cross the threshold of a door without encountering some object who made a silent or a clamorous demand for help. It would be impossible to form an estimate of the total amount distributed annually in these and several other ways; but it must have been immense; no doubt considerably more than will be raised by the existing impost; infinitely more, if we consider only the parties who formerly made up the requisite sums, and take no account of parties who seldom or never contributed, but who, under present circumstances, are compelled to carry their full share of the general burthen *.

* This is too delicate a subject to be illustrated by facts. But all who know Ireland know that there was no district in which there did not exist two distinct classes—those who gave much to the poor, and those who never gave the poor anything. In fact, the gate, or the house, of "the hard man to the poor" was familiar to all "the wandering train," and as much so to the respectable and generous collector of charitable gifts—it was avoided by both. We could easily name individuals of large properties who did not bestow a shilling in the year, either by giving food or money; individuals who are now forced to pay, in many instances,

We have referred only to the higher and middle orders of society; but upon the humbler classes the tax, though voluntary, fell with still greater weight. The door of the poor man's cabin was never closed against a man or woman still poorer; he gave a little from his little to every one who asked it; the itinerant beggar was never without a wallet; and we have known it to be often full when the cottagers who contributed to fill it, stood, themselves, in greater need of its contents. Much of this evil—for an evil it was and is—arose from the natural generosity of the Irish character; a sort of pleasure derived from *giving*; but much of it may also be attributed to a superstitious notion that to refuse charity is a sin, that charity literally "covers a multitude of sins," and that it goes to purchase an abridgement of punishment hereafter, for the giver and those whom the giver holds dear.

Under these circumstances, mendicancy became often a trade—resorted to sometimes, at first, from necessity, and continued because of the release from labour it afforded*. Upon this state of things we have sufficiently com-

one or two hundred pounds per annum. It follows as a matter of course that the really charitable have experienced a corresponding relief; and it can scarcely be doubted that, although the necessity for occasional collections has by no means ceased, this class, the really charitable, are now taxed less heavily than they were before the introduction of the Poor Law into Ireland. We could easily establish this position. It should also be borne in mind that, by this tax, THE ABSENTEE is effectually reached.

Connected with this matter is another—upon which, in their "Eighth Report," the Commissioners thus remark:—"Great apprehensions were at the outset expressed, that in some parts of the country there would be difficulty in collecting the poor-rates; but we are happy in being able to state that, with the exception of a very few instances, such apprehensions have proved to be unfounded. There has been no general and concerted resistance to the payment of the rate in any locality. In a few instances, personal caprice, or misapprehension of the law, has incited individuals to refuse to pay the rate when it has been demanded: but such refusals have not been persisted in after the commencement of legal proceedings, or after due explanation has been given; and in no instance has any material difficulty arisen, where the magistrates have evinced a prompt and firm determination in carrying out the law."

* It is concluded that mendicancy can be prevented only by rendering it penal; but the penalty can surely be enforced only, when, for every beggar, the state has provided an asylum. In their Seventh Annual Report the Commissioners enter at considerable length into this subject; and it will be recollected that a Bill was introduced into Parliament by Lord Morpeth, with a view to a remedy; it was abandoned, however, chiefly on the ground that begging was to be considered a crime only when the "houses were full;" but it was out of the question that beggars could be assumed to know when they were acting legally and when illegally. From the very commencement of their proceedings in Ireland, the Commissioners have been receiving frequent representations from individuals of all parties and persuasions, pointing out the necessity of some legislative enactment for the repression of mendicancy; and in December 1839, they deemed it right to record their views upon the subject of such a law in a Minute, copies of which were sent to their Assistant-commissioners, with directions to take such fitting opportunities as might offer for inviting the several Boards of Guardians to direct their attention to this important question. In this Minute they observed that "a law for the repression of vagrancy and mendicancy has for the most part been called for on the ground of its being a necessary adjunct of the Poor Law; but, although undoubtedly necessary for the effective working of the Poor-Law in Ireland, it is not on that account alone that it is required. Such a law is necessary here on the same grounds that it was and is still necessary in England, and the reasons for its establishment apply equally to both countries. A vagrancy-law is strictly a measure of police, it may

mented in the early part of our work. We do not mean to say that the Poor Law has removed, or that it ever will remove, entirely, the necessity for private and voluntary charity; or that it has cleared, or ever will clear, the streets and roads of beggars; but most certainly it has already greatly lessened the former, and diminished the latter, evil. It has induced the charitable to institute more minute inquiries before giving relief; it has justified greater care in the distribution of charity; and it has removed out of sight the disgusting objects, the idiotic, the diseased, and the maimed, who have been in a manner forced into the shelter of the workhouse. To those who now visit Ireland for the first time, the amount of misery will appear frightfully large, but a vast diminution of it will be perceptible—on the highways, that is to say —to those who were familiar with the country ten or twenty years ago.

be said of moral police, affecting in a very high degree the morals and habits of the community; for so long as vagrancy and mendicancy, with all the desultory and demoralising habits springing from and fostered by them, are permitted to exist, it will be impossible to effect any very general or permanent improvement in the social condition of the Irish people. Whilst mendicancy is allowed to range unrestrained over the country, its moral taint will mingle with and deteriorate the entire mass of the population, despite any countervailing efforts which may be made, short of its actual suppression." (Vide Sixth Annual Report.) These were the views of this question taken by the Commissioners in the latter end of the year 1839, shortly after they had begun to introduce the Law into Ireland; and in their Seventh Annual Report they repeat their conviction—a conviction which they say is rendered, if possible, even stronger by recent events in the Dublin Unions—that the repression of mendicancy is necessary in every Union, as soon, and so long, as the workhouse is open and available for the relief of the destitute poor. "This conviction," they say, "we are also satisfied, is felt generally throughout the country, and particularly by the small farmers and occupiers, who are, indeed, the chief sufferers, the contributions being for the most part levied upon them. The congregation of the beggars in towns at certain periods, or at certain hours of the day, gives an appearance of the pressure being greater than in the neighbouring rural districts: but such is not the case; the alms which the mendicant collects in the country being almost always taken to the town for consumption, or for the purpose of being sold or exchanged to supply his wants or minister to his appetites." In their Eighth Report, the Commissioners are still more emphatic upon this subject: "It is found," they say, "that the present state of the law with respect to mendicancy creates positive obstacles to the operation of the Poor Relief Act. In some of the Unions, after the stock of habitual mendicants had for the most part been taken into the workhouses, the rate-payers of particular electoral divisions, finding that the removal of what may be called their own established poor did not protect them from mendicancy, but was followed by inroads of beggars from the surrounding districts, or even from those more distant, have deemed it better that their own poor should be permitted to levy contributions from house to house as heretofore, rather than that the rate-payers should incur the charge of maintaining them in the workhouses, and at the same time be compelled to make contributions to casual vagrants or mendicant strangers by whom their doors were beset. The prevalence of such a feeling has been exemplified by occurrences in the Kilmallock Union, where the rate-payers of a certain electoral division came in a body to the workhouse, and demanded to have their poor delivered up to them, which was accordingly done, and they were carried back with great demonstrations of rejoicing, to be supported by almsgiving in the accustomed mode. The rate-payers in this case no doubt expected that, when they had their own beggars about them, they would be protected from the inroads of beggars from other districts, to which they were liable so long as their own habitual stock were maintained in the workhouse." The Commissioners, although they give no suggestions as to a remedy for this evil, hint that, "whenever a measure for the repression of mendicancy shall receive the sanction of Parliament, it ought undoubtedly to be carried into effect with caution and moderation, and with a due regard for the feelings and opinions which necessarily accompany a practice so deeply rooted in the habits of the Irish people."

"Why do you not go to the workhouse?" is now a common query to every beggar. Until very lately, the question could not be asked *.

It is not alone in the outward tokens of misery—its appalling aspect in the public streets—that a most beneficial change has been wrought by the introduction of a state provision for the poor. It has found the wretched out in secret places. Mr. Arkins, in giving evidence before the Assistant-commissioner at the North Dublin Union Workhouse, during an inquiry in January last relative to the mortality among children located there, described a variety of cases of extreme destitution witnessed by him as a trustee of the Roomkeepers' Society. These instances occurred before the opening of the workhouse, and Mr. Arkins "was not aware of any persons being in a more destitute state than those who apply for relief." He accounted for the fact of parties who now apply for relief being in less urgent destitution than formerly, by stating that "the *workhouse* had weeded the city of very destitute cases."

Not the least of the improvements which the Law will induce, is the certainty that when public sympathy is withdrawn from the profession of begging, and the beggar finds that there are no "wages" to be obtained by pursuing an unprofitable trade, those who can work, WILL WORK. There is

* Of course many of the inveterate beggars continue to "hold out," but a few years will see the race extinct. Their excuses are sometimes, as will be supposed, amusing and witty. During our most recent tour, in June, July, and August, 1842, we found very few of them complaining of the want of sufficient food in the poor-houses; they generally admitted that in this respect the inmates were better off; the deprivation of tobacco seemed to be the grand objection; in scores of instances we received the answer, "Ah, sure, I'd be lost without the smoke!" One old woman at Kinnegad was honest enough to say, "Do ye think I'd give up the divarshun I knock out of the streets?"—"Saying 'I have nothing to do,' bedad! that's a great go, intirely," answered a Dublin beggar to us, one day: she was an old acquaintance of the friend who was with us; the woman was strong, hearty, bronzed and brazen, and sadly vixenish; and we reproached her with idleness. "Have I nothing to do? enagh! hav'nt I to take my turn about Dame-street, and over the bridges to the market, to pick up the *marcy of God in coppers*, from the ladies that does their own marketing, though they're as hard as the stones they tread on? And hav'nt I to tramp back to wait on the *genteels* in Merrion-square, where the band do be playing; and then to take my turn at the shop-doors in Grafton-street, and larn who comes and who goes? and then in the evening batthering at the college-boys, or telling mee throuble to a neighbour; or afther the childre, to bring them home from their stands; or to fetch the ould man from kneeling in the mud by Ballybock-bridge, and he the "poor blind"? Bedad, we war down in the mouth until the Lord took away his sight; that set us up for a while, till the people got used to it; but what they see they don't heed. Idle am I! faix, if ye knew but all, there's not one so industrious in the Mendicity, or anywhere else. Nothing to do! I like that—that's a hard thing to say of a craythur that never has time to shut her eyes night or day for contrivance; nor to cross herself. Bedad, it's *we* that *do* work hard, ever and always at it; begging was asy enough in the ould Parliament times, or when the car-boys would drive us for change of air to Kingstown, to watch the quality land; but now ye must have sonething in luck to get on; and barring my poor husband was struck with the blindness, sorra a thing ever chanced me; while Mary Mac, across there at the Post-office, had first twins, and then three at once. Lord preserve us! to say nothing of one cripple and a blind mute! sure, every one was talking of *her*, quality and all, and she bagging the half-crowns where I couldn't ring silver—that's luck!—but you're so sharp upon me to what you used to be long ever ago, that I ——" and the vixen interrupted herself to run across Sackville-street for the purpose of attacking some one who did not know her as well as our friend did.

no locality in Ireland that could not furnish scores of strong and able hands—unused to labour, only because labour has been less agreeable than wandering from place to place subsisting by charity *.

* A striking illustration of this fact was related to us by a friend at Lurgan. A strong able-bodied woman, who was both the amusement and terror of the gentry, from her ready wit and bitter tongue, and who levied contributions something after the manner of black mail, after abusing the "new gaol," as she termed the workhouse, from the laying of the first stone to its completion, when it came to be occupied, presented her bronzed face as usual at every house, as if no asylum had been provided for the poor. The gentry, however, had come to a resolution not to give her anything whatever, but to afford her the means of employment if she desired it. Accordingly, "Kitty" was told that in future she must either work, or go into the poorhouse. In return for this information "Kitty" stormed at and rated, first one, and then another, of all her former friends, who stood out firmly; for Kitty was the very queen of the beggars; and if they yielded to her, they must yield to all; whereas, if Kitty was withstood, the others would know they could have no chance whatever. Nothing could exceed the virago's indignation at being, as she termed it, "cast off" by the quality, after spending her time up and down with them for a matter of thirty years, and never bringing shame to their door, but being as honest as Saint Bridget, or any other holy saint; and this was her return; "she didn't know how they could look her in the face after it!" Kitty fared badly—she knew the dinner-hour of every family in the county—but instead of the well-piled plate of "pork and cabbage," the "double handful of meal and dish of potatoes," Kitty found the back-doors locked; and the families remaining quite inattentive to her eloquence, which certainly was more powerful than elegant. After, according to her own account, "going through" as much trouble as would break a heart of stone, she suddenly made her appearance before one of the poor law guardians whom she had repeatedly offended, but whom she still considered her friend. There she stood, her empty wallet slinging by her side, her battered straw hat flapping over her face, and her brawny arms folded one within the other. "Here I am, noble colonel!" she exclaimed; "the supplies, are stopped my lord, and poor Kitty must yield to the articles of war." "I thought," he replied, "I should have been obliged to commit you as a ———." "Don't spake the word, yer honour—there's no use in insulting a dead soldier—it's only mee shadow that's in it—I'm pickt to an atomy—the crows don't think me worth flying away from—and the dogs that I've known the last ten years, bark at me. I never quartered meeself on a cabin-keeper yet; I'd scorn it! I'd not take from worse than meeself; and now you see I'm driven hard, yet bad as they've used me, my heart 's with the gentry of the county Armagh still. We can't forget the friends of our youth, noble colonel; and it's sorry I'd be to turn mee back on my ould friends; and it's lonesome the roads will be without me, and they used to me so long; but still, needs must when the devil (saving your presence) drives. And so, if yer honour will just answer a few questions, which I'll put ye, to my satisfaction, why I'll be thinking about renouncing the pomps and vanities—taking the veil, my dear! what else can I call it? Devoting meeself, for the ase and pace of the counthry, inside them four heart-breaking thick walls—putting the prime of mee valuable life into a stone jug." "I suppose," said the colonel, "you are going into 'the house' at last." "That's what I'm thinking of," she replied, "only my feelings war too tender to say it." "Well," he answered, laughing; "you know, Kitty, we have all come to a determination that you must all either go into 'the house,' or work—one or the other. We offer you work and good wages, Kitty, or 'the house.'" "May the devil—!" shouted Kitty, but recollecting herself, she paused, and dropping her voice to a whine, she continued: "Noble colonel, the little kwestions I was going to ask you, my dear gentleman, that's all, before I'll devote meeself—just—is it quite an unpossibility to get the drop of whiskey in it?" "Quite." "Glory be to God! well, I've had a thrial at the could wather, to oblege Father Mathew, so I know that it is possible to do without whiskey, so I'll drop it; but the grain of tay, colonel—sure you'd manage to let me have that on *the sly*, and mee so ould, and broken down?" "No, Kitty, no!" said the inexorable son of Mars. "No, no, Kitty, no favour to one more than to another—that would be unjust." "Sure it's the strength of justice to favour friends." "Not in my opinion—have you any other question to ask?" "Bedad I have, though your answers ain't no ways plasing to me. Sure yer honour wouldn't deprive me of a shock, or maybe a draw, of the pipe, a few times in the day?" "Not a single leaf of tobacco must enter the gates." "But they are light enough to fly over the walls," persisted Kitty. "No, not a drop of whiskey, nor a grain

One of the most important considerations involved in this question, is the refusal to allow OUT-DOOR RELIEF; the wisdom or humanity of this part of the system has been much canvassed, and it has been strongly contended, that at particular periods of the year which may be righly termed "starving seasons," and which occur, more or less, annually at autumn, with as much certainty as the fall of the leaf, a provision should be made for the temporary relief of the people—apart from the workhouse. From the commencement of the inquiry, Mr. Nicholls was the strenuous advocate for "Refusal," and he combats the arguments against it in his "Three Reports." A very limited acquaintance with Ireland will serve to prove that an opposite system would be attended with incalculable evils. There, the accepting eleemosynary aid is scarcely considered derogatory; old custom has made the taking of alms anything but a degradation; it is assumed to be given as it is asked, "for the love of God," and a sense of shame seldom accompanies the acceptance*. Consequently,

of tea, nor a leaf of tobacco." "And it's cruel enough to be in airnest you are, is it?" "Quite—will you go in?" The gentleman and the woman looked at each other fixedly for a moment; Kitty untied her empty wallet, grasped it in her hand, and then, as she flung it from her, exclaimed, "Tatteration to me, colonel dear, *but I'll work first!* and for every sixpence any woman in the place airns, I'll airn two." And so she does, and will continue to do—never idle; and not having time to be abusive, she is far more popular than she had ever been before. We saw her, ourselves, as busy as a bee.

* In England the poor-houses are the constant, and frequently the only, refuge for the more respectable class of housekeepers who fall into poverty; there are but few of those who have occupied such a position, at present, in the Irish workhouse, and it will be some time before the more respectable class of tradesman can bring themselves to receive assistance from the parish; they have generally some rich or respectable relation to cling to, who would suffer much privation before his third or fourth cousin should receive public, no matter how long he may have lived upon private, charity; this is one of the peculiar feelings of the country. Only one instance of a superior grade of persons accepting refuge has come under our knowledge, and this was a member of a class for whom the warmest sympathies of our nature have been long called forth—a governess. She had grown old in her vocation; and even if her salary had ever been large enough to permit her saving (which we doubt), she had had to support a mother who had been dead little more than two years. We were told that she cast no blame on any one: some of her former pupils had assisted her; others had not the means of doing so; and she grew old, and feeble, and broken-hearted; yet even then, the master said, if she recovered from the paralysis which had rendered her right hand useless, she hoped again to work for her own honest livelihood. "When first she came," he observed, "she requested permission to wear her own clothes; this was contrary to the rules of the house, and she went away weeping, poor thing! She attached great importance to the wearing "these relics of ould dacency." "At the end of a month," he continued, "she returned, looking more wasted than before, and willingly gave up what she had on—two worn-out garments, so as to preserve an exterior appearance of decency—but the women complained the next morning that they could not sleep for her continued sobbing." The high feeling of the peasant Irish was strongly evinced towards this poor forsaken one. One or two attempted to sneer at her having been a lady, but the women rose almost *en masse* to avenge her; and many of them paid her every attention in their power, even to the picking out of the best potato from their shares, accompanied by such observations as—"Ah, then, sure she's a well-larned woman and tenderly rared; the raring 's the thing that does it; and has no right to be here with us. God break hard fortune before every honest woman's child; it's little her parents thought of what she'd come to when they fed her on white bread and new milk, and fastened ribands in her hair, and fixed earrings in her ears. She'll carry the marks of them to her grave, God bless us! Well, no great matter; no questions will be asked there of who she was or where she came from; only she has dacent

thousands who would as soon enter a gaol, as a workhouse, would have no sort of hesitation in asking and receiving from a state-charity, donations of food or money; there can be little doubt, that if out-door relief were granted, the whole population of Ireland, under a certain grade, would be periodical applicants for it: and at the "starving seasons," there would be substantial reasons for their being so. It is well known, that during the months of June, July, and August, of every year, a partial, sometimes indeed a general famine, exists in Ireland; the store of old potatoes has been consumed, the new potatoes are not yet fit for food, and the condition of the peasantry, meanwhile, is in the highest degree frightful. At such times no fund could be sufficient to relieve the universal distress; but, assuredly, if any such could exist, it would work incalculable mischief by encouraging, instead of checking the grand fault of the Irish character—want of forethought, the habit of never caring for the rainy day, but exhausting present means without thinking of the morrow *.

blood, and it isn't for us to be putting up to the likes of her. God break hard fortune! sure it's ten times as hard for her as for us; and if the Almighty takes her, won't it be shocking to think of her being buried without one tear dropping on her grave!" The entrance of this poor lady amongst them gave rise to much conversation; but they all seemed agreed upon one point—that, bad as it was, and hard upon her, it was better for her to be there than to die in a ditch. While one or two suggested "that was true; but if she had a roof over her, wouldn't it be better she died under *it*, than in the way she was?—to have it *known* she died in a workhouse!"

* In the month of July last we were in Connaught during one of these starving seasons; and on our return we addressed a letter on the subject to the "Dublin Evening Packet;" from which perhaps—as the subject is one that has engaged the attention of all writers on Ireland—the reader will permit us to make some extracts:—"The temper with which their sufferings are borne has excited my wonder no less than my admiration; and I have returned with increased respect for the character of the Irish peasant, who can submit with magnanimous fortitude, and almost without repining, to a condition inconceivably wretched. It is impossible to exaggerate in detailing the miseries the lower classes have had to bear in some 'out-of-the-way' districts. In towns their condition has been explained through the ordinary channels, and at public meetings held for their relief; but in villages remote from observation, famine has made its ravages unchecked, and the people have been literally starving in masses.

"I will describe a visit I paid to one of these isolated spots, because in this instance my own observations received, more distinctly than they could elsewhere, the proofs that may be necessary to give authority to my statement. The village of Bundurrah, (I am not sure that I spell the name correctly,) near the head of Killery Bay, in "Joyce's country," Connemara, must be passed through by all who visit the grand and beautiful scenery at Delphi—a sporting lodge belonging to the Bishop of Tuam, held, I understand, under lease from the Provost of Trinity College. It consists of twenty-two cottages, and about 150 inhabitants—the whole of whom are in a state of frightful poverty, while a considerable portion of them have been, repeatedly, for two days together, without food. Of this fact I received assurances from an intelligent police-man stationed there, named Linsky, who, with his corporal, Evans, have been barely enabled to prevent several from actually perishing. (We subsequently received a letter from Mr. Linsky, stating that, although the famine had been somewhat mitigated by a small government aid, it had been, as usual, succeeded by the fever, and that the people were still in a most deplorable condition.) I examined some of the hovels in which they dwelt; in one I found a widow named Malley, with her mother and six children; the whole had subsisted for weeks upon the milk of a cow, and such herbage as they could gather upon the mountains. The cow occupied somewhat more than half of the cabin, and a boy, dreadfully afflicted with scrofula, was stretched upon

Complaints have been made, also, first, concerning the separation of man and wife, and next, as to the law which prohibits the reception of one individual of a family into the workhouse, unless the whole of the family apply for admission at the same time. The first of these provisions has been the subject of much bitter animadversion, in England as well as in Ireland, and those who arrive at conclusions through the influence of feeling, rather than of judgment, will eagerly demand its repeal. We have ourselves witnessed some melancholy instances of its practical working *.

During our two latest tours in Ireland—the one in 1841, the other in 1842—we had many opportunities of inspecting the workhouses in the

some rushes in a corner. In another cottage I found a strong and healthy man, with his wife and five children. His name is Martin Welsh. He was, in truth, as he said, 'weak with the hunger,' but still able and willing to work, 'if he could get it.' This poor man, a few days ago, sold his last sheep for the sum of six shillings, to buy meal; and when I expressed my astonishment at its bringing no higher price, I was told that in many instances sheep had been sold for less, and 'slips of pigs' for sixpence each—'they must sell them or starve.' This evil, indeed, is spreading so extensively as to induce a conviction that the present distress will not be merely temporary; for every article usually considered as devoted to the payment of rent, will be parted with before the season brings relief.

"I give you, sir, a description of one of the many scenes of misery I witnessed—and even this I do not enlarge upon as I might do—because I consider myself justified in here inserting the names of persons who may be considered safer authorities than a mere tourist. But I might fill more than one of your columns with similar details. It would be scarcely too much to say, that in the island of Achill, out of a population of 5000, there are at least 4000 who do not know how or where to get the morrow's food; many of whom are living with their families in huts, averaging about 12 feet long, by 7 feet broad, and 5 feet high. And this, too, surrounded by a sea teeming with fish; and in the midst of land utterly waste and unproductive, which a very moderate expenditure of capital might render ample to afford all the necessaries of life to a people four times as numerous."

* The agony which this regulation occasions to persons who have transgressed no law of God or man, who have no sin in the eyes of the world to answer for except that of being poor, is very grievous to think upon. In England it is borne more calmly than it is in Ireland, because the character of the English people is more calm. In many of the Irish houses the scenes were of the most agonising description when it became necessary to divide those "who had climbed the hill together," and were compelled to "totter down" alone. One case we heard of, where a very old man, who had been a respectable grazier, went to the master to know if he and his wife (they were both past seventy) could be permitted to remain together. The master had no power to grant the request; their poverty was strong, but their love was stronger; they had outlived their friends, and their feelings would not permit them to beg. About three weeks after the overseer's refusal, they were found in the ruin of an outhouse that had once been theirs—the man dead—the woman so ill, that she died in a few hours; both were buried in the same grave; and both had died together of literal starvation. We remember seeing an old woman sitting alone beneath the shadow of one of the workhouse walls; we asked her if she was ill. She thanked God, no—she was not; but she knew her poor *ould* man was "very poorly;" if they'd let her be with him, it would "ease her mind." She had been his "lawful wife" for five-and-forty years, and they had never done an act that could bring a blush to their cheek. They had two sons abroad; one was coming home, and when he came, he'd be able and willing to take them out; so as she'd hope, she'd have patience; if they'd only let her see her "poor ould man" but once a day! there was that hard-hearted wall between them! She sat and looked at it all day, and if she rose up with ever so good a spirit it was crushed before night—thinking of him. "Oh!" she exclaimed, clasping her fingers together until they seemed twisted with intensity into a mass of bones,—"Oh! that they would only let us look at each other, even without speaking; ah! sure it's a hard world to punish poverty so."

northern, western, and, partially, the eastern, districts of the island. We entered the greater number of them, suddenly and unaccompanied, and not upon "show-days," when preparations might have been made, so that disagreeable features were concealed, or rendered less than usually repulsive. We found them invariably clean, well-ordered, and with evidence of good and steady discipline; the masters and matrons, as far as we could judge, intelligent, kindly, and considerate; the various regulations appeared to have been framed with judgment and a due regard to the comforts of the inmates; and the poor people domiciled therein seemed, for the most part, not only satisfied and contented, but grateful, and sensible that they had been, in reality, "relieved."

Of able-bodied paupers, such as we see far too often in the workhouses of England, we saw few or none—literally none of the male sex; and where we noticed women capable of labour, we found that their children were generally inmates of another ward. Cleanliness we saw not only inculcated as a duty, but rendered imperative; and out of this must arise immense benefit, if not to the present, certainly to the after generation. Ventilation is made to contribute to health, and to give the valuable influence of example. Decent beds, in place of miserable heaps of wet and filthy straw, not only contribute to existing comforts, but they become necessaries—necessaries that will be procured hereafter by those who have had experience of their advantages. Wholesome food—poor as it would be considered by the English pauper—and in sufficient quantities, instead of food insufficient in amount, and of bad quality; shelter from the weather; warm and comfortable apartments, both by day and night; good and ample clothing; habits of cleanliness, decency, and order;—such are, in brief, the advantages which the workhouse presents; if they are advantages to be described and treated as the RIGHTS of the English poor, they are, in truth, "novelties" with which the Irish poor have been, ever, utterly unacquainted*. In Ireland therefore, we consider these public

* We particularly noticed, in a ward of the Longford Workhouse, a number of exceedingly old women, many of them bedridden and palsied; they were all loud in their prayers and blessings. One very old creature, whose features were bronzed and wrinkled, and drawn into all manner of "puckers," yet whose expression was that of great kindness, was half sitting, half kneeling by her bed, upon which, in the unconscious and rosy sleep of childhood, lay an infant of extraordinary beauty; the day was warm, and she kept waving her withered hand to and fro above the child's face to keep away the flies, "croning" every now and then a line of an old ballad; and if any one spoke loud, she held up her thin finger with a murmur of displeasure.

The portraits were worthy any skill to depict. Never was there a stronger or finer contrast; the soft, round, pulpy cheek of the infant, his little rosy mouth half open, the long brown lashes of his closed eyes turning up from a full cheek, and his little hands so rolled and dimpled, flung out, while his guardian rocked, and waved her hand, and sung, and nodded her head to us, delighted that we noticed her infant charge.

establishments not only as pregnant with immediate good to the suffering, but as rich in promise of future improvement to the whole population of the country :—not only as taking away a national reproach, as providing an asylum for the destitute, as removing wretchedness from the high-ways and bye-ways,—but as laying the foundation of a sound and wholesome state of society in lieu of one that has been for centuries an anomaly in civilisation *.

Upon the practical working of the system as regards its influence upon the rate-payers, we have very insufficient means of judging. The tax levied upon them will be, as we have shown, dependent upon the exertions used to preserve the people from a necessity of their requiring other provision than that which they can procure by the labour of their own hands. In some places the tax is very heavy, so as to induce apprehensions that it will "swallow up the whole of the rent;" in more fortunate, or better managed localities, it is so light as not to be felt as a burthen. We cannot believe that

We inquired, in a whisper, if it was her grandchild; "No," she replied, "but it was the darlin of her heart, its mother was washing below, and she kept the babby, and he 'doated' on her. She wished he would wake that we might see his eyes as black as sloes, and see how he'd crow and love her; but she couldn't find it in her heart to wake him, the jewel of the world! She hoped she'd live to see him leave the poor-house, though it would '*still*' her heart entirely not to have him near her—the prince couldn't be handsomer nor better, God bless him—sure it was a sunbeam, he was day and night, the beauty!" There was something catching in the old woman's enthusiastic praise of her sleeping favourite, for all the old women joined in praising him, qualifying their praise with an observation which we do not remember to have heard any where but in Ireland, "that indeed he was the greatest beauty they ever saw—*of a poor man's child.*"

We could not help considering how this old woman and tender infant would have been situated but for the building of this poor-house;—the woman, foodless—clotheless—extending her shivering hands towards the windows of the travelling coach, or to the passengers on Bianconi's car, for a single halfpenny, which, if she received, she was expected to divide; a poor wretched creature, with every ill beside the ills of age heaped upon her, crawling to an almost roofless lodging, where there was neither fire nor candle, but where crowds, as wretched as herself, prayed or blasphemed; the infant, dark, dirty and ragged, clinging to its mother's back, and rendered ill-tempered and unhealthy from want of heat and food. In a little time, and the kind old creature will pass peacefully away, and soon the infant will have outgrown childhood, and having acquired education and industrious habits, become a use, instead of a nuisance, to the world.

The appearance of a remarkably fine white-headed old man at Lurgan attracted our attention. He must have been eminently handsome in his youth, but he was very old and childish. His only surviving son had begged with him on his back during the last three years, and he was blind. He died, and the father, who had been eyes to his blind son, was bequeathed to the kindness of the peasants, some of whom constructed a sort of hand-barrow, and so carried him from house to house, or village, for "God's sake;" but the old man had not sense enough left to beg; he would use every effort to induce a dog or a child to come and play with him. To *him* the workhouse was indeed a city of refuge; and within its walls he sat as happy as a king, his face beaming with the meaningless joy of an infant, as he cast straws into the air, or blew a feather up, and laughed.—Oh, such a sad laugh—to see it come down again; then, when he cried (for it fell beyond his reach), another man, looking nearly as old, but in whom the lamp of reason was not extinguished, brought him his filmy plaything, muttering a prayer "that God would leave him his senses, anyhow."

* "The absence of all exciting influences, the regular hours, due supplies of food and clothing, and the warmth and ventilation which are found in a workhouse, in a superior degree to what can be obtained by the same classes out of it, have conduced to the preservation of the health, and we doubt not to the extension of the life, of its inmates."—*Eighth Report.*

under any circumstances the law will ever operate so as seriously to embarrass the country: the *natural* aversion of the humble Irish to avail themselves of this sanctuary; their extreme love of personal freedom and exceeding dislike to personal restraint*; the strong affection which near connexions entertain for each other, to the extent of sharing the last "bit and sup;" the pride that apes independence even while existing in a state of the most degrading dependence; the powerful attachments to home localities; the horror of being interred by "stranger hands" apart from "their own people," and without the ceremony of the wake—these and many other habits, feelings, or superstitions, will act as checks to prevent the over-population of the public workhouse; while the necessary and, indeed, salutary regulations, by which, although comforts are secured luxuries are denied †, will, as certainly, have the

* We found each and all of these feelings or motives strongly operating upon the beggars with whom we talked. And when they cease to produce their influence, there can be little doubt that they will be replaced by other and better, that will be equally strong, to prevent their entering the workhouse unless compelled by extreme necessity. A case in point we desire to record:—

"There it stands," exclaimed a remarkably fine-looking old man, who had been for some time surveying the building from a rising ground; his coat was fastened at the throat by a wooden skewer, while his shoeless feet seemed as hard as the stones upon which they trod;—"There it stands, as grim as an ould giant, the minute he is born, swallowing the whole counthry; more than seven hundred desolate craythurs are gone down his throat; but as for me—I'll die as I have lived, a free man. I can't go through more hardships by keeping out of it, than I have gone through all my life. I saw my wife and two of the children die of the sickness by the side of the road—I can't go through *that* again. I saw my little girl, that married as fine a boy as any in the country, turned out of her cabin, and her bits of things *canted* to pay the rent of the shed she broke her heart under. Her and hers are in their graves—I can't go through *that* again. I have been tould by those who have the name of rich men, and by middle men, who wear brogues and sup sowans, and who *are* rich without the name,—by the great buddagh of a farmer, and by the fine lady, that looks at poverty through a gould spy-glass,—to go into the house, for they'd do nothing for me. And I've tould them I never would. I've tould them I'd rather share the fox's hole, and lie down to die with the air of heaven about me, as all my people did, than be put alive into the poor man's gaol, and looked at once a month by the quality, like a show." This was just after the poor-house to which we refer was opened. We left him shaking the rags about his bulky, but emaciated frame, in exultation over his liberty. Another year—and the first man we saw as we entered, was our old acquaintance. For the sake of the poetry of the anecdote, we would rather not have seen him there; but he looked fatter, was comfortably clothed, and was sheltered from the weather. "The sickness drove me into it," he said, in reply to our inquiring look. "And glory be to God! why, it's not a bad place for *ould* or *young* children."

† Hard as it seems to us, who enjoy so many luxuries, to observe that the poor are deprived of "the bit of tobacco and the grain of tea" they prize so much, and which supply as great a consolation as lying in the sun to the Neapolitan lazzaroni, still the regulation keeps out many an able-bodied beggar. At Longford, upon inquiring of one of the very aged people how they liked being "in,"—"Oh, God be praised! it's a fine place enough, if we could but get a bit of tobacco," was the reply. The master of the workhouse shook his head at this. "Really," he observed, "one might fancy the stones in the yard grew tobacco and snuff; how they get it, and it is contrary to rule that they should have it, I do not know; they are forbidden it, it is destroyed when found; the people are searched upon entering; the poor creatures themselves have never a farthing; and yet they manage to procure both." "Bedad," continued the woman! "if we do, I must say there's no thanks to you, for you do your best to keep it from us, the Lord forgive you! Sure, Father Mathew took the whiskey from us first and foremost, and we know

effect of keeping away applicants until positive destitution, amounting almost to despair, compels a demand for admittance. These feelings will, undoubtedly, grow less and less, as education proceeds and civilization advances; but they will be replaced by other and better principles that will produce a similar effect. Indeed, already, apprehensions that the Poor Law would over-fill the houses, have completely vanished; we have shown that of this evil there has been, hitherto, rather too little, than too much, danger.

No doubt, there is great room for improvement in the provisions of the Law, and especially in the mode of its administration. But improvement must be the work of time. So vital and extensive a change—one that affects all classes of the community, more or less—could not have been produced without encountering very considerable difficulties. If they have been surmounted only to a reasonable extent, much has been done. It will be for subsequent inquiry, based upon experience, to give greater completeness to a system, yet in its infancy, but out of which has already proceeded immense benefit to Ireland, and which must undoubtedly lead to a prosperous future.

that was for our good, and sure I'd do anything in reason, to oblige the gentry, *and so I came in here*; but it's unnatural to expect us to do without the only comfort of our ould hearts." It is no bad illustration of Irish quickness to observe the various signs these poor people make expressive of their desire to obtain these luxuries, behind the master's back. He reproved one woman whose gesture caught his eye, for begging. She laughed, and replied that it was just to keep herself in practice, and that if he was twisting all day like a teetotum she'd have her turn at it still;" this was said without any intention of rudeness, but in jest. Another complained that "the lumpers" (potatoes) were wet. "I'm sure," he replied, "they are far better than you'd get outside." "To be sure they are," she answered, screwing her features into an expression of contempt, "to be sure they are; if they wer n't, do ye think I'd be giving ye the pleasure of my company *here?*" "The pleasure 's great, to be sure," said another; "but I'll say this, we've a roof to shelter us, and our share to eat *regular*, and clothes to wear, and, to my thinking, the first sign of justice to Ireland that ever I saw was just when the first stone of this house was laid." There was a good deal of this feeling about all the old persons; they entered the poor-house reluctantly, but the shelter it afforded was sincerely and generally appreciated.

MAYO.

Population ... 388,323
English Acres ... 1,028,273

ATLANTIC OCEAN

CLEW BAY

GALWAY

SLIGO

ROSCOMMON

54

10

9

Irish Miles.

English Miles.

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MAYO.

The maritime county of Mayo, in the province of Connaught, is bounded on the east by the counties of Sligo and Roscommon, on the south by the county of Galway, and on the north and west by the Atlantic Ocean. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 1,355,048 statute acres; of which 871,984 are cultivated land; 425,124 are unprofitable mountain and bog; and 57,940 are under water. It is divided into nine baronies—Burrishoole, Carra, Clanmorris, Costello, Erris, Gallen, Kilmain, Murrisk, and Tyrawly. Its principal towns are, Castlebar (the assize town), Ballina, Ballinrobe, and Foxford; and the sea-ports are Westport, Killala, and Newport. The population in 1821 was 293,112; and 367,956 in 1831,—a population which bears no proportion even to its cultivated land; taking no account of the 425,124 acres within this single county which are suffered to remain unproductive and useless; although there are thousands of unemployed hands in every district; and the tide of emigration flows from this province as rapidly as it does from others.

To the subject of "Waste Lands" in Ireland, we have frequently presumed to direct the attention of our readers. It is impossible to travel through any one of its counties without grieving over useless tracts that a reasonable expenditure of capital might, within a very short space of time, convert into profitable ground. Wherever, indeed, there is "waste," there is also evidence that it might be easily redeemed; for in the midst of the bleakest bogs, and on the sides of the barest mountains, small cultivated patches will be always seen —reclaimed by the hand of some hardy and industrious peasant, with no help other than his "own four bones." Cases in which the barren has been changed to the productive upon a large scale by private enterprise are, however, very rare. In the county of which we are treating, and in the neighbouring county of Galway, there are landlords who possess from 10,000 to 50,000 acres, that do not yield rent enough to stable a hunter; and who, being unable themselves to cultivate, refuse encouragement to others to cultivate for them—acting much upon the principle of the "dog in the manger."

What they received from their fathers they transmit to their sons,—huge estates, valuable only as preserves for game. Those who have seen a mass of poverty-stricken tenants congregated in a wretched village, each with a half-acre of potatoes, barely sufficient to keep life in the family, for the year,—if there be no failure of the crop, and no trouble more severe than the troubles that annually visit them,—and see close by a large tract that might give ample food and plenty of comforts to double the population that surrounds it, will feel justified in applying harsh terms to selfish landlords, who will neither use, nor let others use, the means that Providence supplies to minister to human wants.*

Very many suggestions have been made, and several plans have been adopted, for reclaiming these waste-lands upon a grand scale; their success, however, from a variety of causes, has been but trivial. It is not generally known that a society—named "The Irish Waste Land Society"—exists in London, by which the evil may be met, and by which it has been met partially. We paid a hasty visit to one of its estates—in the county of Galway; and the impression left upon our minds by a brief examination into the results of a limited experiment, induced us to make inquiries concerning its progress and prospects.

The Society was established in the year 1836. It is incorporated by charter. During the first three or four years of its existence it made very little way; the Directors knew comparatively nothing of the country; they had most unmanageable materials to deal with; a people averse to improvements; and, above all, landlords whose apathy or distrust, whose unreasonable demands or expectations, formed an almost impassable barrier. Such disadvantages, although they operated largely in disheartening the shareholders generally, inducing many of them to withdraw, and threatening the Society with sudden death, are beginning to be overcome; and a certainty is now secured that at

* Mr. Nimmo, the eminent engineer, in his evidence before a Parliamentary Committee, in 1819, stated that "The waste lands of Ireland, easily reclaimable and convertible to the production of grain, almost without limit, for exportation, comprise three millions and a half of Irish acres, or about a fourth part of the entire island, and would provide for an additional population of two millions. Upon the whole," he adds, "I am so perfectly convinced of the practicability of converting the bogs I have surveyed into arable land—and that at an expense that need hardly ever exceed the gross value of one year's crop produced from them—that I declare myself willing, for a reasonable consideration, to undertake the drainage of any given piece of considerable extent, and the formation of its roads, for one guinea per acre." The total expense of reclamation he estimates at £9, and the potato crop at £10. He also computes that two labourers and one horse can improve five acres of waste land in one year, and derive an adequate subsistence from the produce. A host of other authorities might be adduced; and although few of them are quite as sanguine, all agree in affirming that the cultivation of the waste lands of Ireland generally, would repay an ample profit to the reclaimer.

no distant period the parties interested will not only receive a fair return for the capital invested, but will enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that they have essentially promoted the welfare of Ireland—not alone by the results they may exhibit, but as setting an example that will encourage others, by manifesting the importance to all parties of rendering available the abundant resources of the country *.

The Society have now four estates in hand under leases of 99 years, comprising, in the whole, 18,365 statute acres. Of these estates two (Ballinakil and Kilkerrin) are in the county of Galway; one (Gleneaske) is in the county of Sligo; and the other (Tullygoline) is in the county of Limerick †. Ballinakil is held under lease from Sir John Burke, Bart., of Marble Hill, Galway—a gentleman who has been described to us as a true patriot, who cordially co-operates with the Society in their plans of improvement. It comprises 1366 acres; and is situated seven miles from Loughrea, and nine from Portumna. When the Society took it, in 1836, it contained only five tenants, occupying as many miserable hovels; and whose rental amounted in the aggregate to 50*s.* per annum—this being generally in arrear. Under the Company the number of tenants has been increased to forty, having thirty-two acres now reclaimed—nineteen under crop, and increasing the quantity

* The capital which the Directors have power to raise is half a million; in ten thousand shares of fifty pounds each; and the society being incorporated by Act of Parliament, the liability of each shareholder is limited to the amount of his subscription, which amounts but to five pounds per share, as yet called for. And the Society are empowered, not merely to underlet, but to sell their improved rentals, so as to increase their funds for more extended operations. The leading objects in view appear to be these:—

1st. When an estate is offered to the society which appears eligible, it is surveyed, and a detailed report of its value, position, extent, capabilities, resources, proximity to markets, limestone and other manures, drawn up by competent and trusty persons.

2ndly. When an estate is taken and the number and class of tenants clearly ascertained, together with all the points above referred to, roads are laid out and contracted for, as the first step towards improvement, as well generally throughout the estate, as to the surrounding country; and steps are taken to obtain the support of the local authorities and neighbouring landlords, towards bringing the part of the country into easy communication with the principal markets and towns. The estate is mapped, laid out in regular farms, comprehending a due proportion of each kind of land-lock spelled out, measured, valued, and divided by embankments, answering the double purpose of fences and drains.

3rdly. To build cottages where most wanted, or assist the tenants by loans in doing so.

4thly. To seek for tenants of character, where not offering themselves sufficiently fast.

5thly. To make all necessary drains, fences, &c.

6thly. To establish a model farm with a rotation crop, excluding two white crops in succession.

7thly. To furnish the tenants, when necessary, with cattle on agistment, for the creation of manure, the tenants building a cattle-shed; and to assist them with employment in labour (in effecting drainage, road-making, &c., for the first two years, loan of seeds, &c.)

† This latter, however, is held under an arrangement differing from the other three; not being actually in the hands of the Society. They appear to have lent a sum of 3000*l.* upon it: this sum to be laid out, under their inspection, upon improvements; the trustees of the estate paying to the Society an interest of seven per cent.

of reclaimed land every year*, occupying thirty-two neat cottages, and paying a rental of 84*l.* per annum. The number of tenants is rapidly increasing, and the houses are daily improving in conveniences and comforts.

This was the first estate taken by the Society. The next was Gleneaske, in the county of Sligo; situate eight miles from Ballina, and nine from Tobercorry, and comprising 5698 statute acres. In 1837, the number of tenants was no more than seven, holding small farms of from six to eight acres each; paying, or rather being liable to pay, an aggregate rental of about 30*l.* The tenants now amount to 44; occupying comfortable cottages, many of them holding farms of forty Irish acres; and paying altogether an annual rent of 230*l.*; with the prospect of a considerable increase as additional land is brought into cultivation†.

Kilkerrin—the third estate—is a very large tract of land (consisting of 9562 statute acres) on the borders of the Bay of Galway, and came into the hands of the company in August, 1841, at which time there was not a foot of road on the property, and it was, consequently, almost impossible for any but a native to climb over the rocks, wade through the bogs, or traverse the dense fields of oats and potatoes growing along the coast. There were about 116 tenants holding under the landlord, and as many more under tenants, the total population amounting to 1100 souls, possessing cottages, boats, cattle, and other property, but the land was divided into the smallest patches, all intermingled with each other, so that none but the owner could know the right proprietor of each field. The rent agreed to be paid by the Society for this property was nearly covered by that paid by the tenants. The whole estate has, since it has been in the company's possession, been accurately surveyed, valued, and divided into farms, consisting of a due proportion of each kind of land, and is now re-let to the tenants on the estate, in farms proportionate to

* The Society adopted at Ballinakil—where the tenantry had no cattle of their own, and, in consequence, no means of creating manure—a system hitherto little known in Ireland, but which has been attended with the most complete success, viz., that of buying a number of cattle, and dividing them amongst the tenants to be kept by them on agistment, and housed in winter, which cattle have improved greatly beyond the cost, expense, and interest of the purchase-money, and have been the means of enabling each tenant to collect good heaps of manure for his crops.

† Most of the tenants at Gleneaske have cattle of their own, from the produce of which, together with the crops from the reclaimed waste land, they derive their support, and the private stocks of cattle increase progressively every year. Apart from the grounds now let, there are very many acres of reclaimable land and mountain pasture to be let, and it is the object of the Society to find good tenants for them as soon as possible; but, in the meantime, to prevent the rich pasture from being lost, they take annually as many cattle as can be obtained on agistment, and, in default of these, purchase cattle—a measure, which of course becomes annually less necessary, as the lands are let, and other cattle received. Some idea of the value of the pasturage may be formed from the fact, that, on an average, three acres are capable of maintaining one cow, and that the butter from that cow will pay double the agistment, or rent, per acre.

the number of acres they before held, and at such increased rent as suffices to insure a very fair return to the Society for the outlay and rental. Six miles of very good road have already been made by the Society.

The Society — and their managing director, Col. Robinson — are very sanguine as to the results of their operations upon these three estates; and they appear—of late years at least—to be conducting them upon safe and sound principles; obtaining the assistance of rational and zealous agents; cultivating the good-will and not exciting the suspicions of the tenants; encouraging them to exertions by rewards and prizes "for the best cattle, houses, and crops;" establishing model-schools in connexion with the farms, and employing skilful practical teachers of agriculture. They have met with no obstacles which they could not overcome, and bear testimony, first, to the security with which capital may be invested in Ireland; next to the certainty of its yielding a fair return; and next to the vast advantages that must result to that country from its employment*.

The usual route to Mayo county is from Dublin, through Tuam to Castlebar, a distance of 126 Irish miles; soon after entering it, however, the tourist will leave to the left the old town of Cong, distant about ten or twelve miles; and in order that we may meet with no interruption on our course to the "far west," we shall intreat the reader to verge so much from the direct road, and visit one of the most interesting and venerable ruins in Ireland †.

To its dilapidated Abbey, which retains many tokens of early splendour, Roderick O'Connor, the last of the Irish kings, retired when his English enemies grew too strong for him; here he passed the remainder of his life, living in monastic seclusion for fifteen years; and here, according to tradition, he was buried. The honour of covering his remains is, however, disputed by Clonmacnois. But, at least, the place of his interment is pointed out at Cong, by village historians, who would as soon part with their birth-right as relinquish their claim to the dust of the latest monarch of their country.

* The rents of the tenants of the farms on the Society's estates are generally upon an ascending scale, being extremely low the first five years, and then increasing to a good remunerating price for the remainder of the terms of occupancy. Thus, the first five years, when the outlay is to be made on roads, drains, cottages, and other improvements, and when the tenants must be supplied with labour, seed, and materials towards buildings, will be the period of trial for the Society; for, after that term is passed, all outlay is at an end, with the exception of trifling assistance towards settling new tenants, while the increased rents and other resources—from the model farm—cattle on agistment, and belonging to the Society—progressively increase the returns as rapidly as the expenses must necessarily decrease. For the first two years the tenants have to undergo severe trials, unless they have capital to subsist upon until they have reclaimed sufficient land to produce potatoes and oats to sustain their families and pay their rent.

† Cong is on the borders of Galway county, and adjoins the wild district of "Joyce's Country." Tourists will, therefore, be more disposed to visit it during their stay at Maam—from which it is but a two hours' drive. To this route we shall have occasion to refer.

The grave stands immediately under the great east window; common stones are heaped in careless profusion above it; but it is surrounded by very perfect and beautiful sculptured buttresses, doorways, and ornaments of a gorgeous character, which speak of the former wealth and power of this sanctuary of kings. The sceptical as to the interment of O'Connor, will, however, receive ample assurance that here, at all events, the last abbot

—Prendergast—was buried about twelve years ago. He died at the age of eighty-eight; and his memory is revered by rich and poor in the neighbourhood; he was described to us as a fine white-headed man, the very picture of benevolence; who had been followed, for upwards of half a century, by blessings wherever he passed. A model of the Irish priest of the old school he was; who combined the manners of a gentleman with the accomplishments of a scholar *. It is impossible to render justice to the rich remains of this

* Among the ruins of Cong lie also the mortal remains of Mac Namara—a famous freebooter, whose "slated house" still exists close to the walls of the abbey. Marvellous tales are told of his daring acts and extraordinary escapes; still more wonderful are the stories of his powerful and swift-footed steed. We select one or two of them, as "written down" for us by a schoolmaster, who had them from "an old man—the oldest in these parts," who when a boy knew the hero, and had "often gone messages for him." Mac Namara is said to have come from the county of Clare to Cong, where he obtained several possessions in right of his wife, a lady of the name of Butler, who died before him. After her death he took another. He lived in a house on the river, passing near Cong into the lake (Corrib). In this house he had an apartment into which he used to take his boat. One evening he had some gentlemen from Munster to dine with him. After regaling themselves with their host's best wine, Mac Namara retired to his room in their presence as if to rest for the night. But his heart did not incline to allow his eyes to sleep, or his eyelids to slumber; he ordered a trusty servant to get Binnish his celebrated mare ready, and set off to the house of one of his guests in the county Clare, and robbed it, returning immediately to Cong the same night on his trusty steed "swift as the wind." He arrived time enough for his guests to see him leave the room he had entered in their presence the preceding night, as if he had been reposing there. He entertained them merrily at the breakfast-table, and made them comfortable, they applauding his generous hospitality. When he first came to Cong he took with him a few tried and faithful followers—his sturdy companions in many of his adventures. The descendants of two of these are yet living in Cong. They are the families of ——— and ——. From his house, he had a subterraneous passage to the spot where the Town Cross stands; through this passage he was wont to repair, on retiring betimes from whatever company he had in his house, and hold communications with the accomplices in his feats and adventures, and here in case of danger they could secrete

famous abbey; the entrance gateway we have pictured; it is in a very perfect state, and is but a sample of the whole of the interesting structure. The windows are, in especial, curious specimens of decorated Norman architecture; and some of the carvings seem as fresh, after the lapse of centuries, as if they had but recently passed from the hands of the sculptor. The situation is also exceedingly beautiful: the site was happily chosen; and in walking round the old walls, and in the garden, or standing beside a singularly clear well, that oozes from a rock, it is difficult not to

"Envy them—those monks of old."

The village stands upon a small peninsula, that pushes out into Lough

their own persons—and booty. Of all the wonders performed by himself and his faithful *Binnish* or Binnis, which he always denominated by the term "*companion*," the following may be ranked as one of the greatest:—It occurred in Joyce Country, near Maam, when being pursued by the "Big Joyces," who were it appears frequently serious sufferers from his plundering excursions into their territories, he had nothing to do when nearly surrounded and overtaken by his furious and giant-like pursuers, but to trust to, and prove once more, his noble-spirited Binnis. He was accompanied at the time by his Lieutenant, "red Dan" Nolan, whom he quickly commanded to spring up behind him as the mare's legs were actually off the ground; and she had them both instantly conveyed over a tremendous gulf or deep ravine, at the bottom of which rolled and roared in sublime grandeur the mountain-stream. Poor Binnis's feet were buried in the ground, but were quickly extricated. The place where this was done is situated within about half a mile of Maam, where the lodge or hotel now stands. It is still known by the name of "*Mac Namara's Leap.*" After extricating Binnis he lost no time in repairing to Connanamana, a place a few miles distant, where he took boat for Cong, his "companion" galloping along the shore of the lake in sight of the boat all the way, despite the interruptions of bogs and mountains. Whenever Mac Namara whistled in the boat he was instinctively answered by Binnis's mournful neighing. It appears that Mac Namara was the terror of many wherever he went, some of his neighbours betimes not excepted nor exempted from suffering at his hands. At Tullaghan or Strandhill there lived in his time a gentleman of the name of Stephen Dean, with whom Mac Namara quarrelled. Subsequently Dean and two of his dependants meeting Mac Namara on the road near Strandhill, at a spot where a horse of Dean's was grazing, they alleged he was stealing the beast. For this he was obliged to stand his trial at the ensuing assizes, but was somewhat favoured by one of the ancestors of the present Lord Kilmaine (Sir John Browne, perhaps,) more through terror than love it is said, who interfered in his behalf with the judge. When Mac Namara saw things turn up rather favourably in his behalf, he sprang out of the dock over spikes and all, though handcuffed and wearing bolts or fetters on his feet; at which the judge's gravity gave way to

Corrib. At its entrance, is an ancient stone cross, with an inscription in Irish, which, unfortunately, none of our attendants—and as it was market-day, we had hundreds of them—were able to translate *.

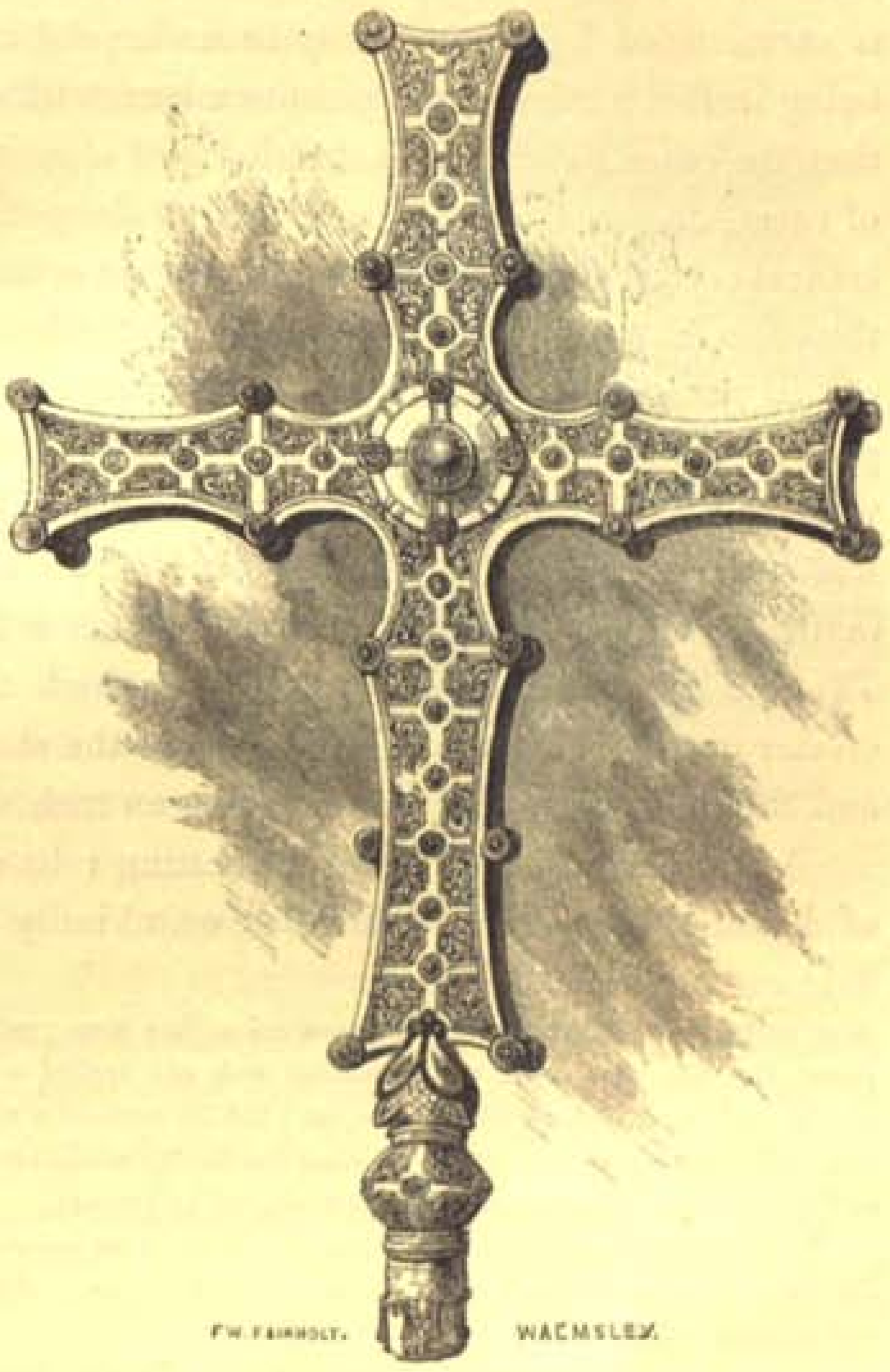
"The Cross of Cong," of which we append an engraved copy, was presented to the Royal Irish Academy in 1839, by Professor Mac Cullagh, by whom it had been purchased from the Roman Catholic clergyman of Cong, who with the funds thus supplied was enabled to repair his chapel, which had been unroofed by a storm. It is, according to Dr. Mac Cullagh, "a most interesting memorial of the period preceding the English invasion, and shows

a smile, and then to amazement, as well as that of the whole court. He then requested to be allowed to show them a little of what his *companion* Binnis could do; and without delay mounted the noble beast, trotted down to the bridge at High-street, got her up on the battlements, where he trotted the nimble and sure-footed animal, which could certainly vie with any mule used in the Alps or mountains of Switzerland; he then got down on the bridge again, and several times got her over the battlement to her hind-legs, to the utter astonishment of a crowd of spectators. He was known to have the shoes turned on her in order to elude the discovery of his pursuers, who were by this ingenuity led to take a contrary direction to that taken by him. When Binnis's term of companionship had expired, he had her *waked*, and coffined and buried with pomp, by giving many bumpers of "*mountain dew*," with which he was always plentifully stocked, to the persons who surrounded her grave.

The neighbourhood of Cong previously was, it is said, infested by another freebooter, "one Captain Webb;" who, according to our informant, had "a murdering hole," into which he forced his victims after robbing and stripping them. Justice—poetical justice—was at length done to him; "he was," we borrow from the same *original* source, "particularly and passionately fond of destroying females;" and many a fair young virgin had he flung into this pit—a pit that had never been fathomed. One day he had brought a maiden to its fatal side, and commenced depriving her of her clothes; when about to part with her last garment, she besought him for the sake of modesty to look aside. He did so; in an instant collecting all her strength, she pushed the villain into the gulf; and his screams, as he plunged from rock to rock, are said to be still heard when any wrong is done to woman in the neighbourhood. There is an old English ballad that records a somewhat similar event.

* We quote again from our authority. The monks of Cong were banished in consequence of the following circumstance.—The proprietor of the place, who was named Richard Bourke, and his wife, being invited to dine at the Monastery one day, the lady, on seeing that the ingenious friars had their nets and fishing-rods so contrived that through a chink in the wall, the end of the rod and line passed from the river, outside, to the table at which they dined, and that on the end of the rod was placed a small bell which rung whenever the bait was taken or the net was struck by the fish in the river, became so covetous of the place and the other beauties and useful contrivances belonging to it, that she vowed she would be possessed of it, and never ceased till she got her husband to yield to her entreaties, and banish the whole confraternity. They were, it is said, about 700 in number when banished; and walking two by two, the first of them had arrived at the spot where Straudhill-gate (about a mile) now stands, when the last had just quitted the Monastery, so that a book forgotten by one of the first was handed to him without his being obliged to walk back for it. It is said that at this place they all turned to the right (the spot is since called "*iompo Deshile*,"—or Turn-to-the-Right) and cursed Cong. The family by whom they were banished were the first and the last upon whom they poured their bitter invectives and imprecated curses. It is said that in consequence of these imprecations none of the descendants of Richard Bourke, the object of the friars' vengeance, has been blessed with a second son. Pat Bourke, son of Barbara Bourke, the celebrated conductor of visitors to the Pigeon Hole, is said to be a lineal descendant of this Richard Bourke. It is added, in legend, that any considerable sum of money acquired in Cong since that period, must waste away before it can be carried out of it, and so with any bringing much money into it, it may be enjoyed there but cannot be conveyed elsewhere.

a very high state of art in the country at the time when it was made, which was the early part of the twelfth century, in the reign of Therdelach Ua Conchovar, (or Turlogh O'Conor,) father of Roderick, the last of the native kings of Ireland*. This date is supplied by the Gaelic inscriptions, extremely clear and well cut, which cover the silver edges of the cross, and which, besides giving the names of the king and of a contemporary dignitary of the church, preserve that of the artist himself, who was an Irishman. A Latin inscription informs us that it contains a precious relic—a portion of the wood of the 'true cross;' and this circumstance will account for the veneration in which it has been held for ages, though, unfortunately, it was not sufficient to protect it from injury, much of the ornamental work having been removed, and part of the inscriptions torn away. Notwithstanding these depredations, however, it is still a splendid monument of ecclesiastical antiquity.



In the centre of the arms, at their junction with the shaft, there is fixed a

* The tracery on the front is divided into a great number of small pannels, which in every instance is composed of a pattern consisting of one or more animals, representing dogs tearing themselves or each other. It bears the same character as the illuminated letters on the old Irish MSS. which are generally of the same device. It is frequently found also in cornices and tops of pillars in ancient buildings, clearly proving that the device is Irish, and as the artist's name on the cross is Irish, there can be no reasonable doubt that the work is the production of a native artisan, although from its extreme beauty many consider it to be Italian. The inscriptions are on a flat silver band, which passes outside all round the cross, and confines the side of the wood which composes the substance of the cross; the armature which covers the front and back of the wood is brass or bronze, very well gilt, and highly worked, with silver bands inserted, which divide the pannels, composed of the canine pattern. The letters of the inscriptions, which are "extremely clear," are NOT CUT, but PUNCHED, which may be proved by examining the wood under the silver band, for they are exactly the

cruciform piece of oak, marked with the figure of a cross, and much older *, apparently, than the rest of the wood, which is oak also. This piece bears marks of the knife, as if it had been taken for the relic; though it is perhaps too large to be so, and, besides, it does not appear that the true cross was made of oak †. Hereabouts, however, the relic certainly was; for the place is surmounted by a very conspicuous crystal of quartz, not long but round, being in fact a thick, double-convex lens, with one surface much more convex than the other. The cross is studded 'full of precious stones,' or rather imitations of them, disposed at regular distances along the edges, and elsewhere. The central crystal is surrounded by an elegant ornament in gold; and all the rest of the cross, both before and behind, is richly adorned with an interwoven tracery, of that peculiar kind which the Irish were so fond of. 'The tracery is of solid gold ‡; the inscribed edging is of silver; and both are separated from the wooden frame by plates of copper,' the whole being held together by nails, of which the heads are little heads of animals. The shaft also terminates below, in the double head of an animal §, which is large and very finely executed. *The end is hollow, to admit a staff, by which the cross was carried, like the* crosier of an archbishop. The height of the shaft is about two feet and a half, and the span of the arms about nineteen inches."

A still more beautiful and interesting relic of antiquity is in the possession of Adam M'Lean, Esq. of Belfast, who kindly permitted us to make drawings

same under it; which could not be the case unless they were produced in this way. The fact is curious, as it proves that the Irish artist was acquainted with and applied so much of the art of printing by single types, one for each letter, as answered his purpose: had his necessities required him to have made many inscriptions in a small space of time, no doubt his inventive faculty would have led him to have made a number of types, and have arranged them in the mode now adopted by printers.

* The difference is quite perceptible, that in the arms and shaft looks quite new, compared with the thin flat piece in the centre with the cross on it, which has every character of great antiquity about it, its colour, and extreme brittleness.

† The Rev. Dr. Wiseman saw the cross when in Dublin: he thinks the old wood is not the relic, but that it was a small morsel, which was originally exhibited under the quartz lens, which allowed it to be seen *very much magnified*, so that ignorant people would imagine it to be much larger than it really was.

‡ This has been since found to be a mistake; the gold is a wash very well put on, indeed nothing can be better. How it was done would puzzle a modern artist; altogether the gold on the cross is not worth ten shillings, yet it is made to go very far, and may have been intended more for use than ornament,—to prevent the brass becoming foul from the dampness of the climate.

§ This animal is the dog, it bites the foot of the cross; and on the front of the hook of the Crosier of Glendalough, which belonged to the late Major Sirr, we find the dog trampled under foot by a figure representing a bishop, who strikes the spike on the foot of his staff into the mouth of the dog, who appears to bite it. The dog was considered an unclean animal, and is always represented as a female, and may possibly have been considered as the type or emblem of "the flesh,"—which was to be crucified by the daily penance fast, and offices, which the religious of those days imposed on themselves. There is some reason to believe that the dog held the place in the emblems of the early ascetics in Ireland, which the serpent, not found in that country, was considered the type of in those countries in which it was found—the flesh or the lusts of the flesh, which the early ascetics considered it essential to subdue.

of it. It is described by Stuart, in his History of Armagh, as the bell which "appears to have been the gift of Domnald O'Lochluin king of Aileach Neid to his friend Domnald Mac Amalgaid, on his promotion to the see in 1092." The relic consists of an antique, four-sided hand-bell, nine and a half inches in height, five in length, and four in breadth. "It is of uncouth form, composed of two pieces of hammered iron, connected by brass solder * and by twelve rivets." When struck by the tongue it emits a dull solemn sound. It is accompanied by a cover of very magnificent workmanship, set with precious gems, proving the veneration with which the relic has been regarded in ancient times, and bearing satisfactory evidence that it is the production of a much later age. The ground of the cover is brass, edged with copper, and enriched with a variety of ornaments, raised on all its parts. "Its top represents a compressed mitre, one side of which is adorned with fine gold filigree work and silver gilt. The four sides are ornamented with much taste and skill, and no doubt at immense cost. The stones are rock crystal, (Irish diamond,) about an inch and a half in length, garnets, cornelians, and sapphires. The ornaments are of gold, and are principally designed to represent serpents, curiously and elegantly intertwined in most elegant folds, and in various knots like the complicated involutions in the collar of the order of the Knights of St. Patrick †. In some of them the eyes are formed of blue

* It would appear that the solder was not confined to the joints of those riveted bells, for two of them in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy have it diffused over their external surface, where it is now forming irregular masses, evidently proving that the bell when riveted was dipped in the liquid brass, which covered its surface, and thus increasing its thickness, improved its tone. The brass on the outside looks like half-melted pitch which we may notice on the plank of a ship after exposure to the sun. Should the brass have been used for the purpose of improving the tone by increasing the thickness of the metal, it is quite manifest we should not call it solder. In some old trumpets and other instruments in the same museum, we find examples of brass or bronze cast on to the same metal, and thus defects are remedied or additions made to castings; one is peculiarly interesting—a trumpet. Its tone was perhaps too high when first cast, and a piece about five inches long was afterwards added to it by this process. We find handles put to swords, with the rivets complete also in this way, which we may imagine to have been one branch of the ancient art of foundery in bronze.

† The non-existence of serpents and toads in Ireland, has been the subject of much inquiry and curious speculation; but the bare fact is left as unexplained in the nineteenth century as it has ever been. The popular belief is, that they were expelled the country by the order of St. Patrick; but the "historian" Keating, although he maintains that "Ireland had serpents before the coming of the patron saint," is "of

glass. Of the antiquity of this beautiful cover, and the still more remote age of the bell, there can be no doubt. When the bell is inclosed, a sliding brass plate on which it rests fills the bottom of the case. On this plate, the rim of the cover has strongly impressed its form, a collateral proof of its age, for the weight is not sufficient to have produced this effect, either by its pressure or by any friction it could have occasioned, except in a long period of time. An inscription in Irish characters on its four edges partly obliterated, indicates, "as far as it has been deciphered," the date assigned to it by Mr. Stuart; but it is very probable that the bell itself is coeval with the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. This interesting relic was bequeathed to Mr. M'Lean, by an old schoolmaster of the name of Mulholland, in the possession of whose family it had been for many centuries. Its farther history may

be little more than conjecture, but it requires no great stretch of imagination to

opinion that they were not venomous;" and "inclines to think" that by the serpents spoken of in the life of the holy man, "were meant infernal demons;" and he proceeds to describe the circumstances which led to the absence of these reptiles from Ierne. Niul, the son of Fenius, king of Capaciront, who had married Scota, daughter of the king of Egypt, had by her a son named Gaoidhal. Moses, escaping from Pharaoh, encamped with his followers near Niul's residence, which led to a mutual friendship and alliance between them. "It happened that, upon the same night, a serpent bit Gæyal, Niul's son, whilst he was swimming, by which his life was endangered; *others assert that the animal came out of the wilderness and bit him in bed.* Niul's people advised him to bring the youth to Moses; he complied, and Moses prayed to God, and laid the rod that was in his hand upon the wound, and it was immediately healed. Moses then foretold, that wheresoever any of the posterity of this youth should inhabit, no venomous creature would have any power." Thus the Irish, being his descendants, were freed from the pest; or rather, according to the "historian," from all peril arising from it. But he does not explain how it has happened that the innocuous reptile quitted Ireland altogether; a fact accounted for, by an equally authentic document—the modern song, which places St. Patrick upon the hill of Howth—

"'Twas on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint,
He drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint."

Whether the earth or the air—or what is by no means improbable, the exceeding moisture of the climate—forbids the existence of serpents and toads in Ireland, is matter of speculation. The former have, however, been certainly introduced into the country "on speculation," and have perished; the latter, we understand, have "increased and multiplied" in a district of the south. Frogs we know were equally strangers to the Irish about eighty years ago: previously, there was no frog in the island; they are now as common as they are in England. Naturalists account for the fact in a very easy way; "serpents were not given to Ireland

induce a belief that this very bell has been actually touched by the hand of St. Patrick; for if some hundred years ago it was regarded as so precious a relic as to justify an immense expenditure upon its cover, in the formation of which, workmen of great skill must have been employed, it is scarcely irrational to suppose that it may have been then four hundred years old, and had been transmitted as a thing of vast value, from one bishop to another. Such an idea will seem by no means visionary to those by whom it is examined *.

at the general distribution." Thus, at least, it was explained to us by a distinguished naturalist in Dublin; who upon the same principle accounted for the absence of many animals not known in Ireland, and the presence of others unknown elsewhere. There are no moles in the country. Standing upon the quay at Larne a story was told to us, which at the moment startled us much; subsequent inquiries, however, convinced us there was "nothing in it." Some vessels were conveying earth to the opposite shore in Scotland as ballast. We asked the motive of so odd a cargo. "It is strange," said our informant, "that wherever this earth is laid no mole will live;" and he proceeded to relate that a few years ago some Irish earth, that had been thrown upon the shore, was used to cover a bowling-green, which required frequent repairs in consequence of its being infested with moles. To the astonishment of the owner, from that time it continued as "smooth as a bowling-green"—ought to be. The improvement was attributed to the use of the Irish earth.

* "Mr. Whittacar, in his "History of Manchester," mentions, that bells were applied by the Christians of Italy to denote the hours of devotion, and summon the people to church. The first application of them to this purpose is by Polydore Vergil ascribed to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, about the year 400. In Britain, bells were applied to church purposes before the conclusion of the seventh century. In the monastic societies of Northumbria, and in those of Caledonia, as early as the sixth, and by the Greek Christians not until the ninth century. In France they were composed of iron, but in England, as formerly in Rome, they frequently consisted of brass. In the ancient monasteries we find six kinds of bells, enumerated by Durandus, viz.: Squila, rung in the refectory; Cymbalum, in the cloisters; Nola, in the choir; Nolecta, in the clock, &c. The use of bells is of very ancient origin. The Greeks, Romans, and Christians applied them to various purposes and on various occasions. By the heathens they were sometime attached to the necks of men, beasts, birds, &c. Matthew Paris observes, that in ancient times the bell was prohibited in time of mourning, though at present it constitutes one of the principal ceremonies on the burial of the dead. Mabillon asserts that it was a frequent custom to ring a bell to advertise the people to pray for those about to expire; whence our "passing bell." The passing bell was anciently used for two purposes—one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing; the other, to drive away the evil spirit who stood at the bed's foot and about the house, ready to seize its prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage. In the Roman Catholic church, bells were baptized and anointed, oleo chrismatis. They were also exorcised and blessed by the bishop, from a belief that, where these ceremonies were performed, they had power to drive the devil out of the air, to calm tempests, to extinguish fire, and even re-create the dead. The ritual of these ceremonies is contained in the Roman Pontifical. In "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy" we find some mention of Irish bells. "Consecrated bells were formerly held in great reverence in Ireland, particularly before the tenth century. Cambrensis, in his Welsh Itinerary, says, 'Both the laity and clergy in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, held in such great veneration portable bells, and staves crookt at the top, and covered with gold, silver, and brass, and similar relics of the saints, that they were much more afraid of swearing falsely by them than by the gospels, because from some hidden and miraculous power with which they were gifted, and the vengeance of the saint, to whom they were particularly pleasing, their despisers and transgressors are severely punished.' Miraculous portable bells were very common; Giraldus speaks of the *Campana fugitiva* of O'Toole, chieftain of Wicklow; and Colgan relates, that whenever St. Patrick's portable bell tolled, as a preservative against evil spirits and magicians, it was heard from the Giants' Causeway to Cape Clear, from the Hill of Howth to the Western shores of Connemara."

Bells of similar size and form to that we have described are not uncommon. In the Dublin Penny Journal two are pictured: one was found, with several Celtic weapons, in the county of Monaghan; the

The neighbourhood of Cong is remarkably rich in natural wonders. A little to the north-west of it, a narrow neck of land divides the two great lakes of Connaught—Lough Mask and Lough Corrib; and, close to the town, the water runs through a natural tunnel, deep under ground, a distance of some three or four miles; the northern lake, Mask, thus joining the southern lake, Corrib, and both making their way into the Bay of Galway. Lough Mask being much higher than Lough Corrib, the stream rushes in mighty cataracts far beneath the surface of the earth—which occasionally sends up a dismal melancholy sound; keeping alive the embers of decaying superstition. Here and there the land has fallen in, exhibiting the wild rush of waters far underneath. One of the caves, thus formed, *we went a short distance* out of our road to visit. It is named the Pigeon-hole. We were waited upon by an aged crone; as villanous a looking libel on "the sex" as it has ever been our lot to encounter. She lives in a cabin close by, and watches with wolfish eyes for the coming of a "curosity passenger," whom it is her business to initiate into the mysteries of the cave. We marvelled to see her with

other, which is of very rude workmanship, much corroded by time, and composed of a mixed metal, hammered and rivetted together, was dug up at Loughmore, county of Limerick, near the celebrated abbey of Mungret, "said to have been erected in the fourth century, before the arrival of St. Patrick in Munster." We heard of one that was discovered in a very singular manner by a gentleman who related to us the occurrence. The peasantry in the neighbourhood of an ancient abbey—we forget the name—had attached superstitious notions to the ruin, in consequence, as they alleged, of the singular noises that proceeded from it. In particular, they spoke of the tolling of a bell that always preceded some calamity in the neighbourhood. Statements to this effect were so numerous, and rested upon such good authority, that the party in question was induced to inquire further; and one evening, when the wind was unusually high, he distinctly, and to his utter astonishment, heard the solemn tolling of a bell. When his first sensations of surprise, and indeed of dismay, had subsided, he endeavoured to ascertain the quarter from whence the sound proceeded; and at length found the bell embedded in ivy.

a wisp of straw in one hand and a lighted turf in the other; but their purpose was soon explained. We reached "the hole," a chasm in the hill side, the opening to which, about forty feet in circumference, was adorned with honeysuckle and wild roses, growing in the richest profusion. We descended a rude and steep pathway, cut into rough steps, a distance of perhaps thirty yards to the bottom; from the summit, the ivy had grown downwards, nearly the whole way, and fell in graceful "strings" and folds, running also up the sides, and literally clothing the mournful hollow with green verdure. At length we stood below; the water rushed fiercely through a deep and narrow channel, boiling and foaming along, but apparently without either ingress or egress, for the limestone rocks enclosed it, and its passage, both in and out, was imperceptible, except by the bubbling up at its entrance, and the *smooth* surface it presented when it left the cave, for a cave still deeper, hidden since the creation from human eyes. The crone, having first directed our attention to a brace of holy trout—which had "lived there since St. Patrick blessed the Abbey of Cong," and which we actually saw swimming merrily about in a small basin where the waters were somewhat calm—entered deliberately upon her chief business of the day*. Bending her shrivelled features over the "coal of turf," the "whisp of straw" was soon lighted; it was flung upon the current, and carried swiftly by the rush of waters down to the farthest end of the cave; spreading a bright glow over the whole scene, and exhibiting to us the parts of the cave that had previously been concealed by the darkness. Although but for a moment, the entire of this singular natural excavation was exhibited—its height, length, and breadth. The sight was very startling: and is worth a far longer pilgrimage to see.

This is not the only singular object in the vicinity of Cong. On the way

* Mr. Ball, the naturalist, of Dublin, tells a curious story in reference to these miraculous trout. "When visiting the Pigeon-hole, a curious cavern in the county of Mayo, through which runs a subterranean river, I was shown what my guides called a holy trout. Desirous of testing the superstitions of the country people then present, and, at the same time, awakening the echoes of the cavern, I proposed firing a pistol at the trout. On presenting it, they turned away their heads, and at the moment I was about to pull the trigger, a small cloud obscured the sun, and I lost sight of the fish; nothing daunted, I fired, and the sun shone forth at once again and displayed the trout unscathed. I have no doubt the accidental occurrence of this momentary obscuration has tended to confirm the country people in their belief." Mr. Otway says, "The stream which runs through the cavern seemed alive with the trout." The legend, however, is that it has never been inhabited by more than two; and two only we could see. The same story is told here as we have heard elsewhere: How an unbelieving soldier took away with him one of them, and placed it upon a gridiron to broil; upon which the trout instantly vanished, and was found next day swimming about by the side of his companion, in the old place, as merrily as if he had never been tried by the ordeal of fire. At the holy-well, at the foot of Croagh Patrick, near Westfort, a brace of trout are exhibited, upon one of which a like experiment was made—and in this case there can be no doubt; for the guardian of the Well showed us upon the side of the trout the marks left by the hot bars of the gridiron.

to Joyce's Country—we met them there for the first time in Ireland, although it recurred at several places in Connemara,—we saw heaps of piled up stones on either side of the road; these heaps continuing for above a mile, after their commencement a short distance from the western entrance to the town. The artist can convey a better notion of their peculiar character than any written description can do. We left our car to examine them minutely; and learned they were monuments to the memory of "deceased" persons, "erected" by their surviving friends. Upon death occurring, the primitive tumulus is built —if that may be called building which consists in placing a few large stones upon a spot previously unoccupied. Each relative of the dead adds to the heap; and in time it becomes a "mountain" of tolerable size. Each family knows its own particular monument; and a member of, or a descendant from it, prays and leaves his offering only at that especial one. The custom has endured for many generations; some of the heaps bore tokens of great age; and one was pointed out to us of which there were records, in the transferred memories of the people, for at least 500 years. The bodies are in no instance buried here—it is not consecrated earth; the monuments are merely memorials, and no doubt originated at a period when a Roman Catholic was, according to the provisions of a law equally foolish and cruel, interred—without form or ceremony—in church ground, the ground that had been the property of their ancestors. None of these stone cairns have any masonwork, and they are generally of the rudest forms, or rather without any form, the stones having been carelessly cast one upon another. Upon one of them only could we discover any inscription—this one is introduced into the print; it is built with far more than the usual care; it contained an inscription; "Pray for ye soule of John Joyce and Mary Joyce, his wife, died 1712;" some of them, however, seem to have been constructed with greater care than others, and many of them were topped with a small wooden cross. We estimated that there were at least 500 of these primitive monuments—of all shapes and sizes —along the road. In each of them we observed a small hollow, which the

peasants call "a window;" most of these were full of pebbles, and upon inquiry we learned that when one of the race to whom the deceased belonged, kneels by the side of this record to his memory and offers up a prayer for the repose of his soul, it is customary to fling a little stone into this "cupboard;" the belief being that gradually as it fills, so, gradually, the soul is relieved of punishment in purgatory; when completely full the soul has entered paradise. We have prolonged our description of this singular and interesting scene, because it seems to have been altogether overlooked by travellers; and because we believe that nothing like it is to be met with in any other part of Ireland. As we have said, similar objects are to be found in several places about Connamara; none of them, however, are so extensive as this which adjoins Cong. From Cong we resume our journey northward *.

* It was the first visit of Mr. Fairholt (the artist by whom we were accompanied), to Ireland, and he had received some warnings from his friends as to the peril of entering the wild region of the West; with some earnest misgivings as to his probable fate, especially so soon after there had been a sort of insurrection at Ennis, where a party of starving men and women had robbed a flour-mill of a certain quantity of oatmeal; paying the penalty of four or five lives, and a score or two of gun-shot wounds, which made some of them cripples for the remainder of their days; and probably has helped to people the workhouse. The event was much discussed in the English papers; and, like most of the Irish "outrages," was so magnified by distance, that many persons looked for an early discovery of bogs full of pike-heads. Shortly after this circumstance we travelled from Tuam to Castlebar, between the hours of eight and twelve at night, upon an outside jaunting car, armed with a brace of umbrellas, as safe from injury or insult as if "John of Tuam" himself had occupied the driver's seat. To those who know Ireland it is unnecessary to lay any stress upon this fact; it is needless to comment upon the perfect security in which a traveller may journey from one end of the island to the other—with greater security, beyond all question, than he can travel in any other country of the world. At the commencement of our work we made some reference to this topic; observing that in our various journeys we had not only been exposed to no interruption, but that we had never lost a single shilling, or shilling's worth, at any of the inns in which we had been domiciled. We have now, after two other tours, through the wildest districts of Ireland, precisely the same story to tell. Yet in England there are many who are either in ignorance of this, or wilfully close their senses against conviction; and it is still not uncommon to consider Ireland, notwithstanding its innumerable sources of pleasure, an *unsafe* country to travel over in search of health, instruction, or enjoyment.

Upon this subject we presume to extract a passage from the letter, to which we have elsewhere referred, as addressed by us to a Dublin newspaper,—during our tour in Connaught, at a period when want was to be found literally in almost every cabin:—

"There is one other point connected with this matter, upon which I feel bound to comment—the wonderful tranquillity and integrity of the peasantry while suffering actual hunger, and almost on the verge of perishing of want. I have travelled nearly four hundred miles within the last three weeks, not alone upon highways, but into unfrequented districts, and I have not heard a single instance of outrage or robbery perpetrated anywhere. I journeyed at all times of the day and night, upon the ordinary car, in the midst of people who were without food, and never met the slightest interruption or annoyance, except from the entreaties of hungry men, women, and children, whom I was unable to relieve. I have seen cattle feeding in the valleys and on the hills adjacent; and believe that scarcely an instance has occurred of persons who were starving having taken that which did not belong to them. In one or two towns, indeed—as we know from sad records—some attempts were made to obtain food by force; but, considering the present state of things, it is absolutely wonderful that cases of the kind have been so limited; their having been exclusively confined to places—Ennis and Galway—where a few unprincipled men will be always found; but even there, I have reason to know, the outrages of a brief hour are by no means to be charged upon the suffering poor."

We must request the reader to retrace his steps, postponing his entrance into Connamara, and, regaining the great Dublin Road, proceed with us to Castlebar. The town looks thriving and prosperous; it contains some neat public buildings, and a "green" of some extent as a promenade for the inhabitants. The suburbs, however, are, as usual, exceedingly wretched. The mountains surround Castlebar, sufficiently remote to add to their picturesque character; and in its immediate neighbourhood are numerous fine lakes. The neat and comfortable inn at which we abode commanded a fine prospect of both. Looking from its clean and well-arranged sitting-room, several fine pictures presented themselves, which our friend the artist turned to very valuable account *.

* Mayo County has been long celebrated in the annals of duelling; although not more so than its neighbour, Galway. "The sod" in both counties is still shown, a mile or two outside the towns of Castlebar and Galway, where many a "thoughtless hero" has been laid low—the bullet being not unfrequently fired by an old friend and companion, who would almost as soon have shot himself. Happily, the reign of the Fire-eaters terminated long ago; a duel now-a-days in Ireland is a rare event. Even the "Mayo Cock" and the "Galway Cock"—rivals and friends for centuries—incline more to settle their disputes in the Courts than at twelve paces. We heard a vast number of anecdotes in illustration of the old practice: some of them were deeply serious, others exquisitely comic. The records of the two places referred to would alone fill a volume. We could, however, do little good by preserving them; the dismal page had better not be re-opened. We therefore abstain from printing the many anecdotes that were related to us—the majority by persons who witnessed what they described. The characters who figured in them are nearly all gone to their long account; and we should inevitably wound the feelings of their descendants, by detailing instances of a savage custom carried to a brutal extent. Besides, the English public are not sufficiently aware of the changes that have been wrought by Time in the habits of the Irish gentleman, to discriminate with sufficient accuracy between what *has been* and what *is*. Pictures that refer only to a passed generation, and excite general disgust—by portraying the Irish of the upper grades as drunkards, duellists, and rascals utterly without principle—are sometimes confounded—in this country—with portraits of living men and scenes of present occurrence. It is not at all times easy to distinguish between yesterday and to-day. Only evil can arise to Ireland by thus recruiting a prejudice that has been rapidly giving way before actual experience. Until within the last thirty years, there was scarcely a gentleman of either Galway or Mayo who had not "been out;" and in some of the "established families," pistols are still kept as heir-looms, to which many tragic stories are attached. At one time a club existed in Galway, to which no person was admissible who had not shot his man. Some of the pistols are notched, or nicked, in several places, to denote the number of persons who had been shot by them. Hence, it is said, the term once familiar enough in "the West"—"he's nicked," when a man was down. We met, not long ago, a very courtly and amiable gentleman who had acted as a "friend" in no fewer than twenty duels, and had been lucky enough to lose no more than two principals. Upon asking him how he came to be so often selected for this responsible duty, he accounted for the fact thus:—About forty years ago, a young English officer called upon him to be his second; he was brought off harmless after a shot or two, and was so delighted at his escape, that he presented his pistols to his "friend." The pistols were of a superior make, and remarkably "true;" the consequence was, that whenever afterwards "business" was to be done in the neighbourhood, these weapons were to be borrowed. "And so," added our acquaintance, "of course I was obliged to go, to—to look after my pistols." Castlebar was the scene of the terrible exploits of George Robert Fitzgerald—known by his cognomen of "Fighting Fitzgerald"—whose frightful history seems akin to romance. It has been told—and, we believe, only from authentic documents—with great ability, by Mr. Archdeacon, an amiable and highly-respectable schoolmaster resident in that town. Fitzgerald—although the descendant of the great Desmonds, and closely connected with many noble Irish families—was hanged at Castlebar in 1786.

Castlebar was rendered famous during the melancholy year 1798. Here the English army was defeated by a small French force, under the command of General Humbert; and the battle, fought in the outskirts of the town, is spoken of to this day, by the nickname of "the Castlebar races." The "Rebellion" had been suppressed; and nominal peace, at least, had been restored to Ireland, when, suddenly, a descent was attempted by the army of republican France upon the northern coast of Connaught. Two or three months earlier, and the consequences might have been terrible. Under then existing circumstances, however, the British troops, freed from all occupation in the south, had ample leisure to check the miniature invasion, and, although a few days of triumph were enjoyed by the invaders, their subjection was effected at very little cost. On the 22d of August, 1798, three French frigates appeared in Killala Bay; the weather was fine, and the sea was calm; the collector of the port boarded the ships (they had hoisted English colours), but did not return. The character and purpose of the strangers were soon ascertained. Troops, amounting in number to above 1000, consisting chiefly of hardy veterans, and commanded by General Humbert, were landed without opposition, and, after a slight skirmish with some yeomanry, took possession of the town of Killala, an ancient bishop's see, establishing their head-quarters at the palace. Their first step was to arm and equip "the natives," for whom they had brought clothing, arms, and ammunition; and large numbers immediately flocked to their standard. Bulletins were at once issued, headed "Liberty; Equality; Fraternity; Union;" and calling upon Irishmen to join their "friends," in order to rescue their country from the tyranny of England. The document thus concluded:—"The Irish Republic! such is our shout! let us march! our hearts are devoted to you! our glory is your happiness." They were joined, however, by no Irish leaders of note; and the unhappy rabble who flocked to their standard seem to have far more embarrassed than aided the invaders. Proceeding southward, they reached Castlebar on the 27th; and here they were met by the English generals, Lake and Hutchinson, who had possession of the town, and who commanded a much greater force and were much better provided with munitions of war than their enemies. The relative strength of the two armies may be estimated as about one thousand and one thousand five hundred; but that of France was aided—more apparently than really—by a mob dressed in French uniforms; while that of England was composed chiefly of militia regiments, upon whose fidelity no reliance could be placed, and who, in fact, did desert by whole companies. The English generals, therefore, made but a miserable fight; they were driven out

of the town, and fled in confusion to Tuam, and subsequently to Athlone—a distance of sixty-four miles; leaving behind them all their cannon, above a hundred dead and wounded, and nearly three hundred "missing," the majority of whom were deserters, who were afterwards tried by drum-head court martial and shot*. The triumph of Humbert was, however, of brief duration. Having conveyed intelligence of his victory to the Directory, in which he magnified the number of slain enemies into six hundred, with a proportionate amount of wounded and prisoners, he issued proclamations, appointing Castlebar (until further orders) to be the seat of the Republican government of the province of Connaught, which was to consist of twelve members, named by the commander-in-chief, ordering that a body of 12,000 men should be organised forthwith; and commanding that every individual from the age of sixteen to forty should, in the name of the Irish Republic, repair to the French camp. He made no motion, however, of pursuing his beaten enemies, but, upon their rallying, "wheeled off to the northward;" a circumstance that was explained a few weeks afterwards by the capture of the Hoche and eight frigates of France, having on board five thousand troops destined to land at Lough Swilly, in the county of Donegal. The Marquis of Cornwallis, Lord-lieutenant, at the head of 27,000 men, in pursuit of the handful of invaders, overtook them on their progress to the north at

* The character of the British was redeemed from utter disgrace only by the gallant conduct of the Fraser Fencibles. They were the last to quit the town. A small party of them retired to the churchyard, which commanded the main street, where they made a stand until they fell beneath the pikes of the insurgents. A slab to record their courage and their fate was erected in the church by their Colonel. It contains this inscription:—

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

JAMES BEATY

ANGUS M^{c}DONALD

GEORGE MUNRO

DONALD URQUHART

WILLIAM ROSS

AND

DUGALD CAMERON

PRIVATES OF THE FRASER HIGHLANDERS, WHO WERE KILLED IN THE ACTION AT CASTLEBAR WITH THE FRENCH INVADERS, ON THE 27TH AUGUST, 1798, AS A SMALL TRIBUTE TO THEIR GALLANT CONDUCT AND HONOURABLE DEATH,

BY

COLONEL SIMON FRASER

OF LOVAT

WHO COMMANDED THE DETACHMENT OF THE REGIMENT ON THAT DAY.

The church has been rebuilt; and, to the disgrace of the corporation of Castlebar,—the old corporation, we must, in justice, observe,—the slab was removed, and inserted in the old wall that surrounds the new structure. This act is utterly inexcusable; it is unworthy, ungrateful, and disloyal; and, we have reason to know, is considered to be scandalous by the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the town, who may be looked upon as sufferers by the bravery they are generous enough to respect.

Ballinamuck; when Humbert surrendered, on the 8th of September, with his army, consisting of ninety-six officers and seven hundred and forty-eight non-commissioned officers and privates. So ended the last invasion of Great Britain; at Castlebar, as well as elsewhere,

"Rebellion had ill-luck."

The result might have been far more disastrous had Humbert paid his visit to Ireland a few months earlier; or had he delayed it a few weeks later, when the troops, proceeding to join him in the Hoche, had augmented his forces—and the unhappy Theobald Wolfe Tone, who was a passenger in that vessel, had brought experience to his councils, and the influence of a known and beloved name as a watchword to his Irish allies*.

It would be unjust to omit reference to the conduct of the Irish peasantry of Mayo during the period of their remaining uncontrolled masters of the district; it was generous and merciful in the highest degree, as compared with the scenes enacted a brief while previously in the south of Ireland. In fact, no Loyalist's life was wantonly taken; and persons most obnoxious to the people were suffered to remove unmolested from their habitations, or to remain in the country merely under surveillance. It is only equally right to add, that they were ill recompensed for thus abstaining from acts of rapine and bloodshed. When the troops obtained repossession of Castlebar and its neighbourhood, they seemed to vie with each other as to who could "shoot most croppies;" they robbed friends as well as enemies; and, in fact, so extensive was the mischief wrought by them, that "the Marquis of Corn-

* About three years ago, it startled the inhabitants of Castlebar, to see a Colonel O'Malley, of the French service, suing for a property in the Courts of that town, in which he had not set foot since he had figured as a Captain of insurgents at the famous battle. He had fought also at Ballinamuck. He was unsuccessful in his suit—having, as we understand, been debarred by the statute of Limitations; but he was treated with marked courtesy by court, jury, and counsel; and no single word was uttered having reference to his connection with "the time of the troubles."—The anecdote reminded us of another we heard in Dublin. A young gentleman was sitting in his room in College. A slight tap at the door was answered by a call to come in. A stranger advanced; he was muffled up; he courteously asked permission to sit a few minutes in that chamber; it was readily granted. He remained for nearly an hour, without speaking a word, covering his face with his cloak, and sobbing as if his heart would break. At length he rose to depart; and then he spoke. "Sir," said he, "I pray your pardon for this intrusion. Thirty years ago, my last evening in Ireland was spent in this room. I have since been a wanderer over the face of the earth. The room was then full of joyous and hoping spirits; I am the only one of them all who escaped with life. The rest fell in battle, or died upon the scaffold. To sit once more in this room is my only business in my country; I am forgotten, and have been long thought to be dead; no one knows me; no one shall ever again know me." He departed as mysteriously as he had entered; and although the gentleman who had been his host for so short a time, and in so singular a manner, made every inquiry with a view to ascertain who he was, he is to this moment unable even to guess at his name.

wallis sent ten commissioners to Killala and its vicinity for the express purpose of ascertaining the damages done by the king's troops."

The district north of Castlebar is full of interest and wild beauty; about midway to Ballina, and on the direct road to Sligo, the tourist passes between the lakes of Con and Cullen. A bridge was built across their juncture by the late Lord Lucan, who has handed down his name to posterity as one of the benefactors of Ireland * ; for previously a dangerous ferry was the only mode by which travellers could pass from one side to the other †.

From Castlebar we proceeded to Newport,—called, to distinguish it from other towns of the same name, Newport-Mayo. A few years back it was little better than a collection of hovels, and a modern traveller, in 1839, complains bitterly, that he was domiciled at "an ugly, mean-looking pothouse, redolent of sour beer, and effete whiskey punch," the bedchamber of which was "small, frouzy, and unclean:" he adds, however, that "Newport was *intended* to be a better town,"—and a better town it now, unquestionably, is. The "hotel" is neat and comfortable; the cars are good; several pretty houses have been built along the quay, and some large storehouses "in progress" indicate increasing prosperity. Few towns on the coast, indeed, are more fortunately situated; a somewhat broad and rapid river, aiding the picturesque, and "full" of charms to the angler, here makes its way into the sea: the beautiful bay of Clew, with its hundreds of islands, that leaves a deposit of soft sand upon the adjacent shore, rendering the neighbourhood highly

* Beneath this bridge may be frequently observed the curious appearance of the stream flowing in opposite directions during the same day, owing to any overflow of the smaller lake (Cullen), which has no other outlet for its superabounding waters than by sending them back again to its superior through this narrow channel. The Pontoon road was planned and executed by Mr. Ball, the distinguished engineer, (now superintending the improvement of the Clyde in his native country,) and was a work of immense labour, costing much time and money. For nearly half a mile there is barely room for the road—and narrow enough it is—between the rocky bases of the mountains and the water. The bridge was a very bold undertaking; as the narrow channel connecting the lakes was, of course, at times, swept by a tremendous current.

† A small island close to the Pontoon is celebrated as the residence of one of the last wholesale robber captains in Ireland—his name was Gallaher, and his band was numerous and determined. Bold, indeed, and utterly fearless were their acts. Robberies were committed on the public roads and in open daylight; residences were plundered almost nightly, and no place was considered safe unless strongly guarded. On one occasion, Gallaher, having been "set," escaped from the area window of a house as a party of military, with a magistrate, entered the front door. The daring captain, on reaching the ground, crept round to where the magistrate's horse was fastened, and, loosing him, rode off at full speed, and the next day returned the animal, with his thanks, to the magistrate for the use of so good a beast at such a pinch. Gallaher figured in 1817 and 1818. He died fearfully. He and his "secretary" (Walsh) having shaken hands and kissed on the gallows, were flung off together. Walsh died at once, but Gallaher's rope broke, and he was precipitated to the ground; "he got a glass of wine, and was again shoved out on the trapboard by the executioner, seated like a tailor, his legs having been broken by the fall."

attractive to bathers. At the quay, a vessel of four or five hundred tons may unload. The town, and a vast district to the west of it, including nearly the whole of the island of Achill, are the property of Sir Richard O'Donell, who is said to be the "nominal owner" of eighty thousand statute acres of land; but so much of it is let upon long leases, or is mountain-waste, that his real income is understood to be very small. Nevertheless, under the watchful care of a judicious agent, and by the help of a most benevolent, active, and intelligent clergyman, who has shown how completely prejudices may be overcome, and who happily mingles firmness of principle with just and generous liberality, the town is rapidly rising into an importance that will, in a short time, render it second to none on the western coast*.

DUBLIN

The scenery in the immediate neighbourhood is very pleasing, striking, and picturesque; the artist copied for us a portion of it just above the town, taking in the glebe-house and the spire of the church, topping a graceful plantation of trees.

* North of the district we are describing, are the baronies of Erris and Tyrawley; savage districts, but full of interest and character, which, alone, have supplied materials for a valuable book—one of the legacies of the late Rev. Cæsar Otway, (published by Curry & Co., Dublin). It is full of rare "sketches" of a singular people, and their as singular customs. Into this wild region civilisation has scarcely yet entered; even now the roads are few, and impassable for ordinary carriages; and probably there are hundreds of the inhabitants, at this moment, who do not even know that a queen reigns over Great Britain. Achill and its vicinity are primitive places; but according to Mr. Otway's account, they are refined in comparison with Erris and Tyrawley.

To the tourist and the occasional resident, Newport-Mayo has many temptations,—of sea, lake, and land; its attractions to the sportsman and the angler are abundant of every class and kind, and both may pursue their pleasure without "let or hindrance," the sole stipulation being, that they shall reside at the inn *.

* Generally, indeed, along the western coast, the sportsman will encounter few obstacles; and, as we shall have occasion to show, in no part of Ireland will his sport be more abundant. The grouse are thick upon the mountains, and the rivers and lakes are full of fish. Of trout no account is taken; but it is usual to stipulate with the angler that he shall carry away one salmon, sending to the owner the other produce of his skill; and a very just arrangement this is; for the "fair" angler is never covetous of fish; one who is otherwise is no better than a poacher. In some rivers, however, a tax is levied which must inevitably keep away visitors who desire to combine the enjoyment of field sports with an examination of the country, its scenery and people. At Burrishoole Lake, close to Newport, a comfortable farmer of the better class—a Mr. Nixon—is ready not only with his sanction to fish, but with his suggestions to the angler; and from this lake it is common enough to take half-a-dozen salmon and a score or two of large trout in a day. Indeed, all the lakes and rivers in this vicinity abound in fish. We believe we have already hinted to the angler the impolicy of taking with him a huge box of flies; they will be, in nine cases out of ten, perfectly useless; the materials for their manufacture, however, should be ever at hand, and he will seldom be without the aid of some "competent" counsellor in the neighbourhood, who will teach him how properly to adapt his means and appliances. At Newport this famous auxiliary is a tailor, easily found out. At Clifden, close to the famous salmon fishery of Ballynahinch, a man of the name of John Macdonnell, will be found a capital companion to the angler. He knows every lake and river for many miles around; and the angler who has the benefit of his aid may make sure of sport. His fee for attendance is half-a-crown a day, and he charges for his flies, tied upon "raal Limericks,"—for trout flies, 5*s*. a dozen for white trout; 3*s*. a dozen for brown trout; and for salmon flies, 1*s*. each. The salmon fisher, however, knows full well that he must not trust to chances for his rod and "gut;" the Irish lakes and rivers are familiar with the rods manufactured by Mr. Edmonston, of Liverpool; whose fame is firmly established throughout Connamara, and who is indeed known for the value and excellence of his tackle in every part of the kingdom. He knows, too, the precise character of the "stock" that will be required—according to the district in which the angler designs to pursue his craft; his advice may save many pounds, as well as secure many fish, that would otherwise be lost. As Liverpool is now the high-road to Ireland, this hint may be useful to many.

The Gillaroo trout is common to many of the lakes of Mayo and Galway; but it is seldom caught; we have met with few to whom it was familiar. Its peculiarity is the possession of a gizzard, and it is thought to exist only in Ireland. It frequently grows to the size of seven or eight pounds weight. Naturalists are divided in opinion as to whether its singularity is natural or the result of some disease. Sir Humphrey Davy (Salmonia) thinks it is a distinct species, *now at least*, inasmuch as he caught several not larger than his finger which "had as perfect a stomach as the larger ones." He considers it "a sort of link between the trout and char, which has a stomach of the same kind with the Gillaroo, but not quite so thick, and which feeds at the bottom in the same way." In appearance it differs very little from the common trout, "except that they have more red spots, and a yellow or golden-coloured belly and fins, and are generally a broader and thicker fish; but internally they have a different organization, possessing a large thick muscular stomach, which has been improperly compared to a fowl's, and which generally contains a quantity of small shell-fish of three or four kinds; and though in those I caught," adds Sir Humphrey Davy, "the stomachs were full of these shell-fish, yet they rose greedily at the fly." He contends that if they were originally the common trout "that had gained the habit of feeding on shell-fish," they have been altered in a succession of generations. Mr. Ball, a distinguished Irish naturalist, and Hon. Sec. to the Zoological Society of Dublin, informs us that, "The Gillaroo trout, so remarkable for its gizzard-like stomach, is usually considered only a variety of the species. How it occurs I have not at all satisfied myself. Whether it be the result of food, whether it be permanent or temporary, or a form of disease, is not, I think, clearly established, and is worth further investigation."

At Newport-Mayo we had an opportunity of inspecting one of the singular boats, the Corragh, or Corach, the construction of which, appears to have undergone little alteration for many centuries, being almost precisely similar to that in use by the ancient Irish. It is of a rude form, the stem being nearly as broad as the stern. It is made of wooden laths, covered with coarse tarred canvas; this canvas is manufactured by the peasantry, and the cost of the whole vessel is about thirty shillings. The size is, usually, sufficiently large to contain four men; each man rows two oars; the oars are short, flat, and broad, and a hole is made, into which is introduced a single trolach. It is of course very light, and rises and falls with every wave—literally dancing on the waters; they are seldom or never upset, and are peculiarly calculated for this wild shore, for if suddenly struck against a sunken rock, the hole thereby made in the canvas covering is stopped in an instant. We took a row in the one we have pictured; its owner regretting that we were not "in town last week" to see the "fine one intirely that was there then." Our specimen was old, and much worn, but not therefore the less picturesque*.

A still greater treat, however, awaited us in Newport,—a visit to its Schools. This, be it remembered, is a wild district; with

* These primitive vessels are of an antiquity the most profound. They are unquestionably the next advance in navigation from the raft and canoe. In that nubilous period of Irish history antecedent to the days of Cimbaoth, we are told that the Firbolgs, the third colony who possessed Ireland, were so called, because "*do gnitis baris do bolgaib*," they made boats of the hides of beasts. These vessels were sewed together with coarse woollen rope-yarn—a rope of a harsher substance would tear the hide; this is not only soft, but swells in the water, and fills the hole made to receive it. *Eochy Fuarcheas*, who flourished about six hundred years B.C., seeking to wrest the throne of Ireland from the Ard Righ, Sior lamh, used, during the war of succession which he waged, a great number of *Corrochs*, or *Corrochans*, i. e. cock-boats made of wattles or wicker-work, covered with hides, by which he was enabled to effect landings in tempestuous weather. From this circumstance he obtained his name: *Fuar*, signifying cold, and *ceas*, a skiff, as being used only in bad weather. "And indeed it is astonishing," says the Irish historian, "in what bad weather the people will at this day run out to sea in such craft."

Solinus informs us, "that the sea between Britain and Ireland is rough and tempestuous, yet they pass it in wicker boats, encompassed with a swelling covering of ox-hides."

The Irish used them continually in those invasions of Britain which preceded the departure of the Romans,

none of the advantages which accrue from the near residence of a landlord, *able*, as well as *willing*, to provide for the physical and moral wants of his dependants. Yet in no part of Ireland have we seen schools better, if so well, managed, in all respects, or bearing surer evidence of the vast good to be distributed by education. There are three schools, under the superintendence of the Rector, and although the funds are derived from sources connected with the Diocesan, part of them are supplied by "The Church Education Society for Ireland," with which they are in direct connexion. We first inspected the infant-school; it contained 112 pupils, the average attendance being 100; next, the boys' school, in which there were 114 pupils, the average attendance being 85: and next the girls' school, where the pupils numbered 79, the average attendance being 40. Parents, generally, it is worthy of remark, regard the education of girls as less essential than that of boys. A large proportion—certainly above half—of the pupils, were Roman Catholics; yet no compromise had been entered into with either the clergy or the parents of the children; the teachers were members of the Church of England, and the authorized

according to Gildas (De Excid. Britan.) "The rude droves of Scots and Picts throng hastily out of their Corrochs, (Currachis,) in which they were conveyed across the Scythic Channel."

Adamnan (Vita Columbæ, l. 2) relates that St. Cormac, in his third voyage, "used a Corroch with a covering of skins." And Probus (Vita Patr., l. 2) tells us, that, when Mac Cuil, Bishop of Man, was at sea, "in nave pelliceâ," in a boat made of skins, he was cast upon the Isle of Man, &c.

We shall find the origin of these rude vessels in the cradle of mankind—the East; and find their use prevalent over all the ancient world. Herodotus tells us (in Clio), that the vessels that descend the river to Babylon, are round, and in a great measure composed of skins; for which they have cut the ribs out of willows growing in the hills of Armenia. They cover these with hides, extended on the outside, to serve for a bottom, making no distinction of stem or stern.

Isidore describes (Orig., l. i,) the Carabus as "parva scapha ex vimine facta, quæ contecta rudo corio, genus navigii præstat"—a little boat made of osier, and covered with a raw hide, &c.

The Sueco-Goths distinguish these vessels by *Sin-bundin*, nervis constricta scapha et Skus-boudh, that is, hide-sewed. Lucan, L. ivv. 130, shows their general use:—

Utque habuit ripas sicoris camposque reliquit,
Primum cana salix madefacto vimine parvam,
Texitur in puppim, Cæsoque inducta juvenco,
Vectoris patiens tumidum superenatat amnem.
Sic Venetis stagnante Pado, fusoque Britannis
Navigat Oceano; sic cum tenet omnia Nilus,
Conseritur bibula Memphitis cymba papyro.

Arrian tells us these vessels were used on the sea-coast of Oman. And Strabo, l. xvi., from Artemidorus, mentions its use on the Red Sea, by the Sabæi, and that they crossed into Ethiopia "in navigiis ex corio confectis." The same, he tells us, were used in Spain. Cæsar (De Bello Civili, l. i. 48) used them in that country in passing over one of its rivers.

Their present use is not confined to the western coasts of Ireland—they may be still found in Wales. A sketch of one of them—differing somewhat from the Irish Corach—was made by the late R. A. Milliken, in 1807, during a tour in that principality. The vessel he describes as made of basket-work and hoops, and being six feet long and three and a half broad; a strap is attached to the seat, by which it is carried home after being taken out of the water.

version of the Scriptures was read daily; in fact, all the objections commonly urged against schools in connexion with the Established Church existed here in full force; yet the parents had sent, and continued to send, their children to receive the benefits of the establishment, although there is a Roman Catholic School and a school in association with the National Board, in the immediate neighbourhood. We confess that this fact, very startling at first, surprised us infinitely less when we had looked more closely into it. The plans for education are sensible, sound, and *agreeable;* the school-houses were exceedingly neat and orderly; the discipline included strict attention to cleanliness, good-manners, and punctuality; the pupils were in very few instances of the lowest class; but, above all, the school teachers were able and experienced persons, well qualified for the discharge of their duties, and known to be so. They were consequently *amply* remunerated for their labour; their salaries, including the house and other necessaries, being each about £80 per annum. This was the great secret of their success; it was explained to us in a sentence,—The parents will, in spite of all opposition, send their children to the best masters; let a master become famous for turning out good scholars, and nearly every obstacle will be overcome. Good masters can be procured only by paying them well; consequently this should be a primary consideration—the first object—with persons who aim at establishing schools for the benefit of *all classes.* We assume, as matter of course, that there will be no evidence of a design to proselytize, although there may be even a suspicion of such a purpose. The fact is, that, where there has been a contest for the introduction of the authorized version of the Scriptures, it has been accompanied too often by proof that they were *intended* to be made use of less with a view to inculcate religious and moral duties, than to convert the readers and hearers from the religion of their parents. Thus hostility was aroused; it was encountered with more zeal than meekness; and resistance to proselytism was not unfrequently unjustly construed into fear or "hatred of the Bible."

Yet, here, a generous and persuasive course, adopted by a liberal and enlightened mind, has, without the smallest compromise of principle, been successful in removing opposition, and that too in a district where intolerance on both sides is more alive and active than elsewhere—anathemas issuing daily from fierce combatants at Tuam and at Achill*.

* "The Church Education Society" is of recent origin. It was established in 1839, and is entirely supported by voluntary contributions. Its leading object appears to have been to render the several diocesan schools (which, as we have elsewhere shown, had been scandalously neglected, and their funds perverted) really effective for the purposes for which they were originally designed; and the "first report" affirms that "every Diocesan Association previously in existence had united itself with the Society." Its progress has

The schools in connection with the Church Education Society, are, of course, all under the superintendence of CLERGYMEN OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH; yet, this fact operates by no means to their prejudice; for these clergymen, generally, have the confidence, and, very often, the affections of the people. They are, with few exceptions, generous, considerate, conciliat-

been very rapid. In 1840, the number of schools in connexion with the Society was about 720; the number of pupils about 42,000; in 1841, the numbers were, of schools 1015, of scholars 59,067; in 1841, the numbers were of schools 1189, of scholars 68,214. In 1840, the number of Roman Catholics attending the several schools was 11,048; in 1841, it had increased to 21,430; and in 1842, that number seems to have rather diminished than increased.

The leading principle upon which the Society is conducted is best conveyed by a resolution adopted at its third annual meeting on the 7th of April, 1842.—"That this Society feels bound to record its firm conviction, that any system of education which does not recognize the Scriptural instruction of every pupil as essential to a sound Christian education, is defective in principle, unsuited to the real wants of Ireland, and injurious to her best interests."

However much people may differ upon this subject, there can be no second opinion as to the wisdom, policy, and justice of the resolution then next moved:—"That the importance of the objects for which the Church Education Society was formed, and the soundness of the principles on which it is constituted, concur in laying the members of the Church under the strongest obligations to support it, by their personal influence and pecuniary contributions."

The Society labours to carry out these important ends,—first, by the formation of model schools in connexion with the several Diocesan Societies of Ireland; and next by improving the qualifications of teachers, by a suitable training. With this view a model and training school has been established in Dublin; sixty-five masters have been already admitted and received instruction in the Institution. We extract two passages from the "Statements" circulated during the present year:—

"The foundation of the system of the Society is, instruction in the Holy Scriptures, which it provides shall be taught daily to all children capable of reading them; and, to insure that this instruction shall be faithfully imparted, it requires that no version shall be used but the authorized version; no teachers shall be appointed but members of the Church of England; and no interference allowed with the direction and control of the Parochial Clergyman. To him is also left the arrangement of the time and manner in which particular instruction in the formularies of the Church shall be given. It was thought that no general rule could be made in this matter that would suit all cases, and that it was therefore preferable to leave the details to the local superintendant.

"While the most complete system of education is thus established, with especial reference to the wants of the children of the Church, the Society is desirous of extending its benefits to the children of other denominations. The primary object being to secure suitable instruction for the former, no modification can be allowed that would interfere with having it fully provided for them. But, this being attained, the Society is anxious that the latter should share, as much as possible, in the same advantages. It therefore invites all children to its schools; and imposes no other condition, as to their religious education, upon the children of Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and other dissenting parents, than requiring them to learn the Scriptures in the manner and under the regulations that have been mentioned, without the catechism or the formularies of the Church."

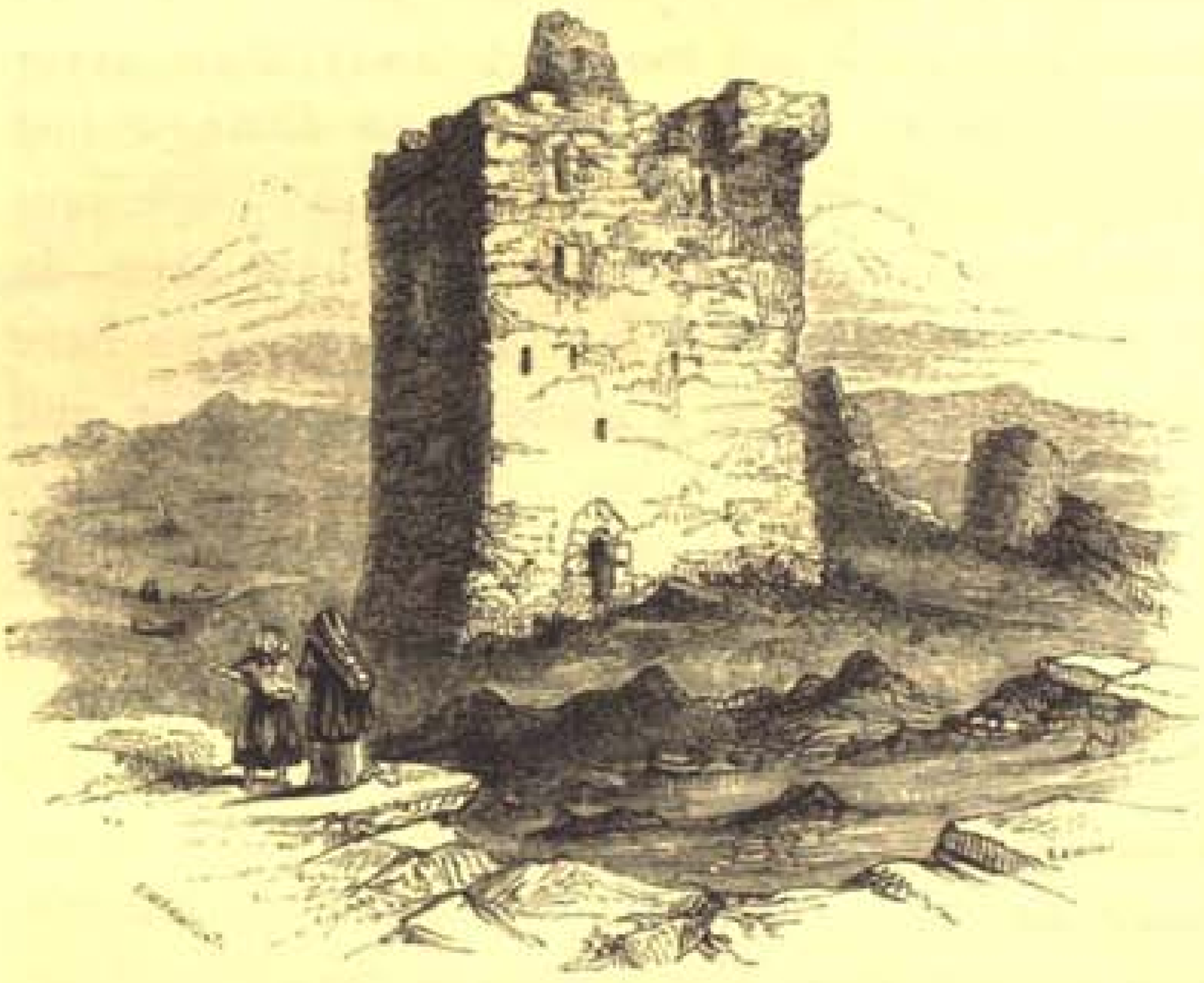
That this Society may be made a mighty instrument for the good of Ireland is certain; it is proceeding quietly, judiciously, and *generously* to its work; and is striving to avoid arousing the hostility of those to whom it may be considered in a degree opposed. If proselytism is to arise, it must arise gradually, and from conviction. Knowledge has been taught by experience; and the friends of social order have learned that "conversion" is not synonymous with improvement; at least, they have reversed the order in which they should be induced, producing improvement first, and conversion, if it will come, after.

We have seen at Newport-Mayo what can be done in the way of inducing Roman Catholics to receive instruction; and this vast advantage has resulted from mild and moderate views, even within the immediate jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic Prelate most hostile to education under any and all circumstances.

ing, and charitable—*charitable* in the widest and most extended meaning of the term; the best landlords, where they hold land; the most accomplished gentlemen; the surest lessons in the benefits of good order and adherence to social duties; always foremost where the temporal wants of their neighbours are to be attended to; the zealous promoters and steady supporters of every institution for relieving the poor in sickness or poverty; and continually inculcating by argument and example the divine precept of their Master, "peace and good will." The Irish clergy, some twenty or thirty years ago, must have been characterised in opposite terms. Now, it is not too much to say, there never existed a body of men, in all respects, so unexceptionable; so distinguished for learning; so remarkable for integrity, in its widest sense; so conspicuous indeed for the daily exercise of all the virtues. Wherever we have been—in every part of Ireland, among its by-ways, as well as its high-ways—we have almost invariably found the rector, or the curate, a model for the higher, and an example for the humbler, classes.

From Newport-Mayo we proceeded to the island of ACHILL, distant about fourteen miles. It is the largest island off the Irish coast, being sixteen miles in length by seven in breadth, and contains between 5000 and 6000 inhabitants. The scenery that leads to it is remarkably wild and barren; on one side are the bleak and bare mountains, and on the other is the beautiful bay—Clew Bay—for nearly half the distance, until the view opens upon the broad Atlantic. In natural grandeur and rude magnificence, the district is certainly unsurpassed—if indeed it be approached—by any other in Ireland; on no occasion have we so completely felt our utter inability to render justice to the wonderful works of Nature. Nor is the neighbourhood without its interest arising from associations with the olden time; the remains of the ancient monastery of Burrishoole and the castle of Carrig-a-Hooly, one of the castles of Grace O'Malley, are among the most striking and remarkable of the ruins of Ireland. Those of the former stand upon the east bank of the river, and

adjacent to the lake, of Burrishoole; both afford famous sport to the angler, and unrestricted permission to fish in either is, as we have intimated, readily accorded to the tourist. The venerable ruin is highly picturesque; it retains many tokens of early splendour, and some of the mullions and capitals are curious specimens of art. As usual, the relics of mortality are scattered profusely within and around it; it is literally "a place of skulls;" every nook, crevice, and cranny is "crammed" with the "dry bones*." The old castle



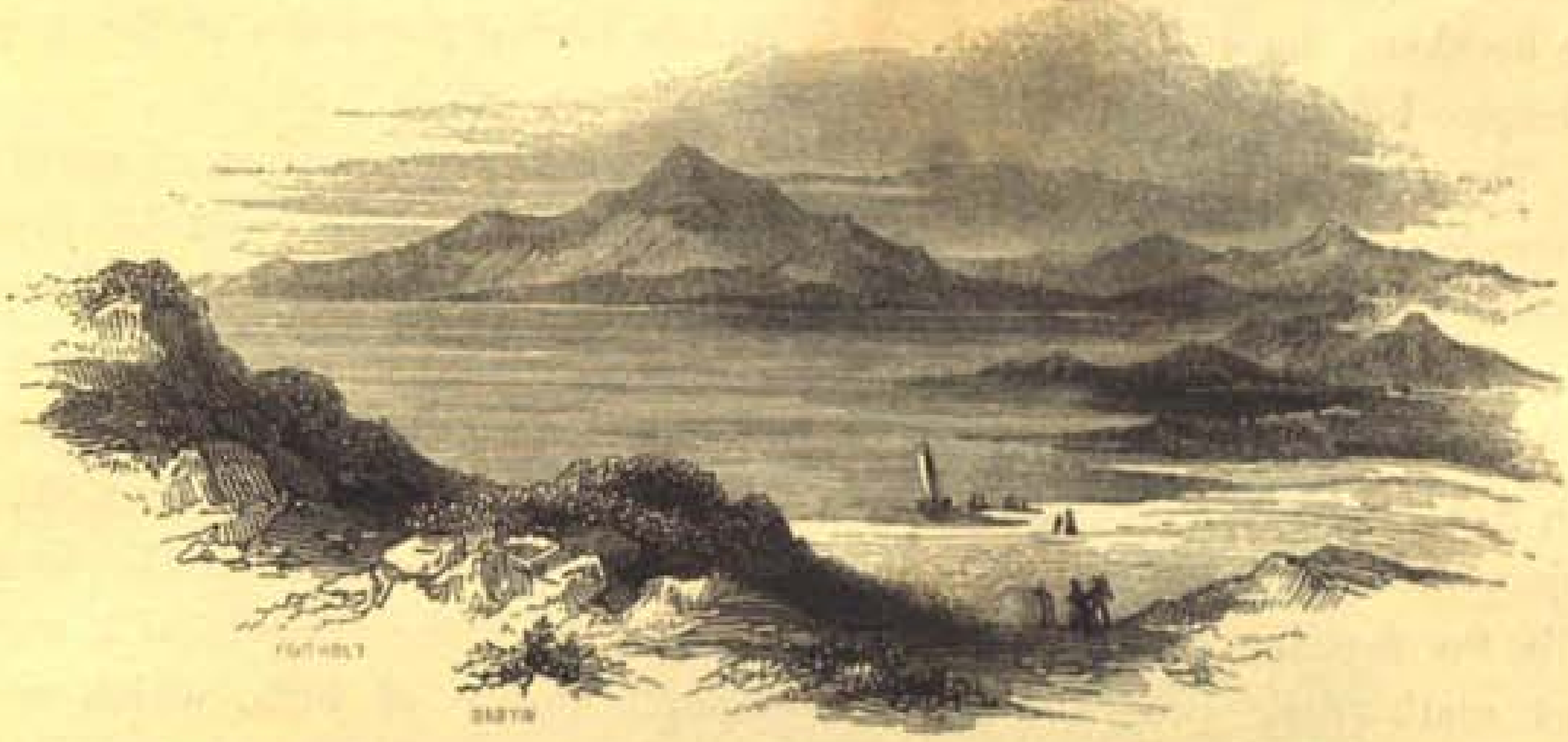
was evidently built for strength; it is situated at the extremity of an arm of the sea, and immediately adjoining it, we were informed there was depth enough, at low water, for a vessel of considerable burthen to ride in concealment and in perfect shelter from the fiercer winds. In this vicinity too there are some singular caves, believed to be Druidic†.

The beauty and magnificence of the scenery increase as we proceed;

* "Here, tradition states, the skull of Grace O'Malley was formerly preserved, and valued as a precious relic. One night, however—so the legend goes—the bones of the famous sea-queen were stolen from their resting-place, and conveyed, with those of thousands of her descendants, into Scotland, to be ground into manure. The theft was of course perpetrated in secret and in the night-time; if the crew had been seized by the peasantry with their singular cargo, not a man of them would have lived to tell the tale; for the Irish regard with peculiar horror any desecration of the grave-yard. It is said, however, and believed by many, that, by some miraculous interposition the skull of the brave lady was conveyed back to its nook in the Abbey-wall. The honour of having contained it is claimed also by Clare Island—where the stoutest of her castles stood, and where its ruins still exist. In neither place is any such relic to be now met with. At Burrishoole, there was pointed out to us a recess, in which the collected bones are believed to be those of the monks. The skulls contained here are regarded with especial veneration; and, even now, it is by no means uncommon for the peasantry to borrow one of them, when a member of the family is sick, and to boil milk in it which is given to the sufferer, as an infallible cure; the skull, when the object has been answered, is carefully restored to the heap. We examined several that had external marks of fire; and all our doubts upon the subject were removed, for a woman actually came while we were speculating concerning the matter, took a fragment of one away in her apron, and in reply to our questions, did not hesitate to assure us of her conviction that the draught so prepared would cure 'her poor babby.'"

† Carrig-a-Hooly, as at present existing, consists of a square keep of solid masonry, the surface being scarcely broken by a few windows of exceedingly small and narrow dimensions. At one corner the ruins of a projecting barbican may be traced—the whole character of the building being that of savage strength. It stands upon the rock, and appears to have been protected by a strong surrounding wall, a small circular

about midway to Achill Sound is the small village of Bunown, where the tourist will certainly give his horse a rest; for probably the whole line of the Irish coast does not supply a view at once so grand and so inconceivably lovely. Yet it is all taken in at a glance. In the extreme distance, across the bay, rises a line of mountains, of which the venerable and legend-haunted



Croagh Patrick is the highest—seen with its peaked top in the clouds. Midway is the broad bay, dotted with islands. We stand above a terrific precipice;

tower adjoining it being built in the remains of this wall. We were told by the peasantry that the castle is supposed to contain a hoard of wealth beneath its vaults, which is scrupulously guarded from sunset to sunrise by a mounted horseman, who perambulates the verge of the buildings, and effectually keeps off all intruders. As will be supposed, the whole of this wild coast was, for a long time, famous for smuggling. One person, according to our informant, realised about £3000 a year by the "trade"; it was owing to a feud between him and a very extraordinary smuggler, named Owen Kelly, that the system was in a great degree annihilated in this district. Kelly was the most remarkable man, perhaps, of his class in Ireland, and performed the most daring feats as a smuggler; sometimes effecting a landing in the teeth of the coast-guard, and in broad day-light, by his superior seamanship. Once he managed to bring a vessel, not deemed seaworthy, into harbour, from Flushing round by the Orkneys. He figured afterwards in the Spanish service; in which he was a regular dare-devil, performing feats of bravery and ferocity unrivalled even in that extraordinary brigade, the British Legiou. Previously to going to Spain, he had managed to get rid of a considerable sum of money amassed in smuggling; had challenged a magistrate of the county; been seized with a valuable cargo, on the coast of Galway, and led the authorities such a life while confined in the gaol there, that the governor told us, nothing so much delighted him as getting rid of Kelly. It was his quarrel with the person referred to that upset smuggling on the coast; as if Kelly was even fortunate enough to effect a landing afterwards, the peasantry on the Achill and Clew Bay line of coast (many of them tenants of the other man) would seize the bales of tobacco and bear them off without ceremony to their own residences, or conceal them in the fastnesses of the adjoining mountains.

To this anecdote we may add another. A Lieutenant Knox, stationed in Newport, some twenty years ago, was called on by a gauger at midnight to proceed with a large detachment in order to capture the contents of a smuggling vessel just landed, and which the gauger had learned was then in the act of being conveyed inland on cars. The detachment proceeded some miles; it was a dreary and drizzly morning, and the officer, a dashing good-natured fellow, completely sick of his employment, spoke strongly to the gauger, and declared he would not harass his men. While he was talking, the sound of cars was heard dimly in the distance, and their forms could be indistinctly seen, when the gauger, after much remonstrance

the rocky strand beneath us, although at a considerable distance off, seems so immediately under our feet, that a stone thrown from the summit by a child's hand may reach the ocean—and so indeed it will, but not at a single bound; it goes rushing and plunging down the steep, leaping over every opposing barrier, now and then springing upwards many feet into the air, and at length, when nearly out of sight, surmounting its last obstruction, and plunging in among the breakers, the white foam of which dashes against the sides of the huge precipice below.

The scenery becomes still wilder; and we enter upon a tract of country thronging with lakes in the midst of extensive bogs, formed by innumerable streams that rush into the valleys from the adjacent mountains. It is impossible to convey to those who can appreciate the grace and beauty of "naked Nature," an idea of the many and powerful fascinations that meet the eye at every step; each turn of the road brings in view some striking object near or distant—the shadowy but picturesque outlines of the far-off hills, the foaming cataracts near at hand, and the white threads, as it were, that mark their progress down the amphitheatre of hills, which seem actually to render the valley impassable, and now and then to permit no other egress but by the ocean. Not the least of the many attractions of the scenery consists in the countless hues cast upon the landscape by either the rising, the mid-day, or the setting sun, shining upon the rocks covered with heath and wild flowers, and the thin herbage—"ever-green."

Perhaps no country of the world is so rich in materials for the PAINTER; nowhere can he find more admirable subjects for his pencil, whether he studies the immense varieties of nature, or human character as infinitely varied. The artist by whom this district has not been visited, can indeed have no idea of its surpassing grandeur and sublimity;—go where he will, he finds a picture: the lines of the mountains, covered with heather; the rocks, of innumerable shapes; the "passes," rugged, but grand to a degree; the finest rivers, always rapid—salmon-leaps upon almost every one of them; the broadest and richest lakes, full of small islands, and at times clothed with luxuriant foliage along their sides: in fact, Nature nowhere presents such abundant and such extraordinary stores of wealth to the painter—and even now it has been very little resorted

and entreaty, prevailed on him to continue the march: the officer suddenly fired a pistol. They found, at about a mile distant, in the grey dawn, a long array of cars without horses, and of course without the tobacco, which had been borne through the bogs and among the mountain glens instantly on the shot being heard. The whole disappearance,—as the affair was described to us by an eye-witness,—was like one of the changes in a pantomime when harlequin strikes with his magic wand; so rapidly and effectively had it been accomplished. The discomfited gauger could only perceive a straggling smuggler, wading through bog and morass, in the distance. The affair was investigated afterwards, but the officer made it appear that the gun went off accidentally, and that the smugglers were not in sight at all.

ACHILL.

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to. Add to this, that every peasant the artist will encounter, furnishes a striking and picturesque sketch; and as they are usually met in groups, scarcely one will be without this valuable accessary to the landscape *.

* We may here introduce a few extracts from some remarks published in "The Art-Union," a monthly journal of the Fine Arts; they were written by Mr. F. W. Fairholt, the artist by whom we were accompanied on this tour, and were printed with a view to induce his professional brethren to visit Ireland—this wild district more especially.

"The Rhine—that fruitful source to the painter—has been exhausted; its scenery has been copied and recopied until it has become so familiarized as to be almost looked on with indifference; and artists have been known to travel long and unpleasantly, with great risk of health, and even of life, to break new ground; yet a great and beautiful country—a part, indeed, of Great Britain—has remained a *terra incognita* until lately, and even now many of its lovely glens have been untrodden, and its glorious mountains unlooked upon by the eyes of British artists, who have roamed so perseveringly over almost every other part of the globe.

"The traveller wishing to visit Connamara and the wild and grand coast-scenery of this part of Ireland, can ride by mail or by Bianconi's car from Dublin to Newport or Westport, going in a pretty direct line across the island; or else, from Dublin proceed to the interesting old town of Galway. By either route, he will easily reach the mountains and lakes,—the chief and most attractive features of this primitive portion of Ireland. Supposing him at Newport—the journey then to Clew Bay and the islands that stud its waters is exceedingly romantic and picturesque; the ruined abbey of Burrishoole, and, still further, Carrig-a-Hooly Castle, the residence of the famous pirate chieftainess of the sixteenth century, Grana Uaile, or Grace O'Malley, afford picturesque 'bits' on the journey, to say nothing of the rude and antique forms of the cottages that occasionally peep upon the road, each worthy of the pencil, and their equally picturesque inhabitants; the girls in their deep red petticoats and jackets, with their healthy cheeks and richly-clustered hair, that many a lady higher born might envy; confined beneath the ample hood or capacious mantle, its broad bold folds, as it hangs majestically from the head, upon which a load is frequently poised, adding an 'antique grace' and dignity to figures that seem to realise Homeric times. At least, they may be said to be the 'finest peasantry in the world' *for the painter*; a more fortunate admixture of bright colours is seldom to be met with than they display upon themselves. A red petticoat, with a deep blue body and yellow handkerchief, aids the more sober scenery of the country not a little, and is of much value in landscapes where green and grey alternately abound.

"Clew Bay is perhaps as beautiful a thing of its kind as canbe seen; when viewed from the mountains that surround it, it is magnificent. [The appended cut will convey some idea of the Bay with its host of islands. It is copied from the map of the Railway Commissioners.] The varied shapes of the rocky shore, the towering summits of Croagh Patrick, and the numerous and varied islands that literally crowd this part of the coast, present a picture worthy any artist's pencil. The lofty rocks and the solemn mountain passes that lead towards Achill are also delightful places for the botanist to ramble; 'with gaudy flowers the cliffs are gay,' and among the many beautiful plants, the heath only to be met with here and on the shores of the Mediterranean, is deserving of especial notice. The silvery bunches of the bog-flax, waving luxuriantly over the flats, and agreeably dotting their surfaces with its brilliant whiteness, is also peculiarly grateful to the eye. But why stay to enumerate where all is beautiful? The road from Clew Bay to the Island of Achill crosses the moun-

At length, by an easy descent, we approach the coast, of which, for some miles, we have had but occasional glances; and the island of Achill, appearing as part of the main land, rises to sight,—the tops of its two high mountains, Croghan and Slievemore, having been for a long time visible. At Achill Sound there is a ferry-boat to the island; the passage across being about a quarter of a mile, at low water. The boat, of course, conveys the car with the passengers *. At "the Sound," there is a plain but very comfortable inn, at which the traveller will do well to rest. It is kept by a Mr. Savage, who was for several years a sub-officer of the coast guard. He is a very intelligent guide, also, to the objects of interest in the neighbourhood; and a "famous" counsellor to the sportsman, whether of the rod or the gun. The island and the mainland are both full of lakes that abound with trout; and the grouse are as plentiful on the mountains as sparrows round a barn-door. The driver of the car to be obtained here is also one of the few examples left of the "characters" of former times; a pleasant, good-humoured fellow, with a budget of legends and a few jokes.

Our principal object in visiting Achill was to examine the "PROTESTANT COLONY," concerning which we had heard very opposite accounts. By one party it has been "cried down" as a bundle of fire-brands; and by another it has been "cried up" as a sanctuary for the oppressed—the germ of a great tree that was destined to overshadow Ireland with its protecting branches. In fact, very contradictory statements of its advantages, or its mischiefs,

tains, and gives us a view of a smaller bay 'Black Sod Harbour,' the point of land styled 'the Mullet,' and the islands of Innisboffin and Innisturc. The savage grandeur of those lonely hills, over which the wild juniper and purple heath spread so luxuriantly, and down whose sides fall the mountain torrents like so many silver threads—the magnificent clouds that encircle their heads, and which claim for Ireland the pre-eminence in cloud scenery—the sea studded with islands, and stretching forth towards America—when combined as we saw them with the glorious arch of the rainbow, to be traced by the eye from one point of land to the other, and typical of the overruling power of its Maker spanning these enormous hills, gave a sublimity to the scene that words altogether fail in conveying."

* Among the mountains that look down upon Achill, over many of which perhaps human foot has never trodden, the red deer still keeps his haunts: occasionally they are encountered in the valleys; and now and then, one of them becomes the prey of a hungry peasant. A huge buck had been shot a few weeks previous to our visit; and we have been promised a gift of his horns—the crown of one of the last monarchs of ancient Ireland. We were told a striking story in this neighbourhood. In a lonely lake hidden among the hills, there is a small island; a few cabins skirt its sides: late one summer evening the dwellers saw a stag of prodigious size swimming across to this island; they watched all night round the banks, and by daybreak having procured a boat and fire-arms, made arrangements for securing the stranger. They neared the island skilfully and cautiously; all were ready; but the reeds upon the land remained unshaken, the furze and the heather seemed completely undisturbed. A man bolder than his fellows at length landed, and found the aged stag dead; he had gone to die in his old lair. It is only right to add that the O'Donel family are very proud of these ancient denizens of their mountains and "forests," and would visit with a heavy penalty any peasant who dared to destroy one of them.

have been for a long time in circulation, and it has, consequently, attracted no small degree of public attention.

The colony is situated on the northern part of the island, near the village of Dugorth, at the foot of Slievemore, and at the mouth of a small bay. It consists of a terrace, at one extremity of which is the school, with the offices connected with it; at the other are the infirmary, the mill, and the dispensary; and in the centre are a small hotel, the printing-office *, and the residence of the missionary-in-chief, the Rev. Edward Nangle.

The dwellings of the labourers are built up the hill at the back of this terrace, which seems to be occupied exclusively by the official personages of the mission; some of the workmen have also residences at Dugorth. The period of our visit to the colony was an unfortunate one; a contagious disease had been raging there †, the school was, for a time, deserted in consequence,

* Part of the project consists in the publication of a monthly newspaper, containing twelve pages of thirty-six columns, with a few advertisements. It is printed at this printing-office of the colony. It is stamped, price 5*d*., and is transmitted to the friends of "the Mission," in various parts of the kingdom. It has been in existence somewhat above six years. It is scarcely necessary to observe that such a publication is read only by those who do not require to have their zeal stimulated; and that, as paving the way to "conversion," it is totally useless, inasmuch as no Roman Catholic is likely to take even a peep into its columns. The work is intolerant, and not unfrequently personal; it is conspicuous for a total absence of generosity, and undoubtedly inflicts injury upon the cause it professes to serve. "The main object of this Paper"—we quote from the statement of the origin and progress of the Mission—"is to expose the doctrinal and practical abominations of Popery." Some idea of the impolicy of associating the publication with the plan of the Colony may be gathered from the following correspondence, (in March 1842,) which Mr. Nangle has very unwisely printed in his Paper—as if to contrast a Protestant polemic with a Roman Catholic Christian.

"Sir,—I have just been informed that in a discourse lately delivered by you in the Roman Catholic chapel in Westport, you publicly challenged any Protestant clergyman to meet you in controversy. I beg leave to inform you that I accept your challenge, and refer you to my friend the Rev. Mr. Pounden to fix the conditions of the discussion. "I remain, Sir, your faithful servant, Edward Nangle.

"The Rev. Mr. Hardiman, Westport."

"Rev. Sir,—In reply to your note just come to hand, I beg to inform you that I never did *challenge* any man, or body of men, to meet me in controversy. For I am one of those who consider *Religion* too sacred and venerable to be subjected to the grotesque antics that are generally played off at such meetings.

"Respectfully yours, F. Hardiman."

The "soft answer," however, did not "turn away wrath," for this is Mr. Nangle's unfair and uncharitable comment upon the reply he received from the Roman Catholic priest:—

"Supposing the priest's statement to be true, the people who heard him, and who published the report of the challenge, must have greatly misunderstood him, from *whence it is manifest* that a *wrong meaning* may be taken out of the utterances of a priest, but will they therefore be dissuaded from hearing them, lest their salvation be endangered? We leave the priest to answer this question, and we leave the thinking portion of the people frequenting the chapel of Westport to fix the true value of the vapourings of such *bush-fighting* Theologians as Mr. Hardiman."

† "With 1841 scarlatina disappeared leaving several cases of dropsy, by which 2 children died; upwards of 70 adults and children have had measles,—followed in many cases by dysentery, by which one man of 60 and 3 children have been carried off. Fever running a course of from 19 to 25 days was also prevalent, and has now succeeded these diseases; this day, 15 are in our little hospital, and 12 in the colony houses and cottages. At the Dispensary since 1 January 3265 services of medicine." (Address to the Friends of the Mission, dated June 1st, 1842; a short time previous to our visit.)

and we may, no doubt, thus account for an absence of neatness and cleanliness upon which we had calculated, as marking the distinction between the colonists and their less favoured neighbours *.

The establishment of the Colony was commenced in the year 1833, for the avowed purpose of "converting Romanists;" a tract of reclaimable land (being however, nearly the worst upon the island, and most inauspiciously selected) was obtained, and the Minister "entered upon his work" on the 1st of August, 1834. The colony was to be supported, and *is* supported, by donations and subscriptions raised throughout the kingdom. The documents at our command, relative to the settlement, are but few; we are not therefore enabled accurately to trace the progress of the colony from its formation to the present year; what advances it has made in its receipts; or what increase there has been in the number by whom its protection has been sought. The seventh report, and the eighth—the last, for the year 1841—are however before us; and from these we receive very little encouragement to believe that, even if the plan and conduct of the Mission were wise, humane, charitable, and, in a word, "Christian," its purpose has been worked out in a manner at all commensurate with the large amount of moneys expended in its formation and sustainment.

The colony is, it appears, composed of fifty-six families, consisting of three hundred and sixty-five individuals: of these fifty-six, eleven were "originally Protestant," and forty-five "originally Papist;" but of these forty-five, nineteen only are "natives of Achill *and the surrounding districts*," the remainder of the forty-five being "Romish families brought over by the immediate instrumentality of the Mission," and who are, of course, sent to the Colony from distant parts of Ireland, and in some instances, we have reason to believe, from England. So that, as far as the project goes for protestantising the island of Achill, out of its population of six thousand, only ninety-two individuals have been made converts in nine years; while in all Ireland besides, no more than one hundred and thirteen have been induced to quit the Roman Catholic church "by the immediate instrumentality of the Mission" during the same period †. Let us take for granted that these two hundred and five have reformed from

* Every traveller in Ireland is fully aware of the fact that a greater attention to appearances, and neater, cleaner, and more orderly habits, distinguish the Protestant from the Catholic of every grade, below the very highest. Upon entering a provincial town, where there is usually one inn kept by a Roman Catholic, and another by a Protestant, it is easy to determine "which is which" even by externals, but much more easy by the arrangement of the *ménage*.

† A note to the Report states, indeed, that "several families and individuals who were brought out of Popery by means of the Mission, and are now living in different parts of England, Ireland, and America, are not included in this enumeration." Their number must be very few. There is so obvious a straining to make the best of a bad case, that assuredly more distinct explanations concerning this matter would be given if there had been any to give.

conviction; that the temptation to exchange misery and poverty, for comforts and easy labour, has had no weight with any of them; that they have, in consequence of this change, become more upright members of society and more useful to the state*; and that such improvement in their moral and social condition would not have been effected but for the "instrumentality of the Mission"—and let us see what the reformation of these two hundred and five "original papists" has cost.

There are—if we rightly understand the Report, which is a very confused document—four or five distinct and separate modes of collecting money. The first, is for the Mission; the second, is for the Orphan Asylum; the third, is for the Dispensary; the fourth, is for the Achill Bible and Church Missionary Society; and a fifth, is "donations of clothing;" a sixth, may be occasional—"for relief of distress in Achill," and a seventh, may be "for the Infant school." From all these sources a large sum is collected, averaging certainly not less than £3000 per annum, (in 1840, it was considerably more), and this sum seems to be expended in salaries to missionaries, school-masters, and school-mistresses, workmen's wages, repairs, buildings, expenses of printing-office, dispensary, Rev. E. Nangle's travelling expenses, purchase of cows, &c. &c., the affairs of the Mission being managed by the missionaries, and Dr. Adams (a most excellent and estimable physician, whose motive at least in thus exchanging independence and a high position for a settlement in this colony cannot be mistaken) and Captain Dyer; and there is a board of guardians, of gentlemen of irreproachable character, the greater number of whom probably have never visited the settlement, but who are induced to believe that it is really conferring practical benefit upon the community.

The principal feature of the colony, however, is the orphan school; the mere gathering together a few labourers who have been catholic, and now are protestant, is a matter of very trifling national importance. But the education of even a small part of the rising generation in good habits and right principles, is a work upon which the moneys of the wealthy might be most advantageously expended. Whether this object has been to any extent attained, or is in course of attainment, we cannot, with certainty, say; but the impression left upon our minds regarding it, was by no means satisfactory. We imagine that the results must be unimportant, for by the eighth Report, (1841) we learn no more than that "*three* of the female orphan children educated in this settlement are

* This is, however, admitting more than the Mission would require; for it is impossible to guard against imposition. The Report for the year 1841 records "the awful fall of one of our schoolmasters,"—"a wretched man who was living in habits of licentiousness while he cloaked his iniquity from us *under a specious profession of religion.*" It is also stated that "during the past year, two men who made *a profession of Christianity* returned to Popery."

now earning their bread as servants, *eight* of the boys are learning trades in the settlement, and of these, *two* are sufficiently advanced to support themselves;" while the Report, (1840,) states, that three orphans had been apprenticed to trades, one of whom we are told, in the Report, 1841, was placed on board a ship of war, *from which he deserted.* The Report of 1840 gives the number of children educated in all the schools superintended by the Mission as two hundred and forty-two, "being an increase of *two* in the number reported as in attendance last year." Of these there were, in 1840, "in our Institution" one hundred, and in 1841 exactly the same number, one hundred; so that in that year there had been no increase. The greater number of these orphans are sent to the colony from distant parts; children whose parents, "one or both," had been Roman Catholics, who were left destitute, and for whom some benevolent individuals undertook to provide, by sending them to receive board and education at the settlement *.

Our suspicions as to the beneficial results of the orphan asylum,—the only portion of the plan out of which extensive good to the community could arise—are founded, however, upon something like substantial grounds:—it is our duty to describe them. On our way to the colony, from which we were five or six miles distant, on the mainland, we met a poor wretched-looking boy about thirteen years of age, clothed in rags. Upon questioning him we found he had been dismissed from the school, that Mr. Nangle had taken away his decent clothes and given him three shillings, (this we afterwards learned from Mr. Nangle himself was perfectly correct,) to convey him *a distance of about sixty miles* into the county of Sligo, where his grandfather lived, his parents being both dead. We reasoned with the boy as to the sad position in which he had placed himself by his misconduct, contrasted his future prospects with his past condition; and he readily, and indeed eagerly, listened to our advice that he should return as a repentant prodigal, to obtain the forgiveness of the minister of Christ, and be once more received into the fold, where there would have been—as we expected—joy over the sheep that had been lost and was found. We were mistaken. On presenting the penitent to Mr. Nangle, and interceding for him, that clergyman declined to take him back; assigning no cause for his refusal; merely saying "he was a bad boy and he would not receive him;" giving no account whatever of misconduct that shut him out from mercy. We there-

* The circumstances under which these neophytes are procured may be best understood by an extract from the Report, 1840:—"E. C. Her parents were both Roman Catholics, and her mother has been dead about a year; since which time her father, who is a man of very bad character, has cast her off, and said he does not care how she is brought up, or in what religion; and she has been for some time with an aunt, who has declared she cannot keep her any longer."

fore took the lad upon our car out of the island, and, adding a few shillings to his scanty store, sent him to beg his way to Sligo. The boy's name was Hart, and if he had so displeased his master as to have been justly an outcast, it was evident that he had not lost the favour of his schoolmates, for several of them gathered round our car as we were driving off, bidding him good bye, and begging God to bless him! We should, perhaps, have taken no notice of this fact,—for we might have argued ourselves into a belief that the boy had merited his unhappy fate by conduct more than commonly atrocious, which Mr. Nangle did not feel called upon to explain—but that another circumstance occurred the next day, which compelled us to the conclusion that the divine precept which teaches forgiveness to a repentant sinner who had offended, not seven times but seventy times seven, had not been learned, if it was taught, at the Colony. Returning through Newport, the clergyman of that town brought to our inn-door five other boys who had been also dismissed from the orphan-school of the settlement; he brought them to us in order that we might explain to them the inutility of their desire to go back to its shelter, by stating to them the results of our experience as regarded the boy Hart. And we did inform them that, judging from our experiment in his favour, there would be no use in their making the attempt, for that Mr. Nangle would not receive them. Thus six poor little helpless and deserted children were cast upon the world, nearly naked and penniless; without parents, without homes, and without friends; for the few friends of their infancy would have either forgotten them, or have been exasperated into a hatred of them by their virtual apostacy from their religion.

Upon these facts we have no desire to comment.

We do not apologize for the space we have occupied in considering this matter, because it is annually made the topic of a public meeting in London (to obtain subscriptions); because a very large proportion of those who sustain the settlement, know nothing about it except its name; and because, in Ireland, it is a fruitful source of much discreditable and uncharitable discussion, and strengthens that bitterness of spirit which forms the grand barrier to the improvement of the country. Moreover, it is sufficiently notorious that all accounts of this colony have been derived from prejudiçed sources, for or against: at least we are not aware that it has been inspected by any tourist uninfluenced by party views,—excepting the one whose opinion we shall quote.

We consider every conscientious accession to the Protestant faith as a contribution in aid of the well-being of the state, and the prosperity of Ireland, more especially; but such experiments as that at Achill, will be made in vain; we have shown that here it has been a complete failure; the principles upon

which it has been conducted have not been in accordance with the divine precept of "charity," nor has the clergyman under whose control the settlement is placed been an example of that gentle, peace-loving, and *persuasive* zeal, that "meek and unaffected grace," which should distinguish a humble follower of "THE LORD AND MASTER."

One word more, and we dismiss this subject: it was impossible not to appreciate the magnanimity of the poor, miserable, utterly destitute, and absolutely starving, inhabitants of Achill, who were at the time of our visit enduring privations at which humanity shudders,—and to know that by walking a couple of miles and *professing* to change their religion they would have been instantly supplied with food, clothes, and lodging. Yet these hungry thousands—for it would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that nine tenths of the population of this island were, in the month of July last, entirely without food—preferred patiently to endure their sufferings, rather than submit to what they considered a degradation. Such fortitude we do believe to be without parallel in the history of any "ignorant and unenlightened" people since the creation of the world.

We have of course abstained from taking note of the many statements we have received, and opinions we have heard, in proof of the evil working of the system pursued at Achill, preferring rather to confine ourselves to the results of our own observations and experience; for, as our readers will readily believe, "the colony" is seated in the midst of enemies, whose hostility continues unmitigated, manifested by a total absence of all charity and by the exercise of the very worst passions, and it has been opposed in a spirit akin to that of the darkest age of superstition and bigotry; the greater number of the stories that have reached us, we have therefore considered as gross calumnies. But we have deemed it our duty to submit the case, fully, to our readers with a view, particularly, to invite the consideration of English subscribers to the "Mission." They may be assured that they bestow their money for a worse than useless purpose; that, we repeat, no good has arisen or can possibly arise from the Colony conducted as it is, but that it has produced, and will inevitably continue to produce, much evil—prejudicing the cause of Ireland, and far more, that of RELIGION.

We cannot conclude the subject better than by quoting the following eloquent and generous observations from a little work, entitled "Notes on Irish Natural History," printed in 1840, by Edward Newman, Esq. "The natives of Achill are charged with being thieves and murderers; and if I were to place full reliance on all I heard at the settlement, they would appear to be so. Mr. Long, however, (a farmer in the neighbourhood, whose farm

Mr. Newman describes as 'bearing on the extreme productiveness of the soil of Achill,') with every thing constantly exposed, walls and hedges being here unknown, and living amongst a population from whom he has no power at all to defend himself, *has never lost even a potato*. I allude not to this subject politically; but bearing in mind solely the natural history of the island and its capability of improvement, I pronounce, without hesitation, that if goodness of soil, lowness of rent, cheapness of labour, and SAFETY OF PROPERTY, be recommendations,—then, that no spot I have ever seen is more likely to reward the emigrant than the Island of Achill. Would that some unpolitical philanthropists,—MEN WHO TOOK A HUMAN VIEW OF THE HUMAN WANTS AND HUMAN FEELINGS OF THESE POOR ISLANDERS—would settle among them, and place in their hands the plough and the spade, teach the children to read and write, the boys to make shoes and coats, to fish and to dig, and rake and sow and reap, and build houses, and the girls to knit and spin, and make gowns,—*and use them like brothers, sisters, and children.*"

To all this we devoutly say, AMEN!

We turn to a pleasanter topic—the singularities and natural beauties of this island of Achill. The people have many primitive customs. A few days before our arrival, an occurrence took place which we understood is by no means uncommon—a race for a wife. A young man, a carpenter, named Linchigan, applied to the father of a girl named Corrigan, for his daughter in marriage. A rival, called Lavelle, asked for her also, on the plea that as he was richer, "he wouldn't ask so much with her." Whereupon, the factions "of the swains" were about to join issue and fight; when a peacemaker suggested that "the boys should run for her." The race was run accordingly, a distance of some miles up and down a mountain; Linchigan won, and wedded the maiden*. The islanders consist almost entirely of four

* This custom, however, is not peculiar to this primitive district. We call to mind an incident that occurred, long ago, in the south, which we hope the reader will permit us to relate in our own way:—

Andrew Kennedy and Mike Barry were suitors for the hand of Peggy Magrah. The power which Irish fathers exercise over their children is often anything but gentle; they dispose of them in marriage frequently to those they consider the best bidders; and it is no small compliment to Irish women to say that, even in instances where they have loved others, they very generally succeed in withdrawing their affections, and making true and devoted wives, and most affectionate mothers. In the case of Peggy Magrah, however, one candidate stood about as well with her father as the other: both were fine stout fellows, able to work, when they could get work to do, with a cabin and a potato garden, "waiting for furniture," and both anxious to possess the hand, heart, and little fortune of Peggy Magrah. There are two ways of winning a woman's favour—the right and the wrong: Andrew Kennedy had chosen the right, Mike Barry the wrong. Andrew in the first instance made sure of the girl, Mike of the father; and if Andrew had been a whit worse off in the world—if his cow had not been as good, his feather-bed as heavy, or his pig as weighty as those of his rival, might would have overcome right, and Andrew would have had no chance; but as it was, the father finding that one "boy" was as well to do as the other, and that moreover the "faction" of the rejected would

principal families; and we were informed that they could be easily distinguished the one from the other; indeed, of this fact we had positive proof.

be too strong for *him*, though they would yield to the lady, declared as he was walking home from "early mass" that he would leave it "betwixt the Almighty and his daughter;" let her settle it in God's name, and he'd wash his hands of it altogether; only she must settle on one or the other that week, for he could not be having his peace of mind destroyed with her and her sweethearts any longer—his house was like a fair or a station with them for boys, that couldn't let the girl alone; and sure it was well for him and his "ould woman" they had but one daughter; for if they had more they'd quit the country sooner than be bothered entirely the way he had been with them—for bachelors!

Now Peggy was as arrant a coquet as ever flirted a fan in a ball-room; one of those who are born with an intense desire to continue the "slave trade;" who delighted in tormenting; and who, whether she cared or not for a man, would enjoy teazing him; indeed, the better she loved, the greater her pleasure in tantalizing the object of her affections. As long as her father wavered between Andrew and Mike, the true affection she bore the former made her dread losing him so much, that she was far more affectionate to him than she had ever been to any one else; and once, when her father said something that led her to believe he decidedly favoured Mike, she burst into a flood of tears, and declared she would "die" sooner than marry him. Now, when her father, accompanied by both suitors, entered the house, and he had told her there were her bachelors, and she must make up her mind which of the two should be her husband, for he (her father) had no mind to keeping an old maid in his house, she blushed and simpered, looked through the long lashes of her eyes without ever raising the lids; and, to the utter astonishment of both her father and Andrew, accepted Mike's offer to dance the first jig with him that evening,—completely turning her back upon her former favourite. Mike having got her consent to the dance, eager to set himself off to the best advantage, bethought that his "brogues" would look bad "on the floor," and, like a fool, left the field open to Andrew, while he set out to borrow his brother's "*pumps*." The opportunity was not lost upon Andrew, who renewed his suit, but became thoroughly perplexed by the waywardness of woman's nature—he could make nothing of her. "Indeed," she said, "she would as soon—as her father was so hard upon her—marry one as the other. —Maybe she showed more favour one time to Andrew than to Mike, and maybe at another time she'd show more favour to Mike than to Andrew; maybe she'd just toss up for them—call Mike the Head, and Andrew the Harp, and so get her luck." Andrew, poor fellow! was half mad with vexation,—and yet, what could he do? He entertained serious thoughts of an abduction, but where was the good of it?—Sure, if she was that changeable 'craythur' she wasn't worth the having.

He offered to fight Mike for her, but this her father negatived at once; he would have no fighting for a child of his; "but I'll tell you what, brave boys!" exclaimed the old man; "I'll tell you what—do as I did for my goodwife, and what no Irishman was ever ashamed to do—run for her!—every boy in the place is free-footed—run for her, and let the fleet foot win her!"

This was agreed upon: both the young men were remarkable for activity—both anxious to win a bride; and despite Peggy's coquetry, when she took her stand with other girls upon the rising ground that commanded a view of the "race-course," all agreed that she was worth ten times the trouble.

"I'll tell you what it is, Peggy," said one of her companions, "I'd bet my bran new hankecher that never crossed my neck, barring this day, that Mike will be the haro! he's longer in the legs—and oh, my! but he's the active boy intirely."

"Well, whoever wins, Peg's luck will be happy; that's all, I say. Suppose they should both win," added another, "what will you do then, Peggy dear!—toss up for them?"

"There they go!" exclaimed a third—while Peggy's heart beat stout reproaches at her unfaithfulness; "there they go—it's cruel hard, so it is, to make them end such a race by coming up even this bit of a hill at the long run. Mary Grady, do you mind the day Aby Flynn running the race for his wife, fell and cut his head, so that the grave was his wedding-bed, poor fellow!"

"I'd rather they'd give up at ouce," exclaimed Peggy, following the contending parties with her eyes, and trembling from head to foot at the advantage which Mike had evidently obtained over Andrew—"I'd rather they'd give it up,—well, I don't care who wins or who loses, I'll marry which I like!" she continued, bursting into tears, and then covering her face with her hands.

They have, in many respects, separate habits and customs; and seldom intermarry apart from their clans. The Lavelles are of French extraction—the descendants of French fishermen, who in former times used to fish off the island of Boffin; they are for the most part "light, smart, and handsome men;" the Scholefields are of English descent—and "proud of it;" the Caulfields are dark curly-headed men, and retain tokens of Creole blood; the Morans are of Danish descent—"heavy and dull men," with red hair and whiskers. The O'Malleys, Gaughans, and Maughans, are of the aboriginal Irish; and they, added our informant, a very intelligent person, who had long lived among them, are "cleverer than the others," their countenances being animated and full of expression. The several classes were repeatedly pointed out to us, and in no instance was there a mistake as to the name or family of the person to whom reference was made. The habitations of the islanders are very singular. Their houses are heaps of rude stones moulded by the tide, procured from the beach, uncemented: they are rounded at the gables, and roofed with fern, heath, and shingles, fastened on by straw bands. In the village of Dooagha, consisting of about forty cabins, there is not a single chimney. Some of the wealthier graziers, however, have an odd custom of residing in such houses, or in houses of a still more simple construction, only during the summer months, when the season for fishing is "on," and their cattle are brought down towards the coast to feed on the young herbage. These hovels

"Oh! honour, Peggy," they exclaimed; "sure you would not be guilty of such a falsity as that?"

"Tell me," she answered, all her coquetry forgotten in anxiety for him she really loved, so that she dared not look upon the race, "tell me, for the love of mercy, how it's going with *him*."

"With him," repeated as arrant a coquet as herself, "Which of the *hims*?"

"Andrew," she breathlessly replied.

"Oh, bee the dads! I don't know," she answered, winking her merry eyes at her companions, while Peggy pressed her hands more tightly than ever over hers, "I don't know at all, what do *you* think, Mary Moyle!" "Eh!" said mischievous Mary, "I can't tell; I'm sure just now it was six to one, and half a dozen to the other, but now! oh my! but Mike has the legs to be sure—maybe he can't use them—thath! well that last spring he gave bates all.—Oh then, it's Mike that will make the fine husband, and no mistake—take yer hands from yer eyes, Peggy, woman—there's money bid for ye!"

"Open yer eyes, Jewel avourneen!" said another—"here, they're coming up the hill—that's right, shout, boys.—Oh then, Mrs. Mike, maybe I won't shake a foot at your wedding—take down yer hands, and look for yourself—Mike, yer a rale haro!"

The young men were, as she said, running up to where they stood, but not in the degree Mary so mischievously intimated. Peggy was literally without the power to withdraw her hands; her feelings entirely overcame her.

"Take her, Mike; you well deserve her!" exclaimed the tantalizing girls, as Andrew, panting and gasping, ascended considerably in advance of his rival.

But Peggy heard them not: subdued by her emotions, she had fainted on the sward. Such is the overpowering nature of woman's coquetry, that after she recovered, and was well assured of Andrew's victory, she would have played fair lady Disdain if she dared—but her father interposed, and she is now a good wife, and the mother of five small children.

they call "Builly houses." The island was long famous for illicit stills; a few years ago there were at least fifty at work there; at the time of our visit

there was not one, Father Mathew having utterly destroyed the trade. There is not a single tree upon the whole island, with the exception of two or three recently planted in "the colony;" although there are abundant marks of its being long ago one huge and pathless forest. It is full of lakes; the shores abound in wild fowl of every description, and the mountains with grouse. The foxes are so numerous, that the young lambs are never safe. Seals are seen at times in shoals among the rocks; and the ravens and the eagles exist in astonishing numbers in the cliffs and recesses of the hills. The eagles, indeed, seemed so unconscious of fear that they remained within a very short distance of us; and one magnificent fellow soared over our heads, within pistol-shot, for above an hour, keeping on our course so near that we could count the feathers on his wings *.

Our first object after entering the island was to engage the services of guides: two stout-limbed, athletic, and most obliging fellows, brothers of the name of O'Malley—a "grate name" in Mayo, and a "powerful faction" among rich and poor—presented themselves, and were retained. Under their direction we commenced the ascent of the Croghan mountain—2254 feet above the level of the sea. We should scarcely have been tempted to this arduous undertaking, but that the top seemed at no great distance; when we had surmounted it, however, we found ourselves at the foot of another still

* A tradition exists, that about a century ago, an eagle bore off a child from Achill, and carried it to his eyrie, among the cliffs of Clare Island; a distance of several miles. The child was saved, however, and lived to be an old man.

higher; and when this difficulty was overcome, a third was before us, higher yet. In fact, we had to climb three mountains instead of one. But, in truth,

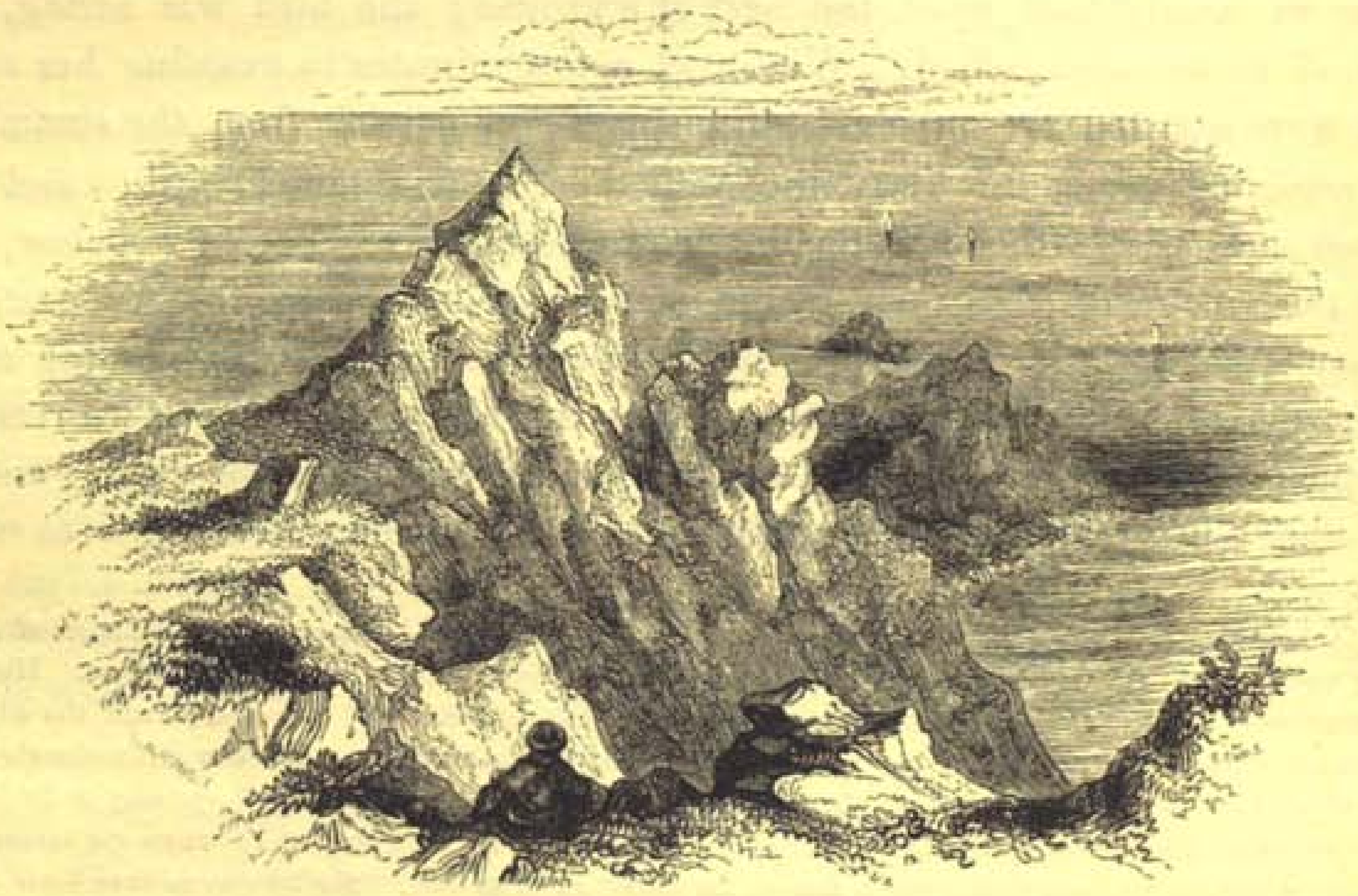
> "The mountain top, when climbed, did well o'erpay
> The scalers' toil."

From the commencement of the ascent, indeed, we became exceedingly interested in the prospect all around us: we soon obtained a view of Clew Bay, with its host of islands—Clare Island, with its tremendous precipices, topping them all*. The hills were covered with wild flowers, in immense varieties; of the orchis tribe there were numerous specimens; the heaths were in rich luxuriance, and among them is plentifully found the Erica Mediterranea, to be procured in no other part of Great Britain; and the wild juniper formed almost a close matting under our feet. Two or three foxes ran along our way; and many times the eagle rose from his eyrie and hovered above us. Once we nearly trod upon the nest of a grouse; the bird was sitting, and flew off as we approached. We stood a few minutes to examine her eggs, and were startled by an almost human cry of sorrow from the summit of an adjoining crag. It was the wail of the frightened bird; and we passed upwards without disturbing her dwelling †. Looking below, we saw the village of Keem—a group of dots of stone; and further east, the village of Dooagha, dwindled almost to a few specks; while the winding roads about the island seemed no broader than a ribbon. At length we reached the summit—and what a view! On one side was beautiful Clew Bay; and on the other a bay scarcely less beautiful, Blacksod Harbour. Behind us were

* The weather did not permit us to visit Clare Island; but we understand, an examination of it will amply repay the tourist. It is of considerable size, and contains above sixteen hundred inhabitants. Here was the great seat of the dominions of the famous Grana Uile, Grace O'Malley. The island and the adjacent district are still fertile in legends concerning her carriage, prowess, and activity. We have given elsewhere the story of her kidnapping the infant heir of the St. Lawrences of Howth, as a lesson in hospitality to the family. A square tower, the remains of her once formidable castle, still exists; and the bay in which she moored her war-ships is pointed out, and to this day is famous for security and shelter. She appears to have been a sort of lady-pirate, who existed during the sixteenth century. She was the daughter of Owen O'Malley, and the wife of O'Flahertie, powerful chieftains of Connaught. She married a second husband, Sir Richard Bourke, called Mac William Oughter, who also left her a widow in 1585. While a "lone woman" she is believed to have played her pranks upon the ocean; and it is affirmed, that she visited England in order to be introduced to Queen Elizabeth; or rather, to afford the Queen an opportunity of being introduced to her; for the representative of the O'Malleys was, at least, as proud and imperious, and in her own realm as absolute, as the descendant of the Tudors. Her name, Grana Uile, Grace of the Islands, has been made famous in Ireland, in consequence of its being supposed that she resisted the Saxon rule; such, however, does not appear to have been the fact. It was, consequently, at one time made the watchword of a party; the Irish Boadicea is the theme of many an old song.

† Our guides, who seemed to have anticipated an opposite result from our curiosity, seemed delighted when we signified our intention of leaving the nest unrifled; and one of them roared out at the top of his voice, addressing the bird,—"There! birdeen, give thanks to the Virgin, for the strangers wont hurt yer little family."

the island hills and valleys, and the mountain of Slieve-more, which although nearly as high as Croghan, we seemed to look down upon. Before us was the broad Atlantic—no spot of rock or land upon which a sea-mew could find rest, between us and America; so that, literally, as the guide said, "if we flung a stone out of our hands it would fall into another world, barring it didn't sink in the sea." It was, indeed, a glorious sight, but one to which no language can do justice. Having "drank our full," of the grandeur, magnificence, and surpassing beauty of the scene, we sate awhile upon a moss-covered bank, just above the mighty ocean that rolled back in masses from the black rocks against which it foamed; and we spoke of the land and sea legends which, as may be imagined, are here closely mingled. Beneath us were two solitary rocks, seemingly broken off from the mainland, but in reality parts of it; although separated by a frightful chasm, through which the sea rolls at



high-water. After the long and toilsome ascent, the traveller finds, on gaining the summit, that he stands on the brink of an enormous precipice, presenting a nearly perpendicular wall to the Atlantic. This side of the mountain forms a sort of semicircular bay—and these two lone islands, or rather rocks, jut out to the sea beyond; their savage quietude being broken only by the billows that beat against their base. They fall back into the sea foaming and sparkling; but no sound is heard—we are far above its reach—and the effect is not a little enhanced by the strife of waters continuing in silent power beneath us. The islands themselves seem but as fallen masses of rock, and the enormous

fragments that have fallen to the foot of the mountain upon which we stand appear but as "pieces" that might easily be lifted by the hand. It is difficult to believe that the dark atoms which move over their surface are human creatures—some of the fishermen, inhabitants of the island.

Here dwelt, in former times, a murderer, who came there with his two dogs, and used to hunt the deer; chasing them to this chasm, over which they were used to leap; but their enemy had built a wall, on the other side, against which they sprung; falling down the precipice, where their bodies were found by the dark hunter. Two graves are still pointed out as the graves of the good hounds; but their master was carried off by evil spirits across the ocean. We gathered, indeed, a volume of legends upon this mountain top; for every spot within our ken had some attached to it. But our space will not permit us to "pen them down." We must reserve it for one that, if not peculiar to this district, we had not previously heard in any part of Ireland. It concerns "the seals," with which, as we have said, this wild coast abounds*. It will excite no surprise that they are regarded with superstitious dread by the peasantry. The following is the story; we received it partly from our guide, and partly from an accomplished friend at Newport.

Upon the wild and magnificent coast of Mayo and Donegal, there are thousands who give implicit credit to marvellous stories of which a seal is the hero, or we should rather say, the heroine, for nearly the whole of them

* Captain M'Ilray, of Westport, a famous seal-hunter in "these parts," and who is well-known for his ardour in collecting Irish antiquities, in a letter to Robert Ball, Esq., the secretary to the Zoological Society of Dublin, gives some idea of the number and character of these frequenters of the Mayo coast. We extract a passage. "Inniscarrow Reef, about eight miles from Westport, was a favourite haunt of seals; and on one day there could not be less than 150 seals basking on it. I got my hooker to windward of the Reef, which was the opposite side to where they lay, and dropped down gently with the punt without using an oar, lest I should alarm them, and landed accompanied by one of my boatmen; in a few minutes we crept to within fifty yards of them, when I singled out and shot the largest I could see (which weighed afterwards twenty-six stone, and was nearly six feet long); as he was quite dead when I got up to him, I ran on, after loading my rifle, again to the edge of the water, where the whole herd had plunged in, when I fired, knowing I was sure of a shot on their rising, which many of them invariably do within a few yards of where they dive. As there was a considerable descent to the water's edge I had nothing to rest my rifle on, which from its great weight and length, upwards of five feet, I am generally obliged to do; I made my boatman stoop, and rested it on his back, and almost immediately the extraordinary seal came to the surface, and I had ample time to observe him. The head was greatly larger than any I had ever seen, with immense bladder-like protuberances over the eyes, inclining to the sides of the head. The forehead appeared also uncommonly enlarged, and as I thought, deeply furrowed and wrinkled, lessening gradually to the protuberances at either side; it had external ears like a hound, but much smaller in proportion to the size of the head. The colour was light brown, but it did not appear to me to have spots like our common seal. I am quite certain it was much more than twice as large as any of our common kind. From the uncouth, and I might say very unnatural appearance of the animal, my poor boatman's superstitious fears so completely got the better of him, that he made a sudden start, and fell forward among the rocks on which we were, and in the fall my rifle went off, of course without effect, and I saw no more of the seal. I had my boatmen on the look out for several tides, both there and at several other of their haunts on the coast, but never heard of him since."

relate to females. A belief prevails that seals are the embodied spirits of human beings who perished in "the Flood," compelled to exist in this form, by way of penance, until purified by the destruction of the world by fire—fire, according to their notions, testing ALL things—when they will obtain freedom, and enter the mansions of the blessed. Tradition adds, however, that once in every century they are permitted to resume their original forms, and for the space of twelve hours, or from sunset to sunrise, sport upon their native earth, laying aside their "skins," which they are forced to resume before they can return to the waters.

John of the Glen, or John O'Glin, as he was called, was one of a somewhat numerous class in these wild districts, who set up a horse on the strength of their neighbours' fields; he was, in short, a merry, careless cockle-merchant, migrating between the inland glens and the sea-shore, carrying, in large panniers, on either side of his mare "Molche," crabs, lobsters, periwinkles, and cockles, frequently in larger quantities than Molche approved of. There are few of the Glen farmers who are not acquainted practically with cockle-hawkers of this description; fellows who, watching their opportunity, turn their hungry cattle into the best pastures, and destroy more in an hour than can be grown in a week. The good-natured glensmen have no objection to extending their hospitality to "the baste" as well as to his master, and would gladly bestow upon the horse the same fodder they give their own; but this does not satisfy the hawker; he turns his horse into the poor man's clover, or even among his oats. We do not mean to accuse John O'Glin of this shameful practice; but certainly "Molche" was a stout, fat, little nag as ever trotted over the hills of Mayo or Donegal, or among their wild and exquisite glens; yet her master was never master of either field or stable. The sea-coast air along these districts, with bare heathy mountains overlooking the trackless ocean, is perhaps the purest in the world, but there is little likelihood that "Molche" lived upon it. Now, John O'Glin was considered a "brave, hearty boy," full of life and spirit, the wild spirit of the glen, sharpened by the buying and selling sort of intercourse, which above all other things gives the keenest edge to an Irishman's wits; it is true he neither bought periwinkles nor cockles—those he gathered, but he purchased lobsters, and having sold his fishy cargo in the inland glens, he did not return with empty panniers to the sea-side—not at all; he carried eggs and heather brooms to the shore, and *more than either*, for certainly his eggs had the flavour and his heather the smell of poteen; he declared it was their nature so to smell, but this was doubted. John, amongst his other accomplishments, had a most sweet voice; he could sing the melodies which along this coast

are more varied and far wilder than the melodies of any other county, so as to captivate every heart to which he wished to appeal; and many bought his fish for the sake of his song. He loved music for its own sake, and beguiled his hours on the bleak strand while hunting for his small fish, waiting for his companions, or watching for the return of the boats, whose cargoes consisted of lobster pots, and bladders to be filled with poteen, in return for one of his favourite melodies. But people, even Irishmen, cannot always sing; the day had been sultry; Molche was obstreperous, for she had nothing to eat but the short, thick grass which grew on the top of the cliffs, and sadly wanted to get back to the glens; so, finding that her master would not come, she set off on her own account, and he had a run of five or six miles to catch her—in short, he was very weary, and at last, tired of looking over the blue waters for the boat he had expected since morning, he lay down beneath the shadow of a rock and fell asleep. Now the place he had chosen to repose in was for all the world like a basket; there was the high rock above him, and a ledge of rock all round, so that where he lay might be called a sandy cradle. There he slumbered as snug as an egg in a thrush's nest, and he might have slept about *two* hours, when he hears singing—a note of music, he used to say, would bring the life back to him if he had been dead a month—so he woke up; and to be sure, of all outlandish tunes, and, to quote his words again, "put the one the old cow died of to the back of it," he never heard the like before; the words were queerer than the music—for John was a fine scholar and had a quarter's Latin, to say nothing of six months' dancing; so that he could flog the world at single or double-handed reel, and split many a door with the strength of his hornpipe. "Meuhla machree," he says, "who's in it at all?" he says. "Sure it isn't among haythins I am," he says, "smuggled out of my native country," he says, "like a poor keg of Inishowen," he says, "by the murdering English?" and "blessed father," he says again, "to my own knowledge it's neyther Latin nor Heabrew they're at, nor any other livin language, barring it's Turky;" for what gave him that thought was the grand sound of the words. So, 'cute enough, he dragged himself up to the edge of the ledge of the rock that overlooked the wide ocean, and what should he see but about twenty as fine well-grown men and women as ever you looked on, dancing! not a hearty jig or a reel, but a solemn sort of dance on the sands, while they sung their unnatural song, all as solemn as they danced; and they had such queer things on their heads as never were seen before, and the ladies' hair was twisted and twined round and round their heads.

Well, John crossed himself to be sure like a good Christian, and swore if he ever saw Newport again to pay greater attention to his duty, and to

take an "obligation" on himself which he knew he ought to have done before; and still the people seemed so quiet and so like Christians, that he grew the less fearful the longer he looked; and at last his attention was drawn off the strangers by a great heap of skins that were piled together on the strand close beside him, so that by reaching his arm over the ledge, he could draw them, or one of them, over. Now John did a little in skins himself, and he thought he had never seen them so beautifully dressed before; they were seal skins, shining all of them like satin, though some were black, and more of them grey; but at the very top of the pile right under his hand was the most curious of them all—snowy and silver white. Now John thought there could be no harm in looking at the skin, for he had always a mighty great taste for natural curiosities, and it was as easy to put it back as to bring it over; so he just, quiet and easy, reaches in the skin, and soothering it down with his hand, he thought no down of the young wild swan was ever half so smooth, and then he began to think what it was worth, and while he was thinking and judging, quite innocent like, what it would fetch in Newport, or maybe Galway, there was a skirl of a screech among the dancers and singers; and before poor John had time to return the skin, all of them came hurrying towards where he lay; so believing they were sea pirates, or some new-fashioned revenue officers, he crept into the sand, dragging the silver-coloured skin with him, thinking it wouldn't be honest to its *rale* owner to leave it in their way. Well, for ever so long, nothing could equal the ullabaloo and "shindy" kicked up all about where he lay—such talking and screaming, and bellowing, and at last he hears another awful roar, and then all was as still as a bridegroom's tongue at the end of the first month, except a sort of snuffling and snorting in the sand. When that had been over some time, he thought he would begin to look about him again, and he drew himself cautiously up on his elbows, and after securing the skin in his bosom (for he thought some of them might be skulking about still, and he wished to find the owner), he moved on, and on, until at last he rested his chin upon the very top of the ledge, and casting his eye along the line of coast, not a sight or a sign of any living thing did he see but a great fat seal walloping as fast as ever it could into the ocean: well, he shook himself, and stood up; and he had not done so long, when, just round the corner of the rock, he heard the low wailing voice of a young girl, soft, and low, and full of sorrow, like the bleat of a kid for its mother, or a dove for its mate, or a maiden crying after her lover yet ashamed to raise her voice. "Oh, murder!" thought John O'Glin, "this will never do; I'm a gone man! that voice—an' it not saying a word, only murmuring like a south breeze in a pink shell—

will be the death of me; it has more real, true music in it than all the bag-pipes between this and Londonderry. Oh, I'm kilt entirely through the ear," he says, "which is the high road to my heart. Oh, there's a moan! that's natural music! The 'Shan Van Vo,' 'The Dark Valley,' and the 'Blackbird' itself, are fools to that!" To spring over was the work of a single minute; and, sure enough, sitting there, leaning the sweetest little head that ever carried two eyes in it, upon its dawshy hand, was as lovely a young lady as John ever looked on. She had a loose sort of dress, drawn in at her throat with a gold string, and he saw at once that she was one of the outlandish people who had disappeared all so quick.

"Avourneen das! my lady," says John, making his best bow, "and what ails you, darling stranger?" Well, she made no answer, only looked askew at him, and John O'Glin thought she didn't sigh so bitterly as she had done at first; and he came a little nearer, and "Cushla ma chree, beauty of the waters," he says, "I'm sorry for your trouble."

So she turns round her little face to him, and her eyes were as dark as the best black turf, and as round as a periwinkle.

"Creature," she says, "do you speak Hebrew?" "I'd speak anything," he answers, "to speak with you." "Then," she says again, "*have you seen my skin?*" "Yes, darling," he says in reply, looking at her with every eye in his head. "Where, where is it?" she cries, jumping up and clasping her two little hands together, and dropping on her knees before John.

"Where is it?" he repeats, raising her gently up; "why, on yourself, to be sure, as white and as clear as the foam on a wave in June."

"Oh, it's the other skin I want," she cries, bursting into tears. "Shall I skin myself and give it you, to please you, my lady?" he replies; "sure I will, and welcome, if it will do you any good, sooner than have you bawling and roaring this way," he says, "like an angel," he says.

"What a funny creature you are!" she answers, laughing a lilt of a laugh up in his face; "but you're not a seal," she says, "and so your skin would do me no good."

"Whew!" thought John O'Glin; "whew! now all the blossom is out on the may-bush; now my eyes are opened;" for he knew the sense of what he had seen, and how the whole was a memory of the old world.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the poor fellow, for it never took him any time at all to fall in love; "I'll tell you what it is, don't bother any more about your bit of a skin, but take me instead of it—that is," he said, and he changed colour at the bare thought of it, "that is, unless you're married in your own country." And as all their discourse went on in Hebrew and

Latin, which John said he had not a perfect knowledge of, he found it hard to make her understand at first, though she was quick enough too; and she said she was not married, but might have been, only she had no mind to the seal, who was her father's prime minister, but that she had always made up her mind to marry none but a prince. "And are you a king's son?" she says. "I am," says John, "as bould as murder," and putting a great stretch on himself. "More than that, I'm a king's great grandson—in these twisting times there's no knowing who may turn up a king; but I've the blood in my veins of twenty kings—and what's better than that, Irish kings."

"And have you a palace to take me to?" she says, "and a golden girdle to give me?"

Now this, John thought, was mighty mean of her; but he looked in her eyes and forgot it. "Our love," he says, "pulse of my beating heart, will build its own palace; and this girdle," and he falls on his knees by her side, and throws his arm round her waist, "is better than a girdle of gold!" Well, to be sure there was no boy in Mayo had better right to know how to make love than John O'Glin, for no one ever had more practice; and the upshot of it was, that (never, you may be sure, letting on to her about the seal-skin) he clapt her behind him on Molche, and carried her home; and that same night, after he had hid the skin in the thatch, he went to the priest—and he told him a good part of the truth; and when he showed his reverence how she had fine gold rings and chains, and as much cut coral as would make a reef, the priest did not look to hear any more, but tied them at once. Time passed on gaily with John O'Glin: he did not get a car for Molche, because no car could go over the Mayo mountains in those days; but he got two or three stout little nags, and his wife helped him wonderful at the fishing—there wasn't a fin could come within half a mile of her that she wouldn't catch—ay, and bring to shore too; only (and this was the only cross or trouble John ever had with her, and it brought him a shame-face many a time), she'd never wait to dress anything for herself, *only eat it raw;* and this certainly gave him a great deal of uneasiness. She'd eat six herrings, live enough to go down her throat of themselves, without hardly drawing her breath, and spoil the market of cod or salmon by biting off the tails. When John would speak to her about it, why she'd cry and want to go back to her father, and go poking about after the skin, which she'd never mention at any other time, so John thought it would be best to let her have her own way, for when she had, it's nursing the children, and singing, and fishing she'd be all day long; they had three little children, and John had full and plenty for them all, for she never said against his selling her rings, or chain, or corals; and he took, bit after bit, of land,

and prospered greatly, and was a sober, steady man, well to do; and if he could have broke her of that ugly trick she had of eating raw fish, he'd never say no to her yes; and she taught the young ones Hebrew, and never asked them to touch a morsel of fish until it was put over the turf; and there were no prettier children in all the barony than the "seal-woman's;" with such lovely hair and round blinking eyes, that set the head swimming in no time; and they had sweet voices, and kind hearts that would share the last bit they had in the world with any one, gentle or simple, that knew what it was to be hungry; and, the Lord he knows, it isn't in Mayo their hearts would stiffen for want of practice.

Still John was often uneasy about his wife. More than once, when she went with him to the shore, he'd see one or two seals walloping nearer than he liked; and once, when he took up his gun to fire at a great bottle-nosed one that was asleep on the sandbank, she made him swear never to do so: "For who knows," she says," but it's one of my relations you'd be murdering?" And sometimes she'd sit melancholy-like, watching the waves, and tears would roll down her little cheeks; but John would soon kiss them away.

Poor fellow! much as he loved her, he knew she was a sly little devil; for when he'd be lamenting latterly how 'cute the fish were grown, or anything that way, she'd come up and sit down by him, and lay her soft round cheek close to his, and take his hand between hers, and say, "Ah, John darlin', if you'd only find my skin for me that I lost when I found you, see the beautiful fish I'd bring you from the bottom of the sea, and the fine things. Oh, John, it's you then could drive a carriage through Newport, if there were but roads to drive it on."

But he'd stand out that he knew nothing of the skin; and it's a wonder he was heart-proof against her soft, deludering, soothering ways: you'd have thought she'd been a right woman all her life, to hear her working away at the "Ah, do," and "Ah, don't;" and then, if she didn't exactly get what she wanted, she'd pout a bit; and if that didn't do, she'd bring him the youngest babby; and if he was hardened entirely, she'd sit down in a corner and cry; that never failed, except when she'd talk of the skin—and out and out, she never got any good of him about it—at all! But there's no end to female wit; they'll sit putting that and that together, and looking as soft and as fair-faced all the while as if they had no more care than a blind piper's dog, that has nothing to do but to catch the halfpence. "I may as well give up watching her," said John to himself; "for even if she did find it, and that's not likely, she might leave me (though that's not easy), but she'd never leave the children;" and so he gave her a parting kiss, and set off to the fair of Castlebar.

He was away four days, longer certainly than there was any call to have been, and his mind reproached him on his way home for leaving her so long; for he was very tender about her, seeing that though she was only a seal's daughter, that seal was a king, and he made up his mind he'd never quit her so long again. And when he came to the door, it did not fly open, as it used, and show him his pretty wife, his little children, and a sparkling turf fire—he had to knock at his own door.

"Push it in, daddy," cried out the eldest boy; "mammy shut it after her, and we're weak with the hunger." So John did as his child told him, and his heart fainted, and he staggered into the room, and then up the ladder to the thatch—IT WAS GONE!—and John sat down, and his three children climbed about him, and they all wept bitterly.

"Oh, daddy, why weren't you back the second day, as you said you'd be?" said one. "And mammy bade us kiss you and love you, and that she'd come back if she'd be let; but she found something in the thatch that took her away."

"She'll never come back, darlings, till we're all in our graves," said poor John, "she'll never come back under ninety years; and where will we all be then? She was ten years my delight and ten years my joy, and ever since ye came into the world she was the best of mothers to ye all! but she's gone—she's gone for ever! Oh, how could you leave me, and I so fond of ye? Maybe I wouldn't have burnt the skin, only for the knowledge that if I did, I would shorten her days on earth, and her soul would have to begin over again as a babby seal, and I couldn't do what would be all as one as murder."

So poor John lamented, and betook himself and the three children to the shore, and would wail and cry, but he never saw her after; and the children, so pretty in their infancy, grew up little withered atomies, that you'd tell any where to be seal's children—little, 'cute, yellow, shrivelled, dawshy creatures—only very sharp indeed at the learning, and crabbed in the languages, beating priest, minister, and schoolmaster—particularly at the Hebrew. More than once, though John never saw her, he heard his wife singing the songs they often sung together, right under the water; and he'd sing in answer, and then there'd be a sighing and sobbing. Oh! it was very hard upon John, for he never married again, though he knew he'd never live till her time was up to come again upon the earth even for twelve hours; but he was a fine moral man all the latter part of his life—as that showed.

We have occupied considerable space in treating of the Island of Achill; and yet we have not said of it half "our say;" it is wonderfully full of matter for the tourist; there would be no great difficulty in procuring there materials for a volume: and not a volume of mere descriptive details or legends of past and existing superstitions: it possesses amazing stores of wealth for the geologist, the botanist, and the antiquary; but to the philanthropist it may become a still more fertile scene of inquiry and labour.

From Achill we retraced our steps to Newport-Mayo; for the weather was too unsettled to permit our venturing across the bay; and from thence we proceeded, through a wild and uninteresting district, a distance of six miles, to Westport. Westport is a town of considerable size, containing a population of nearly 5000. The "Hotel" is situated on "the Mall," through which runs a clear stream; it is opposite the Roman Catholic Chapel—an ugly building, the exterior of which we regretted to see defaced by "posting-bills" of sales and auctions. The inn is large, and abundantly furnished, containing five sitting-rooms and twenty-four bed-rooms; it was built and, we understood, supplied with furniture, free of expense to the host—who holds it rent-free—by the Marquis of Sligo, with the sole view of benefiting the town, by affording accommodation to all who are drawn thither by business or pleasure. Travellers have been loud in praises of "the house;" to our minds, however, it is in ill keeping with all things in its neighbourhood; comfort is sought to be compensated for by state; and wax candles, in the "far west," seemed to be sadly out of place.

The seat of the Marquis of Sligo adjoins the town, through the grounds of which there is a pleasant road to the quay—a road generously left free to all comers and goers. The quay is at some distance from the town; it seemed bustling and lively, notwithstanding the doleful aspect of a long line of storehouses, ostentatiously marked "wine in bond," "tobacco in bond," and so forth. The demesne of the Marquis is exceedingly beautiful; nature had amply provided for the improvements of art; a fine lake almost washes the steps of the hall-door; and the trees, of which it is full, are of magnificent growth. The most noble peer was for some years an absentee, occupied in discharging his duties as Governor of Jamaica; happily he is now generally "at home," setting a good example to his wealthy neighbours, encouraging the industrious, and comforting the poor. He was described to us by persons of all classes, as a good and generous landlord; most estimable in all the relations of private life; courteous, kind, and condescending; an enlightened gentleman, a sure friend, and a true patriot.

The vicinity of Westport is full of attractions; the lovers of the picturesque

will find enjoyments in abundance*; while here, as in every other part of this primitive district, there are innumerable sources of pleasure open to the sportsman. From Westport we proceeded to Connamara—entering this far-famed domain of Nature by way of Leenane, a small village situated at the mouth of the Killeries.

We are in this singular land, soon after passing the pretty bridge of Errive, where the sublime although savage scenery of Connamara may be said to commence. But of the assemblage of grandeurs here congregated we must postpone our descriptions awhile, until we may intreat the reader to accompany us through Galway County.

* The road to Croagn Patrick is one of especial interest. The principal street of Westport is built on an ascent, and the summit being reached, the eye embraces a very peculiar view of the town, beneath which it seems to sink among the trees by which it is environed. Immediately on reaching the outskirts, the hill descends, and the town is rather suddenly hid from view. Beside the road, a little to the left, is a small and perfect circle of stones, probably Druidic. Keeping onward, in a direct line, the road to Croagh Patrick is little diversified for two miles or more; the country here being pretty level. On reaching the famous "holy well," the view is decidedly grand. A ruined church crowns the summit of a gentle eminence to the left—the grave-yard, as usual, crowded with monuments; while, to the right, the eye roams uninterruptedly over the beautiful Clew Bay and its equally beautiful islands—that of Clare being very conspicuous. To the left, rises the majestic Croagh Patrick with a bold sweep from the land upward to the clouds, which often hide its summit; and washed at its base, which projects proudly to the waters, by the blue waves of the Atlantic Ocean. From this point the picture might be pronounced perfect, combining, as it does, land and sea view; island and rock in one, with the picturesque foreground of the little church and its ivy-covered gables; the holy well trickling towards the road. This well, which has acquired some celebrity from its forming the chosen habitation of two sacred trout, is a stone's throw from the road, and is surrounded on three sides by a rude stone wall of uncemented fragments of rock. It is environed by thorn trees—gnarled and twisted by many a sea-blast, to which their exposed situation renders them very liable. The story we have elsewhere told: how that an heretical soldier once took home the trout looked upon as sacred, and placed it on a gridiron to cook from whence it escaped, and was found next day in the waters of the well, with the mark of the hot bars on its side. The fish (there are always two), which are very small and dark, hide beneath the stone wall, where a hole has been formed by the falling of part of it, and they are lured out by a few worms thrown into the water, which they dart forward to catch, and as rapidly retire. At Croagh Patrick, the patron saint is believed to have commenced his mission in Ireland, and from the summit of it to have blessed Connamara, which looked so bleak, barren, and rugged that he declined to enter it. The origin of the well is this: St. Patrick being very tired, after mounting the hill, to bless Connamara and the Joyce's County, and very thirsty, wished for a drink—instantly, out sprang the water from the holy well. When the saint was satisfied, however, it retired into its rocky recess; and many centuries afterwards, a good priest, poking about the neighbourhood, took notice of a small stone with a cross upon it: this stone he raised, when out gushed the clear stream.

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CLARE.

THE maritime county of Clare is in the province of Munster. It is bounded on the east and south by Lough Derg and the river Shannon, by which it is separated from the counties of Tipperary, Limerick, and Kerry; on the north and north-east by the county of Galway; on the north-west by Galway Bay; and on the west by the Atlantic Ocean. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 802,352 statute acres; of which 524,113 are cultivated land, the remainder being unprofitable mountain and bog, or under water. It is divided into the nine baronies of Bunratty, Burren, Clonderlaw, Corcomroe, Ibrickane, Inchiquin, Islands, Moyarta, and Tulla. Its principal towns are—Ennis (the assize town), Kilrush, Killaloe, Curofin, and Ennistymon. In 1821 the population was 208,089; and in 1831, 258,262.

During our stay in Limerick we made a visit to Killaloe, which is situated also on the Shannon, about twelve miles north of that city. It is one of the remarkable or memorable places of Ireland; the celebrated Brien Boru (or, of the tributes), one of the most distinguished of the ancient Irish monarchs, having resided in its vicinity, as did many of his ancestors, as well as successors of his line.

Killaloe lies on the Clare side of the river, and is approached from that of the county of Tipperary by an excellent bridge of nineteen arches, which crosses above the rapids in the only fordable part of the Shannon. Some of the arches are ancient; three or four in the centre of ample span were built in 1825. Below this a ledge of rocks obstructs the navigation, and in time of flood the fall of water has a magnificent effect as it passes over it; above the bridge the river is cut up by numerous eel and salmon weirs. The canal between Limerick and Lough Derg, constructed for the avoidance of the falls, terminates a little above the bridge, where the river is deeper and more tranquil, and from thence steamers ply between the town and Portumna. At either side of the bridge, occupying the extent of two small islets, are two ruinous castelets of the ante-Tudor era, which formed the ancient defences of the pass. The town situate on the hill-side is old, poor, small, irregular, and neglected. Its population is about one thousand. It contains

two cathedrals, the Protestant and Roman Catholic; the latter, a new unfinished structure, in a very plain pointed style. In the neighbourhood are some excellent slate-quarries, which are actively wrought; there is also a mill for polishing and preparing marble, brought down the Shannon by the steamers, and which when manufactured is exported to England and elsewhere. The old cathedral is a cruciform building, surmounted in the centre by a low massive tower. The style of this structure is of a mixed character; that predominant in it is the early Gothic, but portions of it, in the Romanesque, indicate a higher antiquity. The history of this building informs us, that it was founded (it should be, reconstructed) in 1160 by Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond; but we also find amongst the few peaceable acts of his predecessor, Brien Boru, that he caused the church of Killaloe to be *repaired*—that was, one hundred and forty-six years earlier. These statements are verified by the present appearances of the building; portions of the old church of Brien may be found in the nave where a highly-ornamented Romanesque door remains, closed up—ignorantly called by some Boru's tomb. The Lancet style of the rest of the building is at once referable to the age of Donald. The whole is about two hundred feet in length, the span of the roof being fifty feet. The windows are narrow lancets, splayed inwards. That of the chancel consists of three lights, the centre being round-headed; those at each side are pointed; they are surmounted by a weather cornice; at the east end angles are two straight pilaster-like buttresses. The nave is a large, void, and naked-looking space, not used for service. The north transept has been converted into a school-house, under the stair in which lay, thrown from its pedestal, the old floridly-ornamental font. In the same enclosure with the cathedral stands a still more ancient stone-roofed church. It is considerably decayed, and sadly wants the friendly assistance of the renovater. Its high-pitched roof is covered with mosses, small ferns, and shrubs, which have inserted their roots between the interstices of the stones. The dimensions of this building are not large. At the west end, is a round-headed door, now walled up. The arch, which is deeply moulded, rests upon two

KILLALOE ON THE SHANNON.

CLARE.

short columns, on the capitals of which are carved figures resembling those of a baboon and an elephant. Over this, near the apex of the gable, is a small round-headed window, narrower at the arch spring than at the base. The eastern wall also possessed an opening, as if into some lesser external building once annexed to it; but a Gothic pointed arch, now closed up, shows that it was not of the same antiquity as the rest of the building; above this, corresponding to the round-headed window of the western wall, is one of those ancient Pelasgic lancet windows found only in the round towers, and their immediate successors — the small, early *damhliags*, or stone churches.

On an island below the bridge, and in front of the episcopal grounds, is another stone-roofed church, which bears all the characteristics of a still higher antiquity. The stones with which it is constructed are of large size, fitted to each other in the cyclopic or polygonal manner. The door is framed of great stones, and covered in by a single lintel. It is broader at the base than at the head. To the antiquary this building possesses, in its architectural details, a greater interest than the old church near the cathedral. It is considered to prove that with the change of religion, from Paganism to Christianity, there was no change of architectural style.

The history of Killaloe is little better than a record of its various destructions and resuscitations: thus, in 1061, 1080, 1116, 1154, and 1155, it was successively burned. The only other event of interest in its story beyond what appertains to its church, is the building of a bridge here, in 1054, by Turlogh O'Brien. We ascertain its materials from a mention of it in the Four Masters, at 1170, where it is called the "Clar droichet Cilledalua," the timber bridge of Killaloe. This did not outlast two centuries, as in the beginning of the fourteenth century, the passage was only known by its ford, then called *Claris ford*, from Thomas de Clare, who had obtained possessions in the east of Clare from one of the Princes of Thomond. The power of the De Clares was, however, but temporary, for about forty years afterwards, the victorious Morrogh O'Brien, "of the Ferns," resumed his authority over the place, and Killaloe became known again by its former denomination. Of the palace of *Kincora*, the seat of the celebrated *Boru*, no vestiges remain beyond one fort, still called Bal-Boru, which formed one of its adjuncts. This site was the chosen residence of several of the kings of Munster and North Munster, before the accession of the most distinguished of them, Brien Boroimhe (pronounced Boru), in the latter part of the tenth century; but it was under Brien himself, who held his court here, both as king of Munster, and afterwards as monarch of all Ireland, that the place obtained its greatest celebrity. After his death, at the

celebrated battle of Clontarf, in 1014, where the power of the Northmen was for ever broken in Ireland, his children and successors continued to inhabit Kincora for some generations, but the "Palace" shared largely in their reverses. Connected with Kincora, was a character not less famed than the patriot monarch Brien himself, although in a different vocation; this was his chief bard Mac Liag, a few of whose productions have reached posterity. Among them is a "Lament for Kincora," occasioned by the death of Brien. And well might he mourn; for a prince more generous than the fallen monarch, laureat never bewailed. Rich, various, and frequent were the *cumals* of cattle, the cloaks, the ounces, the brooches and *rings* of gold bestowed on him for his lays. Nor long did the grateful bard survive the loss of his munificent master; he retired to a distant island, far away from scenes too fondly remembered, and died in the year succeeding the fatal battle of Clontarf*.

Almost all traditional memory of Kincora, as far as we are able to collect, appears to be lost here. One old woman only was able to tell us that Bal-Boru Fort was Brien's parlour, and that "his kitchen was at Kincora, where the

* What had been the particular character of the structures at Kincora, we have but little means of conjecturing. In 1012, the "Four Masters" record the erection of many *daingins*, or fortified places, by Brien Boru; amongst the rest, the *cahir* of Kincora; but this we regard as merely a re-edifying, for we have numerous notices of the place previous to that year, and even in the year preceding (1011). We find the same annals mention that Brien, at the head of an expedition which he made to Cinell Conaill, carried off with him O'Maoldora, the king of that district, in captivity, to Kincora. As this re-edifying, or reconstruction, was anterior to the introduction of the castellated style of building in Ireland, we can only suppose that the strength of these places lay in the outworks,—the great stone ramparts, and successive ditches, rather than in the interior dwellings and offices, which were probably not storied, and in which length and breadth, rather than height, were had in view. Timber framework, or cobwork, formed the walls, and the roofs were thatched: such we know to have been the style of contemporaneous Saxon and British dwellings. That Kincora was ornamented with trees, and possessed the luxuries of artificial fish-ponds, or rather salmon-weirs, we gather from Tigernach, who informs us, that in 1061, Hugh O'Connor burnt Killaloe, and overturned Kincora to its very foundations, and that his soldiers devoured the salmon from the fish-pond; which pond they also at the same time destroyed. Kincora was soon afterwards re-edified, for in 1069, Tadg, son of Toreloch O'Brien, is recorded as dying in his father's bed at that place. In two years after this, the *cahir* of Kincora was again destroyed by the northern Irish, who had pursued Murkertach O'Brien thither, and from thence carried off captives. In 1094, it was again re-edified, by Murtogh O'Brien. In 1104, it was burned by lightning; and in 1118, Tureloch O'Connor of Connaught led a great army thither, which place they flung into the Shannon, as well the *stones* as the *trees*. This passage evinces that mason-work had been used in the construction of the *cahir*, which was not the case in that of the fort of Bal-Boru, the only one of the many foundations now remaining which once constituted the *palace* of Brien. This solitary relic consists of a large circular earthen fort, at present having but a single vallum of about twenty feet in height, and the ditch partly filled up. The external circumference is about six hundred and fifty feet; a low modern stone wall has been built for the protection of the lower part of the rampart. The inner area is eighty feet in diameter, and the surrounding vallum about ten feet in height; the whole has been thickly planted with fir-trees. On the whole, there is nothing in the appearance of this structure to distinguish it from the thousand similar forts everywhere remaining over the face of the country, but its strong position, at the extremity of a steep green headland, whose base is washed at three sides by the water of the river.

steam-boat station now is." Thus have even the ruins and their memory perished. But still, the people of Ireland

"Remember the glories of Brien the Brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though, lost to Momonia and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kincora no more."

While speculating as to the probable site of the Palace of many kings; and giving scope to our fancy by calling up a long array "of chiefs and ladies bright," listening to the harp of the old minstrel, we were suddenly startled by the distant sound of the bagpipes. It was two years ago, and there was a fair in the neighbourhood; we followed the music, and after walking through a gathering crowd—it was too early for the sports to begin—we made our way into a tent, and were there introduced, not to the bard of the brave Brien, but to his successor, the village-piper, and, perhaps, one of the last of his *original* race; for the class is rapidly "going out;" faction-fights have altogether ceased, and dances are, now-a-days, few and far between. The piper consequently finds it a hard matter to live by his music. But his worst "enemies" are the "brass-bands" of the Temperance Societies; they are now become so numerous as to be found in nearly every town, and at the time of which we write had attained sufficient popularity to make the old pipers, and their adherents, tremble for the results. We made a sketch of this model of an ancient race, and by the aid of the artist, are enabled to submit his veritableportraiture to the public. We found him, as we have invariably found his fellows, very "chatty" and communicative; mourning

over "ould times" as pathetically as did his great prototype Mac Liag over the downfal of Kincora; wrathful exceedingly upon two or three points,—the decay of mountain stills, the decline of dancing, the departure of all spirit out of the hearts of "the boys," and, above all, the introduction of "brass bands*," from which was to be dated the ruin of Ireland. We were

* These "brass bands" are becoming nearly as numerous as the branches of the Temperance Society; and we hope they will increase, for the wonderful change that has been wrought in the habits of the people has, unquestionably, driven the piper and the fiddler out of fashion; and any mode of giving amusement extensively should be carefully encouraged. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary that some healthful excitement should be introduced to replace the unhealthy excitement formerly induced by whiskey. The subject may not be unworthy the attention of Government—by which money might be granted as aids to build humble assembly-rooms in all the principal towns of Ireland. There must be some luxury to replace the luxury the people have so completely abandoned. There are no people in the world who have so few amusements as the Irish; now that drinking and fighting are done away with, they can be scarcely said to have any; for dancing and hurling seem to be equally neglected, the absence of the accompanying stimulus having induced indifference towards them. Education will in time give rise to home enjoyments; but although nearly all the younger branches of families can read, many of the older members cannot; and it is difficult to invent for them a relaxation and a resource. It would be a most serviceable application of the public funds to reprint, for cheap or nearly gratuitous circulation, such entertaining and instructive books as would tempt to perusal; such as children might read to their parents, and such as would receive the sanction of their spiritual teachers.

We were forcibly struck with the absolute necessity of providing occupation for the mind after hours of labour, while, in June last, we were in the town of Westport. It was Midsummer Eve, "St. John's Night," a famous holiday in old times. A few years ago every second person we encountered would have been half mad from animal spirits and whiskey; every public-house would have had its piper or fiddler; and the chances would have been in favour of half a dozen faction-fights in the vicinity of the town. Indeed it would have been hazardous on such an evening to have walked about the streets. On this occasion, there were two or three turf "bonefires," blazing, fed by little boys who demanded halfpence from the passers-by; but there was not a sound of music in the neighbourhood, nor was there a single dancer to be found. We walked through every street of the town towards midnight, and heard and saw nothing that could remind us of "*Old* Ireland."

In fact, temperance has completely changed the Irish character: and, to the mere seeker after superficial pleasure, greatly for the worse. There is little of that humour and love of fun, considered to be inherent in an Irishman, now perceptible; a silent and apparently sullen manner has taken the place of wit and "devilry" among the car-drivers, boatmen, and persons of similar classes; and the stranger in Ireland will find it difficult to credit the statements he has heard of the almost universal drollery of the race. We cannot call to mind half a dozen smart things gathered by us during our recent tour through Connaught; although we were continually in the way of hearing them: and as for legends and superstitions, they can be now pretty nearly as easily picked up in the wealds of Kent or the marshes of Essex. Indeed, at present, and, as we think, for the future, travellers in Ireland will obtain characteristic stories only at second-hand. This change may be regarded as anything but an evil, *if means are adopted for turning it to a right account.* The soil is better prepared for useful and wholesome seed; but it is also more easily made ready for weeds, or a crop that will prove still more injurious. It should be borne in mind that the Irish population is half its time without employment, and according to the homely song—

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

A little reflection, and a limited acquaintance with the country of late years, will enable any person to perceive that the Irish cannot now be dealt with as they were formerly: a spirit, mighty for good or for evil, has been abroad among the people. It will not be easily swayed to a bad purpose; for reason has been active with it; but if aroused, ordinary methods will fail to destroy it. It is notorious that the Rebellion of 1798 was suppressed infinitely more by the whiskey than by the bayonet. The legislator and the philanthropist

greatly amused with and interested in the old man, of whom "the neighbours" told us much; and perhaps the reader will permit us to print a passage from his autobiography.

Rory Oge, or young Rory, as he is always called, is as enthusiastic and yet as *knowing* a piper as ever "blew music out of an empty bag." He is

will, we humbly presume to say, do wisely to consider this altered state of things, so as not only to guard against danger arising from it, but to direct it into a salutary and beneficial channel.

All apprehensions as to the political design, or even tendency, of the Temperance movement seem to have vanished; but there is little doubt that by the two great parties in Ireland the millions who form "the Society" are regarded—by the one as important auxiliaries, by the other as dangerous opponents, in case any circumstances should arise—which God of his mercy forbid—to create hostility between England and Ireland. A prominent partisan once pointed our attention to a Temperance procession consisting of perhaps 20,000 able, healthy, well-dressed, steady and sober men, marching in order, headed by their band. He asked us what "General Johnson would have done at Ross, if such a force had opposed him instead of drunken maniacs?" Our answer was that no military force could have sufficed to have subdued this, and similar hosts, over the country; but that no rational person could for a moment imagine the possibility of cajoling such men into rebellion; sober men were not the tools for faction; and that unless a despotism existed against which a people *ought* to rise, it would be impossible to force or seduce such a body to become rebels. We added also, that if we did suppose this Temperance army to be in possession of the town of Ross—still History would have to record no such tragedy as that of "Scullabogue." In short, although under existing circumstances a general outbreak in Ireland might have for its result the separation of Ireland from England, every accession to the Temperance ranks removes further from both countries the chances of so appalling and ruinous an event.

We earnestly desire to impress upon the minds of parties who are bound to give this subject deep and serious consideration, the importance, nay the necessity, of finding some modes by which the minds of the people may be occupied and amused, now that the old excitements have departed; and in especial we presume to suggest the policy of establishing Halls for wholesome entertainment in the several towns, and pieces of land where the men may pursue the national game of hurling; and, more particularly, the circulation of such books as they will read and will be permitted to read.

Temperance Societies have now existed in Ireland above three years. Instead of their diminishing, they have largely increased; the numbers of those who have taken "the pledge" are continually augmented; while of those who depart from it there are singularly few. In fact, the people of Ireland may now be described as universally sober. In our recent tour through the several counties of Connaught, we did not encounter a single person in the slightest degree intoxicated. In the northern counties, the old habit still exists to some extent; but in those that are more exclusively Irish, drunkenness is unknown. We once received a remarkable illustration of the distinction between the two great classes. Driving with a police inspector into the village of Inistoge, in the county of Kilkenny, we met two men staggering up a hill, and expressed our astonishment at this novelty. Our companion said, "Depend upon it, these men are Protestants." They were at a considerable distance at the time, so that he could not have recognised them. On their drawing near, however, we ascertained upon questioning them that his opinion was correct. It was easily accounted for, when we asked an explanation. "I know," said he, "that every Roman Catholic in this district has taken the pledge; and that consequently no man would dare to appear with the sign of liquor upon him. He would be ducked in the nearest pond before he had been a hundred yards from the public-house. Protestants of course the people will not touch." In the earliest part of our work—when the Temperance movement was viewed with suspicion and alarm—it was our fortunate lot to aid in removing much of the prejudice against it. We anticipated its beneficial working upon the country; describing it as a blessed change out of which only good could arise. Now that we are about to close our book, we make the same report. It *has been* a blessed change; and good only *has* arisen out of it. Persons of all creeds and opinions now class among the benefactors of mankind the great and good man who has been, under Providence, the means of regenerating his country. But, as certainly, evil *will* arise out of it, if the minds of the people are not diverted into some healthier, purer, and happier channel than the turbid and perilous stream of politics.

now—or rather was when we saw him—a large portly man, with a bald high brow, down either side of which flowed a quantity of greyish flaxen hair; his nose had a peculiar "twist," and his mouth was the mouth of a Momus—full of ready laughter. He was blind from his birth, and jested at this infirmity with great good humour: sometimes he would say that the fairies took away his eyes, "they war so handsome;" or that he was blinded "out of mercy to the girls," who, but for that, would have broke their hearts after him; that they would give him no peace as it was, but that, sure, if the thought of what he would be, "if his blinkers were to the fore," almost made himself mad—what would it make others?

Rory was in great request all over the country. His father, "Red Rory," the sire, had been universally admired, and Oge inherited his reputation; but the son laid claim to greater musical knowledge than the father. Red Rory never attempted other than the old-established Irish tunes; while Rory Oge, who had visited Dublin, and once heard Catalani sing, assumed the airs of a connoisseur, and extolled his country's music in a scientific way. When he played some of the heart-moving Irish planxtys, at the commencement of the movement he would endeavour to look grave and dignified; but before he was half through, his entire face expanded with merriment, and he would give "a whoop" with voice and fingers, as it was concluded, that manifested his genuine enthusiasm. Once in his life he had visited Dublin; it was, as we have intimated, for the purpose of hearing Catalani; and when he was in the mood, his uncourtly auditors used to derive great pleasure from the recital of his interview with the Queen of Song.

"You see," he would commence, "I thought it was my duty to hear what sort of a voice she had; and on my way to the grate city, in the cool of the evening, just by a place—they call it by the name of 'the Meeting of the Wathers'—in the county Wicklow, if ye ever heerd tell of it, and if ye didn't ye 've a grate loss. Well, just in the cool of the evening, I sat, myself and my little boy, by the side of the two strames—and I've always observed that birds sing most and best by the sides of rivers—and it wasn't long till a thrush began in a rowan tree on the opposite bank, and then another; and then a blackbird would give his tally-ho! of a whistle, high and above all the rest; and so they went on singing together for ever so long; then, two or three would stop, and one grate songster would have it all his own way for a while, until the rest would stand it no longer; and then they'd hark in together, and if there was any pause, why you'd hear, maybe, the thin, fine note of a finch, or one of the little hedge birds, like a single thread of silver—so low, and light, and sweet, and delicate; and then the grate flood of music would gush

out again. In the midst of it all, the little gorsoon fell asleep—and by the same token, fine melody ever and always set that boy sleeping—and I felt the tears come down my face just with thinking of the beautiful music the Almighty puts into the throats of them fluttering birds, and wondering if the furrin lady could bate the thrush in the Rowan tree. In the afternoon of the next day I was in Dublin, and thinking she was to sing that night, I had hurried meeself; but not a bit of her was to tune it up till the night afther, and I was kilt intirely with the impatience, and so—but I'll tell you all about it, straight. Why, God bless ye, the Dublineers were going just as mad about her singing, as they are now about them nasty, braying, brass bands—my bitter curse on 'em—that has no more of the rale music in them than a drove o' donkeys. I'll say nothing about the Temperance at all—but as to the bands! Well, dears, I'll not be thinking of them now, putting me past my patience, only just come to the furriner, and more 's the pity she was one; so, as I said, thinking, as I was a born musicioner, and all my family for hundreds of years before me, I thought, for the honour of the counthry, I'd call upon her; for, troth, I was just fairly ashamed of the fellows that war round her, from all I heerd, giving her no idaa of the rale music of Ireland, only playing, night afther night, at the theatre, St. Patrick's Day; as if there was ne'er another Saint in the calendar, nor e'er another tune in the counthry. Well, I got my pipes claned, and my little guide-boy, a bran new shoot of cloes; and to be sure I was in the first fashion; and the lace ruffles round my wrists, that my father wore when he rattled the fox-hunters' jig to the House of Commons, there, in College Green. And I sent up my card, and by the same token, it was on the back of the tin o' diamonds I had it wrote; I knew the card by the tin pricks of a nail Jemmy Bulger put in it; for I always had great divarshion with the cards, through the invintion of Jemmy—rest his soul!—giving me eyes, as I may say, in the tops of my fingers; and I got the man where I put up to write on it, 'Rory Oge, the piper of all Ireland and His Majesty, would be proud to insense * Madame Catherlany into the beauties of Irish music.' Ye see, the honour of ould Ireland's melodies put heart into me; and I just went up stairs as bould as a ram, and before she could say a word, I recited her four varses, my own poethry, that I made on her. Oh, bedad, girls! you may wink and laugh; but I'll tell you what—that was what *she* didn't do. 'Only, Mister Ror Ogere,' she said, not understanding you see, and spaking English with the short unmusical clip the Englishers put on their words, 'I'm glad to see

* "Insense," a word in common use, meaning, to make one understand a thing.

you, and I'll not be *insensed* at anything you plase to say.' 'I'm sorry for it, my lady,' I makes answer, 'though to be sure it's only faamale nature to shut their beautiful eyes upon sense of all kinds.' Well, I can't think she understood me rightly, which, maybe, was natural, living as she did among furriners; but she was as kind as a born Irish; she asked me to sit down and play her an 'Irish jig;' and I just said a few words, by the way, to let her see that I wasn't a mere bog-throtting piper, but one that could play anything, Handel or Peter Purcel, or any of the Parley-voos; and betwixt and between them all, there isn't a better air in any of their Roratoreys than a march my own father played one day that restored an ould colonel officer to the use of his limbs—there was the power of music for you!—and maybe she didn't think so, and asked me to play it—and maybe she wasn't delighted! Well, though I was consated enough to be proud at traducing to her my own family's music, *it was the music of my counthry my heart bate to tache her;* and so after a while I led on from one to another the fine ould ancient airs, the glories of Ireland—the melodies; and, after all, that's but a poor word to express them in all their grandeur and variety, for melody seems a feeble thing, sweet and feeble; but the wonder of the Irish music—do ye see me now—is that its sweetness is never feeble, and its strength never rude; it's just a holy and wonderful thing, like the songs of the birds by the meeting of the wathers, or the talking together of angels.—Well, jewel Oge! maybe she didn't drink them down; and then 'stop,' she'd say, and tune them over every note as clear and pure—the darling! faix, I almost forgot the air when she got round it, every note she'd give as clear as the silver bell that the fairees (God bless us!) do be ringing of a midsummer night under the green hills; and then she'd say, 'Play another,' and in the midst of it all, would have my little guide into the room and trated us like a queen to fine ancient wine:—and now she says, (and didn't *that* shew the lady she was?) and now she says, 'You've played for me, and I'll sing for you;' and—she—did—sing!"

"And what did you do, Rory Oge, agra?" one of his audience would inquire.

"Why, then, just forgot my dignity altogether; and before she'd half done, I fell upon my knees; I couldn't tell how I did it or why, but I *did* it, and stopt there till it was finished, every note; and bedad, girls—and now you'll think this hard to believe, but it's true—*she put me out of consate with the pipes!* she did, bee Jakers! it was as good as a week before I could tatter a note out of 'em; and I left myself a beggar going to hear her sing; and sure enough didn't I rejoice I gave her a taste of the melodies before I heerd her, for I

don't think I could have played a note before her afther. So," added Rory, drawing himself up, "you may judge what she was—I never forgot her, and if the Lord had given me a minute's sight to see if she was like her music, I think—the Holy Mother forgive me—I think I should have died a happier man; and yet, when I was laving her, she said, spaking of my music, that I had delighted, but not *insensed* her about Ireland music: the craythur spoke broken English, you see, and understood nothing else."

"Rory Oge," said a pretty blue-eyed girl, nodding her head at us to lead us to understand that she was quizzing him, "do you mind last year, the time you sat under where you are now, and never heeded the fight outside, nor the breaking up of the fair, and the stripping of the tent, and you playing away for the dear life, and how you kissed old Molche Brenan—thinking it was me, and yer wife to the fore."

"Ah! Peggy," exclaimed Rory, "it 's just jealously makes you tell that."

"That was before the brass bands took the shine out of the pipes."

Rory Oge grasped his hat, and without a word, flung it in the direction of where the laughing girl had been, "To the dickens with all brass bands," he exclaimed, "and I hope I'll see the end of them, the hallooing, groaning, thieving vagabones. I'll engage, if my pipes met with a misfortune, I'd have to thravel the counthry before I'd gather enough to buy me another, while there 's pounds upon pounds paid for their roaring."

"Why then, that 's thrue for you, Rory Oge, darling," replied the girl in a tone of most provoking sympathy; "but sure you played them down once in the Main street, anyhow."

"Bedad, that 's thrue, Peggy; they were drivin' at 'God save the Queen' at one end of the street, and I struck up 'Saint Pathrick's Day' at the other—and maybe the boys didn't gather to me; sorra a dozen staid with the *braishers!*"

We left Rory in despair at the state of national music, and full of dread that, owing to the heresy of brass bands, he would be the *last of the pipers.*

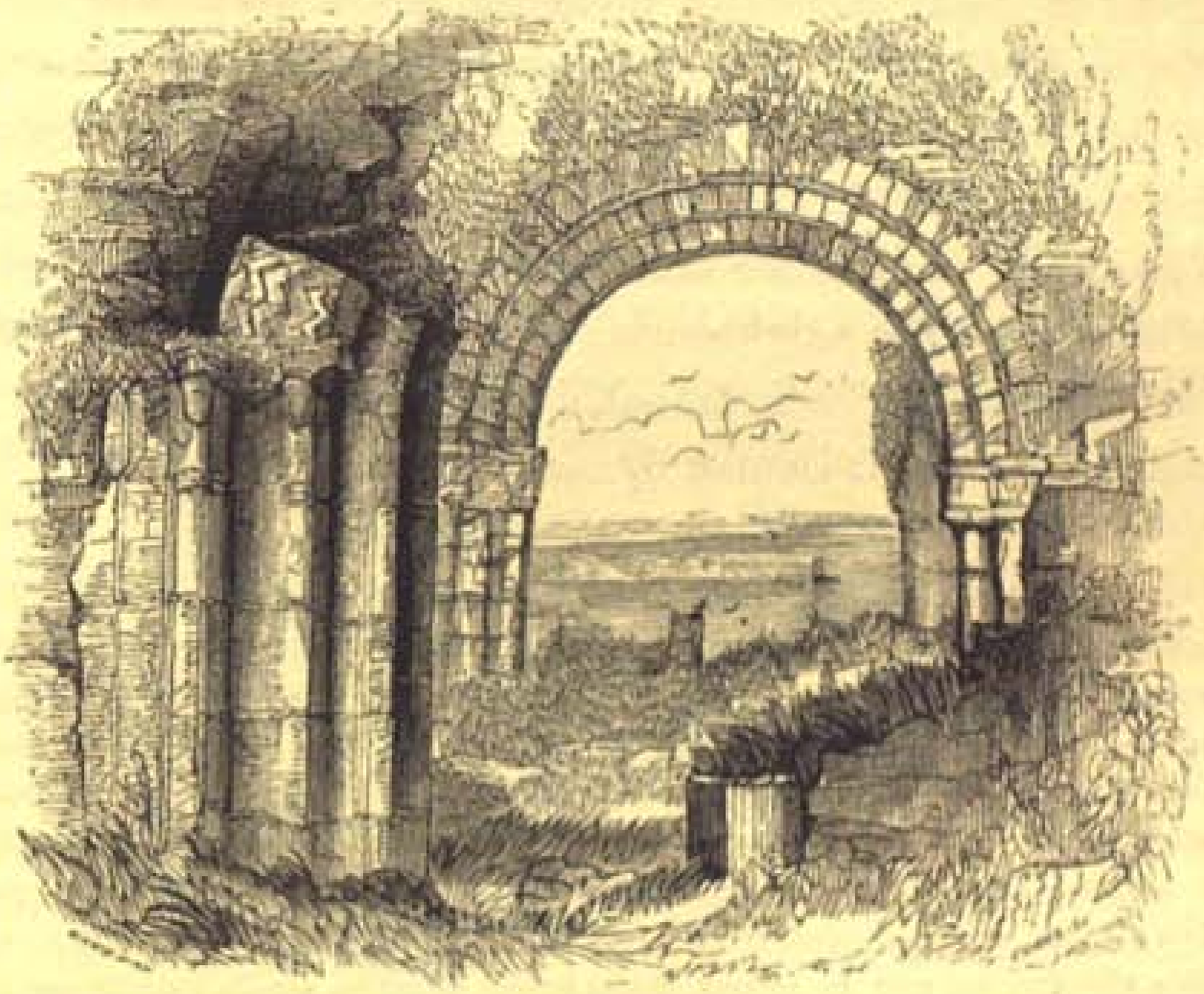
We are limited to a very brief view of the interior and the northern districts of the county of Clare; the southern and western coasts, bounded by the Atlantic and the Shannon, supply more attractive and important objects for the tourist. Ennis, the assize-town, is situated nearly in the centre of the county. It is very irregularly built, and watered by the rapid and turgid Fergus—here navigable only for small boats. The streets, which are rather narrow, and kept in no very excellent condition, are paved with limestone. The original name of the town was *Inisclúan ruadha*, a name still preserved in Clonroad, one of its suburban districts. In this lay the mansion of O'Brien, the lord paramount of Thomond, under the Tanistic institute. The holder

of this chiefry having, in the reign of Henry VIII., laid down his title of O'Brien and received that of Earl of Thomond, his indignant followers and liege men set his dwelling on fire, and would have burned himself in the flames, but for the interference of Mac Clanchy, the chief-justice of the native Irish in North Munster. The abbey church is an ill-assorted combination of the ancient and modern, the nave of a fine old monastery having been repaired and covered in. On the central Bell-tower angular pinnacles are placed. The friary of Ennis or Iniscluan ruadha was erected in 1240, by Donagh Cairbrach O'Brien, for Conventual or Grey Friars of the Franciscan order, more commonly called Friars Minors. In 1305, it was repaired by one of the family of the founder, and many rich gifts were presented to it. Several of the chiefs of Thomond—the O'Briens, Macnamaras, &c.—were interred within its sacred precincts. In 1343, one of the latter race built the refectory and sacristy, and soon after died here, in the habit of the order. In 1540, the house was reformed by the Franciscans of the Strict Observance *.

* Midway between Ennis and Milltown Malbay on the coast, about ten miles north-west of the former town, the almost isolated mountain of Callan lifts its huge bulk. It is a site of great interest to the antiquary, and is much frequented by curious visitors. Near its summit has been found a monument inscribed in those ancient characters entitled the Ogham, of which we had occasion to speak when describing Killarney. Much had been written by the seanachies and historians of the country on this character, which was represented as the sole depositary of the remaining Druidic learning of ancient Ireland. The concurring testimony of many centuries declared and authorized the fact; and accordingly its origin, history, and use were descanted on as matters of certainty, and its rules laid down in every Irish grammar; but previously to 1784, no one had ever seen it practically used either on parchment or on any monument; consequently, doubts were urged by the less credulous, and it was only by the evidence of actual unimpeachable inscriptions that the public could be brought to place reliance any longer on these oft-repeated assurances and statements. Lhuyd had, in the beginning of the last century, mentioned an Ogham inscribed monument which he had seen near Dingle, but his statement was almost unknown to the literary world. It was, therefore, with much satisfaction that the announcement was made, in 1784, to the Royal Irish Academy, of the discovery of a veritable Ogham inscription on Callan Mountain. Theophilus O'Flanagan, the alleged discoverer, was despatched with instructions to show it to Mr. Burton; and the report of that gentleman was satisfactory. He found the stone and its letters covered or incrusted with lichens; an evidence that if the inscription were a forgery, as Ledwich and some others afterwards affected to consider it, the imposition could not have been effected by O'Flanagan, or any person of the then generation. The discovery was unfortunately not followed up by any other of a similar kind for many subsequent years, and we know not what further discredit this solitary Ogham might not have fallen into, had it not been for the successful exertions of Messrs. Abell and Windele in the south, within a few recent years, to which we have elsewhere more particularly referred. Although several copies of this inscription have been from time to time published, it is curious enough that neither by the academy, nor General Vallancey, &c., has any been given to us on which any reliance could be placed, until the abovenamed Mr. A. Abell, in 1838, visited the monument, and from the experience which he had obtained in his successful researches in the south, was enabled to make the only genuine copy hitherto given to the public. This has been published by his sister, Mrs. Mary Knott, in her very pleasing "Two Months at Kilkee."

Mr. Windele has kindly supplied us with the following remarks concerning this singular and interesting monument: "We ascended the mountain on the south-east side, following the course of an old road, or

In front of the little bay of Skariff, which lies at the upper extremity of Loughderg (one of the many lake-like expansions of the Shannon) is a group of three small islets—the principal of which, Iniscealtra, or Holy Island, contains twenty acres. It has been famous from very early ages for its reputed sanctity: it possesses structures belonging to the Pagan as well as Christian periods;—a round tower and seven small churches, or rather cells or oratories. The round tower is about seventy feet high, and in good preservation. The principal church is called Teampol Camin, or the Chapel of Saint Camin, because that saint was either the founder, or patron. From the little delivered to us by the old hagiologists, we collect that Camin flourished in the first half of the seventh century; that he was of the princely house of Hy Kinselagh (in Leinster), and half-brother of Guare, the generous King of Connaught. Betaking himself to the seclusion of Iniscealtra, he there led a life of contem-



rather bridle-path, until we came in view of a lonely Cromleac, an old altar of that sun *(Grian)*, to which the whole mountain in Paynim times was consecrated. It consists of three immense stones; two of them pitched on end, and the third laid incumbent on these, and forming the great sacrificial stone. The latter measures twelve feet in length by four in breadth, the others are each ten feet in length, eight broad, and one foot thick; two more lie extended on the ground, closing, when erect, the extremities of the crypt, which the whole structure formed when complete. The interior has been recklessly excavated in search of treasure. The peasantry call this Cromleac '*Altoir na greine*,' or Altar of the Sun, and also *Leabba Diarmuid agus Graine*, i. e., Diarmuid and Grany's Bed. Vallancey regards these as the names of two of the Pagan deities of Ireland; one the *God of Arms*, which *Diarmit* certainly signifies, and the other the *Sun* himself. But the romancers have reduced these celestial beings to more mundane proportions. They form a portion of the wonder-working, all-enduring personages of the multitudinous Fenian legends of Ireland, chaunted in musical prose by the itinerant story-tellers of old, and in verse by a host of bards, who, from the earliest times down to the sixteenth century, gave forth such lays of marvels under the one well-known and attractive name of Ossian. Tales like these formed, and still form, the amusement of the long winter nights to the inhabitants of the wild mountain districts of Ireland, as well as of the highlands of of Scotland, and served as the grand staple of those very beautiful, but very mendacious poems, in measured prose, which James MacPherson launched into the world in the early part of the reign of George III."

plation and great austerity, the fame of which attracted to its shores numbers desirous of imitating his virtues and receiving instruction. The concourse of these disciples became at length so great, that the holy man was compelled to found a place for their reception and shelter, and thus originated a monastery, which in after times enjoyed a far-spread reputation, and was deemed one of the *asylums of Ireland*. Camin died somewhat about the year 658. He wrote a Commentary on the Psalms collated with the Hebrew text—a copy of which was seen by Archbishop Usher *.

Of the civil history of the island the facts are few; they may be classed under the head of Danish invasions, which succeeded each other in 834, in 908, and 946. The Irish themselves sometimes also disregarded the sanctity of this holy islet, as we find a devastation of this kind by some unscrupulous freebooter in 949, just three years after the last wasting by the northern Vickingirs. In 980 the heroic monarch, Brian Boru, re-edified the church of Iniscealtra. The neighbouring waters were in after-years the scene of several conflicts between the fleets (not, doubtless, of very large craft) of his descendants and those of the O'Connor dynasty of Connaught †.

* That Camin was not, however, the first Christian ecclesiastic who dwelt in Cealtra, we have the authority of the venerable Bede, who informs us, that in 548 there was a great mortality in Ireland, and that, amongst others, there died St. Columba of Inis Kealtra. We further learn from Colgan, that Stellanus, Abbot of Inis Kealtra, flourished about 650, and died 24th of May; this would indicate an establishment distinct from that of Camin. The latter, probably, was *bishop* of this island, with the jurisdiction belonging to that office, distinct from that of the abbacy. Such a division of functions did certainly exist there, for we have, at 951, the death of Dermot MacCahir, *bishop* of Inis Kealtra. About the year 660, Coelin, a monk of Inis Kealtra, wrote a metrical life of St. Brigid. In 1040, the Abbot Corcoran, who had obtained a remarkable celebrity, not only in Ireland, but in foreign countries, for his learning and piety, died at Lismore. In three years after, his death was followed by that of Anamachad, an Irish inclusorius at Fulda, where he had lived in exile, having been banished from Kealtra Island by this Abbot Corcoran, on account of a venial act of disobedience.

† The round tower of Iniscealtra is one of the few structures of that class of which we have any notice in our annals, and that a very significant one too. The Four Masters relate, at the year 898, that "Cosgrach, from whom the *Turaghan* (pronounced *Turain*) of the anchorite of Iniscealtra is called Scandal of Tigh Telle, and Tuahal the anchorite die." We have at page 198, &c., availed ourselves of this interesting passage, which so distinctly refers the use of these buildings to the sun-worship which prevailed in Pagan Ireland, in common with all the elder oriental nations of antiquity. A reference to Bryant's most learned "Analysis of Ancient Mythology" will enable the reader to trace back their origin through Spain, where he will find the names of places derived from these structures, which he properly calls Prutanеia, as in *Tarne*, or *Tar-ain* and *Torone*; through Mauritania, where occurs another *Tor-on*. But the extract which we proceed to give will better assist our view. "The Amonians," he says, "esteemed every emanation of light, a fountain, and styled it *Ain*, and *Aines*, *Agnes*, *Inis*, *Inesos*, *Nesos*, *Nees*; and this will be found to obtain in many different countries and languages. The Hetrurians occupied a large tract of sea-coast, on which account they worshipped *Poseidon*, and one of their principal cities was *Poseidonium*. They erected upon their shores towers and beacons for the sake of their navigation, which they called *Tor-ain*, whence they had a still further denomination of *Tur-aini*, and their country was named *Tur-ainia*, the Turrenia of the later Greeks. All these appellations are from the same object, the edifices which they erected. Even Hetruria seems to have been a compound of *Ai-tur*, and to have signified the Land of Towers."

Holy Island continues a favourite burial-place with the peasantry; and, although its religious establishments are ruined and desecrated,—the ancient sanctity of its character still endures; and pilgrims from remote distances seek its shores. On the *patron* or festival day of Saint Camin, (12th of March), the crowd of these devotees is very great, but the clergy have of late years, with much propriety, discountenanced such assemblages.

Few of the counties of Ireland contain finer monastic ruins than the county of Clare—that of "Quin" is, indeed, worth a pilgrimage to see. Nor is Clare—so magnificent in the huge barrier it presents to the ocean—without its inland charms. The lake of Inchiquin may be classed with the most beautiful lakes of the island. It is situated about twenty miles north-west of Ennis. We picture it as its fine expanse of waters spread before us on a clear summer morning, bearing an aspect of romantic loveliness we shall not speedily forget. Its calm surface, diversified by only one solitary islet, reflecting the inverted forms of the surrounding hills and woods, and partaking of their varied colours. At our feet lay a sandy beach, against which feebly plashed a slow succession of tiny ripples; on the north side stretched out a range of swelling hills, which, though not aspiring to the dignity of mountain heights, yet in the picture assumed all their irregular beauty of forms. On the south side, tufted groves and broad sweeping meadows, shady banks, and many-gladed woods and green uplands, offer a charming contrast. The mansions and demesnes of several of the gentry skirt their shores. But the

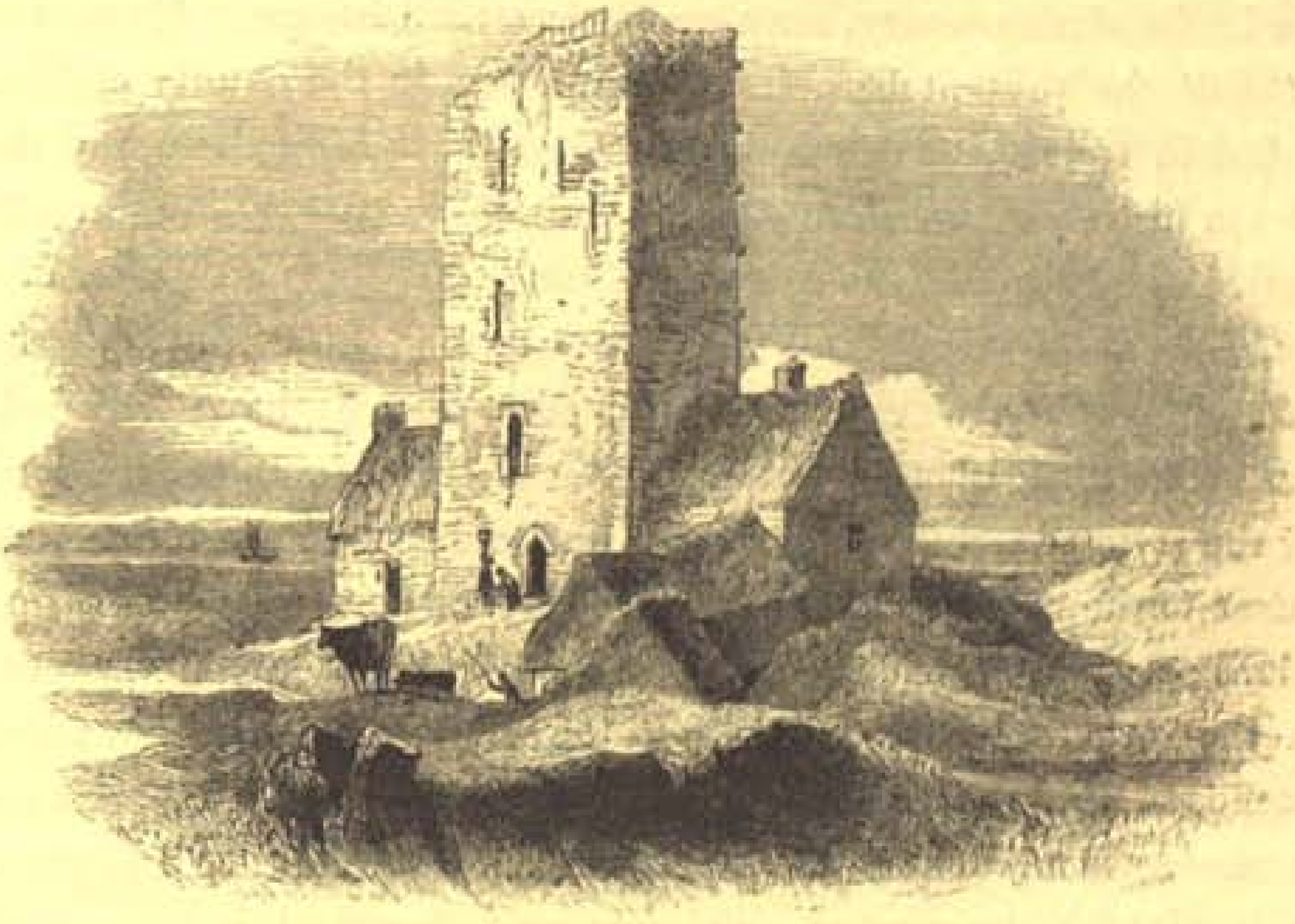
The term *Angcoiri* applied to this *Turain* of Holy Island, we have also shown applies to an after or secondary use. The practice with anchorites in Ireland, and they were an extremely numerous class, was to shut themselves up in natural caves or small lowly enclosures. St. Anmchad, already mentioned, as banished from Iniskealtra by the over-strict Abbot Corcoran, died at Fulda, in 1043, and according to his countryman and successor, Marianus Scotus, he led an eremetical life at that place "in *lapidei reclusorii ergastulo* clausus," &c. We may rest assured that this was not a round tower, although Anmchad had come from an establishment at Holy Island, where such a building had been used 145 years previously, by St. Cosgrach for that purpose. Fulda does not, and never did, possess a *Tur-ain*. Out of Ireland we must seek, not in Tudesque, but in more sunny, southern regions for such structures. We perceive that Sir Wm. Betham has published a drawing of another round tower found at Coel, in India, which carries out the resemblances we had heretofore pointed at, even stronger than those at Bhaugulpore.

Connected with the Helio Arkitism of the round tower, before adverted to, we may mention, that at many of their sites there are traditions of wonderful cows. Thus, at Ardpatrick, were discovered the bones and one of the horns of the great Milcher of Saint Patrick; at Cashel the various traditions of a celebrated cow are supported by the fact of a road having been constructed either by or for her, which is said to be traceable in many places between Cashel and Ardmore. Another road for the same purpose is said to be traceable from Castle Hyde in the county of Cork to Ardmore. At Clonmacnois is a carving of St. Kieran's cow. At Scattery Island the legend of St. Senanus' cow is well known. The round tower of Inis Kealtra has some tradition of the same kind; the island itself is situated in Loch *Bodearg*, the "Lake of the Red Cow," and the promontory of Balborua, the Place of the Red Cow, near Killaloe, forms the southern boundary of that lake. In Hanway's Travels, it is stated that the devotees at the perpetual fire, near Baku, on the W. shore of the Caspian, not only adore the sacred fire, but have a veneration for a red cow.

principal object of the scene—that which imparts to it the associations of romance and of old feudal recollections, is the castle—a warrior pile, which, though shattered and time-worn, retains a stern and frowning dignity even in its decay. It stands on a small island, or rather peninsula, lying close in to the northern shore, and consists of a square embattled keep, vaulted within, a curtain wall, and barbican tower. It is supposed to have been erected by Theige O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, who certainly made it his residence in 1406; to which period the architectural style of the building refers. The territorial district in which it stands was anciently called Tulloch O'Dea, of which the O'Cuins, or Quins, were proprietors. Tradition says that the last O'Quin, previous to the O'Brien possession, was starved in the castle. The transfer of property in old time was so often made by violence that this story may not have been without its truth, although the conjecture is equally worthy of a belief that it may have passed to the O'Briens by family alliance, several intermarriages being on record between the O'Quins and the O'Briens. The name given to this peninsula, in all likelihood originated from a previous *dun*, or fortified residence of that kind, used by the Irish previously to the introduction of castellation, and which O'Quin must have regarded as a site peculiarly eligible in an age when, although saints much abounded, turbulent sinners, little regardful of the differences between *meum et tuum*, were not at all few. The lake is regarded as the site of a city long lost by the power of enchantment; the key by which it is to be disenthralled, is lying buried with the redoubted Conan the Bold, in his grave beside the lake of the sun, on the "very bleak Mountain of Callan." The legend says that one of the daughters of this enchanted city in times of old frequently visited the surface of the lake in the figure of a swan, and on one of these occasions saw and loved "the youthful O'Quin," whose stronghold looked out upon these haunted waters. A secret marriage between them ensued, but, upon strange conditions, as to the continuance of their union; these conditions being afterwards violated, caused the lake nymph to return to her subaqueous home.

It is, however, the great ocean-river, the Shannon, that gives its chief attractions to Clare County. And these attractions—of beautiful and magnificent scenery, ruined abbeys, and dilapidated castles—commence seaward with the borders of Limerick city, and terminate only with the mountain-rocks that keep out the Atlantic. In the immediate vicinity of Limerick, the road lies over a rich alluvial flat, which stretches from the shores of the river to the base of the highlands, which rise behind the woods of Crattoe. These flats, which are remarkably fertile, are here called *Corcass* lands, a term originating

in the Irish word *Corroch*, a swamp or morass, which these grounds, previously to the hand of reclamation reaching them, must unquestionably have been. They are still often overflowed by the Shannon; and along the high road which traverses them, stone pillars are raised, at frequent intervals, as indexes of its limits on such occasions. The neighbourhood of the hamlet of Cratloe possesses two of those solitary castelets so frequent in the south of Ireland, which would almost seem as though they never possessed any outworks or other adjuncts. One of these is called Cratloe Castle, the other Cratloe Beg. They



belonged to the lesser chiefs—the feudatories, of their period—the followers of the lords paramount of Thomond, the O'Briens in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and are of the earliest class of castellation. The lower chambers are dark and vaulted, the walls massive, and the chambers narrow and dimly lighted. They must be regarded as the next in succession to the Duns, Raths, and Liosses of the earlier periods.

The voyage hence down this magnificent river, to its mouth, is full of interest. Sea-rocks, islets, and islands are abundant. We must, however, pass them all by, to arrive at far-famed Scattery, memorable in ecclesiastical history, and celebrated as the residence of that ungallant and un-Irish saint—St. Senanus—who having

> "sworn his sainted sod
> Should ne'er by woman's feet by trod,"

refused even to associate with him in his solitude, a "sister saint, St. Cannera,

whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him." But, if we are to credit the poet,

> "Legends hint that had the maid
> Till morning's light delayed;
> And given the saint one rosy smile,
> She ne'er had left his lonely isle."

The island contains about one hundred and eighty acres; twenty of which, previous to the dissolution of monasteries, were covered with wood, although not a shrub now remains. St. Sinon, or Senanus, deemed it an eligible situation in the sixth century, for a monastic establishment. He was a native of *Hy Conall* (the present baronies of Connelloe, in the county of Limerick), and studied in Ireland. He afterwards travelled into Britain, and thence to Rome. On his return to his native land he became the founder of several monasteries in Thomond (the present Clare), and in particular of one at Scattery, subsequently converted into a priory for regular canons. No trace of this building is now visible. He is also said to have founded eleven churches in the same island: but the ruins of seven are all that remain, and of these the style of architecture of three declares their erection to have been subsequent to the twelfth century. They are all structures of insignificant dimensions; and have yielded every trace of grandeur, if they ever had any, to the inroads of time. A round tower, one hundred and twenty feet high, stands a few paces to the west of "St. Sinon's Cathedral:" it measures twenty-two feet in circumference; the doorway, which faces that of the church, is on a level with the ground—a circumstance unusual in these buildings; a few small oblong perforations, and four loop-holes at the top, admit light to the interior. A long rent, from near the conic cap down to the centre, caused by lightning, disfigures the tower and threatens its ultimate destruction *.

* The country people are fond of attributing the erection of these singular structures to supernatural means, and call them *fauçe an aon oiche*, the "growth of one night," because they were first seen standing after the night, where the previous day no vestige of them appeared. The veracious tradition connected with the tower of Scattery assures us, that it was first perceived at dawn of day, by an old woman, who seeing it grow rapidly in height, insomuch that it might have reached up to heaven, had it been suffered to proceed quietly in its own way, cried out in the excess of her wonderment to St. Sinon, who was standing by, "Yerrow a vourneen, what a fine building you have made in one night!" but she unfortunately forgot to add the usual accompaniment of "God bless it!" which affected the tower so sensibly, that its ambition was cooled and it paused in its lofty aspirations. The Saint became so indignant at this untoward check, that, in a fit of rage (for, though a good Saint, he was nevertheless in "mortal coil,") he flung his pointed barret cap at the head of the tower, where it stuck and became petrified, remaining to this hour an acceptable covering.

St. Senan, of Corca Baiscin, we learn from the "Monasticon Hibernicum," founded an abbey in the island of Scattery, before the arrival of St. Patrick in Munster. But it is asserted that the real founder was St. Patrick himself; and that he placed his disciple here. He had eleven churches for his monks; and no woman was permitted to set foot on the island previous to the coming of the Danes. He died on the 1st of

The coast from Kilrush—on the mainland opposite the island—a pretty and fashionable bathing-place, round to Kilkee, which faces the Atlantic, may vie for sublime grandeur with that of any part of the kingdom. The two towns are distant about eight miles by land; but to reach the one from the other by sea, a voyage of little short of forty miles would be necessary; for the long and narrow promontory—the barony of Moyarta—stretches out between them and forms the northern boundary of the mouth of the Shannon. Some miles north of Kilkee are the famous cliffs of Moher—the highest of which is said to be nine hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. To supply even a faint description of the wonderful scenery in this vicinity would exceed the space to which we are limited; we must therefore refer the reader to a small but full and valuable little volume, entitled, "Two Months at Kilkee;" written by Mrs. Knott, and published by Messrs. Curry and Co., of Dublin; for we have to supply some information—not to be procured so easily—concerning a singular subject; and for which we are indebted to the inquiries of our friend Mr. Windele, to whose kind and zealous assistance we have had such frequent occasion to refer; and to whom, for his notes concerning this county, we are especially indebted.

The mouth of the Shannon is grand almost beyond conception. Its inhabitants point to a part of the river, within the headlands, over which the tides rush

March, A.D. 544; and was interred at Scattery; his festival is observed on the 8th of that month, when crowds of pilgrims repair to the island. The place is of course full of curious legends. One of them relates that "on a Christmas night," a resident on the island, long after its fame had departed, intending to take boat for Kilrush, to hear mass, in passing by the ruined cathedral, beheld no less a personage than its patron saint, *in pontificalibus*, celebrating high mass; pleased at the prospect of escaping a disagreeable passage to Kilrush, the man returned to his family and informed them of what he had seen;—accompanied by them and a posse of neighbours, they proceeded to the church, but on their arrival they found the place in darkness—the lights and the figures had vanished, and their choral swell had ceased. At the Christmas following, however, they were more fortunate; they watched for the exact time of the service, and were not disappointed. Undaunted at the unearthly vision, and ravished by the pomp, the solemnity, and the harmony of the imposing service, they flung themselves on their knees and partook of its religious advantages. The same appearance took place on every Christmas for several years after; in short, during the life of the wife of one of the islanders, whose pious attention to the holy well, in keeping it clean and free from weeds, earned for her this considerate attention on the part of the Saint. On her death, the well was neglected, and the high mass ceased to be chaunted within the walls of the cathedral evermore.

It is further related amongst the traditions of the Saint's miracles, that having thrown the labouring oar of the ministry on one of his friars, who did not stand over well in his good graces, the poor man had daily to proceed to the County of Clare to say mass. The friar's temper not being over much improved by this treatment, he found no great want of inclination to quarrel with his flock, praying that every succeeding day for ever may bring a fresh corpse to their church door. When Sinon heard of this horrid malediction, his indignation was naturally excessive, and, in order to avert the calamity which the other had invoked, he besought heaven to transfer the curse from mankind to the starling, which hapless bird somehow or other did not stand high in the Saint's favour. His prayer had the desired effect—the people were saved from a daily mortality; and lo! even to this present writing may be seen, at that church door, the inanimate body of a starling, on every succeeding morning—the same to be continued to the general doom.

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with extraordinary rapidity and violence. They say it is the site of a lost city, long buried beneath the waves, and that its towers and spires and turrets, acting as breakers against the tide-water, occasion the roughness of this part of the estuary. The whole city becomes visible on every seventh year, and has been often seen by the fishermen sailing over it; but the sight bodes ill luck, for within a month after, the ill-fated sailor is a corpse. The time of its appearance is also rendered farther disastrous by the loss of some boat or vessel, of which, or its crew, no vestige is ever after found. In the summer of 1823 the city was last visible, and then a sail-boat carrying a crew of fifteen men perished. The day happened to be Sunday, and it was reported, and of course believed, that the whole fifteen were seen, about the same time, at the parish chapel, mixing and conversing amongst their neighbours and relatives, as they were accustomed to do in life; although, in a few hours after, the dreadful tidings of their loss reached their families, filling the whole community with sorrow and lamentations.

* In the 2nd vol. of "Mason's Parochial Survey of Ireland," page 415, we are informed that the Rev. John Graham, A.M., curate of Kilrush, so far from rejecting the tradition of this lost city as a fable, was disposed to regard it as an indication of the once celebrated *Regia* of Ptolemy! Of other submerged cities, buried beneath the waves of ocean, or the waters of our great lakes and rivers, traditions of a like character everywhere abound. Six centuries ago, Cambrensis recorded the overwhelming of a noble city by the bursting forth of the waters of Lough Erne; and as we have elsewhere observed, he notices a similar catastrophe occurring from an inundation of Lough Neagh. The lake of Inchiquin, in the county of which we are now treating, covers a city which had been destroyed somewhat in the same manner. Along the whole line of coast, stretching from Donegal on the north to the Mizen-head on the south, a belief is prevalent of a rich and fertile island, of great extent, which lies far out in the western Main. To this they have given the name of *Hy Brazil*, of the etymology of which we are not certain. As a proper name of persons we find that of Breassil often occurring in our early history, and in the ancient topography of the country we have *Hy Breassil*, now *Clanbraissil*, in Armagh, where also was *Rath Brassil*; another, *Hy Brassil*, also occurs in the old territory of Offaly. Mr. Hardiman, with much appearance of probability, derives the name from *Bras*, fiction; *aoi*, island; and *ile*, great; i. e. the great fictitious *island*. The old bards and popular tradition describe Hy Breassil as a country of perpetual sunshine, abounding in broad havens and noble rivers, in forests, mountains, and lakes; castles and palaces arise on every hill side, or beetle above winding streams, and, far as the eye can reach, it is covered with delightful groves, and bowers embracing soft and silent glades, presenting to the happy beholder scenes and vistas of surpassing loveliness, and filling the soul with dreams of beauty and of wonder. Its fields are clothed with perennial verdure, and depastured by numerous herds, whilst its groves are ever vocal and "animate with the inspiring ecstacy of song."

Like Killstoheen, its appearance is only occasional: a condition the effect of a long enduring enchantment, which will, however, be yet dissolved. Its inhabitants are ever young, suffering no decay, and leading lives of unalloyed happiness, taking no account of the progress of time. In this respect it resembles *Tir-na-n'oge*, the Elysium of the Pagan Irish. Dr. O'Halloran, in his "Introduction to the History and Antiquities of Ireland," has preserved a curious legend of a residence of the celebrated *Ossian*, the son of Fion, in some such island, which no doubt was a bardic invention of a very remote period, founded on the old Druidic belief. "Ossine Mac Fion," says he, "seated on the banks of the Shannon, adoring the Author of Nature in the contemplation of his works, was suddenly hurried away to Tir-na-n'oge (the country of youth, or island of immortals), which he describes with all the vivacity that fancy, aided by the sight of so lovely a country as Ireland, could assist the bard with. He remained here for some days, as he thought, and on his return was greatly surprised to find no vestige of his house, or of his acquaintance. In vain did he seek

There is yet another subject of vital importance connected with Ireland, upon which we must offer some observations before we close our book—its POPULATION, and the probable amount of its inhabitants at different periods, from the sixteenth century to the present period. We give the following

after his father Fion, and his Fionne-Eirion; in vain sound the Buabhal, or well known military clarion, to collect those intrepid warriors. Long since had these heroes been cut off in battle; long had his father ceased to live! Instead of a gallant race of mortals, which he had left behind, he found a puisne and degenerate people, scarce speaking the same language. In a word, it appeared that instead of a few days he had remained near two centuries in this mansion of the blessed. He lived, says the tale, to the days of Saint Patrick, and related to this apostle, after his conversion, these and many other wonders."

This incident is far from being peculiar to the traditions of Ireland. Several of the legends and ballads of Germany turn on the unsuspected lapse of time under enchantment. In the 2nd vol. of the "German Popular Tales," Peter Claus, a goatherd of the Kyffhaus mountain, is conducted through a cave in the mountains to a beautiful valley, where, for a short time, he assists some aged knight at playing nine-pins by fetching the bowl; on his return to his home he found he had been absent from fifteen to twenty years. Hogg's beautiful "Kilmeny" is founded on a similar fiction, in Scotland; and the marvellous tale of the "Seven Sleepers," under the high sanction of the prophet Mahomet, has, in various forms, according to Gibbon, been adopted and adorned by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion.

A belief, somewhat similar to that prevalent along the Irish shores, has obtained in various regions from the earliest periods, and the site of the fabled island or continent has been always placed somewhere in the Atlantic. It has been received into the mythology of the most ancient people. Pindar describes the place of rest of the old Greek heroes as the

Isle of the blest,
Where ocean breezes blow
Round flowers of gold that glow
On stream or strand,
Or glorious trees, whence they
Wreath chaplets for the neck and hand.—OLYMP. III.

Its origin is in all probability oriental; such are the *Chandra dwip*, or *Sacred Isles of the West*, of the Hindoos, which the *Puranas* place in the western seas. The Egyptians believed in a similar insular paradise, and from them came the report, which Plato, in Timæus, has recorded of the fabled island of *Atlantis*. Cretias, one of the speakers, professes to have received it from his grandfather, who heard it from Solon, who had received his instruction amongst the priests of Egypt. According to this legend the island lay opposite the Straits of Gades, and had been inhabited by a mighty race, the conquerors of a large portion of Europe and Africa. In a subsequent era, however, the island, either by means of an earthquake or some great inundation, was suddenly absorbed into the bosom of the ocean, and of its vast extent not a particle remained, unless we adopt the conjecture that the Azores, Canary Islands, &c., may have been fragments of it. Ammianus Marcellinus and Crantor also, Plato's first interpreter, regarded the disappearance of this island as an undoubted fact. But may not the story of this Atlantis, after all, have originated out of other causes? As for instance, might we not suggest one of those optical illusions called the *mirage*, arising out of the vapoury exhalations so frequent along maritime coasts, and known to sailors and fishermen as "fog-banks," and to the Italians by the name of one of their fairy enchantresses, the *Fata* (or fairy) *Morgana*, who reigns supreme between Reggio and Messina, and deludes the seafarer by the appearances of glittering palaces and splendours? The appearance of these reflections, for such they are, is generally so imposing as to elude the closest examination, and has often held out the hope of repose to the sea-worn mariner, to end but in disappointment, disappearing as the power of the sun operates on them. The mirage is not unknown on our own coasts and the margins of some of our great rivers, as we have shown in treating of the island of Rathlin. It presented to the eye headlands elevated into mountains; these again vanishing and giving way to softly-swelling wooded hills, embattled castles, spreading woods, and sunny glades; and again, the scene shifting to a battle-field, with armies in conflict, and then the vision dissolved away. Visions like these, presented to

tabular view of the several Censuses," which we shall accompany with some explanatory remarks.

Date.	How ascertained.	No. of Souls.	Date.	How ascertained.	No. of Souls.
1593	Moryson's Estimate . .	700,000	1777	. . . . .	2,690,556
1641	Sir William Petty . .	1,466,000	1785	. . . . .	2,845,932
1652	. . . . .	850,000	1788	G. P. Bushe, Esq. . .	4,040,000
1672	. . . . .	1,100,000	1791	Hearth-money Collectors .	4,206,612
1695	Captain South . . .	1,034,000	1792	Rev. Dr. Beaufort . . .	4,088,226
1712	Thomas Dobbs, Esq. . .	2,099,094	1805	Thomas Newenham, Esq. .	5,395,456
1718	. . . . .	2,169,048	1812	{ Incomplete Parliamentary Census . . }	5,937,856
1725	. . . . .	2,317,374			
1726	. . . . .	2,309,106	1821	Parliamentary Census . .	6,801,827
1731	Established Clergy . . .	2,010,221	1827	Morrau's Calculation . .	7,672,835
1754	Hearth-money Collectors .	2,372,634	1831	Parliamentary Census . .	7,767,401
1767	. . . . .	2,544,276	1841	Probable Census (unpublished)	8,150,000

1582 to 1602.—At the close of Elizabeth's reign, Moryson, who visited Ireland with Lord Mountjoy, estimated the population at the conclusion of the

an ignorant people, would be fully sufficient to account for all the fables of sacred and submerged islands, floating amongst the ancients; but another aiding cause may also be found in those early discoveries made in the western seas by Phœnician and Carthaginian navigators, which they were so anxious to conceal from all other nations, and of which, nevertheless, some vague whisperings may have transpired, and become subsequently grafted on the doctrine of these blessed islands. The belief, however, such as it was, and however compounded, travelled westward with the stream of population, and when those islands of the western Main, once, perhaps, partly the subject of these rumours, were colonized. The traditionary, or Mythologic creed, continued still unsatisfied, and the fabled island stood still farther out, in "some blue summer ocean far off and alone." Hence came those submarine cities and islands occasionally emerging and becoming visible and stationary, of which the legends, surviving the days of Paganism, continue to linger amongst, and haunt the memories of the people of the western shores of Europe, no less than of Africa. Such were the lost city of *Ys*, in the bay of Duarnenez, in Brittany; the island of *Avalon*, of the British romances; the submerged kingdom of *Lyonesse*, of the Cornish legends; and the *Icockane* (or country of the waves) of the early Saxons.

"The inhabitants of Madeira and Puerto Santo are still persuaded that in clear weather they see land in a western horizon, and always in the same direction." (Hist. Marit. Discovery.) Washington Irving has availed himself of this legend in his tale of "The Enchanted Island." He tells us, "that it has been occasionally seen from the shores of the Canaries, stretching away in the clear bright west with long and shadowy promontories and high sun-gilt peaks. Numerous expeditions, both in ancient and modern days, have launched forth from the Canaries in quest of that island, but on their approach, mountain and promontory have gradually faded away, until nothing has remained but the blue sky above, and the deep blue water below." It is certain that the name of the "Isles of Brazil" occurs on maps of the 14th century, in the neighbourhood of the Azores, and it is supposed that the belief in their existence was one of the inducements which tempted Columbus to the adventure which led to the discovery, or, (shall we say?) re-discovery, of America. As late as the last century, reports of this Brazil having been seen by mariners were in circulation, and believed; and by some the name of *Saint Brendan's* Island was given to it. This was a compliment fairly merited by that adventurous saint. His "prodigious voyages" in search of it, which lasted seven years, entitled him to all the honours and privileges of discovery. The ancient traditions, to which we have been referring, and which nowhere were more firmly believed than in his native district of Kerry, it was which doubtless lured him to the search. In the year 545, having laid in provisions for fifty days, he first ventured on his quest from a bay in the west of Kerry, since from him denominated Brandon Bay. His course we are informed lay *contra solstitium æstivale*, supposed to mean the North-west, or setting of the sun in summer, and after a voyage

civil war of that day, at so low an amount as 700,000; but from the state of society in that country at the time, and the great difficulty that must, of necessity, have existed to prevent any accurate statistical return, little reliance can be placed upon his statement; and he does not inform us by what means he obtained his information. This was the first estimate recorded of the population of the country.

1640.—In Sir William Petty's "Political Anatomy of Ireland," by a series of ingenious calculations, he arrives at the conclusion that, prior to the troubles of 1641, the population amounted to 1,466,000.

1652.—The same authority estimated it at 850,000 souls.

1672.—Twenty years after, Sir William Petty being employed to superintend the great territorial survey of the country under the Protectorate for the arrangement of forfeited property, published an estimate of the population grounded on an average of five persons to each house. This afforded a return of 1,100,000 persons.

1695.—Captain South put forward a paper in the Transactions of the Royal Society of this year, on the population of Ireland; he makes it appear

of fifteen days, the wind ceasing, the vessel was abandoned to its own course; its crew having lost all knowledge of the direction they were moving in. Finally they reached a great island or continent, which after having traversed for fifteen days more, they could not reach the end of. Of the wonderful places—*miranda loca*—which they saw, it is unnecessary here to speak, but the report which they brought home did not by any means tend to abate the curiosity of all concerning this most mysterious island, and at long intervals, in subsequent times, we find that other voyages on a similar search were afterwards undertaken.

Mr. Hardiman, (Irish Minstrelsy), has published from a rare pamphlet, printed in London in 1675, several curious particulars respecting the alleged discovery of this hazy land about that time. It is entitled "OBrazile, or the Enchanted Island, being a perfect Relation of the late Discovery and wonderful Disenchantment of an Island on the north of Ireland." The writer avows that he had been himself at first sceptical regarding the existence of this island, notwithstanding that "many sober and religious persons would constantly affirm that in bright days (especially in summer time) they could perfectly see a very large absolute Island, but after long looking at it it would disappear, and that sometimes one friend and neighbour would call another to behold it until there would be a considerable number together, every one of which would not be persuaded but that they perfectly saw it, and some of them have made towards it in boats, but when they came to the place where they thought it was, they have found nothing." The finding the name of OBrazile on the maps, however, and the circumstance of a "*seise* man and great scholar" having in the reign of Charles I. taken out a patent for its discovery, produced a conversion for which posterity has reason to be thankful. It was therefore nothing very astonishing to him to learn in 1674, that on the 2nd of March of that year, a Captain Nesbitt had actually discovered and landed on the island, which he explored to a considerable distance, as well as disenchanted. The latter consummation was effected by the simple process of lighting a fire within it. "Since then," the writer says, "several godly ministers and others are gone to visit and discover them," (the inhabitants;) but as the writer had heard nothing of their return he says he awaits, (with a becoming patience) a more perfect relation. Whether that was ever given we are left in ignorance, but the probability is, as arising from a silence of over 165 years, that the disenchantment was but temporary, and that these "godly ministers and others" have been exposed to the fate of Ossian of old, as heretofore related. When the day of their release will arrive, we may hope to hear of strange discoveries.

DUBLIN

but 1,034,102—the loose and unsatisfactory nature of his report shows how little reliance can be placed upon it.

1712.—Thomas Dobbs, Esq., in his "Essay on the Trade and Improvement of Ireland," gives the following amount of population from 1712 to 1726:—

1712.—2,099,094. 1718.—2,169,048. 1725.—2,317,374. 1726.—2,309,106.

These estimates, as well as most of those recorded in the remaining portion of the eighteenth century, were made from the calculations of the hearth-money collectors, on an average of six persons to each house; but those who remember how difficult it was to collect that tax—the thousands who evaded it, and the multitude of places which the collectors never could visit, particularly in the western rural districts, must know how inadequate was this means of obtaining accurate information, independent of the suppression, for purposes of fraud, of many hundreds of houses by the collectors themselves.

1731.—In this year the Irish House of Lords ordered the established clergy and magistracy to make a census. The amount returned by them was 2,010,221; but when large tracts of country were without the jurisdiction of the one, and beyond the influence of, or unknown to the other, neither can this be depended upon.

1754 to 1785.—The hearth-money collectors made the following returns:—

1754.—2,372,634. 1767.—2,544,276. 1777.—2,690,556. 1785.—2,845,932.

1788.—Gervais Parker Bushe, Esq. Commissioner of Revenues, published an essay in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, in 1790, on the subject of the population of Ireland, in the form of a letter addressed to the then president, Lord Charlemont, from the survey-books of 1788. The data on which this was founded, were similar to the foregoing; but the calculations were corrected and amended by Mr. Bushe, who acknowledged that 40,000 houses at least were suppressed by the collectors of this revenue; with this addition, which no doubt fell far short of the truth, he estimates the population at "above" 4,040,000.

1791.—In this year a return was made to the House of Commons of the number of hearths in Ireland, from which a population of 4,206,612 was calculated.

1792.—Dr. Beaufort, father of the present distinguished Hydrographer, constructed an ecclesiastical map of Ireland; and in the memoir published

with it he offered some speculations on the population, which show an amount of 4,088,226 souls.

1805.—Major Newenham, in his "Inquiry into the Progress, &c., of the Population of Ireland," by a vast collection of facts, and a series of most ingenious arguments, endeavoured to correct the inaccuracies of the hearth-money collectors—his average is 5,395,456. Much of the reasoning of this very intelligent writer is founded on the observations made by the celebrated Arthur Young. Mr. Newenham asserted that the population in Ireland doubled in forty-six years, and that thus it would amount to 8,413,224 in the year 1837; a calculation which, but for the increasing emigration from Ireland since he wrote, would have been very near the truth.

1812.—An Act passed for taking the population of Ireland on the same plan as that put in force in England and Scotland in 1810. This Act failed in its object, from being framed on the plan of the English one. In England and in Scotland, the enumeration was entrusted to the overseers of the poor and the parish schoolmasters; the first class did not exist in Ireland, and the second were incompetent to execute the task; it was, therefore, committed to the care of the grand juries, who either took but little interest in the matter, or consigned it to the hands of ignorant or improper persons: thus, out of forty counties and counties of cities, only ten made complete returns, and four gave no returns at all. In some counties, the grand juries did not even endeavour to enforce the Act. By a series of ingenious calculations, it was patched up, and the population made to appear on record as 5,937,856.

1815.—In this year a very ingenious Population Act was arranged by Mr. Shaw Mason, Secretary to the Public Records in Ireland, and passed through Parliament. In this, the enumeration of the people was entrusted to the bench of magistrates at quarter sessions. In January, 1821, the magistracy made a return of the territorial extent over which they presided, and this formed the ground-plan of the census; but upon reviewing it subsequently, a lamentable ignorance of the domestic geography of Ireland was discovered, as may well be imagined when we state that the only survey of Ireland known to, or acted on, by the Government, acknowledged in courts of justice, or used for fixing the greater part of the local taxation of Ireland, was the incomplete survey of Petty made 150 years before. Copies of this Act were distributed throughout the country, and enumerators were appointed by the magistracy and assistant-barristers to register the names, ages, and occupations of the people. The Act commenced to be put in force simultaneously in Great Britain and Ireland on the 28th day of May, 1821, by the enumerators proceeding from house to house till the entire country was registered, when

the census books were returned to the chief secretary's office in Dublin to be examined, and the information they contained put into tabular forms. Some parts of the country were enumerated in baronies, but the greater portion in parishes; and this latter, as might be expected, was the more correct. Subsequently, every parish was specified in the printed abstract, so that essentially it is a parochial census. At first the enumerators experienced considerable opposition in different parts of the country, even amounting, in several instances, to violence; a letter, however, addressed to the clergy of all denominations soon checked this hostility, by explaining to the people the nature and objects of the information they were required to give. This opposition was but what might have been expected in a country placed under the circumstances in which Ireland then was; and it appears to us that one of the great errors in all the censuses attempted in Ireland (and the last is not an exception) was, that the public mind had not been prepared for it; the people, particularly the lower classes, knew not the intent of the information required of them, and conceiving (naturally, we confess) that it was for the purposes of taxation or enlistment, they either avoided or resisted it.

On the *view* books being returned to Dublin, a classification was subsequently made of the *matériel* thus collected into houses and families, sexes, ages, and occupations, as well as of the schools, and pupils attending school, &c., &c., under the direction of Mr. Shaw Mason. This record was presented to Parliament in 1825, as affording a population of—

Males, 3,341,926; Females, 3,459,901; Total, 6,801,827.

We have dwelt thus long upon the details of this census because it was the first attempt ever made at an accurate statistical survey of Ireland. The theory of it was well conceived, and if the machinery of it could have been depended on, it was well arranged; but far too much power was left in the hands of the enumerators to ensure much accuracy*.

1827.—In this year there appeared a most curious and valuable work on "The past and present State of Ireland, exhibited in a series of Tables constructed on a new plan, and principally derived from official documents and the best authorities," by Cæsar Moreau, Esq., French Vice-Consul in London, comprised in a large folio work of fifty-six lithographed pages, and now

* "The Statistical Account, or Parochial Survey of Ireland," by Mr. Shaw Mason, although not purely a census, deserves particular notice. The first volume of this very valuable work came out in 1814, under the auspices of Sir Robert Peel, then Chief Secretary for Ireland. It appears to have arisen out of the incomplete census of 1812, and was framed upon information acquired from the clergy of the Established Church, to whom a circular containing queries upon each of the subjects inquired into was addressed. The second volume was published in 1816. Both afford much useful information on the leading features of the country, and in several instances enter into statistical details.

become exceeding scarce. Immense labour seems to have been expended on this production, which, on the whole, exhibits the best and most condensed view of the subject it treats on, of any work published in its day. Its population statistics are chiefly derived from the previous census of 1821; and the tables of trade, commerce, and navigation, &c., &c., are ably drawn up. His own calculation of the population in 1827 was—7,672,835; and according to different communications received by him, but not official—8,173,000—8,490,000—9,050,000.

1831.—A parliamentary census was taken, but of its plan we know little, except that in its details and subsequent arrangement the forms of the previous one of 1821 were partly adhered to: there is no memoir to it, and George Hatchell, Esq., the person under whose direction it was compiled and printed, merely signs the document at its concluding page. The following table gives a summary of its contents, and exhibits a population of 7,767,401 souls.

SUMMARY OF IRELAND—CENSUS OF 1831.

PROVINCE.	Area.	Houses.				Occupations.			Persons.		
	English Statute Acres.	Inhabited.	Families.	Building.	Uninhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, and Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding classes.	Males.	Females.	Total of Persons.
Leinster .	4,270,729	292,729	344,314	3,715	7,967	186,177	75,040	83,097	927,877	981,836	1,909,713
Munster .	5,210,472	330,444	376,051	3,796	9,553	244,770	62,285	68,996	1,093,411	1,133,741	2,227,152
Ulster .	4,041,627	402,005	425,314	3,997	16,607	268,864	88,421	68,029	1,113,094	1,173,528	2,286,622
Connaught	3,660,451	224,638	239,387	3,800	6,527	184,528	23,613	31,246	660,498	683,416	1,343,914
Total .	17,182,763	1,249,816	1,856,066	15,308	40,654	884,339	249,359	251,368	3,794,880	3,972,521	7,767,401

PROVINCE.	Males 20 Years of Age.	Agriculture.			Employed in Manufacture, or in Manufacturing Machinery.	Employed in Retail Trade, or in Handicraft as Masters or Workmen	Capitalists Bankers, Professional, and other Educated Men.	Labourers employed in Labour not Agricultural.	Other Males 20 Years of Age (except Servants).	Male Servants.		Female Servants.
		Occupiers employing Labourers	Occupiers not employing Labourers	Labourers employed in Agriculture.						20 Years of Age.	Under 20 Years.	
Leinster .	465,953	20,789	87,819	162,417	3,212	93,880	24,891	31,440	24,934	16,571	11,146	76,785
Munster .	542,200	33,443	120,268	212,347	1,048	77,280	16,825	34,507	28,996	17,486	12,276	81,349
Ulster .	540,479	29,301	189,087	120,795	20,919	96,088	13,277	16,651	43,423	10,938	15,624	64,346
Connaught	319,133	11,806	167,100	71,882	567	31,590	6,521	7,278	13,242	9,147	5,554	30,675
Total .	1,867,765	95,339	564,274	567,441	25,746*	298,838	61,514	89,876	110,595	54,142	44,600	253,155

[1834.—In this year a Commission was ordered by the king to inquire into and report upon the religion and public instruction in Ireland, previously to the passing of the Church Temporalities Bill. A compressed analysis or digest of

* In Ireland there are 25,476 males upwards of 20 years of age returned as employed in manufacture or in making manufacturing machinery, 3,809 of whom are stated as engaged in linen manufacture, 2,338 in cotton, 1,393 in muslin, 32 in damask, 34 in diaper, 1 in cambric, 1 in thread, 3 in lace, 879 in woollen, 9 in worsted, 7 in stuff, 17 in silk, 62 in tobacco, 53 in leather, 57 in paper, 42 in glass, 32 in hats, 4 in vitriol, 6 in earthenware, 5 in glue, 2 in vinegar, and 9,817 (not accurately classed) in the manufacture of linen, cotton, silk, woollen, carpet, leather, glue, hair-cloth, trimming, stuff, and tobacco: the remaining 1,143 are not specified.

this was published by W. T. Hamilton, Esq., one of the Commissioners; but it refers more to religion and education than the numbers of the people.]

1841.—In this year an attempt was made to arrive at a more accurate statistical knowledge of Ireland than was ever before aimed at; and which will, we have reason to know, when completed, be one of the most interesting and practically-useful records, next to the Ordnance Survey (of which it ought properly to form a part), ever produced in reference to that country. Of its ultimate results we cannot yet speak, for they have not transpired; the Commissioners having wisely refused to publish any part without the whole, or give in the gross what they themselves knew not in detail. This, though it precludes our giving the exact numbers of the population, has preserved the parties connected with the census from the mortification of correcting their statements from week to week, as has been the case in England, Scotland, and Wales. The machinery of this census was excellently planned, and has been admirably carried into effect. Three causes operated to make this census more effective than any of those that preceded it: its forerunner, the Irish Survey, had made the country much better known than it was previously,—every townland (the smallest division of its area) having been previously surveyed and mapped; the great power and local knowledge of the constabulary and police force by whom it was taken; and the better feeling and increased civilisation of the people themselves. This census has been conducted by a Commission composed of W. T. Hamilton, Esq., who connects it with the Government and the Exchequer; T. Brownrigg, Esq., as the medium of communication between it and the police force; and Capt. Larcom, R.E., who chiefly manages its scientific arrangement. The name of this distinguished officer affords a sufficient guarantee for the scientific principles on which it is conducted. His great local knowledge of the country, arising out of his official duties in conducting the Irish Survey for so many years, has enabled him to execute the work with great accuracy as well as ability. In this census the enumeration was intrusted to the police, assisted in some remote districts by civilians, and taken in a townland division of the country, and a street division in cities. A printed form was left with every family in Ireland previously to the 6th of June; and these were again collected a few days after, and transmitted to the Castle of Dublin. Thus an ennmeration of the people was effected in the best and most economical manner, on the night of the 6th of June, 1841. The information demanded under the Act of Parliament in these FORMS (amounting to above two and a half millions) was more voluminous than any hitherto required in Ireland; as it included the name, age, sex, relationship to the head of the family, marriage, occupation, education, and nativity, together with the rates

of wages, number of servants employed by, farming-stock, &c., of the living resident population. The enumeration and description of the houses, schools, &c., were also intrusted to the police. Queries were also asked as to the members of families non-resident on the night of the 6th of June; and finally, the mortality of each family since the year 1831. This latter, as well as the marriage queries, opens up a field of investigation never before attempted in Ireland, and the public anxiously look for its results. The Commissioners have intrusted this department of the work, as well as some of the general statistical details, to W. R. Wilde, Esq., who has availed himself, we understand, of the opportunity thus afforded of drawing up a Medical Statistic of the country, not only from these census returns, but from the registries of the different hospitals, gaols, lunatic asylums, and coroners' inquests, &c., for the last ten years; its results, when published, should form the basis of a proper registration of deaths, births, and marriages in Ireland, similar to that at present in operation in England and Wales. We understand the present census affords an increase of only five per cent. on that taken in 1831; and when we consider the insular position of the country, the restless spirit of its inhabitants, the little inducement held out to them for improving their condition at home—owing in part to its non-resident landlords and nobility—we can scarcely wonder at, however much we may deplore, the vast emigration that yearly takes place in Ireland, both permanent emigration to England, America, and the Colonies, and the temporary emigration that occurs annually in summer (the very time the census was taken) to England for agricultural purposes; we feel assured that emigration is mainly the cause of this small increase*. We have

* The subject of emigration is one upon which two very opposite opinions exist. We have presumed occasionally to offer some passing remarks upon it; for it seems to us impossible that any traveller in Ireland can take note of the enormous tracts of land lying utterly waste and useless, which enterprise and capital might render productive and profitable, without arriving at the conclusion, that to encourage emigration, is—at present, at least—totally unnecessary, and therefore cruel, as well as unwise. If only the idle, dissolute, and disaffected were induced to quit the country, good only could follow; but it is notorious that every ship which conveys emigrants to foreign climes carries away the most sober, steady, and industrious people of the kingdom—most unwilling exiles; for no people of the world are less prone to wander, or more attached to home-memories, and associations. From our own experience of Ireland we could adduce numerous proofs in support of these assertions—that emigration is considered not an advantage, but an evil, by those who emigrate, and that the best of its inhabitants only will encounter it. We quote a passage from a letter, recently received by us, from a distinguished merchant of Cork, who, from his connexion with steam commerce, has had ample opportunities of watching the working of the system. "On Saturday (Nov. 6th)," he says, "there left this place about one hundred and fifty of the finest young women you could possibly see congregated in this or any other country; they were all above the humbler class; all wore straw bonnets and mantles; they left this in one of the river steamers to join a Sidney vessel at Cove, and their friends took a silent and mournful leave of them as they left the quay; there was none of that loud grief that you observe amongst the lower class, but real and apparently heartfelt sorrow. As the boat moved off, the 'emigration band'—for such we now have, to buoy up the spirits of those poor creatures at parting from their home and their dearest friends—played up St. Patrick's Day, but underneath all the pang of parting showed itself in sobs. I don't know that ever

reason to know that the system has continued to act in Ireland for the last twenty years with much greater effect than many are aware of. Competent persons have had the care of this (the emigration) department;

I felt more than on this occasion, at seeing so many of our fair country girls leaving their native land, and I understand that it is likely to continue for some months. It is the bone and sinew of Ireland that emigrate —the real *wealth of the country*. I am not much in the way of collecting information of particular cases of distress consequent on emigration; for, once they are landed out of our vessels, our contract is performed: but I am aware that great numbers have returned from America this year, and some have been landed in Cove in a most wretched plight. All give the same dismal account of their sufferings and privations while away, and the total destitution, from want of employ, of many of their class in the New World. Yet you find that every spring, as the season rolls round, they continue to flock from this country in search of a better condition."

The same authority adds, in reference to the latter point,—"Yet I can assure you that, of late, on several occasions, our steamers have conveyed from Liverpool to this port a great number of poor disappointed creatures, who, after having gone out to America early in the spring, have returned penniless and almost naked to their friends here. One poor fellow, who, as he said, had seen better days (and I believe him, for he, though ragged, had yet a dignified air), held a little handkerchief bundle in his hand as he landed, and on it being remarked that he had not much baggage, he said, 'No, sir; no, indeed, this is all my baggage,' holding it up, 'but I had a much better equipment *when starting* from this, more than a year since; it is now all gone but this, and *I feel thankful to get home even though light is my purse.*'"

Another correspondent—J. Cramsie, Esq., of Belfast—informs us that, "From the unfavourable accounts of the success of emigrants to America this season, he thinks the number leaving Belfast next year will be much less than heretofore. It is sufficiently clear that even if emigration were either wise or necessary, as regards Ireland, the condition of the emigrant, under existing circumstances, is not likely to be improved."

Indeed it is unnecessary to supply evidence that Ireland loses her best strength when a ship with emigrants leaves her shores; and that not alone in thews and sinews, sobriety and industry; for every exile takes with him an amount of money, small considered in reference to each, but making an immense sum in the aggregate; enough, or nearly so, under judicious regulations, to bring into cultivation land that would be ample for their maintenance. We have been at some pains to procure returns of the number of emigrants from several of the principal Irish ports; and we believe we may, in every instance, depend upon the accuracy of our information.

The following Table shows the amount of emigration from the port of Cork for the last nine years. Those marked thus †, embarked by steamers to join their respective ships at Plymouth or Liverpool. The remainder at Cork.

	1834.	1835.	1836.	1837.	1838.	1839.	1840.	1841.	1842.
New Brunswick . .	3120	838	2773	4163	172	1158	2883	2930	3869
Canada	2736	747	2569	2457	98	490	1785	1256	1859
Australia	113	440	815	518	1346	1194	221 †2257	3422 †1929	306
United States . . .	—	134	120	369	—	199	754 †829	524 †1277	1163
Total	5969	2159	6277	7507	1616	3041	8729	11338	6897

Grand Total . . . . . 53,533.

The amount of emigration from the port of Belfast during the years 1840, 41, and 42, has been as follows:—

In 1840, 4658; 1841, 6657; 1842, 6725—Grand total, 18,040.

The destination of these emigrants was principally British America; but the return does not include those who left the port to take shipping, chiefly for the United States, at Greenock, Liverpool, &c.;—these our correspondent considers to have amounted to at least 9000. The average price of the voyage, he informs us, was to British America, forty-one shillings; to the United States, three pounds eight shillings for each person. So that we shall probably be within the mark, if we state the sum paid for passage-money alone—without

police were stationed during the season at each of the different ports to register the emigrants, and every possible exertion made to insure an accurate statistic on this important subject. On the whole we anticipate with

taking into account the moneys expended in fitting out, as small stock-purses, &c., exceeded £70,000—from the port of Belfast alone within three years.

From Waterford the emigration was, in the year 1842, 1752 persons, who embarked in twenty vessels. Of these there proceeded to Newfoundland, 230; Quebec, 1100; Halifax, 422.

From the port of Dublin the amount of emigration has been, as may be expected, comparatively small. The following are the returns for the years 1840 and 1841:—

1840.			1841.		
Vessels.	Where Bound.	No. of Passengers.	Vessels.	Where Bound.	No. of Passengers.
Parrock	Bombay	185	Montreal Packet	New York & St. Johns, New B.	182
Isabella	New South Wales	32	Onyx	New York	155
Wm. Nicol	Port Adelaide	153	Naparima	Quebec	290
Margaret	New York	250	Waverley	Hobart Town	3
Carleton	Quebec	184	Empress	Quebec & Montreal	301
Industry	Ditto	313	Carleton	Quebec	83
Naparima	Ditto	189	Harper	Ditto	166
Mary Rowe	Ditto	134	Industry	Ditto	185
Harmony	St. John's, New B.	135	Harmony	St. John's, New B.	85
Tom	Quebec	115	Tom	Quebec	101
Royal William	Bordeaux	30	St. Martin's	New York & St. John's, New B.	206
Admiral Luke	St. John's, New B.	107	Prince Albert	St. John's, New B.	105
Elizabeth	Quebec	116	Perseverance	Quebec	313
Alexandrina	St. John's, New B	79	Hope	Ditto	72
Creole	Cadiz	1	Astrea	Ditto	135
Pomona	Quebec	215	Marquis of Normanby	Ditto	40
Mary Drydall	Port Adelaide	144	Total		2422
Astrea	Quebec	137			
Trial	Ditto	79			
Harp	Bordeaux	3			
Alexandrina	Adelaide & P. Phillip	6			
Total		2607			

From the port of Londonderry the returns for one year—the year 1840—were as follow:—

Vessels.	Where Bound.	No. of Emigrants.	Vessels.	Where Bound.	No. of Emigrants.
Royal Saxon	Port Philip	223	Brought forward		2567
Lord Sandford	St. John's	265	Dominica	Quebec	138
Pallas	St. John's	188	John Wesley	St. John's	101
Albion	St. John's	196	Chieftain	Quebec	195
Governor Douglas	New York	155	Kangaroo	St. John's	95
Isidore	St. John's	95	Thomas Handford	St. John's	150
Royal William	St. John's	146	Louisa	St. John's	208
Pons Ælii	St. John's	199	Comet	St. John's	142
Thomas Worthington	New York	199	Larch	St. John's	122
Gratitude	St. John's	144	Lively	Quebec	149
Try Again	Quebec	180	British Queen	New York	120
St. Patrick	Quebec	54	Mary Coxeu	Quebec	182
Rowena	St. John's	200	Queen	Bathurst	16
Urania	Quebec	114	Industry	St. John's	125
Eleanor	Sydney	209	George	St. John's	121
			William Metcalf	Port Phillip	233
Carry forward		2567	Total		4662

much interest the finished results of this great national work, and we do not hesitate to say that when it and the Ordnance Survey (with, we hope, a memoir attached to it) are completed, Ireland will be one of the best known portions of Her Majesty's dominions.

From the port of Galway we procured the following returns of the number of emigrants in the year 1842:—

Vessels.	Where Bound.	No. of Emigrants.
Midas, 1st Voyage	St. John's, New B.	133
John and Mary	Ditto	212
Leila	Ditto	179
Prince of Wales	Ditto	205
Redwing	New York	115
Lively	Quebec	186
Midas, 2nd Voyage	St. John's, New B.	24
Total		1054

These returns, limited although they are, may afford some idea of the immense sums of money annually taken out of Ireland by the best of its inhabitants. Nearly every sea-port furnishes as large a contribution to the evil as the comparatively small ports of Galway in the far west, and Derry in the far north; and the number of emigrants is immense—each and all provided first with passage-money, and next with a small purse to defray early expenses on arrival. A society has been, it seems, established in New York, with a view to facilitate the settlement of Irish emigrants. They have issued an address to their countrymen, signed by Robert Hogan, as president, and George L. Keefe and Michael Burke as secretaries. It is a generous, well-written, and sensible document; but it holds out far more warning than temptation to take the dangerous step; and they lay strong stress upon the absolute necessity of each being provided with "at least £5" upon disembarking.

We have already occupied with this subject greater space than we can well spare; but it is one of vast importance, and we should neglect our duty if we closed our book without endeavouring to impress it upon the minds of our readers. It seems undeniable that emigration from Ireland is neither necessary nor expedient. If the often-quoted passage from the Psalmist applies to any country more than to another, it is to Ireland:—

"Dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

If there are tens of thousands of unemployed hands, there are millions of acres upon which to employ them—acres which since the creation of the world has yielded no produce to man. Parliament, omnipotent over property, might remove the evil, though the owners of the soil either will not or cannot. When it is expedient to run a railroad through an estate, or to use it for any public improvement, the owner has no remedy but the decree of a jury, which determines the amount he ought to receive in recompense either from the country or the party legally authorised to take from him his land. Surely the same law might be carried out in reference to these waste lands of Ireland, which never have produced, and probably never will produce, the smallest profit to the landlord. Such a system would effectually check exorbitant demands, compel foolish men to be their own benefactors, and force the merciless or the indifferent into contributing to the general good.

This would indeed be a boon to the people of Ireland, glorious to the age and country,—one which the present Government might grant, and has the power to grant. It would go farther to destroy disaffection,—farther, by many degrees,—than all the concessions of the last twelve years, and would give to immortality the names of the men who would bestow it. Land only need be taken, into which the spade had never plunged, and given in small but sufficient allotments to moral and industrious families,—precisely those who now emigrate,—not given *to be cultivated and then taken away*, but given for ever, as properties inalienable, under proper superintendence, paying reasonable rents, and subjected to just conditions; the result, ere many years had passed, would be, in a word, to REGENERATE Ireland.

GALWAY.

Irish Miles.

English Miles.

Population 382,564
English Acres 1,949,760

Longitude West from Greenwich.

ATLANTIC OCEAN

GALWAY BAY

ILES OF ARAN

COUNTY OF GALWAY

COUNTY OF TIPPERARY

Joyce country

Connemara

Ballinrobe

Headford

Athenry

Loughrea

Ballinasloe

Portumna

Gort

Tuam

Thuam

Dunmore

Oughterard

Roundstone

Clifden

Ballinakill Harb.

Kilkerrin

Clonbern

Killeroran

Killimordaly

Kilchreest

Kilconnell

Aughrim

Kilreekill

Kilmacduagh

Kinvarra

Kiltartan

Ardrahan

Craughwell

Castle Blakeney

Williamstown

Kilcolgan

Kilcolgan Pt.

Tiddy I.

Blake or Newport Pt.

Barnis

Kilcorgan Pt.

Killeany Bay

Gregory Sound

East Sound

Inishmaan

Inishmore

Kilronan

Cregg Harbour

Brannock

Killary Harb.

Slyne Hd.

Inishbofin

Mweenish I.

Skird Rocks

Carrickamanbeg

Cruagh Pt.

Kilkieran Pt.

Kilkieran

Kilkieran Bay

Kilcolgan Pt.

Kilcolgan

Kilcolgan Pt.

Kilcolgan Pt.

Kilcolgan Pt.

DUBLIN

GALWAY.

The county of Galway is in the province of Connaught. Its boundaries are, on the north, the counties of Roscommon and Mayo; on the east, those of Roscommon, King's County, and Tipperary; on the south, the county of Clare and Galway Bay; and on the west, the Atlantic Ocean. It comprises, acccording to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 1,510,592 acres; of which 955,713 are cultivated; 476,957 are unprofitable bog and mountain; and 77,922 are under water. In 1821, the population (exclusive of the town and liberties of Galway, which forms a county of itself,) was 309,599; and in 1831, 381,564. It is divided into the baronies of Arran, Athenry, Half Ballymoe, Ballynahinch, Clare, Clonmacnoon, Dunkellen, Dunmore, Kilconnell, Killian, Kiltartan, Leitrim, Longford, Loughrea, Moycullen, Ross, and Tyaquin. Besides the provincial capital, it contains the populous towns of Tuam and Athenry, and the market-towns of Loughrea, Eyrecourt, Gort and Headford, besides the greater part of Ballinasloe; the small, but rising and rapidly improving town of Clifdén, being its only seaport in addition to the port of Galway.

Proceeding from Dublin, the county of Galway is entered on passing over the bridge that crosses the Shannon at Ballinasloe. From this pretty and prosperous town, where the grand cattle fair of Ireland is held, two great roads branch off, the north leading to Mayo through Tuam, the west through Augrim and Loughrea to Galway-town. Although we visited the county by the former route, we shall conduct our readers by the latter, as enabling him to examine the district, and Connamara in particular, to greater advantage; for, as we were told when too late to profit by the knowledge, to enter this region, as we did, by the Killeries, was "like looking at a man's face behind his back." Proceeding thus, however, we shall miss the old town of Tuam—and "no great loss," for it is a dirty and ruinous looking place, and its Roman Catholic cathedral, recently erected, is sadly out of harmony with the dull and dingy habitations upon which it looks down. Approached from the east,

nevertheless, it has a remarkably picturesque effect, towering above the landscape, and commanding an extensive prospect of the adjacent country.

It is from this point that our sketch was taken; the cathedral with its numerous pinnacles, and the surrounding trees, concealing the town beyond.

The road from Ballinasloe to Galway passes through Loughrea—a remarkably neat and orderly town; and leaves, to the right, the ancient but now ruinous town of Athenry, where there are several interesting remains of antiquity. Athenry was famous long before Galway became remarkable; and early records of the provincial capital distinguish it as situated near Athenry*. The comparatively unchanged character of the district soon becomes apparent; if there were no other proof, the tourist will obtain one in the frequent occurrence of the "original Connaught

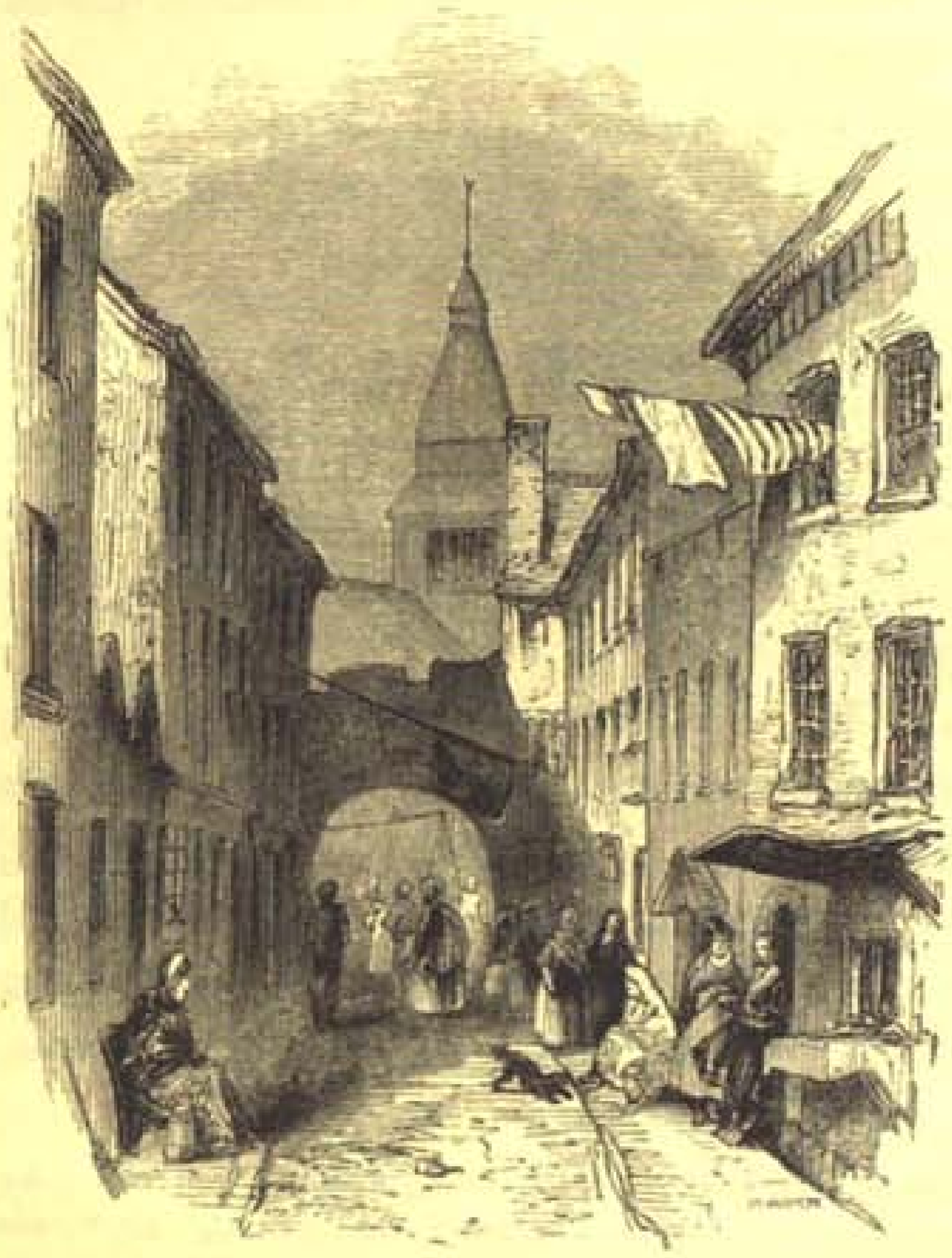
* Although the west of Ireland contains some of the best harbours in the kingdom, the spirit of commerce has made but little way there. Galway may indeed be considered as its only mercantile port; and even here trade seems to languish sadly in and about its "new and commodious docks." To open this populous district would be to make it prosperous; plans are in progress to run a railroad through it from Dublin; and if such a design *could* be carried into execution, the results would, undoubtedly, be most advantageous, not only to Ireland, but to the whole kingdom. Our readers are aware that, excepting the limited lines—from Dublin to Kingstown (about six miles), from Belfast to Lisburn (about the same distance), and from Dublin to Drogheda (about twenty-two miles), there are no railroads in Ireland. The time is, perhaps, approaching when the care of Government will be directed to this important subject; without State assistance it is impossible that Ireland can procure this vast advantage; for, in the present position of the country, as a mere speculation for profit, any extensive scheme of the kind would be a failure. It would be difficult, however, to point out a mode in which the public funds might be more judiciously and beneficially expended. A project is now in course of formation for carrying a line of road from Dublin to Galway. We have made some inquiries upon the subject, and received some information from P. V. O'Malley, Esq., civil engineer, who is now endeavouring to press it upon public attention. He finds that "in the proposed line no tunnelling would be required, and very little cuttings or embankments, and not many aqueducts or viaducts," and considers that the cost of the railroad would be trifling in comparison with any line that has been made in England. The projected line—making a grand total of 115½ English miles—would pass through no less than six counties and several towns of importance, the commerce of which would be thus largely increased. Mr. O'Malley's estimate, for the cost of the line, does not much exceed £5000 per mile—that is to say, "for a single line of rails or tracks with turn-offs and switches." He also suggests that Wheatstone's electric telegraph should be used. Certainly if such a project can be carried out—and assuredly it may be, if Government will co-operate with some wealthy and enterprising individuals—in no part of the kingdom could the experiment be tried with surer prospects of success. The port of Galway has several manifest advantages—not the least of them being its "proximity" to America.

pig"—which now exists in no other part of Ireland—modern improvement having completely destroyed his "seed, breed, and generation." He is a long, tall, and, usually, spare animal; with a singularly sharp physiognomy, and remarkably keen eyes. His race is still preferred by the peasantry; for he will "feed upon anything"—even the thin herbage of the common; and the "rearing" costs neither trouble nor expense. For the purpose of sale, however, he is useless; and as it is the pig that "pays the rent," and is seldom or never brought up for "home consumption," the Connaught pig is nearly extinct, and probably, in a few years, will be found only in pictures *.

The tourist on approaching Galway Town perceives other evidence that he is in a peculiar district; the dark features and coal-black hair of the people indicate their Spanish descent; and they are, for the most, so finely formed, so naturally graceful, that almost every peasant girl might serve as a model for the sculptor. Passing along the narrow streets, he is startled by greater singularities; houses with remains of "jalousies," and arched gateways,

* Ugly and unserviceable as are the Connaught pigs, they are the most intelligent of their species. An acquaintance of ours taught one to "point," and the animal found game as correctly as a pointer. He "*gave tongue*," too, after his own fashion, by grunting in a sonorous tone; and understood when he was to take the field as well as any dog. The Connaught pigs used to prefer their food (potatoes) raw to boiled, and would live well and comfortably where other pigs would starve. They perforate hedges, scramble over walls, and run up mountains like goats, performing their feats with a flourish of their tails and a grunt of exultation that are highly amusing to those whose observations have been previously confined to the "swinish multitude" of clean, white, deliberate, unwieldy hogs that are to be seen in English farm-yards. A Connaught pig-driver is as lean, as ungainly, as clever, and almost as obstinate as his "bastes," and finds little favour in the southern or northern states of his own land. He is, notwithstanding, a patient, enduring, good-natured fellow—less bland than the southern, and less "canny" than the northern; but "sly," and "'cute," and "droll," as need be, in his own way. In England they are frequently supposed to be the types of "all Ireland;" and certainly a raw-boned, swarthy, dark-eyed "boy" from the "County Mayo," as he brings up the rear of a troop of dusty pigs—his long coat hanging upon, rather than fitting him—his open shirt-collar exposing a corduroy sort of throat—his "cawbeen" bound with a string, and illustrated by a "doodeen" and turnpike tickets—shouting to his swinish multitude, brandishing his wooden-handled whip, and jabbering Irish to his assistant,—is anything but an attractive, though a very picturesque, representative of the "sons of the sod." Such a one passed our gate the other morning. "That is a countryman of yours," we said to a bricklayer, who was repairing a wall. "Is it that," he answered in a ripe, round, mellifluous Munster brogue; "is it that tatther demallion—is it *that!*—ugh!—Faix, he's not an Irishman at all; he's nothing but a *Connaught* man!" We remember a man once expressing his astonishment that so much bother should have been made about a "boy" who had been killed in a row at a fair, concluding his harangue by an exclamation, "And he was nothing but a Connaught man, after all!" The prejudice against Connaught is indeed somewhat general in the other parts of Ireland; there seems to have been a pretty extensive willingness to construe literally the brutal epithet of the soldiers of Cromwell—"to H— or Connaught!"—when forcing emigration from the pleasant plains of Limerick and Longford, into the rude and barren districts of the far west.

elaborately carved, mingled with modern buildings, indicating the comparatively unchanged "aspect" of the inhabitants and their dwellings; such,—for example, as this ancient gateway, through which is seen the aged, venerable, and most interesting, church, full of the very singular and picturesque remains of antiquity*. These records of old time are rapidly falling into ruin; only a few small portions of the "walls" remain; even the Moorish eyes and complexions are not as common as they used to be; and probably in a few years Galway will have lost its distinctive character. The "remains" are, as we have intimated, very varied in style; they belong, indeed, to no order of architecture, but seem to have been designed according to the whim or fancy of the builder. The observation



* From the earliest periods Galway was a famous trading port with Spain; and its merchants supplied nearly all Ireland with wine. The records of the town state, that in the year 1615, "upwards of 1200 tons of Spanish wine was landed here for account of the merchants of Galway." Although this exclusive trade has of late years greatly diminished, it is still carried on to some extent; and we were informed that a gentleman named Lynch, a large importer, is the lineal descendant of the merchants Lynch, who for above 400 years have carried on this branch of commerce. Indeed, antiquaries consider the ancient name of the town—Clanfirgail, the land or habitation of the gail, or merchants—sufficiently indicative of its very early trade. In 1614, Sir Oliver St. John writes thus of Galway:—"the merchants are rich and great adventurers at sea;" previously, Sir Henry Sidney had described them as "refined, of urbane and elegant manners, and as having contracted no stain from their rude and unpolished neighbours;" and about the same period, old Heylin calls it "a noted empire, and lately of so great fame with foreign merchants, that an outlandish merchant, meeting with an Irishman, demanded in what part of Galway Ireland stood." In an old MS. largely quoted by Mr. Hardiman, its "credit and fame" is attributed to certain "new colonies and septs"—made famous to the world for their trading faithfully. These new colonies consisted of several families who became settlers, "not together, but at different times;" and whose descendants are known to this day under the general appellation of the "Tribes of Galway"—"an expression first invented by Cromwell's forces, as a term of reproach against its natives, for their singular friendship and attachment to each other during the time of their unparalleled troubles and persecutions; but which they afterwards adopted as an honourable mark of distinction between themselves and their cruel oppressors." Those families were thirteen in number, viz.: Athy, Blake, Bodkin, Browne, D'Arcy, Ffont, Ffrench, Joyes, Kirwan, Lynch, Martin, Morris, and Skerrett. From these names it will be obvious that they were of Anglo-Norman descent; and although they in time became "more Irish than the Irish," they were for a long period at continual war with the ancient families of the district. Several

applies not only to the private residences, but to the public structures. The history of Galway is full of interest — from the year 1178, when the Anglo-Normans first set hostile foot in Connaught to the war of the revolution, when the town surrendered, upon honourable terms, to the victorious Ginkle, who had previously routed the Irish forces at Aughrim. During all the terrible contests of centuries, Galway had its ample share of glory and grief; participating largely in the persecutions of the several periods, but maintaining a high character for courage and probity throughout *. Of its old strength as a fortified town there are, as we have intimated, few remains; but of its former wealth and splendour, as compared with other towns of Ireland, there are many; they exhibit, generally, tokens of the commercial

curious rules and bye-laws of the old corporation, prohibiting all intercourse with the natives, are yet preserved. In 1518, they ordered that none of the inhabitants should admit any of the Burkes, M'Williams, Kellys, or any other sept into their houses, "that neither O ne Mac shoulde strutte ne swagger through the streetes of Gallway;" and the following singular inscription was formerly to be seen over the west gate:—

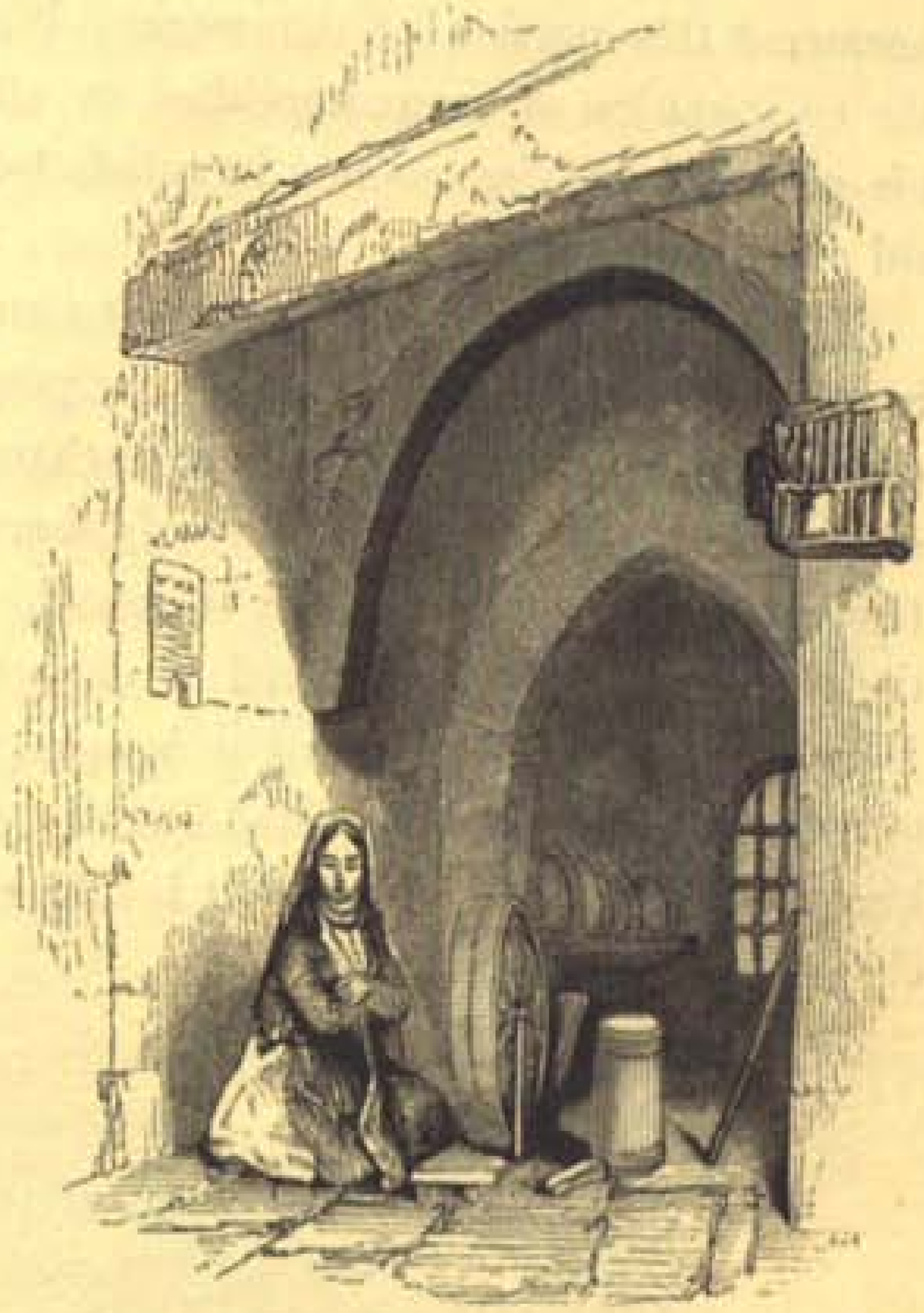
"From the ferocious O'Flahertys
Good Lord deliver us."

* We can scarcely imagine a greater treat to the student of heraldry than a stroll among the streets and lanes of Galway; perhaps in no city of the British empire will he meet with so great and public a display of "coat-armour." Nearly all the old mansions, of which there are very many, have over their gates shields in abundance, displaying the arms of the occupant and those of his more immediate connexions, in conjunction with their ancient "marks," as merchants—those significant hieroglyphics of commerce and wealth. Not unfrequently the names of the parties are also engraved above the shields, and their surrounding scrolls of ornamentally elaborate character, together with the date of the year when sculptured. The ancient inhabitants of Galway, who thus exalted their gates, have affixed to each house an indelible air of aristocratic dignity, which still clings to them, although in most instances they are little more than ruined walls, or if inhabited, are the sheltering places of the poorest of the population, who bear with the half-roofed, comfortless home they afford, from stern necessity alone. These melancholy vestiges of fallen greatness, in the mere course of things, must rapidly pass away. Age and neglect are fast hastening the period.

habits of the people rather than of their military character. The house still known as "Lynch's Castle," although the most perfect example now remaining, was at one period by no means a solitary instance of the decorated habitations of the Galway merchants. Nearly every lane and alley contains some token of their grandeur; and over the doorways of a very large number of the dilapidated houses are still standing the armorial bearings, carved in stone, of the early occupiers *. So remarkable, indeed, are those "bits" of Spain transferred to the wild West of Ireland, that Mr. Inglis, who had visited the former country a short time previous to his tour in the latter, thus refers to the

* The name of Lynch, as either provost, portreve, sovereign, or mayor of Galway, occurs no fewer than ninety-four times between the years 1274 and 1654; after that year it does not appear once. The house above pictured was the residence of the family for many generations. It had, however, several branches, whose habitations are frequently pointed out by their armorial bearings, or their crest, a lynx, over the gateway. One of its members is famous in history as the Irish Junius Brutus. The mere fact is sufficiently wonderful without the aid of invention; but it has, as may be supposed, supplied materials to a host of romancers. The story is briefly this:—James Lynch Fitzstephen was mayor or warden of Galway in 1493; he traded largely with Spain, and sent his son on a voyage thither to purchase and bring back a cargo of wine. Young Lynch, however, spent the money entrusted to him, and obtained credit from the Spaniard, whose nephew accompanied the youth back to Ireland to be paid the debt and establish further intercourse. The ship proceeded on her homeward voyage, and as she drew near the Irish shore, young Lynch conceived the idea of concealing his crime by committing another. Having seduced or frightened the crew into becoming participators, the youth was seized and thrown overboard. The father and friends of Lynch received the voyager with joy; and the murderer in a short time became himself a prosperous merchant. Security had lulled every sense of danger, and he proposed for a very beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, in marriage. The proposal was accepted; but previous to the appointed day, one of the seamen became suddenly ill, and in a fit of remorse summoned old Lynch to the dying bed, and communicated to him a full relation of the villany of his only and beloved son. Young Lynch was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to execution—the father being his judge. The wretched prisoner, however, had many friends among the people, and his relatives resolved with them that he should not die a shameful death. They determined upon his rescue. We copy the last act of the tragedy from "Hardiman's History of Galway." Day had scarcely broken when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards without. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner they ascended a flight of steps lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been unprepared. His wretched wife, whose name was Blake, failing in her personal exertions to save

resemblances he observed between them: "I had heard that I should find in Galway some traces of its Spanish origin, but was not prepared to find so much to remind me of that land of romance. At every second step I saw something to recal it to my recollection. I found the wide entries and broad stairs of Cadiz and Malaga; the arched gateways, with the outer and inner railing, and the court within—needing only the fountain and flower vases to emulate Seville. I found the sculptured gateways, and grotesque architecture, which carried the imagination to the moorish cities of Granada and Valencia. I even found the little sliding wicket for observation in one or two doors, reminding one of the secrecy, mystery, and caution observed, where gallantry and superstition divide life between



the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honour of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them, whose outcries for mercy to the culprit would have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of their country; but finding all his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled with the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope—which had been previously fixed round the neck of his son—to an iron staple, which projected from the wall, and after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity. The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace; but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded by the magnanimous act, that they retired slowly and peaceably to their several dwellings. The innocent cause of this sad tragedy is said to have died soon after of grief, and the unhappy father of Walter Lynch to have secluded himself during the remainder of his life from all society, except that of his mourning family. His house still exists in Lombard Street, Galway, which is yet known by the name of 'Dead Man's Lane;' and over the front doorway are to be seen a skull and cross-bones executed in black marble, with the motto, 'Remember Deathe—vaniti of vaniti, and all is but vaniti.'"

Although Mr. Hardiman has here drawn upon his imagination, we believe there is little doubt of the fact that the son was actually hanged by the hands of the father. The house in which the tragedy is said to have occurred is standing to this day; but the tablet which contains the "skull and cross-bones" bears the date 1624—upwards of a century after the alleged date of the occurrence.

them." The examples we give were selected almost at random by Mr. Evans, of Eton, to whom we are indebted for the majority of the illustrations which ornament this portion of our work. We are fortunate in having obtained the co-operation of so accomplished an artist; and lament that the beauty of his coloured drawings cannot be satisfactorily transferred to our pages by the aid of wood engraving.

If, however, in the town are to be found the records of a peculiar people, in one of the suburbs a people equally peculiar still exist, retaining to-day the customs and habits they have kept unchanged for centuries. The inhabitants of the "Claddagh" are a colony of fishermen, and they number, with their families, between five and six thousand. Their market-place adjoins one of the old gates of the town, and is close to the remains of a fortified tower. Here they sell their fish, but it is apart from their own dominion—"their own dominion" it may be called literally, for they are governed by their own king and their own laws: and it is difficult, if not impossible, to make them obedient to any other.

The Claddagh is a populous district lying to the right of the harbour, consisting of streets, squares, and lanes; all inhabited by fishermen. They claim the right to exercise complete and exclusive control over the bay, and,

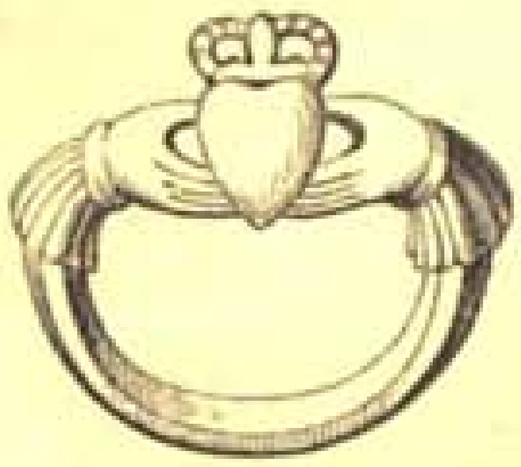
indeed, over all the bays of the county. They are peaceable and industrious, and their cottages are cleaner and better furnished than those of most of the Galway dwellings; but if any of the "rights" they have enjoyed for centuries are infringed, they become so violent that nothing can withstand them *.

This singular community are still governed by a "king" elected annually, and a number of bye-laws of their own; at one time this king was absolute—as powerful as a veritable despot; but his power has yielded, like all despotic powers, to the times, and now he is, as one of his subjects informed us, "nothing more than the Lord Mayor of Dublin or any other city." He has still, however, much influence, and sacrifices himself, literally without fee or reward, for "the good of the people;" he is constantly occupied hearing and deciding causes and quarrels, for his people never by any chance appeal to a higher tribunal †. In the Claddagh, too, there are many remarkable remains of those singular antiquities which prevail in the town. As an example, we engrave one of the peculiarities of this quarter.

* An instance of this occurred not very long ago:—the Claddagh men are, like all fishermen, superstitious, but to such a pitch do they carry their superstition, that if Galway bay were full of fish—if herring, cod, haddock, and bream were dancing in the sunbeams, they would not draw a net or set a hook if the day and hour were not "lucky," nor will they permit any other person to do so at any time. A gentleman of the neighbourhood determining to break through this absurd custom, which left the town frequently without fish for days together, ventured to man his own boat; and well manned and well armed, he set forth on his voyage; the Claddagh-men, who were quietly employed on shore mending their nets and keel-hauling their boats, no sooner perceived this fishing pirate, as they considered her, crossing the bay, than instantly the tocsin sounded; men, women, and children crowded the beach; boats were put off with such weapons of offence as they could get together, and a chase commenced likely to terminate in the destruction of the enterprising man who dared to dispute the "ould, ancient laws of the Claddagh." Many hard words were exchanged, and still more daring deeds attempted; they intended to sink the boat, and, but that the gentleman stood firmly on the prow well armed, expressing his determination to shoot the first man who dared to lay his hand upon it, they would have succeeded. His cool bravery saved him during a precipitate retreat, yet it was matter of astonishment that he escaped with his life.

† Even when a Galway person offends, who is not a Claddagh man, he is punished by their laws:—for instance, a gentleman complained of the price of a cod he had bought from one of this singular community, it was in his estimation too dear by "a tester," and he refused to pay at all; he told the fishermen to summon him, which would have been contrary to Claddagh law, and so was not done,—he thought he had conquered. Requiring some fish for a dinner-party a day or two after, he went to order some of another fisherman in a different part of the Claddagh. "No, sir," was the reply, "I can't serve you until you have paid so and so for the cod." "And what is that to you!" was the inquiry, "I will pay *you*." "Not until you have paid him. We Claddagh-men stand by each other."

Their king is indeed completely one of themselves; his rank and station being only indicated, according to Mr. Hardiman, by a white sail and colours



flying from the mast-head of his boat, when at sea—where he acts as "admiral." They have many peculiar customs: one is worthy of especial note. The wedding ring is a heir-loom in a family. It is regularly transferred by the mother to her daughter first married; and so on to their descendants. These rings are large, of solid gold, and not unfrequently cost from two to three pounds each.* The one we have here copied had evidently seen much service. Some of them are plainer; but the greater number are thus formed. The people are, in general, comfortably clad; and their houses are, for the most part, neatly furnished. We entered several of them, and among others, that of the ruler of the district. His majesty, however, was at sea; but we were introduced to his royal family — a group of children and grandchildren, who for ruddy health might have been coveted by any veritable monarch of Christendom. His cottage the reader may examine. Taken altogether, this primitive suburb included, there is no town in Ireland so interesting as Galway; and none that affords stronger temptations to the enterprising capitalist; or, indeed to those who, with limited means, desire to obtain

* They are very similar in character to the "Gimmal Ring," with which our ancestors of the reign of Elizabeth and earlier "made an end of wooing." These ancient rings (like the Galway ones) were formed into the shape of two hands, a heart being placed in each palm. It was, however, constructed of twin or double hoops, as its name imports, which was derived from the Latin *gemellus*, or French *jumeau*; the course of the twist in each hoop being made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that on bringing them together, they united in one ring, forming an emblem of married life, and the hands conjoined in the centre. The Galway rings are single throughout, but a strong analogy is perceptible, the rudeness of their construction precluding the neatness and ingenuity displayed in their elder—if it be an elder—prototype.

not only the necessaries but the luxuries and enjoyments of life at small cost *.

Among its other attractions, the beautiful bay must not be forgotten; nor the magnificent lake that pours its rich tribute to the ocean through the town. "The bay," writes Mr. Hardiman, "is esteemed one of the noblest entrances in the world; it extends nearly thirty miles eastward of the isles of Arran, and contains innumerable roads and harbours. The haven is safe and spacious, and is capable of affording protection to the largest fleets." The Arran islands are three in number; one of them, Llanmore, is of considerable extent. During our visit to "the West," the weather was more than usually rough, and we were unable to visit them. They were described to us as amazingly full of interesting objects—wonderfully abundant in natural scenery, and containing a vast number of rude monuments of remote antiquity. The inhabitants number above 3,000. The whole of the coast round the beautiful bay, although less magnificently rugged than that more to the north, abounds in picturesque objects; and the peasantry here, as well as in the less familiar districts, are rich in original character: their vicinity to the wild Atlantic, and their living remote from frequent intercourse with more civilized parts, having preserved much of their primitive simplicity. Wandering one day by the shore of the broad ocean, an incident occurred to us the recital of which may not be unpleasing to our readers.

We had walked a long way, when in the distance we saw above the level of the sea what at first sight we imagined to be, so perfectly motionless was it, an artificial figure—the figure-head of a ship perhaps, placed there as a beacon —but the wind setting in strongly from the land, we perceived some drapery

* There are thousands of gentlemen with limited incomes, who, if they were made aware of the many advantages held out to them of settling in Ireland, would "emigrate" thither instead of to Germany or France. The necessaries of life are certainly cheaper than in any other accessible part of Europe; steam communication with England has of course raised the prices of provisions along the eastern coast of the island; but such is not the case in the midland and western districts, where "fish, flesh, and fowl," may be procured at a cost that would astonish English buyers. We have frequently seen a pair of chickens sold for 8*d.*; four eggs for a penny; capital mountain mutton at about 3*d.* a pound; and fish—when it is to be had—at a still lower rate. But fish, even when it swarms in the bay, is not always to be procured for the table. At Galway, perhaps the finest fishing station in the world, the hotel could only furnish us with a pair of dried haddocks for dinner. "The Claddagh-men had not been out lately." Above all, the seeker after some economical place of settlement should bear in mind that he may have the benefit of good society, go where he will; and a sound and safe education everywhere; while he may be surrounded by a pleasant, kindly, and attached peasantry—the safest people in existence to reside among, if "the stranger" does not interfere with their notions concerning "land;"—the melancholy origin of nearly every evil in Ireland. If the comforts, pleasures, and advantages to be obtained in Ireland are compared with those to be procured in France, by an equal expenditure of money, the preponderance will unquestionably be with the former; taking no account of the superior moral influence that may be exercised over a family in the one country, and the almost certainty that a demoralizing effect will arise out of a residence in the other.

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in motion, which led us to think that it was really a human being. Still there was no "stir," no indication of life, or any interest manifested in surrounding objects. The wind blew, and a shawl that had become gathered round her neck, indicated the direction of the wind. A long stream of dark hair, escaped from beneath her cap, floated like a pennon; her arms were folded beneath her shawl, and though there was a ship in the offing, her eyes were bent upon the tide, which was kept back by the strength of the breeze. It is quite impossible to fancy a greater picture of patient meaningless endurance than this poor woman. She was evidently a living sorrow; and yet there must have been some who cared for her, for the shawl that had blown off her shoulders was of a thick comfortable texture; her cap was clean, and her gown needed no repair; the expression of her face was that of intense anxiety, unrelieved by any gleam of mind,—yet she never moved even her eyes, but gazed over the waters, one long, unchanging, "unwinking" gaze.

"Have you been long here?" we inquired.

She never moved her eyes, but said "Yes."

"And will you not go home?"

"I am home."

"The wind blows strongly—you had better go home."

"The wind's foul, it keeps him at sea. When it's fair the rocks and the eddies and things keep him out; but now it's foul, *that* keeps him out; but I can't go till he comes in."

"And how long has he been gone?"

"Oh, then, ever so long—five Christmases and Midsummers—and six—I'm thinking it's six All-hallows, but I'm not sure; only now you see the wind's foul, and he can't come in."

"You are trembling with cold, you had better go home."

"Sure I am home I tell you!" she answered pettishly, without raising her eyes; "I *am* home. And as to the trembles—the shivers—how could they leave me, and he away? that's not possible; but if the wind changes he'll come in, and I can't go till he does, only it's foul now." We perceived two boys watching her from one of the low cliffs; they hastened to meet us. Her story had nothing peculiar in it, but it interested us much. The elder of the two boys was her brother, the younger her son. "His father," this fine intelligent little fellow told us, "was drowned at sea about six years ago, and his mother never was 'to say *right* since.' She was very bad entirely for as good as a year, and then the Lord riz her up a little, and put new life into her, but she grew bad again; and night and day they watched her for fear any harm would come to her. She thinks he'll come back—but he can't—he would if he could"—continued the boy, suppressing a gush of tears—"he would if he could I'm sure, but it's not God's will. She'll stand there till she drops from weakness or sleep, and then her brothers or sisters carry her home; when I'm a man I'll do so myself."

We asked him if his mother knew him?

"Oh, ah, does she!—and well—quite well—but she does not show it," he replied.

"Ah, Johnny, that's your fancy," said the elder. "He fancies his mammy knows him, but she doesn't."

"She does though!" retorted the child. "Sure my voice is the only one that makes her shed a tear!"

We cannot leave the town of Galway without directing the reader's attention to the marble manufactured there, and which so plentifully abounds throughout the county. The subject of Irish marbles is, indeed, one of vast importance; we shall not, therefore, apologise for treating it at some length. It may be made, under judicious management, a source of immense wealth to the island and employment to its people *.

The limestones of Ireland, which are capable of being applied, as marbles, to ornamental purposes, may be divided into three species. First, the limestone

* For the information here condensed we are mainly indebted to the kindness of James Bryce, Esq. M.A., F.G.S., whose assistance we have, on a former occasion, had to acknowledge.

which is imbedded in the primary rocks of many mountain tracts. It is of a highly crystalline structure, and never contains petrified shells or other fossil remains; its common colours are blue and white,—more rarely rose and dove. The blue varieties are found extensively over Tyrone, Western Derry, and the whole of Donegal; they are burnt for lime, but are unfit for ornamental purposes. The other varieties are frequent in Donegal, and of these the white is perhaps the most common. In some places, as at Dunlooky, near Arrigle mountain, at Muckish mountain, and in other parts, the component crystalline flakes of this variety become very small, its texture compact, and it passes into a fine statuary marble, very closely resembling that of Paros, or Carrara. We are informed by Dr. M'Donnell, that many years ago some pieces of this marble were sent to Nollekens, the celebrated sculptor, for his opinion. "Send me," said he, to Mr. Stuart of Ards, "a large, well-chosen, slab, and you will see what I shall make of it"—an expression that we may plainly construe into a favourable opinion. But nothing came of it; the slab seems never to have been sent. The late Sir Charles L. Giesecké, no mean authority, was of opinion that this marble was of "a superior quality for statuary and other ornamental purposes." So little of it, however, has yet been raised, that there can be no doubt the best quality of stone has not been reached. It has been often stated that the places where it occurs are of difficult access. The Rev. Dr. Bryce is of opinion, from what he observed during a late visit to the western and north-western portions of Donegal, that this white marble will be found imbedded in the mica slate of that county, in many places where it has not as yet been exposed to view; and that in several of these, as well as in some of those where it is already known to exist, water carriage could easily be applied to the transport of large blocks. Let us hope that the vast improvements which Lord George Hill, and other proprietors, are effecting in this county, will be the means of developing its great mineral resources, which are certainly far beyond what any one would suppose who is not well acquainted with its geological structure.

In the district of Connamara, and in the adjoining tracts, white and rose-coloured marbles occur in the same geological positions as those just mentioned. The great intermixture of serpentine and talc in all the rocks of this wild region, distinguish them remarkably from those of the rest of Ireland. The primary limestones, subordinate to these rocks, partake of the same character. Precious serpentine, of various shades of green and yellow, often mottled and striped, is intermixed with the white and rose-coloured limestones; and a very beautiful marble is thus produced, precisely the same in structure and appearance as the *verde antico* of Italy, and

undoubtedly the richest and finest ornamental stone yet found in these kingdoms. The most beautiful varieties occur at Ballynahinch and Clifden, in Connamara, where extensive quarries are, unhappily, but partially worked. It is much to be regretted that this beautiful marble is so little known. There are decided indications of its existence in other parts of the same district *.

* The marble obtained in the vicinity of Galway, and found in various other parts of the country, is black marble, of greater purity than any procured elsewhere in Great Britain. A factory to prepare it for the market is conducted in the town, by the Messrs. Franklin, of Liverpool, one of whom resides there, in order personally to superintend it. Having examined his quarries and his "saw-mill," we applied to him for such information as we desired to communicate to our readers, and with which he kindly furnished us.

"My quarries, on the banks of Loch Corrib," he says, "are situated on the estate of Sir Valentine Blake, and my right to search for Marble extends over the whole property, about nine miles; and as the greater portion is *Lime-stone*, there is a certainty of Marble being under the whole of that great space. The history of the quarry is a very simple one; an Englishman, whose name and occupation are lost, exploring the country for minerals more useful than ornamental, chanced to discover a stone of fine texture, which on polishing by a mason, was pronounced marble of a fine jet colour. He was unable to work from the want of means, but the fame of the discovery induced two brothers of the name of Ireland, then in an humble sphere, to get permission from the late Baronet, and on exporting a cargo to London, it met with an immediate sale among the merchants, at a high price. This was thirty years ago, and report attributes the Messrs. Ireland's rise in the world—the elder brother being a Justice of the Peace—to the fortunate working of the quarry. The price has lowered since then, while, from the difference of taste, and other causes, the demand is not so great as it should be. I have yet the pleasure of knowing it retains the highest reputation for its *purity from white specks*, its *jet colour*, and *the large sizes that can be obtained.* Some of the finest specimens I have sent to the London and Westminster Marble Company's Works, where they have been manufactured, and are now at the Duke of Hamilton's Palace, near Glasgow; the Entrance Hall and Grand Staircase being entirely composed of my Marble; some blocks are of the unusual dimensions of twelve feet long by ten feet broad, and one foot thick. The quarry is worked by manual labour, which is of course regulated by the extent of my orders. Seldom less than thirty men, and sometimes 150—fine athletic fellows; a distinct race, full of superstition, peaceful, and strictly moral, and honest; they are under the charge of my steward, an educated man for his sphere; he is as honest as the day, and could be trusted with untold gold. The first process in working is '*stripping*,' that is, in removing the twenty-five feet of limestone in beds or layers of one to two feet thick; this is done by aid of powder, and as the beds are so thin, the blasts can be only of the thickness of each bed; it is consequently a tedious and expensive operation. A range of ground is laid out at once, and stripping is continued the whole length, until the beds of Marble make their appearance. The rubbish is removed by carts, &c., and helps to form new roads and quays. The marble has now been got at, and it lies as even as a billiard-table, in layers of first, eight inch bed, second, one foot, third, fifteen inches and then six inches—inferior marble is below again, but the lake water would rise, and its quality would not repay the expense; the quarry has to be kept dry by the aid of pumps; the four beds are a total of three feet five inches thick. We then trace joints, which divide the blocks, and without them the difficulty of obtaining the marble would be great indeed. Holes are cut between the joints by the mallet and chisel, and wedges are struck down carefully until the blocks are forced out of their positions, where they have remained for ages. Hauled out of the quarry by the aid of strong 'crabs,' they undergo the process of 'blocking' and 'dressing;' they are then placed on boats, and brought down the lake to Galway, three miles, placed on the quay, and removed to the docks by wagons for the purpose.

"I have the satisfaction of saying that though the men are engaged in perilous operations, yet from the time I have been connected with them, now five years, not an accident has occurred. You are aware of the saw-mill I have erected for the purpose of cutting the blocks into slabs of any thickness. The machinery is very complete and simple; the whole of it was made by Messrs. Lee, Watson, and Co., St. Helens, Lancashire, who have given me every satisfaction; and for the first time put in practice an invention of theirs—that of rising or lowering the water-wheel *three feet!* as also the *bed of the river!* Great credit is due to them

The next species of limestone is that which is distinguished by the name carboniferous, from its lying immediately under coal, and being the basis or support of that rock. It has been termed mountain limestone in England, and the name Irish-bog limestone has been suggested as the most applicable in Ireland. It occupies nearly two-thirds of the surface of the country, forming the substratum of all the rich plains and bleak boggy tracts of the midland counties, from Donegal and Monaghan to Cork and Kerry, and stretching out often to the sea shore by the deeply indented bays of the western and south-western coasts. It is well distinguished from the former species by containing a great variety of petrified shells and corallines. It is hard, and generally more or less crystalline; is of great vertical thickness, and can be distinctly separated into four subdivisions, which, in an ascending order, are as follows:—1. Limestone interstratified with yellow sandstone. 2. Lower limestone. 3. Impure black limestone or calp, with sandstone and shale. 4. Upper limestone. This last is of trifling extent; the three others are largely developed in various parts of the country. It is the second or lower limestone which yields almost all the marbles belonging to this formation. Mr. Griffiths (Second Rep. of Rail. Com. App., No. 1.) observes that "nearly all the marble quarries occur near the outer edge of the limestone boundary, where it rests, either on the yellow sandstone, or some older rock. When they are met with in the interior, detached hills of yellow sandstone rise up from beneath the limestone strata, in their immediate neighbourhood; thus showing that the marble beds do belong to the lower portion of the series." The following account, by the same author, of the principal localities is from the same Report. "The undermost beds of this lower limestone are often silicious and impure, with a dark grey or bluish-grey colour. In many localities, as the beds accumulate they become black, and the structure so crystalline that the rock takes a high polish, and is used for marble. Thus

for the masterly manner in which they have executed the work. You saw blocks in, I think, of large dimensions; I have now in one of the frames, (the others take in as large,) one block twelve feet long by six feet high, and *fourteen blades!* which, when I have plenty of water, can be cut through in eight days."

The "green marble" of Connamara, from the quarries of Thomas Martin, Esq., of Ballynahinch, and Hyacinth D'Arcy, Esq., of Clifden, is exceedingly beautiful; so beautiful, indeed, that it only requires to be more generally known to be brought into extensive use. A prejudice seems to exist against it in the English market, which only time and perseverance can overcome; and even in Ireland it seems to be treated with singular and unaccountable neglect. In the workroom of a polisher, named Clare, in Galway, we examined a chimney-piece of great beauty, which had remained on his hands some years, and for which he could not find a purchaser. We obtained from him a large slab—it is not too much to say that it would be impossible to procure a specimen to surpass it in beauty from any quarry in the world. It measures three feet in length by two feet in breadth, and about an inch and a half in thickness. We paid for it the sum of £3. 10s. This slab was from the Ballynahinch quarry; that raised from the quarry of Mr. D'Arcy is not, at present, so good.

black marbles occur, and are quarried very extensively near the western boundary of the limestone district of the county of Galway, between Oughterard and Lough Corrib; also near the town of Galway, and hence to Oranmore. The same kind of marble is found at Westport, in Mayo; and near Carlow and Kilkenny. Mottled black-and-white marble occurs at Mitchelstown; also, filled with organic remains, in the neighbourhood of Cork, and many other places. Where carbon, the colouring matter, is wanting, we have crystalline marble of various tints; as brownish-red at Armagh; white and red striped at Killarney, Kenmare, Cork harbour, and Castletown, nine miles north of Nenagh in Tipperary; red and yellowish-white at Clononey, in the King's County; and brownish-red, mottled with grey of various shades, at Ballymahon, in Longford. Grey and dove marbles occur at many places, particularly at the base of the Curlew Mountain, near Lough Arrow, in Sligo; near the Seven Churches, south of Athlone; and at Carrickacrump, near Cloyne, in the county of Cork."

Hence we see that the secondary strata, as well as the primary, yield an abundant supply of beautiful marbles, which only require enterprise and a small outlay of capital, to render them a source of great wealth to the country.

A third species of limestone is found exclusively in the counties of Antrim and Derry. Its colour is white, occasionally varied with different shades of yellow, blue, and red. It is identical in geological position, mineral structure, and in its fossils, with the English chalk, though possessing a very superior degree of hardness. Handsome small ornaments are sometimes made of varieties having pleasing colours; and slabs of it have been stained in imitation of foreign marbles: but in its common state it is by no means adapted for ornamental purposes, as its structure is not crystalline, and it is traversed by frequent cracks, so that large blocks can seldom be obtained. When, however, the strata of this limestone are intersected by whin-dikes, or invaded by erupted masses of basalt, its structure and appearance are completely changed. The effect of the intense heat to which it has been thus subject, *under pressure*, has been to induce a new arrangement of its particles, and to develop a highly crystalline structure throughout large masses. In this state it bears a striking resemblance to Carrara marble; and the tendency to split in all directions being destroyed, large slabs can be easily procured. There are two or three places in the county of Antrim, where it occurs in so great quantity that quarries could be opened upon it. It has rarely, if ever, been employed for any purpose of ornament; but some idea of its durability may be formed, from the fact that Dr. M'Donnell found in Rathlin a chiselled mass of it in perfect preservation, though it had

been built into the walls of three successive churches—thus standing the exposure of more than 300 years. Connected with this subject, it is a highly interesting fact, that the Carrara marble, so long regarded as a primary limestone, imbedded among the older rocks, has been lately shown to be a secondary limestone, contained amid fossiliferous rocks, and metamorphosed into its present state of a crystalline marble by the long contact of igneous matter erupted among the strata from the interior of the earth.

Leaving Galway town, the tourist will proceed to Outerard *en route* to Connamara. Outerard is a small, but exceedingly neat town; close to it is the residence of the representative of the "ferocious O'Flaherties" once the terror of the district, and in its immediate neighbourhood, is a singular natural bridge, over which the old coach-road runs, and under which flows a river, one of the tributaries to Lough Corrib. The bridge is of black marble, of which there is an extensive quarry in the neighbourhood. When within a few miles of this pretty town, our astonishment was excited by perceiving a prodigious collection of cromleachs, of the existence of which, we believe, no traveller has taken note, but which certainly demands extensive and minute investigation. These huge circles of stone were so numerous, that at first we imagined them to be merely accidental occurrences in the rocky soil; but repeated examinations convinced us that they were as much artificial erections as any of the monuments, of which we have encountered so many in various parts of the country. Mr. Fairholt made drawings of several; we do not consider it necessary to engrave them, for they differ in no respect from the examples we have already given. This great city of the Druids—for such it undoubtedly is—lies between Galway and Outerard, but much nearer the latter town, upon the old road; yet the road is not so old but that searchers after antiquities must have often traversed it. It occupies the whole of an extended plain, on the height of a steep hill, and in the valley beneath is seen the old castle of Aughanure *. The space literally covered by these

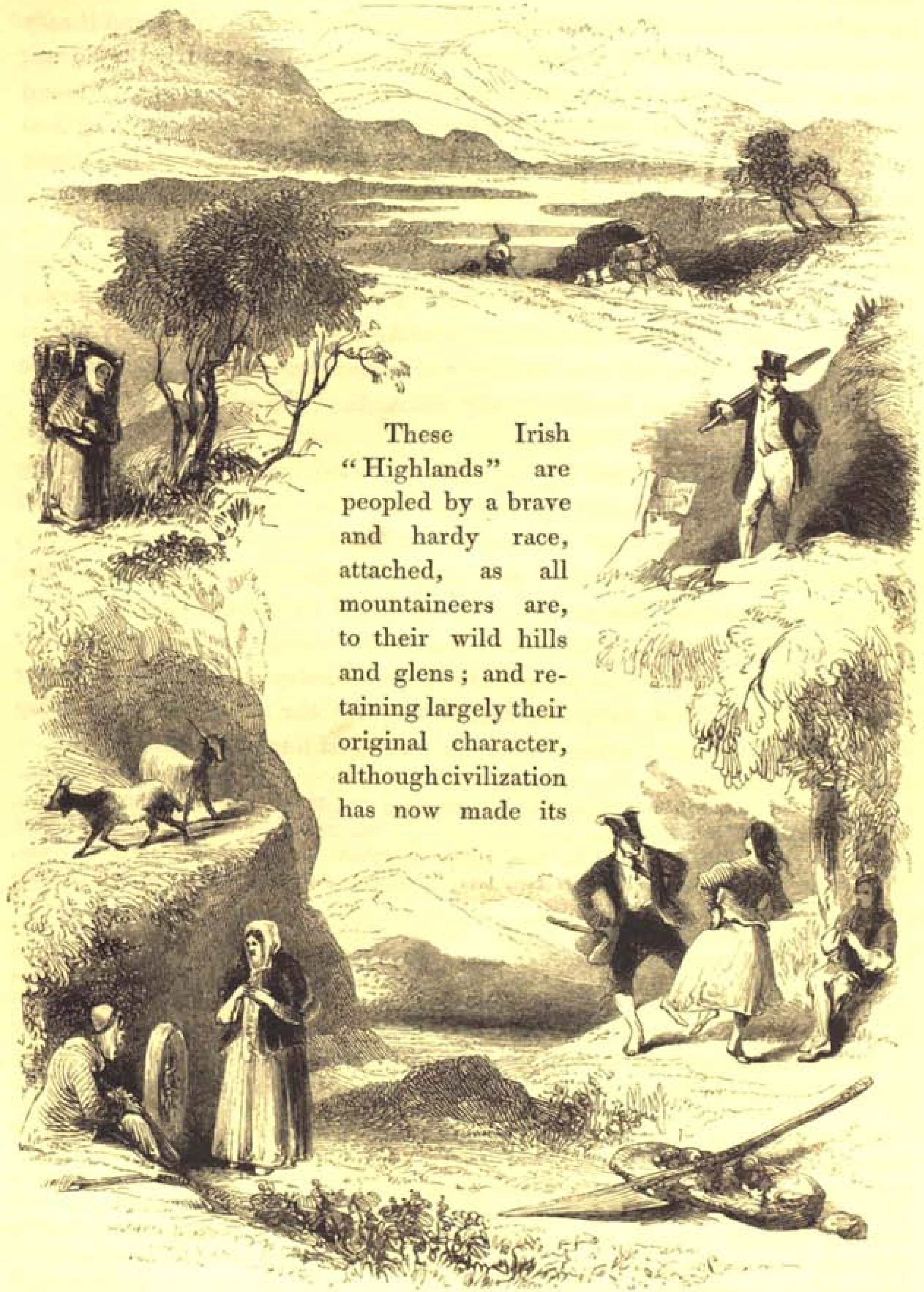
* This was the fortress of the O'Flaherties, and the chief seat of their feudal grandeur. The castle, though greatly dilapidated by Time, is "still in sufficient preservation to convey to those who may examine its ruins a vivid impression of the domestic habits and peculiar household economy of an old Irish chief of nearly the highest rank. His house, a strong and lofty tower, stands in an ample court-yard, surrounded by outworks perforated with shot-holes, and only accessible though its drawbridge gateway-tower. The river, which conveyed his boats to the adjacent lake, and supplied his table with the luxuries of trout and salmon, washes the rock on which its walls are raised, and forms a little harbour within them. Cellars, bake-houses, and houses for the accommodation of his numerous followers, are also to be seen; and an appendage not usually found in connexion with such fortresses also appears, namely, a spacious banquetting-hall for the revels of peaceful times, the ample windows of which exhibit a style of architecture of no small elegance of design and execution." A writer in the *Dublin Penny Journal* gives "an idea of the class of persons by whom the chief was attended, and who occasionally required accommodation in his mansion." They are thus enumerated in an ancient manuscript preserved in the College Library:—O'Canavan, his physician; Mac

Druidic stones of all shapes and sizes, extends for above two miles, and we imagine it would not be difficult to count a thousand of them. We found it easy to trace out the circles in nearly every instance in which we tried to do so; here and there, the stones that completed it were lost, but generally we found that one had been built into the hedge, or into the gable of a house, or had sunk into the ground until nearly imperceptible, or had left some fragments, to show where it had been. The circles were of varied sizes, some very small, in others so large as apparently to be half a mile in circumference, and although in most instances the props which supported the huge rock had crumbled under its weight, sufficient proofs of their former existence were left in nearly every case. Our leisure did not permit us to make a very minute scrutiny of this truly wonderful place, but our brief note of it may, and no doubt will, induce such an examination as it undoubtedly demands. We earnestly recommend it to the attention of Mr. Windele.

From Outerard our route lay to Clifden, a distance of twenty miles, along a road, "smooth as a bowling-green" all the way, into the very heart of Connamara. But over this road we cannot hasten, for it is full of interest; and here begin the wonders that will keep the mind and eye gratified and excited, during a tour that certainly cannot find its parallel in the United Kingdom; not alone in its amount of natural beauties, or in scenery that for wild grandeur surpasses the imagination; the country is almost entirely one vast collection of raw material, languishing for the aid of man to develop its wealth, and render it available for the service of humankind.*

Gillegannan, chief of the horse; O'Colgan, his standard-bearer; Mac Kinnon and O'Mulavill, his brehons, or judges; the O'Duvans, his attendants on ordinary visitings; Mac Gille-Kelly, his ollave in genealogy and poetry; Mac Beolain, his keeper of the black bell of St. Patrick; O'Donnell, his master of revels; O'Kicherain and O'Conlachtna, the keepers of his bees; O'Murgaile, his chief steward, or collector of his revenues.

* "It was impossible to cast the eye over the vast inclined plains of bog-land, skirted by fine water levels, which seemed to invite draining, without feeling a conviction of the immense capabilities of this part of Ireland; and seeing, in prospective, these vast tracts bearing abundant produce—and the chains of lochs carrying that produce—on the one side, to Loch Corrib and Galway bay; and, on the other, to Birterbuy bay, or one of the other bays which lie to the westward. Some improvements are at present in progress by a gentleman who holds land under Mr. St. George, one of the proprietors of Connemara: but I believe there are certain obstacles in the way of success. I question whether much ever will, or can be done, in cultivating the waste reclaimable lands of Ireland, by the proprietors themselves. Capital and enterprise are alike wanting. This, however, it is—the cultivation of the reclaimable wastes, that can alone provide permanent employment for the people, and effect a real change in their condition. To cultivate lands, where the produce cannot be taken cheap to market, would, of course, be the act of an insane person; but if government were to provide, in the first place, for the transmission of produce, by the construction of roads wherever wanted, and of canals, or river navigation, wherever practicable, (by which employment would be found for the people, and poverty and idleness, the great feeders of agitation, in part removed,) we are entitled to believe that capital would flow in the direction where it would be wanted, and where a certain return would await its employment."—*Inglis' Tour in Ireland.*



These Irish "Highlands" are peopled by a brave and hardy race, attached, as all mountaineers are, to their wild hills and glens; and retaining largely their original character, although civilization has now made its

way where the invader could never enter. Their habits and customs are comparatively as unchanged by time as their mountains, lakes, and Old Ocean—the natural barriers by which their "Kingdom" is encompassed. Much of the primitive state of Connamara even now endures; although it is no longer regarded as the "Ultima Thule" of barbarism. The name signifies "the bays of the sea." Its western boundary is the Atlantic. Its rugged coast is indented with harbours. It seems as if cut off from intercourse with the world by its lakes, and mountains, on the north, south, and east; and it appears as if still left to the sole government of "untamed nature."

"The Kingdom of Connamara,"—for so was this terra incognita styled before it contained other than bridle-roads, when it was considered an inhospitable desert; a refugium for malefactors, where "the king's writ could not run;" and where, it was presumed, no rational being would dare to venture, —this still wild, but now civilised and frequented, district, is supposed to extend from Galway town to Killery harbour, bounded on the east by the great lakes, Mask and Corrib, and on the west by the Atlantic; the major part of it being a broad promontory stretching out into the ocean between the two great bays. Some forty or fifty years ago it was almost unknown; the British law was as inoperative there as in the centre of New Holland; there was scarcely a road over which a wheeled carriage could pass; nothing resembling an inn was to be found; the owners of its soil reigned almost as supreme as the petty despots of Swabia; and the people, although brave and hospitable, were as rude and neglected as the bare rocks among which they lived to force a meagre sustenance from the sterile soil. Of late years, however, this state of things has been altogether changed: nature has been subdued; nearly every portion of the district has been rendered accessible, and its vast treasures have been brought within reach, not alone of the legislator and the philanthropist, but of the antiquary, the sportsman, the artist, and the naturalist. In fact, now-a-days, few parts of the Queen's dominions are better known; for its numerous advantages have attracted "mobs of tourists," and by many of them its peculiarities have been communicated to the world. And amply will it repay the visitor, whatever may be the object of his visit—whether health, amusement, or information.

Let us pause awhile, before we enter Connamara; and take some note of the peasant women of this wild and primitive district. Soon after he approaches Tuam—indeed, to some extent, immediately upon leaving the Province of Leinster—the tourist will have learned that he is approaching the "far west" by the red woollen draperies which show so conspicuously, and with so picturesque an effect, upon the bright green slopes of the

surrounding hills, or among the depths of the still greener valleys. This woollen is made in the cabins by the hands of the fair owners, and dyed by them from logwood; literally, according to the old song,

"They shear their own sheep, and they wear it."

Its weight produces a massive character of drapery; the form, although not left altogether as "free as nature made it," is unrestrained by superabundant clothing; good nursing gives the women good shapes; there are seldom any "angles" about them; the custom of carrying burthens upon their heads makes them remarkably erect—to quote from another old song,

"As tall and straight as a poplar tree;"

and they are usually as lithsome and free of limb as the young antelope of the desert. Mr. Harvey has supplied us with a series of sketches of these mountain maidens; we have his assurance that each and all of them are "taken from the life;" and we, who have seen originals quite as graceful, can well believe him; although we shall find it difficult to persuade our readers that the pictures owe absolutely nothing to the painter's fancy.

We shall sketch a few of them, at random, as they occurred to him or to us. One we call to mind whom we encountered, descending a hill adjacent to Delphi. The outline of her features was as purely Greek, as if she had been born and "reared"

"Where burning Sappho loved and sang."

She followed us down the hill, bearing upon one arm the roll of worsted stuff, she was conveying to some neighbouring dyer; and leading a tethered kid—probably an offering in exchange for logwood. Her hair was banded over her brow, and confined by a gay-coloured kerchief, which passed

over her head under the chin, and back, so as to fasten, on the top of the head, beneath the hood of her cloak; her nose was well formed and straight —quite straight—and her brow was finely arched; the chin, a feature so seldom seen in perfection, was exquisitely modelled; and as she only knew a few words of English, her gestures, expressive of her wants and wishes, were full of eloquence. She was particularly anxious we should purchase the kid, and thus enable her to make a better bargain with the dyer; she assured us, in broken English, "it was good for eat—nice little goat for eat, or pet"—and then she patted its shaggy ears, and the young thing looked with so much affection in its large eyes towards her, that we could not have killed it had we been half starved.

Goats trot about with the peasantry very frequently, and are in admirable keeping with the wild beauty of the landscape. You hear their bleat from inaccessible mountains, and you meet them with the women by the well sides, and the running waters*. A sudden turn in one of the hill roads brought us, one sultry morning, to where two young woman had been filling their large brown water pitchers; one stood with her large eyes, whose lashes swept her cheeks, bent on the ground, the pitcher resting on her hip, and her cloak and apron, even her short woollen petticoat, falling into graceful draperies around her; her

* Of all animals the goat seems the most valuable to the mountain peasant. Where there are no young trees to be injured, they may browse at large on the mountain brakes, without expense; and Martin Doyle says, that if housed they can be supported on whins, the refuse of cabbage, the peelings of potatoes, and such worthless food; to those whose poverty cannot afford a cow, the goat is a real treasure, when yielding milk, which she will for several months, at the average of two quarts per day. Goats' cheese is wholesome, and the hair makes excellent linsey; it is grievous, when the value of this little animal is properly understood, to see a female kid sold for a shilling or tenpence—a not uncommon price.

companion, whose back was to us, was chattering away "most eloquently," her abundant hair was twisted into a knot behind, and fastened with that object of Irish maiden ambition, " a crooked comb." A two-eared pitcher was balanced on her head, and her cloak, looped up by her graceful attitude, displayed more of her finely formed limbs than was quite seemly; and this she thought, for the moment a pause in her chatter permitted her to hear the rattle of our car, she dropped her arm, and the cloak fell. These girls were followed to this lonely place by a goat, who pricked up its ears at our intrusion. We paused, to ask for a drink of water; the girl advanced, dropt a curtesy, while she presented the pitcher, and said " Wishing it was wine."*

We had more conversation however with the " knitters" than with any other class of peasants. They deal more with strangers than with their own people, and we assure our readers that " Connamara stockings," or socks, are exceedingly soft and warm, composed of pure unadulterated wool; the wool of those little mountain sheep, which are even of greater value than the goats we have mentioned. Men's long stockings can be obtained for one shilling, or less, a pair, socks for sixpence, or even fourpence, if persons can be found to give no more. They knit with extraordinary rapidity, and, like others who practise what the Quaker called " turning long needles," without looking at their work: thus they trot

* These courteous and poetical wishes are of every-day hearing, and some of them are quite oriental. " God grant you to be as happy as the flowers in May "—" The Almighty shower down blessings on your head day and night "—" God grant you a long life, and a happy death "—" God's fresh blessing be about you "—" May your bed be made in Heaven "—" The blessings of God be with you ever and always "—" May the light of Heaven shine on your grave "—" May the sun never be too hot, nor the wind too cold for you "—" May the smile of the Lord light you to glory." These, and a hundred others, are surely as beautiful as any orientalisms, quoted as models of expression.—Perhaps we have noted some of them before, but we were never more impressed by their effect than while in Connamara.

from cabin to cabin, and the itinerant knitter, a woman who has no home of her own, if she is quick and clever at her calling, makes out a very good living. She will "go on a visit" for two or three months in "the bad times," or "a hard summer," to a neighbouring farmer, and knit out her board and lodging, stealing an hour betimes to keep "feet on herself," or to knit a pair for some poor "Christian" or pilgrim—"that have no time to do it for themselves on account of the hours they spend making their soul." The knitter has invariably a store of superstitions, and both old and new tales, and sings songs—old ballads it does the heart good to hear, thrilling with the wild, earnest power of Irish harmony—and in the mountain passes it is not unlikely that you hear her wild melody long before you overtake her, as she goes, though long past the morning of life, straight as an arrow, and with a brisk mountain-step, from one village or solitary house to another*.

Certainly Galway abounds in picturesque women. Their long graceful limbs move with so much ease, and the cloak—so truly the shroud of all untidiness, that we should, from patriotic feelings, as we have before said, wish it altogether abandoned—drops into such really classic folds, that every

* She is invariably well received, for though knitting is her profession, she is a "knowledgeable" woman in all things, and moreover a practical match-maker, taking part in general against the "foolishness of love," and siding with the fathers and mothers, unless indeed a rich young farmer fancies one "not his equal all out, barrin' the beauty," and then the knitter is inclined to the "colleen;" for "why should not the young farmer choose?—he has enough for both. Why not? he paid her double for every pair of stockings she ever knit him,—an' troth it's him that has the handsome foot and leg to set off a stocking." The knitter professes perfect disinterestedness in all matrimonial matters, and perhaps, so deceptive is human nature, that she thinks she *is* disinterested, though the "might" is her "right." One indeed we knew, who had such a tender heart "towards the innocent young craythurs in love," that she was everlastingly in hot water with the elders, who declared she knit with "*double* needles," signifying that she was deceitful, and consequently she was very unpopular, until the young persons she patronised married—then they did not forget her kindness.

The "knitters" were not unfrequently "keeners," none being better qualified to celebrate the praises of the dead than those who knew so much about the living; and the facility with which they "wove in" the various qualities of the person they "keened" with the established themes of the death-song evinced much tact, if not much talent. The knitter, too, is frequently "a mighty fine hand entirely" at the "quilting"—considered a very valuable acquirement—and can "stitch in" the "waves," or "diamonds," or "hexagon's," "wonderful!"—she can also toss cups, and read them "like print," without once "setting down the needles;" she has a knowledge in charms, and can keep off an ague fit, and give a cure for the heartburn, and her "cures" are greatly praised by the old people; for whether she prescribes "herbs" or "roots," she steeps, or rather did steep, them all in whisky "flavoured" with a "little grain of sugar." Her pockets are sometimes capacious enough to contain some dark-brown hard gingerbread cakes, an extraordinary treat for the children; and if she goes to a station, she invariably brings away a bottle of holy water for her friends; she piques herself upon her "good breeding," and when you meet her, or pass her on the roadside, she invariably makes both her needles and herself come to a dead stand-still, and then drops so low a curtsey that you wonder how she ever gets up again. We are picturing the professional knitter; but nearly all the women of Connamara knit more or less; and the tourist will be sure to be surrounded by a band of them the moment he stops at any well-known resting-place.

movement of the figure forms an artistic study. Look at this poor woman; can anything be more beautiful than the way the hood falls round her head, sheltering, but not concealing, the well-developed features. —The cherub face of the child hardly expresses the infant beauty so frequently met with amongst a population so poor, yet so patient; and the manner in which she enfolds it is expressive of the utmost tenderness. The Irish women generally carry their children on their backs —a sort of national pick-a-back—and it is nothing uncommon to see two laughing rosy faces, or two pallid from the ravaging disease of hunger, peering above their mother's shoulders.

Our attention was one day called to a young girl in the town of Galway who had "come in" for the purpose of selling two lambs; her sweetheart had gone to sea, bequeathing his mother, a very infirm old woman, to her care. Soon after his departure, she left her father's more comfortable dwelling to reside in the woman's cabin; so that, as she said herself, "she might watch the craythur day and night, seeing she had no one to look to her." Her parents were strongly impressed with the idea that she had thrown her affections away upon a wild sailor, who would forget her; but her faith in him was unbounded. A sheep was part of her fortune, and this she took with her; it grazed among the crags, and in good time brought her twin lambs*. These

* We wonder that the poor Irish do not make as much use of the milk of the sheep as they do of the milk of the goat. The little agile mountain sheep take admirable care of themselves, except during the very cold weather, when they can be easily protected; nor are they, most probably from their lightness, subject to the foot-rot, which destroys so many of what are, undoubtedly, a better breed of sheep. This interesting animal seems to have had its existence almost contemporaneously with man, and has been always valued; nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider its utility: it supplies us with food and clothing; every lock of wool provides employment and support to various trades, and furnishes a considerable article of

she hoped to have been able to keep towards the formation of a mountain flock; but the season was so "pinching," that to support her old friend she brought the lambs into town for sale. The two creatures were coupled together like hounds; and as she stood, her eyes cast down, yet looking from them, it was impossible not to note the sorrow that was stamped upon her gentle features. Several asked the price, and after beating her down, turned away without purchasing. This continued for some time, until at last she sat down, and passing her long arm round her fleecy charge, began to cry. "I'm loath to part them, yet I must part them for what they'll bring. Every one is the same; it's bitter poverty that would make me part anything that has life in it."

"Then why don't you go to your own home, Mary, and take your lammies with you?"

"I am in my own home," she answered. "Sure it isn't because the woman is poor and friendless that you'd have me leave it, is it?" At last a rough-coated farmer, touched by her distress, offered her the fair value of her lambs. At first she eagerly accepted his proposal; but when she placed the tether in his hand, she raised her eyes imploringly to his face. "Sure it isn't going to kill them ye are?" "No, my dear, it is not; I'd be sorry to hurt a curl of their wool; they'll go to my own flock." "God bless you," she said, and departed with a smiling countenance.

But one of the most interesting of all the graceful women of this interesting district was a peasant, who had been eminently handsome, and

commerce in all parts of the world. Indeed so much and such varied occupation does the fleece of the sheep afford to tradesmen, that the Draper's Company originally intended to assume this quaint motto, "No ram, no lamb;—no lamb, no sheep;—no sheep, no wool;—no wool, no woolman;—no woolman, no spinner;—no spinner, no weaver;—no weaver, no cloth;—no cloth, no clothier; no clothier, no cloth-worker, fuller, tucker, shearman,—or *draper!*"

was still remarkable for a singular and graceful deportment; hers was a touching instance of female devotion to what it had loved from childhood, and which no circumstances could change: Nancy had loved her cousin James something, (we have forgotten the name,) and after much delay and endurance, had received the priest's permission to marry, and just when everything was arranged, that is, a sufficient sum collected to pay "his reverence," the bachelor changed his mind, and went off to a "couple-beggar" with another cousin, for the priest of his parish refused to sanction such inconstancy.

"Let him go," said poor Nancy, "let him go, I owe him no ill-will; if the change was to come over him, it is a deal better it should come before he couldn't go back of his humour; only think what I'd have to go through, if he turned against me *after* he married me—let him go." Nancy soon had another, and another lover, but she never heeded their love: she did not shun the long walk to the chapel with her friends, nor the society of the turf-diggers, and she was as ready as ever at "a quilting." And our readers may as well know, that when after the occupation of several years a patched quilt was really finished, it used to be a general practice for several young women to volunteer their services to "quilt it," that is, to run the patchwork and a lining together in various patterns, the thing of many colours being fastened in a frame for the purpose, which frame was frequently borrowed, and brought a journey of several miles. Nancy could both hand and frame quilt, so that she was of great value on all quilting occasions. She did not shun society—but she did not seek it, and it was remarked that she seemed often "sad in herself." About a year after her cousin had so cruelly deserted her, she was bringing home a very heavy load of turf strapped by a band across her forehead, so as to rest upon her shoulders; her mother was feeble, and she left the bog to get home early, but, fatigued with the exertions of the past day, she rested her burden on some stones, and stooped to bathe her heated forehead in the running brook:—

"Nancy!" exclaimed an almost breathless voice, "Nancy! for the love of God come with me; I've been to three of the houses, and can't see a living creature, man or woman, they're all on the bog I suppose clamping turf, and poor Mary seems in the pains of death." Nancy felt as if stricken with death herself—it was her cousin who addressed her.

"This is no time to think what a vagabond I behaved to you, she is of your own blood as well as me; but if you choose to turn it into black blood," added the impetuous young man, "you may."

Nancy wiped her face, and turning to him, answered, "I have no black

blood to either of you, and if it is with her as I suppose, I'll go now, only you had better run for wiser help than mine."

"God bless you, Nancy! God in heaven bless you! it's little I deserve a good turn at your hands—anyhow, you know the house and have near a mile to get to it." The young man ran off rapidly, and almost as rapidly Nancy pursued the mountain path that led to his cottage; but when she arrived, all was over; there was a very old woman weeping by the bed-side of the dead mother of a living child.

Nancy took the infant in her arms, and while her tears fell upon its little face, she despoiled herself of a portion of her clothing to preserve its existence: in about an hour the widowed husband returned accompanied by others, but Nancy was gone; the agony of the young man was intense, and a few days found him in a raging fever, which terminated his existence. No matter how wretchedly poor a district may be, there is always some one found in Ireland to take care of an infant orphan; the little creature had homes enough, there was not a woman within ten miles of that mountain-cottage who would not have taken that miserable baby to her own bosom, and shared the food of her half-fed children with "the orphan;" but Nancy claimed the child she had been the first to feed and clothe: "God who knows my heart," she said in the under-tone deep of feeling, "God who knows my heart, knows that above all things on earth, far, far before my own life, I loved its father; it's no harm for me to own it now when

both him and his young wife are in their graves; and when my mother and many of my people said how angry I ought to be, I only felt *heart*-sore that I did not deserve him,—for sure if I had, I'd have had him! I'll never have a *born* child of my own, I know, but maybe when I'm ould, and those that are young with me now will be ould with me, then, maybe, she'll keep the youth in my heart:—but there's enough about it, I'll take her for better for worse, and share what I have with her while I live."

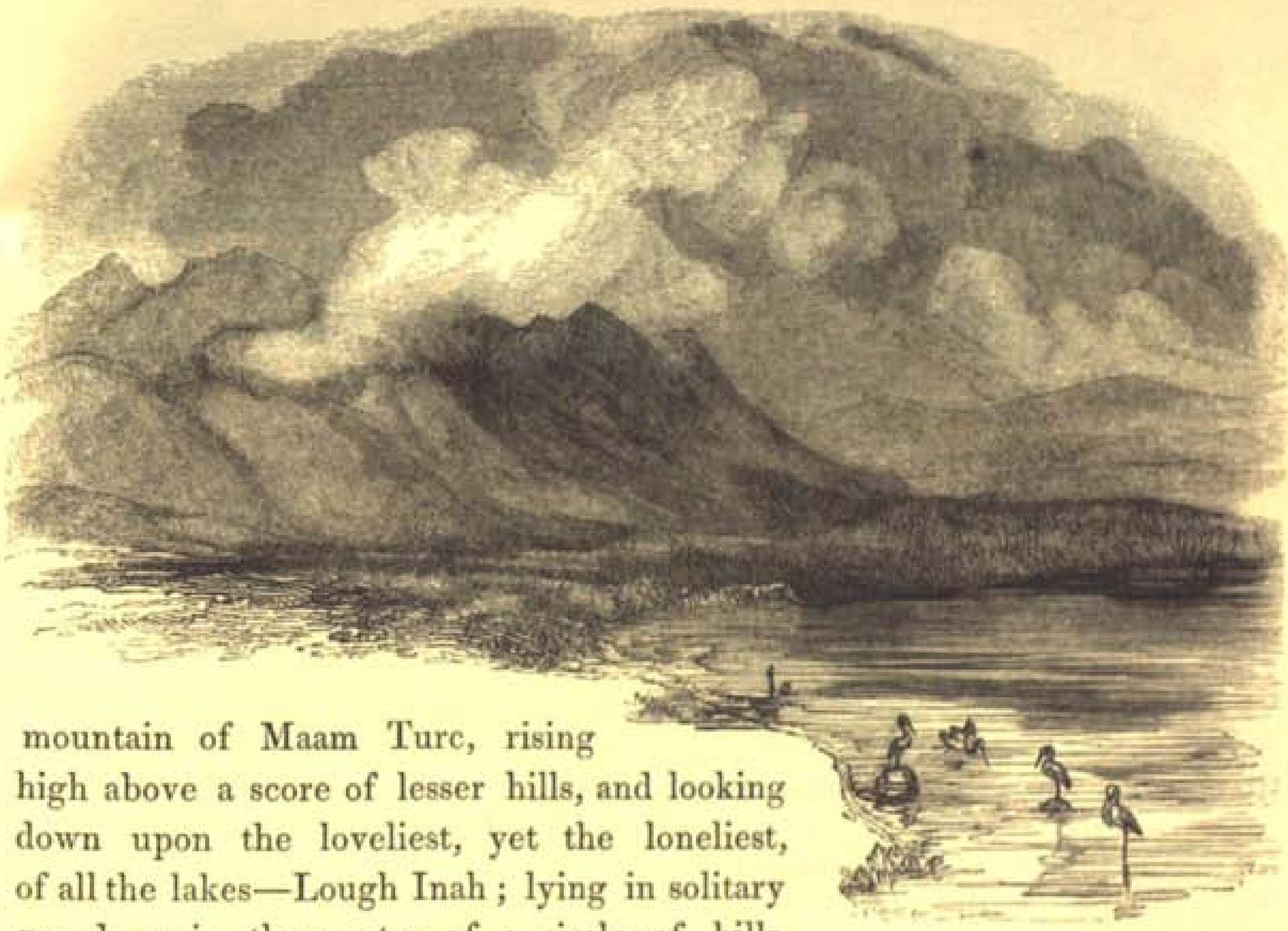
And so she did, and does; we saw her bringing up a load of turf to the inn-door, one hand resting caressingly upon the neck of the donkey who bore the creels upon his back, while the little black-eyed, wild-haired creature of her adoption stepped out freely by her side. Nothing can exceed her affection for the child, whom she brings daily to school, and who seems equally attached to "mammy Nancy."

The road from Outerard to Clifden—a distance of twenty-four miles—is now as fine a road as any in Great Britain *. Nevertheless it is still chiefly a waste; the cabins of the peasantry are "few and far between;" and there is but one house of entertainment on the whole route. This is a small cottage, distinguished as "Flyn's Hotel," consisting of two rooms—the dining-hall containing three beds. It is resorted to as a "half-way house" for refreshing horses, and is now and then used by anglers, who may be indifferent to any enjoyment except that which they find in such abundance by the sides of the broad rivers and lakes. Before he reaches "Flyn's," however, the tourist will probably turn off to the right, to visit Maam—distant about four miles from the main road. Maam should, indeed, be his first resting-place, for here the inland glories of Connamara are seen to great advantage †. He is now, and has been for some time, in the country of lakes, where they assume all shapes, and are of sizes singularly varied. The mountains are on either side, pouring down their supplies, in rivers, broad or narrow, but ever rapid, and

* It is told of Col. Martin that he once boasted to the Prince of Wales, "to put him out of conceit with Windsor Park," that the avenue to his hall-door was thirty miles long. And in one sense it actually was, for the road from Outerard to Ballynahinch, the seat of the Martins, led to no other place. One of Bianconi's cars conveys passengers from Outerard to Clifden. But there is no other public conveyance through Connamara. Private cars are however to be procured in several places—the charge being for one person 6*d*., for two persons 8*d*., and for three persons 10*d*. a mile. During "the season," however, these cars are frequently pre-engaged; and the tourist will do well to make such arrangements beforehand as may secure uninterrupted progress.

† The tourist, if he enter Galway by way of Westport, will still do wisely to drive on to Maam from Leenane, a distance of seven or eight miles, and after spending two or three days at Maam, return to Leenane, to commence his route along the coast to Clifden. The better course is, undoubtedly, that which we are now pursuing—leaving the main road, proceeding to Maam, and returning again into the direct route to Clifden.

rushing over, or around, huge rocks that divert their channels, so that each is twisted into singular forms before it reaches the plain upon which we are now traversing. Immediately "at the turn down to Maam" is one of the most beautiful and picturesque of these lakes—"the Lake of many Islands"—surrounded by thick underwood, and full of small islets on which the furze, broom, and heather flourish luxuriantly. On the right is the western bank of Lough Corrib; and occasionally views are caught of the whole expanse of this great sheet of water. On the left is the noble



mountain of Maam Turc, rising high above a score of lesser hills, and looking down upon the loveliest, yet the loneliest, of all the lakes—Lough Inah; lying in solitary grandeur in the centre of a circle of hills, each impassable, except to the pedestrian, or to one of the little sure-footed ponies, that are never known to stumble, and will bear almost incredible fatigue, although fed only upon the thin herbage of the boggy soil, and looking so poor and wretched that a hill-blast would seem sufficient to upset them. Yet these ragged-coated "steeds" not uncommonly journey forty miles without other refreshment than the "draim" of oatmeal and water. We have been travelling upon the road made by the justly-celebrated engineer, Mr. Nimmo—one of the benefactors of Ireland, who civilised this wild district; and as we approach Maam, we arrive in sight of his pretty cottage, built for his accommodation while superintending his "works." It is now the "Maam Hotel," and stands beside an elegant bridge which

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crosses an arm of Lough Corrib, where the lake is joined by the river Bealnabrack.

At Maam the tourist must rest. He is in the midst of a host of natural wonders; within reach of all the leading beauties of the district; and he will be domiciled at one of the most comfortable inns in the kingdom *.

* The landlord is named Rourke; and he was for some years a waiter at Gresham's Hotel, in Dublin. He has been, therefore, educated to his calling—a rare circumstance among persons of his class in Ireland. He is, consequently, not above his business, which he "condescends" to look after himself—a fact equally uncommon at inns in Ireland. He waits upon his guests, and ascertains that all their wants and comforts are cared and provided for. His servants are remarkably considerate and attentive; his cars are well horsed and in good order: his principal driver, a very civil, communicative, and obliging fellow, knows every inch of the country; and the charges are exceedingly moderate. Indeed he has introduced the elegancies and luxuries of "Gresham's" into Connamara, without its rates of payment—its "bill of fare" without its accompaniment of prices. The locality is admirably suited to persons who, having plenty of leisure, desire to examine every part of the district by making occasional "trips." It is about eight or ten miles from all the most attractive points in the scenery—being nearly equidistant from Cong, Delphi, and Clifden. It is situated on the most beautiful and interesting portion of Lough Corrib, where the mountain breezes are peculiarly healthful and invigorating; and in the very centre of pleasure to the sportsman. No person can better than Mr. Rourke direct the tourist as to the mode in which he may most beneficially divide his time, so as to turn it to the best account. All travellers unite in lauding the *ménage* of the inn and the attention of its landlord. We should omit to do our duty if we did not join them in praising both. The situation of the Inn is most happy; it stands in the very focus of all that is grand and beautiful of a district abounding in beauties. From its windows may be seen Lough Corrib, and the island and castle in its centre; opposite are the "Twelve Pins," an hour's walk from the hotel placing the visitor in the midst, with the solitary and majestic Loch Inah at his feet. The road to Leenane is exceedingly grand; the varied shape and constant novelty of the ever-changing scene, as the tourist winds along this route, amply repay fatigue; half-way from the hotel, crowning a small (and perhaps artificial) hill, stand the remains of an ancient cahir, or hill-fort, now

There was nothing in Connamara that astonished or delighted us more than this valley, through which the river winds at the base of a double line of mountains. We saw many scenes of wilder and more rugged grandeur, but none that so happily mingled the sublime and beautiful. We are here, indeed, in the presence of the "lone majesty of untamed nature;" few of the works of man appear around us—of habitations there are none, except a score of humble cabins sheltered by the overhanging hill; and of the labours of the husbandman the evidence is very scanty:—

"No fields of waving corn were here,
Vineyard, nor bowering fig, nor fruitful vine—
Only the rocky vale—the mountain stream,
Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills
Arose on either hand. Here hung the yew—
Here the rich heath that o'er some smooth ascent
Its purple glory spread—or golden gorse—
Bare here, and striated with many a hue
Scored by the wintry rain, by torrents here,
And with o'erhanging rocks abrupt.
Here crags loose hanging o'er the narrow pass
Impended."

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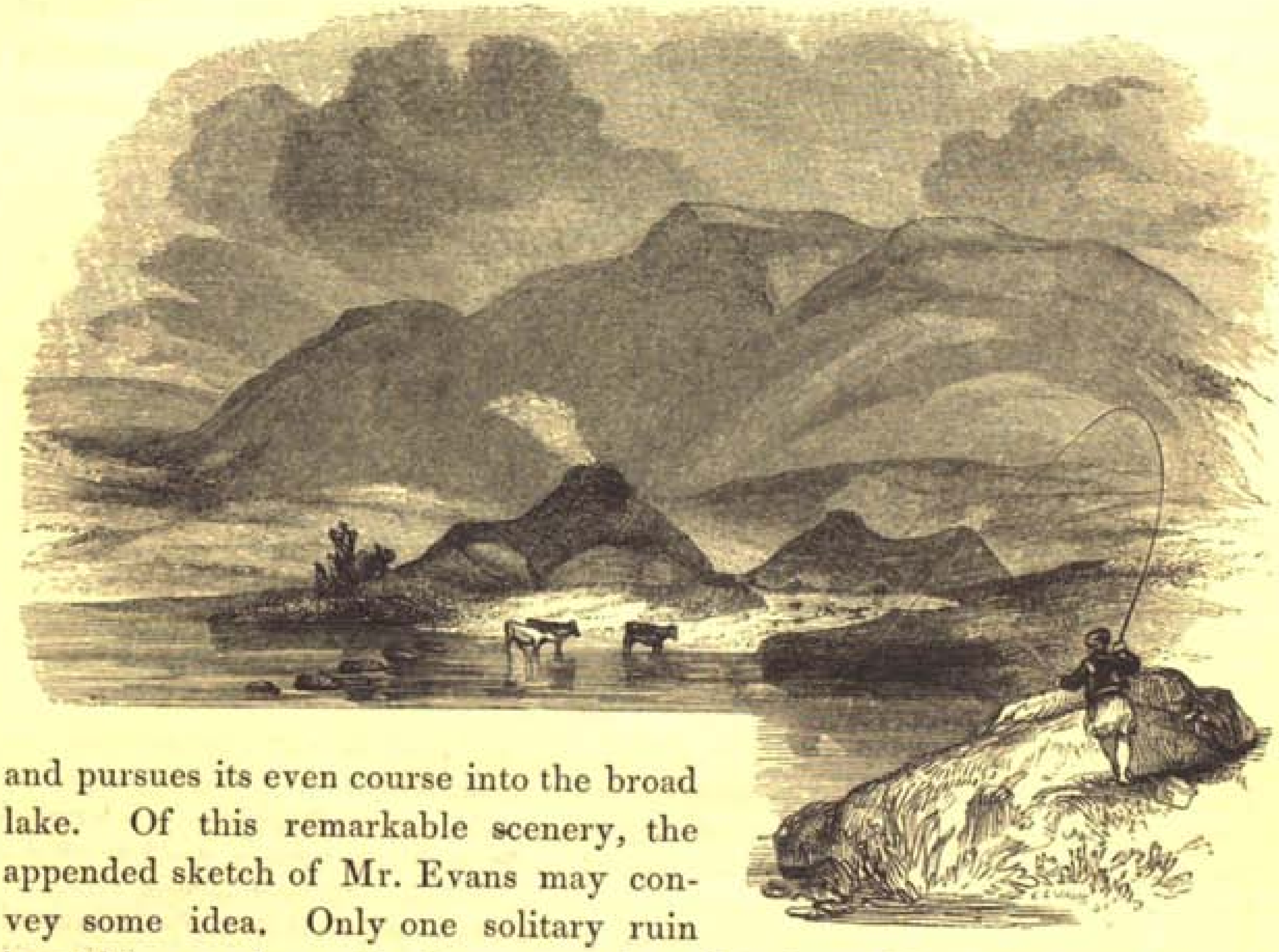
but a ring of huge stones. "Big Jack Joyce," celebrated by several travellers, resides between Maam and Leenane, in a small cottage at the entrance of the valley. He is a peasant little above the ordinary rank; but the lineal descendant of the great family. As a starting-point or resting-place for the traveller, who is anxious to visit well and comfortably all that is grand and beautiful in the district, we repeat, it would be difficult to fix on a more exquisite site than that occupied by the hotel at Maam. Its clean whitened walls, and comfortable, compact appearance, as descried at a distance, looking like a white dot at the foot of the immense mountain behind, has been a most welcome sight after a hard day's devotion to the picturesque in this wild district;—a day that will never be forgotten. In reference to the ancient cahir, or hill fort, to which we allude, a friend furnishes us with this communication. "On a sabbath morning, during the summer of 182—, I was a pedestrian in the kingdom of Connamara; the track (for roads had not then found their way so far west) lay through some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery of our Irish highlands. Dark mountains shut in on almost every side one of those lovely valleys through which rushes the stream of "Beal na Brack," or the trout's mouth, as it bursts its way through copse and rock and glen, to join the blue waters of Lough Corrib. By this streamlet's side, raised but a few feet above the surface, there stood the mossy stones of one of the oldest ruins in the west country—the remains of a banquet-hall and a chapel—the former memorable in tradition as having been the scene of many a Bardic meeting; the latter sacred as the only spot for twenty miles around where the service of the Roman Catholic Church was performed. Many hundreds of the peasantry, clad in their gay purple and scarlet dresses, were grouped along the sides of the mound on which the cross of the old chapel stood. The wind was so still, it moved not the tapers that were lighting on the rude stone altar. The officiating priest, a venerable St. Omers, of the days gone by, had raised above his head the consecrated wafer, which the whole congregation, uncovered and bowed to the earth, received with one long and loud "Mille Failté Criosd na Slanaightheoir," "A thousand welcomes, Christ our Saviour," that broke from every lip and rang through that peaceful and secluded dell. This form of out-door worship has passed from among us. This rare Salutation of the Host is now almost extinct. The old altar has been removed to an ugly, ill-constructed chapel in the vicinity. A part of the Antique Cross decorates the studio of an antiquary; and the very foundation-stones of the Bardic Hall have macadamized the adjoining road.

The peculiar beauty of the scene consists, indeed, in the happy blending of rugged grandeur with gentle beauty; for the river moves calmly through the dell, after having rushed in torrents down the sides of the mountain,



and pursues its even course into the broad lake. Of this remarkable scenery, the appended sketch of Mr. Evans may convey some idea. Only one solitary ruin is within our ken—the ivy-crowned walls of an old castle, classed among the oldest in Ireland, which occupies a low promontory that juts out into Lough Corrib *. The road to Cong runs for a considerable way beside the

* The castle of "Caislean-na-circe, or the Hen's Castle," is said to have originated with Roderick O'Conor, the last of the native kings, as a place of refuge and safety in the event of his enemies forcing him from the sanctuary of neighbouring Cong. A writer in the "Irish Penny Journal," however, asserts that its true founders were the sons of Roderick, assisted by Richard de Burgo, Lord of Connaught, and Lord Justice of Ireland. "That an object thus situated—having no accompaniments around but those in keeping with it—should, in the fanciful traditions of an imaginative people, be deemed to have had a supernatural origin, is only what might have been naturally expected; and such, indeed, is the popular belief. If we inquire of the peasantry its origin, or the origin of its name, the ready answer is given, that it was built by enchantment in one night by a cock and a hen grouse, who had been an Irish prince and princess!"

The Hen's Castle is not without its legendary traditions connected with its history anterior to its dilapidation; and the following outline of one of these—and the latest—as told at the cottage firesides around Lough Corrib, may be worth preserving as having a probable foundation in truth.

It is said that during the troubled reign of Queen Elizabeth, a lady of the O'Flahertys, who was an heiress and a widow, with an only child, a daughter, to preserve her property from the grasp of her own family and that of the De Burgos or Burkes, shut herself up with her child in the Hen's Castle, attended by twenty faithful followers, of tried courage and devotion to her service, of her own and her husband's family. As such

lake, passing "the Hen's Castle;" and by degrees the lonely character of the scenery is left behind; for the view opens upon the beautiful lough and the shores for many miles, by which it is encompassed. After a while, the road ascends, and we reach a remarkably pretty village—the village of Fairhill, not unaptly so called, which commands a most extensive and magnificent prospect of the two lakes—Corrib and Mask—for it stands upon a narrow neck of land which separates them, and under which rolls, through a subterranean channel, the waters of the latter to join those of the former, voyaging together into the ocean at Galway Bay.

We must retrace our steps; return to Maam; and regain the route to Clifden. Again we are in the country of lakes; and a few miles through barren land—which enterprise and capital would speedily make to flow with milk and honey, for it is a naturally rich valley, sheltered and not overshadowed by the mountains that overlook it—we reach the lake of Ballynahinch; and a short way on the other side of it, the seat of the Martin family—lords of a vast

a step was, however, pregnant with danger to herself, by exciting the attention and alarm of the government and local authorities, and furnishing her enemies with an excuse for aggression, she felt it necessary to obtain the Queen's sanction to her proceedings; and accordingly she addressed a letter to her majesty, requesting her permission to arm her followers, and alleging as a reason for it, the disaffected state of the country, and her ardent desire to preserve its peace for her majesty. The letter, after the fashion of the times, was not signed by the lady in her acquired matron's name, but in her maiden one, of which no doubt she was more proud; it was Bivian or Bivinda O'Flaherty. The Queen received it graciously; but not being particularly well acquainted with the gender of Irish Christian names, and never suspecting from the style or matter of the epistle, that it had emanated from one of her own sex, she returned an answer, written with her own hand, authorizing her good friend "Captain Bivian O'Flaherty" to retain twenty men at her majesty's expense, for the preservation of the peace of the country; and they were maintained accordingly, till the infant heiress, becoming adult, was united to Thomas Blake, the ancestor of the present Sir John Blake (one of the most excellent landlords and estimable gentlemen in Ireland), of Menlo Castle, and proprietor of the Castle of the Hen.

proportion of the soil around it.* About two or three miles to the south of the demesne, is the small but rising and improving town of Roundstone—acquiring importance in commerce under the protecting care of its landlord. At Ballynahinch is the most famous of all the Connamara salmon fisheries; it is leased to a Mr. Roberts, a Scottish gentleman, who is very generous and liberal in his indulgences to the angler†.

The town of Clifden owes its existence to the late John D'Arcy, Esq., the lord of the adjacent district; and his son and successor, Hyacinth D'Arcy, Esq., is adopting the wisest and surest means to render it an important sea-port of the West‡. It is beautifully situated; mountains surround it on all sides, except to the west, where it is open to the Atlantic, standing at the head of a small bay. Here one of the rapid hill rivers makes its way into the ocean, presenting a fine "fall" a little outside the town§. It is so near the

* Thomas Martin, Esq., the present representative of the "Kings of Connamara," as the Martins have long been styled, was absent from the county during our visit to his kingdom—a matter of serious regret to us, for all who know him are loud and earnest in praise of his courtesy and kindness, and of the high intellectual endowments of himself and his family. He is, we rejoice to say, a resident Irish landlord, but his property is "Irish," situated as most Irish properties are—a vast tract of land, manageable only by the capitalist. But here, above all other places we have examined in Ireland, there is a mine of wealth, not in the bowels, but on the surface of the earth, that would yield certain profit to the judicious cultivator.

† He will be either a bungler at the art or a most unlucky sportsman, who does not kill a salmon or two before breakfast. But as we have elsewhere had occasion to observe, he must take a lesson previously from some craftsman who knows the water. If he is so unfortunate as not to provide his own "meal" by his rod, he may be pretty sure that his host or the innkeeper will have a fish for him. Dine where he will in Connamara, a salmon, either boiled or fried, is sure to form an essential part of his entertainment.

‡ In the year 1815, Clifden contained but one house; there are now about four hundred houses, with a comfortable hotel. In 1814, Clifden and a large tract of adjoining country yielded no revenue whatever; in 1835, it yielded a revenue of 7000*l*. Its export trade (in corn) is considerable, and its import trade must be of importance, as it is the market for a large population. The roads from Outerard to Clifden, and from Clifden to Westport were not commenced until 1822. It has its police-station, its school-house, (not a national-school,) its post-office, a dispensary, a fever-hospital, a good court-house, and a poor-house nearly completed at the time of our visit. The quay was erected by Mr. Nimmo, and vessels of two hundred tons burthen can discharge their cargoes there. "The foundation of this town," writes Mr. Inglis, "never cost the founder a shilling. He pointed out the advantages that would accrue to this remote neighbourhood from having a town and a sea-port so situated; and he offered leases for ever, of a plot of ground for building, together with four acres of mountain-land at but a short distance from the proposed site, at twenty-five shillings per annum. This offer was most advantageous, even leaving out of account the benefit which would necessarily be conferred by a town in a district where the common necessaries of life had to be purchased thirty miles distant, and where there was no market and no means of export for agricultural produce: so the town of Clifden was founded and grew."

§ The waterfall at Clifden is certainly the most picturesque and beautiful thing in the neighbourhood. The fall of the river is very peculiar; it takes its course from the magnificent Twelve Pins of Connamara, and passing through a triple-arched bridge of most antique character, suddenly falls at a right angle over a mass of rocks, breaking and sparkling in a thousand eddies, and whirling off at another angle through the bridge depicted in the engraving. The prison crowns the neighbouring height, its castellated form aiding the scene, which has a very Spanish look. The town of Clifden, the principal part of which is hidden by this hill, peeps out beyond, the tower of its church rising over the house-tops, and flanked by the mountains in its rear. The scene is one of surpassing loveliness and grandeur, rivalling in both qualities many of more celebrated "continental" scenes—those fortunate rivals of equally deserving, but neglected, native beauties.

congregation of dwellings, indeed, that the rush of waters mingles with the voices of its inhabitants ; yet, turning from the houses, it seems as lonely in its grandeur as if in the centre of untrodden hills.

Clifden castle, the residence of the proprietor of the district, is within a mile and a half of the town ; it is a modern castellated mansion, in the midst of beautiful and magnificent scenery. It was built by the late Mr. D'Arcy from his own designs. Taste and judgment have been displayed in the structure and in laying out the grounds ; and the visitor will find it difficult to believe that less than thirty years ago the whole of this now interesting and adorned region was a cheerless and useless bog. We partook of the proverbial hospitality of the family. Old custom continues, in its present representative, the habit, formerly rendered necessary by the absence of all other means by which the tourist could obtain rest and food ; for, as we have had occasion to remark, not many years ago there was no inn throughout the whole district to open its willing doors to the traveller; but then he stood in need of no other introduction than that he was a stranger : his home was pre-arranged in the house of any gentleman of Galway.

From Clifden our route lay to Leenane, round the coast. The grandeur of the scenery commences as we leave the town. The "Twelve Pins," the great objects of mountain interest in Connamara, are beheld from every point of view, varied into all conceivable forms. They are beside us to the right along the whole of the road ; while to the left, every now and then, the prospect

opens on the bold Atlantic, seen between breaks in the green hills that guard the rugged shores. As the crow would fly to Leenane, the distance is perhaps six or eight miles—but what human foot has ever taken "the short cut" over these seemingly impassable mountains? O that some enterprising tourist, with leisure to explore, courage to endure, and constitution to bear, would make his way among them; sure we are that he might laugh to scorn all descriptions of the glories of Connamara by those who travel only its beaten tracks *. Round the coast, by the coach-road—for such it now

* These mountains and glens have been for centuries the favoured resort of Poteen-distillers, (Poteen is, translated literally, "a small pot"); and amid these fastnesses it was utterly impossible for the law to reach them. Indeed, attempts to do so were rarely made; the efforts of the gauger being directed almost entirely to arresting them on their way with their commodity into the neighbouring towns. As the reader will suppose, many amusing tales are told of the cunning displayed by the peasantry in concealing their manufactures, and in outwitting the revenue officers. These anecdotes belong to old times. A few years ago, in the length and breadth of the island, there were, at a moderate computation, 150,000 private stills at work; we may now safely assert there are not a dozen in all Ireland; or rather *were not, a year ago;* for we understand the evil trade has been reviving a little in consequence of the increased duty on whisky, and the decreased and decreasing value of corn. It is, however, chiefly confined to "the North," where Temperance has made, comparatively, little way. The manufacture neither is, nor ever can be, what it was some ten or twenty years ago. The fact that the licensed distilleries are now manufacturing more whisky than they did in the years 1840 and 1841—a fact alluded to in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel—is easily accounted for. At the commencement of the Temperance movement they had large stocks on hand; these have been gradually disposed of, and were exhausted when they began to manufacture afresh. As compared with the returns of the three preceding years, therefore, there is, no doubt, some augmentation of the revenue arising from this impure source; but as compared with those of six years ago, it is very insignificant. In the Fifth Report to the House of Commons of "Commissioners on fees, gratuities, &c., in Ireland," 1807, returns are given of seizures during five years—from 1802 to 1806 inclusive—the number of stills seized during that period amounted to 13,439, averaging in number nearly 2800 a year. It is fair to calculate that not one in fifty was seized. Indeed, according to the evidence there adduced, one third of the spirits consumed in the country was supplied by unlicensed distilleries—to take no note of the enormous quantity smuggled, by connivance, through distilleries that were licensed. It was proved to the Commissioners, that in one year duty was evaded by these distilleries to an amount fully equal to that upon which duty was paid by them. Mr. Wakefield—"Ireland Statistical and Political"—estimates that "the entire duty which should have been paid on home-made spirits consumed in Ireland, amounted to upwards of £2,230,000 per annum; while the duty actually received thereon was little more than £664,000. The little poteen that is now produced is made by substantial farmers, who having a superabundant crop of barley, and an inconvenient market for it, and neither the fear of the law nor Father Mathew before their eyes, thus endeavour to turn it to account. Yet so unpopular has the practice become, that we doubt if now-a-days any odium would attach to the "informer" who set the gauger on a right scent. The hatred of the people towards the gauger was for a very long period intense. The very name inevitably aroused the worst passions; to kill them was considered anything but a crime; wherever it could be done with comparative safety, he was hunted to the death. His calling is now as safe as that of a postmaster. The "distilleries" were of course conducted in the most inaccessible places; places so situated as to command an extensive "look out" from some point adjacent, but hidden from all eyes except those of the initiated. We have seen one in a cave at the back of a waterfall; the smoke issued through crevices in the rocks, and was very evenly distributed; no suspicion of its existence could have been excited even to those who stood absolutely above the still at full work. Descend a narrow and rugged pathway, and you encountered a dirty and debauched-looking gang of perhaps half-a-dozen, watching the preparation of the liquid poison. We have seen Stills, in "old times," in all imaginable positions; and sometimes so close

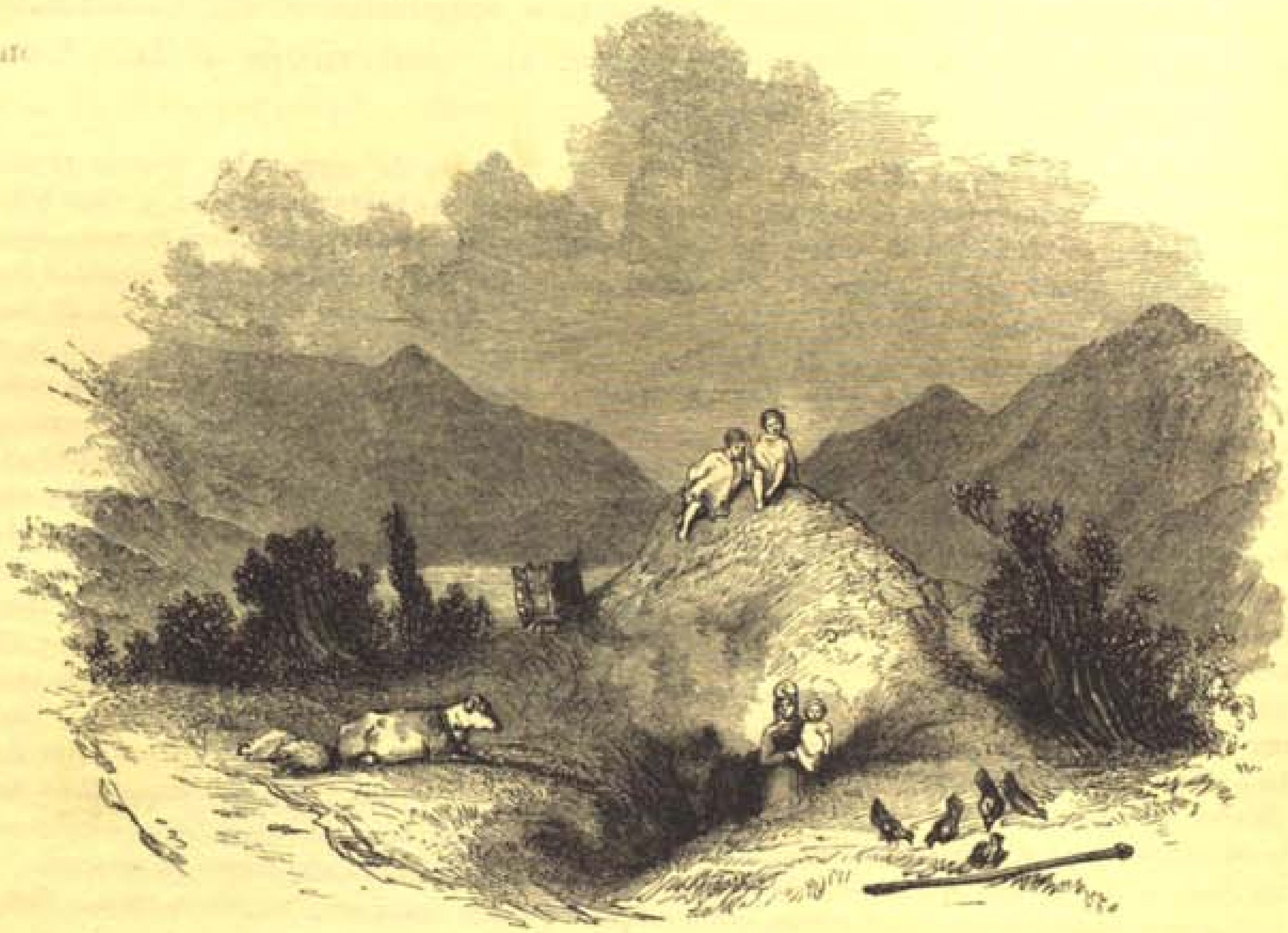
is—to Leenane, is about twenty miles, but the tourist must make it thirty, for he will sacrifice the better half of his enjoyment if he do not verge to the right, to visit, at all events, the graceful shores of Renvile and the rugged passes of Salruc; both are easily accessible: but to visit the district about Renvile—four miles north of the main road—he will require a stout horse and a strong car, for the "path" even now appertains to old Connamara. He will, after a fatiguing journey, reach the poor village of Tully*, on

to a thickly-populated town or village, that it was impossible to believe the gauger to be ignorant of their whereabouts. Not unfrequently, indeed, this official could have laid his hands upon a dozen of them within as many hours; but he had cogent reasons for avoiding discoveries unless absolutely forced to make them; and where informations were laid, it was by no means uncommon for a trusty messenger to be despatched from the residence of the gauger to give due notice that by day-break next morning "the boys," with all their utensils, must have disappeared. Now and then they were required to leave an old and worn-out still in the place of that which they were to remove—so that a report of actual seizure might be made. A good understanding was thus often kept up between the gaugers and the distillers; the former not unfrequently received "a duty" upon every still within his jurisdiction; and his cellars were never without a "a sup of the best." Much of the difficulty of suppressing the illicit trade was created by the law, which levied a fine of £50 upon the townland in which a still was discovered; making it clearly the interest of the whole neighbourhood to prevent such a discovery. The original cost of one of these mountain stills was little more than three guineas; so that the seizure was no very great drawback on the trade. And, in consequence of the absurd enactment referred to, many an arrangement was made, by which, when rendered useless, it was sold for £50. The commerce was carried on to a very great extent, and openly. Poteen was usually preferred, even by the gentry, to "Parliament" or "King's" whisky; it was known to be free from adulteration, and had a smoky flavour (arising from the peat-fires) which many liked. Nor were the gentry at all times free from the charge of "brewing their own whisky," even in comparatively late years. We have seen stills at work in the stables of men of rank and fortune; and it was common enough, when the fine of £50 was levied on a townland, for the landlord to arrange that half should be paid by the distillers who carried on the trade.

The demoralizing effects of this system were incalculable. It is unnecessary to picture them. God be thanked, they are at an end.

* We had to spend a night in the wretched "inn" of this miserable village, or rather part of a night, for we rose from our "beds" an hour before day-break, and pursued our journey. There was neither tea nor bread to be procured; the horse, the cow, the pigs and the hens were separated from us by a floor, through the divided boards of which they had ample opportunity of "conversing" with us, which they did not fail to do in a manner that effectually prevented all hope of sleep. Soon after midnight, our domicile was invaded by the hostess, who required from the cupboard some "refreshment" for his reverence, who had just arrived from a station, and about an hour afterwards the corn-bin was to be applied to, for "a feed" for his reverence's pony, who had to make a new start. This break in was followed by another; the "boy" wanted his "top coat," for the rain was "powering down;" a short while afterwards the household was all in motion, and our chamber contained everything that was wanted. The clergyman of Tully, whom we had the gratification to meet the day after, was unhappily absent from the village at the time. He was more than merely wroth with us for not having made forcible entry into his dwelling, assuring us that his housekeeper would have required no command to have supplied us with all the comforts we needed,—and we needed many, for the rain had been terrific, and we were wet through. And here we consider it necessary to advise the traveller to provide amply against the weather. A "Connamara shower" is like the descent of an avalanche of water, and drenches in somewhat less than a minute. Umbrellas are perfectly useless; the hill blasts tear them into shreds almost before they can be raised. The wind rushed so fiercely down some of the passes, that our horse found it impossible to progress faster than at the rate of a mile an hour. Such showers, however, pass rapidly, and add, when they are gone, to the beauty of the scenery, for the clouds fade away in an instant from the mountain tops, and the sun shines as suddenly over the lakes and along the green slopes of the hills.

the northern point of as mall peninsula that stands between the harbours of Ballinahill and Killery, but much to the west of the latter, indeed on the brink of the Atlantic. It stands upon the summit of a hill, under which a lengthened slope of land, easily made arable, runs down into the sea.



The neighbourhood exhibits many tokens of poverty. Witness one of the "dwellings" in which human beings bring up their families. It was pictured "from nature" by Mr. Evans.

At Tully the traveller must not think of resting; he will find it necessary to continue his journey until he reaches Leenane. Between the two places, however, a rare treat awaits him; he will walk or drive through the beautiful and magnificent pass of Kylemore, fully equal in grandeur to the far-famed gap of Dunloe in Kerry, or that of Barnesmore in Donegal, but possessing a beauty peculiarly its own. This "gap" in the mountains extends for about three miles, forming a deep dell all the way, through which runs a rapid river, making its passage into the lake near its eastern entrance. The sides of the hills are in many places clothed with trees, and here and there a waterfall is heard or seen among them, while the rushing stream that supplies it may be traced from the heights far above.

THE KILLKREEK.

GALWAY.

Some two or three miles beyond this—the chief beauty of the district—the road turns off to the north, leading, beside lakes which lie at the foot of mountains, to Salruc. This grand and wonderful pass Mr. Fairholt has pictured in the appended engraving *.

And so we pass on, by the side of, yet high above, Killery Bay. As we near Leenane, we obtain another magnificent view of its whole extent. From

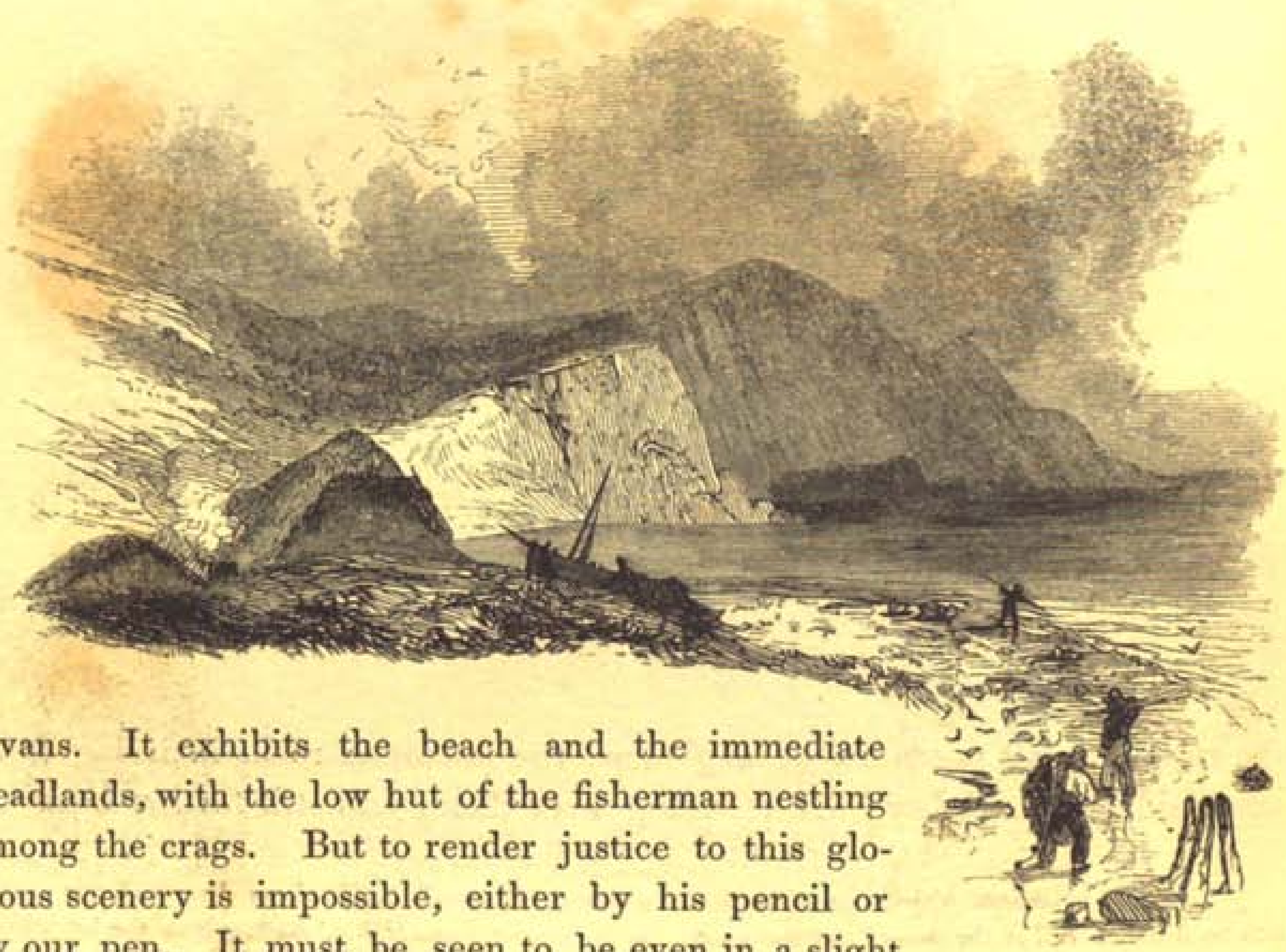
the road it is all taken in at a glance; the mountain-rocks inclosing it on either side, the mighty hills towering over them, and still further back the

* The Pass of Salruc derives its name from a certain Saint—Saint Rock or Ruc—who is said to have resided in a cell at the foot of the mountain. It is a precipitous defile, leading from the bay on this side to the Killeries on the other side of the mountain, and is reported to have been formed by the Saint and the Devil during a struggle for mastery. The sanctity of the Saint having grievously annoyed the Tempter, he threw a chain over him while asleep; unable to bear the sight of his glance or the mark of the cross, he leaped to the opposite side of the mount, but still held fast the Saint by the chain—the friction produced by the struggle forming this pass, and the victorious Saint having in the morning the felicity of seeing a way for travellers by a much shorter route than any that had previously existed. It is exceedingly steep and perilous, yet fishermen bring loaded horses up it, and it has been the favourite route of the peasantry for ages. Rude heaps of stones, similar to those already described in the vicinity of Cong, are ranged along its sides; a burial-place, thickly planted with trees, being at the base of the mountain, on the site of the saint's cell. From the summit of the pass (which from this point abruptly descends on both sides) the view has been taken, exhibiting the bay far beneath, the bright green waters of the Atlantic at the extremity; the view being bounded by the picturesque islands beyond.

There are few human habitations in this wild neighbourhood; and but one gentleman's house within a circuit of many miles. Just at the entrance to a little bay, completely shut out from the world, surrounded by stupendous mountains through which a road has been formed by almost incredible labour, resides, with his family, General Thompson—a veteran officer, native of Scotland, who after having passed through the

lofty Mulrea looking down upon a combination of sea glories, such as defy description; the view is terminated by the island of Inisturc, which seems to inclose it, giving to the majestic river the character of a lake.

Mr. Fairholt's sketch was taken from the road-side; behind us was a range of mountains; more distant were the "Twelve Pins"—the "Connamara Alps," seen from all points, and under every conceivable variety; and at our feet was a deep valley leading down to the shore *. And of its peculiar character, some idea may be formed from this copy of the sketch of Mr.



Evans. It exhibits the beach and the immediate headlands, with the low hut of the fisherman nestling among the crags. But to render justice to this glorious scenery is impossible, either by his pencil or by our pen. It must be seen to be even in a slight degree appreciated. And surely it would largely repay the visitor—even if

whole of the continental war, and taken part in nearly every battle fought in the Peninsula, has retired from active and most honourable service to pass the remainder of his days in this primitive district. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast between his past life and his present; and it would not be easy to picture a healthier or a happier household. Under his superintending care, a little paradise has grown up among the barren rocks. All his arrangements seem to have been conducted with generous and considerate zeal for the welfare of the tenants, who are gathering about him. He is reclaiming land, encouraging fishing, having due regard to education; and is, in short, the benefactor of a rising colony.

* "After passing through a somewhat more open country, I suddenly dropped down upon the Killery. The Killery is a narrow deep inlet of the sea, reaching far up into the country, and bounded on both sides, and throughout its whole extent, by a range of mountains nearly as elevated, and of as picturesque forms as any in Ireland. It may easily be conceived how great the attractions of this scene must be. It is of an entirely novel character; and resembles more the scenery of a Norwegian *Fiord*, than anything I know nearer home."—*Inglis' Tour.*

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DUBLIN

PASS OF CALRUC,

GALWAY.

access to it were not to be obtained by travelling replete with comfort. Descending a steep hill, from this point of the view, we arrive at Leenane; and here a humble but pleasant inn greets the wayfarer, just at the head of the bay.

Reilly's inn, at Leenane, will be found exceedingly comfortable as a resting-place on the route, and here boats may be obtained to visit the beautiful scenery of Delphi on the opposite side of the bay *. Persons who are acquainted with Connamara in old times, lament the recent death of a famous boatman, "one Briddon," whose veritable portraiture we obtained from Mr. Evans. He was a wit in his way, full of humour, when whisky was plenty, and his memory was stored with legends and traditions. His successors are but feeble narrators of the "marvels" of the place, and but poor companions to the magnificent scenery that on all sides surrounds them; indeed we encountered no guide in this district at all to be compared to the guides of Killarney and the Giant's Causeway †.

But the period of our visit was, as we have elsewhere intimated, one of sad

* "The scenery is of the most varied and attractive character: one has glimpses of a hundred beautiful and striking scenes, on land and sea—climbing up high steeps, and then descending into deep valleys, skirting and rounding deep inlets of the sea; and still, calm, freshwater lakes; and now and then catching peeps into the long solitary valleys and deep hollows, that lie in the heart of the mountains.

"For many miles I travelled through a succession of most striking scenery, by the margin of lakes, lying in the very heart of the mountains, which are in many places precipitous—everywhere of the most picturesque forms; here and there lofty enough and rugged enough to verge upon sublimity; and which never degenerated into tameness of outline or insignificance in elevation. The scenes were generally of a solitary character; for few cattle or sheep were on the mountain sides; the curlew and the plover only were on the margin of the lakes; and the *bouquet* of heaths was reserved for the wild bee."—*Inglis' Tour.*

† In justice to Mr. O'Reilly, a civil, attentive, and obliging host, we cannot do better than print his "prospectus," a copy of which we made from the original, pasted over the chimney-piece of the parlour of his hotel:—

"ANTHONY O'REILLY, OF LEENANE.

"LATE OF THE COAST-GUARD SERVICE.

"Begs leave most respectfully to inform travellers, tourists, and the public in general, that he has taken

suffering to the poor, and a laugh in the midst of such intense misery would have been grievously out of place. To make amends, however, for the absence of story-tellers, we enjoyed a treat upon landing through a heavy surf, upon

a rocky beach on the shore immediately under the village of Bundorrah. A group of the peasantry were watching the fishermen taking salmon*. We

the house lately inhabited by Mr. John Joyce at the head of Killery bay, and fitted it up as an hotel; determined to earn their patronage by the most strenuous exertions to please, the steadiest attention to the wants and wishes of all who honour his house with their company, and the most moderate charges.

"To those who are yet unacquainted with this picturesque country, it may be necessary to observe, that the house is situated at the very head of the bay, half-way between Clifden and Westport, commanding one of the most sublime views in the whole region, and within eight miles of Maam, the road to which runs through a vale in the midst of some of the highest mountains in Ireland, of which, at different parts it presents singularly beautiful views, terminated by a fine prospect of Lough Corrib with some of its islands, and the rich Wood of Down immediately at your feet, while Castle Na-Kirk and others are seen at a little distance. Delphi, the romantic seat of the Marquis of Sligo, is scarcely three miles distant; where, besides the pleasure-grounds, may be seen the most singular phenomenon in this or any other country, namely, a river running rapidly up a hill, the illusion being caused by the height and grouping of the mountains in this lovely and sequestered spot; within about seven miles is the newly-erected and handsome villa of Colonel Thompson, and adjacent to it, Renvile, the seat of N. Blake, Esq., who was one of the first to discover and call attention to the natural beauties of the country and the fertility of its soil.

"For those who choose to travel with their own horses, Reilly has every accommodation, and for those who may depend on him he is prepared with cars, gigs, ponies for the saddle, and boats with able and sturdy men to row or sail.

"The roads in the vicinity are all in the most perfect repair.—The 'Killeries Inn,' 1842."

* A good haul of salmon is perhaps as spirited and enlivening a scene as any in the fisheries. The one delineated we here witnessed. Men, women, and children, were assembled; all looking with anxiety for the contents of the net; those not actually engaged in hauling, just perching themselves on the rocks that strew the borders of this romantic arm of the sea. The men, with their pipes stuck in the hat, pulled

spent some time in the village, entering several of the houses, and witnessing scenes of appalling want, that deducted largely from the enjoyment we received in visiting a place famous throughout Ireland, and which all travellers unite in lauding, as the chief attraction of Connamara. Perhaps it was from this circumstance, or because we had heard so much of it, that we were disappointed; for Delphi, although very grand and very beautiful, disappointed us. The road to it led through a fertile valley, upon which mountains on either side look down, and through which runs a fine river, literally crowded with salmon, that were leaping merrily above the surface. On the sides of the

hills there are a few cottages, "few and far between;" in one of them a young woman lay dead: we cannot soon forget the peculiar effect of the mournful

away at the net until the fish were brought to the surface of the water, and closed by the meshes in a very narrow space. The brilliancy and beauty of the salmon, and their spirited plunges for liberty, gave animation to the scene, imparting an equal amount of animation to the fishers, who, arming themselves with thick bludgeons, commenced an indiscriminate attack upon the unfortunate fish, dealing heavy blows upon their heads and rendering them senseless, as their blood tinged the waters. When they were sufficiently "quieted" by this process, they were thrown into the boat brought-to beside the strand, and sorted and carried away by the boys and women in attendance. The wildness of the scene, the "picturesque raggedness" and simplicity of the fishermen and females, and the earnestness with which all were engaged, formed a scene worthy of the painter. The one we have depicted was rapidly sketched by Mr. Fairholt, from our boat in front of the group, and is a strict representation of the scene without any artistic "making up."

wail that proceeded from its threshold, echoed by the friends of the deceased, as they gathered to the wake. The lake of Delphi is reached after a delicious walk of about a mile. It is a lonely spot, deeply sunk in the midst of mountains; on one side of it stands a small cottage *ornée*, built by the Marquis of Sligo, and surrounded by a plantation of trees.

We return to Reilly's inn, where cars may be obtained—and good cars, well horsed and with civil riders—to convey the tourist northward to Westport through a district of most wonderful magnificence and beauty, unsurpassed even in Ireland. Arriving at the little graceful bridge at Errive, we leave the county of Galway, and enter that of Mayo.

We have failed to exhibit to the reader more than a very faint picture of the glories of this singularly grand district. Yet we trust we have said enough to direct towards it the attention of thousands who annually covet relaxation from labour, and such enjoyments as Nature can supply. Connamara and the adjacent country would, indeed, yield ample materials for a full volume. It is now, as we have observed, easily accessible; the tourist need be subjected to no annoyances, while interest will be excited, and enjoyments produced, at every step he takes.

And here we close our Book,—(twenty-seven months have passed since we commenced it,)—grateful that we have been enabled to complete it without any lapse from accident or illness, and trusting we have succeeded, month after month, in preventing our readers becoming weary of our work. Now that it is finished, we presume to hope we have effected our main purpose in its production—"to render Ireland more advantageously known to England," and "to give effect to that zealous care and sincere consideration recently manifested by the one country towards the other, and which cannot fail to increase the prosperity and happiness of both."

That we have left much undone, and some important matters unnoticed, may be readily acknowledged: our volumes, though extended beyond the original plan, afforded space too limited for the consideration of all topics, and descriptions of all places, that properly come under the notice of the Tourist. If we have directed attention to a country rich in "raw material," and offering temptations to visitors, such as no other country can surpass, so as to induce many persons to examine it for themselves, one great object of our labours will be achieved; for (we repeat what we said at the outset) "in every stranger who enters Ireland, Ireland will obtain a new friend."

When our first tour was undertaken, great and important changes had

been working improvement in that country. That improvement has since wonderfully progressed; its extent and value can be estimated only by those who were familiar with the condition of Ireland twenty, or even ten years before. During our three annual visits since these volumes were commenced we have witnessed its rapid advancement; and there can be little doubt, that if it continue to proceed in the same onward course, the difficulties that have for ages baulked the statesman and thwarted the philanthropist will be encountered and overcome. Few of them indeed even now exist; political agitation and its terrible concomitants have almost disappeared with the grievances or wrongs that gave agitators strength. The foundations of vast prosperity to Ireland have been laid; and when the delusion of "Repeal" shall have vanished, the moral and physical improvement of Ireland will be as sudden and astonishing as a Greenland summer, which in a single night removes the ice-chain that binds the earth, and covers it with refreshing and productive verdure.

The establishment of a "moderate" policy as the governing principle of Ireland will be indeed mighty in its beneficial effects. A moderate party is rapidly gaining an accession of numbers and power; and that portion of the kingdom—for so many centuries the prey of faction—is, at length, really and truly governed in wisdom, justice, and generosity; not for the benefit of a few, but for the good of a whole people. Scarcely six months have elapsed since the government was enabled to withdraw the army from Ireland; and that without the remotest dread of any sudden or settled outbreak,—at a period when distress amounting to absolute want was appallingly general among the peasantry, and famine might have supplied an instinctive excuse for treason. This, be it remembered, too, within less than a year after a prophecy had been deliberately uttered and extensively believed—that the advent of a Conservative ministry would be the signal for a rebellion in Ireland. Surely the knowledge of this fact will not be lost upon the capitalist who may be still looking to that country with hope not unmingled with apprehension; and as surely it will have due weight with the government, which—now that, happily, the whole world is at peace—may find leisure to consider the anomalies and contradictions of Ireland—its natural advantages and destitute population, its land wanting labour, and its people wanting employment. Thus wrote Arthur Young, sixty years ago: "When old illiberal jealousies are worn out, we shall be fully convinced that the benefit of Ireland is so intimately connected with the good of England, that we shall be as forward to give to that hitherto unhappy country as she can be to receive, from the firm conviction that whatever we there sow, will yield to us a most abundant harvest."

In brief, the time is approaching—if it be not yet arrived—when the vast natural resources of Ireland may be, and will be, rendered available for the combined interests—interests that never can be otherwise than mutual and inseparable—of the United Kingdom. Neither party, intolerance, faction, selfishness, nor error, can much longer postpone it.

Many years will, most likely, pass before we again visit Ireland. The beneficial changes and vast improvements we have witnessed in progress during the last ten years will be as nothing compared to those which the next ten years must inevitably produce.

For ourselves, we have now only to express our grateful sense and affectionate remembrance of the manner in which our Work has been received. We commenced it with an earnest and fervent prayer that our judgments might be so directed, and our tempers so controlled, that we might be free from prejudice and uncharitableness in the treatment of subjects that too frequently excite both; and we hope we shall not be considered presumptuous in saying that we close our book with the consciousness of having discharged our duty.

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