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**ILLUSTRATED
HANDBOOK
of
SOUTH-WESTERN
DONEGAL.**

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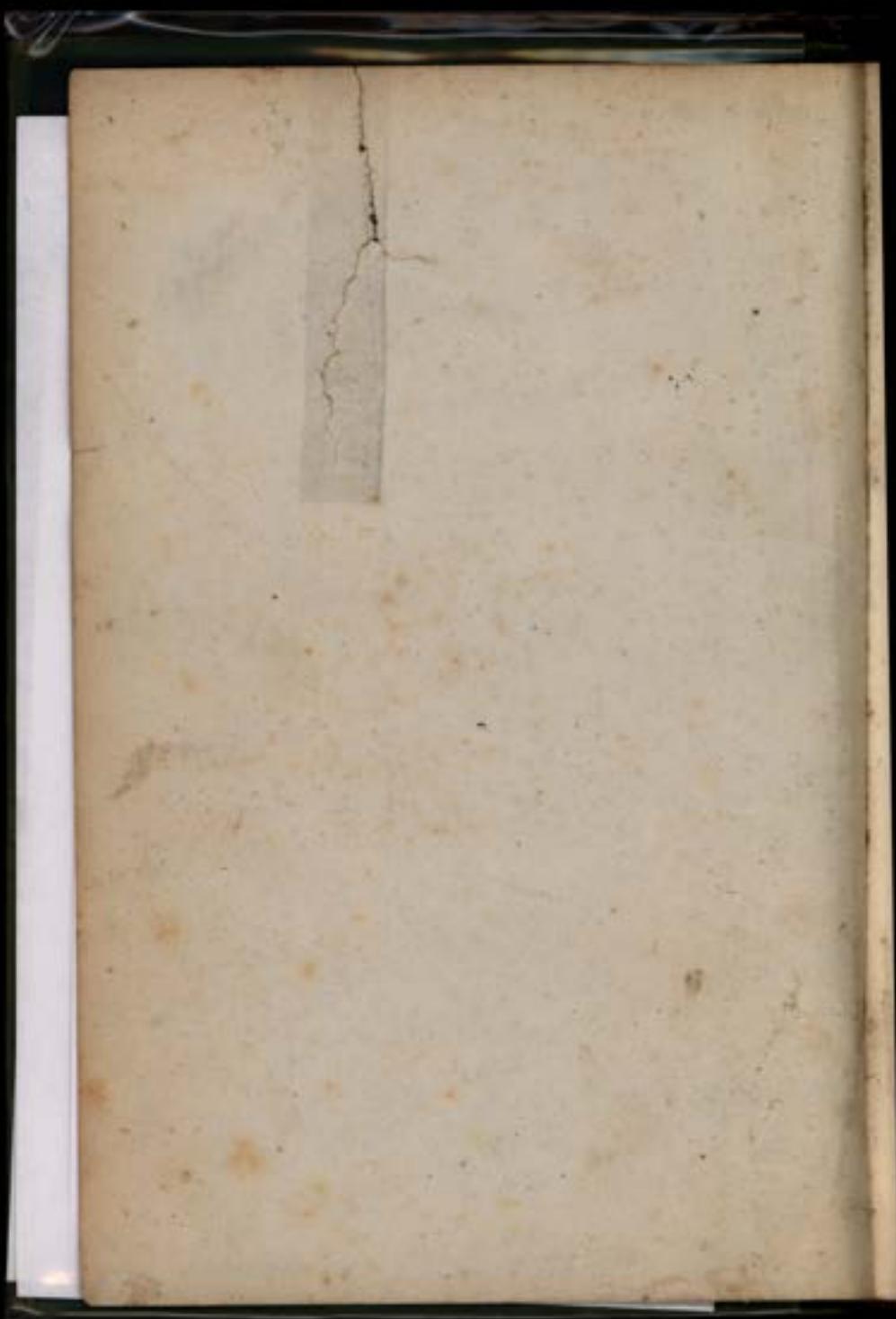
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Rare (O'Hanrahan)

~~To P. Lawry~~

~~from his affectionate son~~

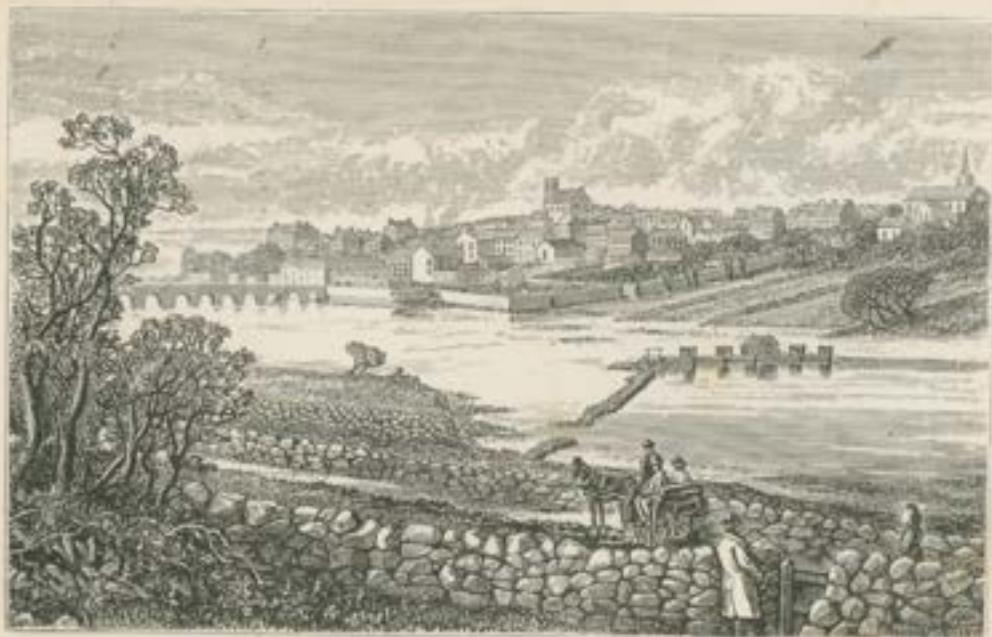
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BALLYSHANNON

Frontispiece

ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK
OF
THE SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES
OF
SOUTH-WESTERN DONEGAL,

COMPRISING

SKETCHES OF ITS MOUNTAINS, ITS CLIFFS AND ITS PASSES,
ITS HOLY WELLS, ITS OLD CASTLES AND ABBEYS, ITS
ANCIENT STONE-CROSSES, GIANTS' GRAVES, AND
OTHER REMARKABLE CYCLOPEAN REMAINS;

WITH

HISTORICAL NOTES ON THAT ONCE FAMOUS CLAN IN TIR-CONNELL,

Mac Swine of the Battle Axe,

AND ITS WARRIOR CHIEFTAIN, NIALL-MOR:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

NOTICES OF THAT FAR-FAMED PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE,
LOUGH DERG, AND OF TORRY ISLAND,
BLESSED BY THE LABOURS OF THE GREAT ST. COLUMB-CILL.

WITH NOTES OF THE ROAD FOR TOURISTS TO THE WILDS.

Has. Jno. Stephens

DUBLIN:

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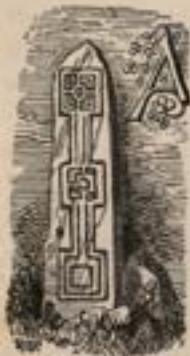
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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF DONEGAL—ITS OLD CASTLES AND RUINED ABBEYS—ITS STONE CROSSES AND ITS ROUND TOWERS—HISTORY OF THE HOLY WELLS—THE FAMOUS CLAN OF MAC SWINE OF THE BATTLE AXE—THE TOURIST'S ROUTE TO THE HIGHLANDS OF DONEGAL—ITS FRONTIER TOWN, BALLYSHANNON—KILBARRON CASTLE.



MONG the ancient memorials and historic remains in Ireland of the long forgotten past, it must be admitted that there is a deeply interesting mine for the antiquary, which hitherto has been but very imperfectly explored and investigated. It happens however as the archeological taste has become more fully developed, that now and then some of the finest of our historic monuments are dug up from their hiding places where they had remained in obscurity for ages. And this is especially the case as regards the beautiful celtic Tomb of the famed warrior and chieftan, Niall Mor, of which it may be said “the cold chain of silence had hung o'er it long,” but which is now so carefully preserved in the Church of Killybegs.

The fine historic land of old Tirconnell is filled with interesting memorials of other days, and studded over with old ruined abbeys, and churches, and castles, which, in the days gone by, filled up some bright pages in the "Annals of Ireland." And what a solemn interest attaches to those fine old ruins, which cover the land with their mournful but magnificent desolation, and which at once remind us of the glories and sufferings of our Church. These fine old abbeys, now a desecrated ruin, once resounded with the praises of the Most High, and from their quiet sanctuaries went forth apostolic preachers to enlighten barbarous kingdoms, which now rank high in the scale of nations, giving Bishops to the Church, Doctors to the Universities, and Martyrs and Confessors to Heaven. Need I more than allude to the fine old historic Abbey of Donegal, immortalized by its work of the "Annals of the Four Masters," which forms the largest collection of national, civil, military, and family history, ever brought together in this, or, perhaps, in any other country, dating from the Deluge to A. D. 1616. I cannot pass over in my enumeration the old Cistercian Abbey at Ballyshannon, of Asheroe (Eas aedh Ruaidh), the Cataract of Red Hugh, founded in 1178, by Roderick O'Cananan, Prince of Tirconnell:—

The bare tree and the lightsome ash across the portal grow,
And heaven itself is now the roof of the Abbey Asheroe;
and the ruined Abbeys of Killyodonnell, Fahan, and
Rathmullen, where

"The thinking sculpture helps to raise deep thoughts
To the mind's ear, and inward sight;
Their silence speaks, and shade gives light."

"Who sees these ruins, but will demand
What barbarous invader sacked the land:
And when he hears no Goth nor Turk did bring
The desolation, but a Christian King:
While nothing but the name of Zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs,
What must he think, our sacrilege would spare,
When such the effects of our devotion are?"

Add to these the dismantled and crumbling castles
of the Mac Swynes, the O'Donnells, the O'Clerys, and
the O'Doghertys.

And should we not all feel an interest in the pre-
servation of these fine old historic landmarks, and
cherish with fond affection the memory of the chieftains
who owned them; for—

"Thus shall memory in dreams sublime
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
Thus sighing look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover."

Besides those fine old ruined abbeys and castles
we find in Donegal some of the most interesting
monuments of the days of old; for instance, the
palace of the Northern Hy Niall; the historic Grianan
of Aileach; the remains of the seven churches
and round towers on Torry Island; the pillar
stones and Druidical remains at Raphoe and Cul-

daff; the numerous cromleachs; the fine old stone crosses, since the days of St. Patrick and St. Columbkill; and the holy wells, which are to be found in almost every parish, dedicated to some favourite saint.

HISTORY OF THE HOLY WELLS.

“They have left the cot for the holy well,
Near the cross in the valley flowing;
Its bright blue tide hath a seraph's spell,
Light and joy to the blind bestowing.”

The distinguished antiquarian, Sir William Wilde, who has done so much to make archaeology a delightful and interesting study, has expressed a wish that the history of the Holy Wells of Ireland were written; and, in his work on the Boyne and Blackwater, makes the following beautiful address to them:

“Thou chosen spring of sacred gift,
By prayer and penance blest,
Here on thy knee-worn margin
My wanderings find a rest.
I could not pass thee heedlessly,
Or deem with scoffing thought
That God hath through thy hallowed drops
No healing wonder wrought.

“With solemn pause I gaze upon
Thy surface calm and pure,
Recalling days when simple souls
In faith found simplest cure.

Who knows thou art unsanctified,
And hast no salving power?
Let me at least revere thee now
In thy departed hour."

On the western shore of the beautiful Bay of Killybegs there is a holy well dedicated to St. Catherine the Martyr, much frequented by the pious pilgrims, who, on its knee-worn margin, offer up many a fervent prayer to heaven. There is another of these holy wells at an ancient place called the *Relie*, not far from the Killaghtee Chapel, near which is an old mutilated cross, going back to the days of St. Conall. St. Conall was Abbot of the Monastery of Inniskeel. His feast is observed on the 22nd of May; and the church and holy wells dedicated to him are much frequented by pilgrims. (See "Martyrology of Donegal," and "Colgan MSS.") There are other holy wells in different parts of the county; among them the celebrated Doon Well, near Kilmacrennan, and immediately below the rock, on which the O'Donnells were inaugurated; the Abbey Well of Ballyshannon; Malin Well, in Ennishowen; many of them traditionally said to be blessed by St. Columba.

"Oh thou pretty holy well,
Wreathed about with roses,
Where, beguiled with soothing spell,
Weary foot reposes.

" Clear as childhood in thy looks,
Nature seems to pet thee ;
Fierce July, that drains the brooks,
Hath no power to fret thee."

May I now be permitted to give a short history of those holy and sequestered spots so long consecrated by the exercise of holy prayer and penance? At an early period in the history of Ireland, before the arrival of St. Patrick, who was then commissioned by Pope Celestine as the Apostle of Ireland, we find the people worshipping the sun, and the moon, the fire, the water, and the oak, and transferring to these inanimate symbols of the Deity the worship that was due to the living God. And how did St. Patrick and the early missionaries overturn this hideous fabric of superstition, and bring over the ancient Druid to the Christian faith?

History records that it was accomplished by the same wise policy, which Christianity did not disdain to win its way with in more polished nations, by making the *outward form* the *vehicle* through which to convey the vital truths of the Christian religion.

Hence we find days that were devoted to Pagan festivals, now transferred to the Christian cause. The feast of *Samhain*, which had been held annually at the vernal equinox, was found to correspond with the great festival of Easter; and the fires lighted to welcome the summer solstice were continued afterwards, even to the present time, in honour of the eve of the feast of St. John the Baptist. And thus we find at

every step the way smoothed down for the introduction of the faith. The pillar stone of the Druid and the cromleach were marked with the Christian symbol of the cross ; in the same way the oak and the sacred grove were converted to Christian uses by the erection of the monastery and the church ; and the well, at which their fathers worshipped, was made the baptismal font where the convert received the sacred rite of baptism. The name of the ancient monastery, *Doire Calcaich*, from which the Maiden City derives the name of Derry, still recalls the memory of the hill of oaks on which the monastery was built by St. Columcille. The name of Kildare also reminds us of the Cell of the Oaks on which the Church of St. Bridgid was afterwards erected. We find also in a record, going back to A. D. 448, that Alphin Mac Eochaid, King of Dublin, and his subjects, were baptised in St. Patrick's Well, now shown to visitors in St. Patrick's Cathedral in that city.

We find the same policy recommended by Pope Gregory to St. Augustine, in the conversion of England (Bede's Eccl. Hist.), where he suggests that the temples of idols in that nation should not be destroyed. "Let the idols that are in them be destroyed, and let holy water be made and sprinkled on the said temples, and altars erected ; for if these temples are well built, it is requisite that they be converted from the worship of devils to the service of the true God ; that the nation, not seeing those temples destroyed, may renounce error from their hearts, and knowing and

adoring the true God, may more willingly resort to the same places they were accustomed to (Hume "On the Policy of the First Missionaries").

Let us now see what was the result of this policy. We are told by our countryman, Thomas Moore, in his "History of Ireland," that, whilst in other countries the introduction of Christianity was the slow work of time, and had been resisted by either the Government or the people, and seldom effected without a lavish effusion of blood, in Ireland, on the contrary, by the labours of St. Patrick, and with but very little preparation of the soil by other hands, Christianity burst forth at the first ray of apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer covered the whole island. Kings and princes, when not themselves among the ranks of the converts, saw their sons and daughters join the train without a murmur; chieftains at variance in all else, agreed in meeting beneath the Christian banner, and the proud Druid and bard laid their superstitions at the foot of the cross."

Who, then, familiar with these details of history, will refuse the tribute of his respect to these holy wells, which have been diverted from a debasing superstition to places of resort for the pilgrim, where, apart from the bustle of life, he tells his beads and communes with his God in prayer? And where, let me ask, can a more appropriate place be found for the exercise of this holy duty than around the clear and gentle spring, gushing forth in all its purity, as

it were, from the hands of 'God, and its bright and crystal waters the reflected image of the purity which should be found in all our actions? Hence it is that we find those holy wells amidst some wild glen, surrounded by stern and savage rocks, in the sequestered valley, or the secluded seashore, such as St. Catherine's Well, where the beauty and tranquillity of the scene teach us to look from Nature to Nature's God.

Mr. Frazer, in his "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," supplies us with the following beautiful passage:—

"The holy wells, the holy wells, the cool, the fresh, the pure,
A thousand years has rolled away, and still these founts endure
And while their stainless chastity, and lasting life has birth
Amid the cozy cells and caves of gross material earth,
The scripture of creation holds no fairer type than they;
The city sent pale sufferers there the faded brow to dip,
And woo the water to depose some bloom upon the lip.
The wounded warrior dragged him towards the unforgotten
tide,
And deemeth draught a beaverlier gift than triumphs at his
side."

THE HOLY WELLS OF SCRIPTURE—THE WELL OF BETHSAIDA.

We have a remarkable instance of a holy well in the sacred writings, the Pool of Bethsaida (5th chap. John). "Now, there is at Jerusalem a pond called Probatica, which, in Hebrew, is named Bethsaida, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of blind and lame, of withered, waiting for the moving

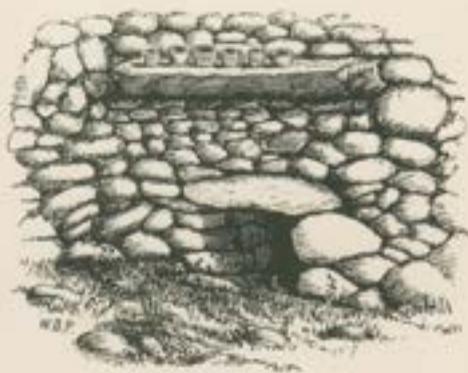
of the water. And an angel of the Lord descended at certain times into the pond, and the water was moved; and he that went down first into the pond after the motion of the water, was made whole of whatever infirmity he lay under."

There is another passage, in the ninth chapter of the same Evangelist, where a blind man was sent by Christ himself to the Pool of Siloe to wash himself. "He went therefore, he washed and he came seeing."

Before bringing to a close this very imperfect notice of the holy wells, I cannot forego the pleasure of introducing another poetical tribute on this subject, from the graceful pen of Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Dougherty.

" Oh lonely silent crystal well,
Thy still waters gleam
From out the shaded emerald dell,
As in a tranquil dream.
No voice to break the solitude,
But low winds' wailing tune,
As through the night above thee brood
The wild bird and the moon.

" Within thy charmed silver ring
What precious memories sleep:
The faith and hope that fondly cling,
The love and sorrow deep.
Sad smiles, that tell the sad heart's tale,
Sweet tears that softly fall,
Like winter sun and summer rain,
Thou hast them treasured all.



St. Columba's Well, Glencolumbkille.

To face page 12.

" The gnarled oak tree droops above,
As pilgrims watch and pray,
With rifled arms of reverent love,
Through ages dim and gray.
Upon its seamed and gristly bark
Lov'd names have once been traced,
But now the eye can scarcely mark
Those records half effaced.

" The moss and lichen idly creep,
The ivy tendrils twine ;
Of characters, once fresh and deep,
New growth scarce leaves a line.
Ah thus it is with loved ones' names,
Once writ upon the heart,
When time brings forth new hopes and aims,
And bids the past depart."

Some few years ago a friend of ours, a very talented and enterprising young architect, Mr. E. W. Godwin, whilst engaged in the building of St. Baithin's church, at St. Johnston, and the churches in Torry Island and Newtowncunningham, was also actively employed in collecting materials for a work on the Antiquities of Donegal, comprising the history of the ruined abbeys and churches, its castles and its round towers, pillar stones, Druidical circles, cromleachs, its stone crosses, and its holy wells. The work was all but in the hands of the printer with some fifty illustrations.

Mr. Godwin soon afterwards removed to the busy metropolis of London, to "fresh fields and pastures new," and, I presume, from his many various avocations,

did not proceed with its publication. He has since taken a great interest in the Antiquities of England, and has become a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and has oftentimes taken a prominent part in their *seances*, from which it is hoped he may yet be induced to proceed with the publication of his work.

The topography of the county, with much of its history and its legendary lore, has been done ample justice to in "The Donegal Highlands," a work which has introduced quite a host of tourists to our beautiful scenery. May we express a hope that its accomplished author will favour us with another work which is so much desired, "The Ecclesiastical Annals and History of the Diocese of Raphoe and the Ancient See of St. Eunan?" Formerly the diocese of Raphoe was co-extensive with the boundaries of the county, taking in the peninsula of Ennishowen; but in 1166 the Rt. Rev. Gervaise O'Cherbailllow, the Bishop of Derry, whether from the rapacity of the churchman or that he thought his own diocese not sufficiently large for his zeal, possessed himself of part of the see of Clogher, the Bishop of which was *paralytic* at the time. He next stripped Raphoe in the same manner, which augmentation remains to the present day.

This seeming bold usurpation was not lost sight of, for we find the Rt. Rev. Dr. Coyle, Bishop of Raphoe, protesting against the spiritual right of the Bishop of Derry to the barony of Ennishowen; and we are not sure but even yet his Lordship of Clogher, the Most Rev. Dr. Donelly, and some future Bishop of Raphoe,

may bring up the question. (No proscription against the Church.)

Among others who have done good service by their graphic delineations of our beautiful mountains and valleys, I may mention the author of the "Cliff Scenery of South Western Donegal," and the writer of "Ennishowen," once enabled by the genius of the late lamented Maginn, which classic region has found such an able expositor in Mac Tocher.

Since sending off my Notes on the famous Clan of the Mac Swynes, to the publisher I have been favoured with a copy of a rare work, "Edmond Spenser's View of the State of Ireland in 1596," from a kind friend of mine in this neighbourhood, Mrs. Barrett of Bruckless House, a lady to whom the archaeology of this district is much indebted for the interest she has taken in the discovery and preservation of the ancient memorials of former days, and, from her knowledge of the Celtic tongue and ancient records, the ability with which she so well develops their historical importance.

Being a lineal descendant of the O'Connors, formerly the princes of the country, she clings at all times with fond affection to the memories and noble deeds of Ireland's ancient chieftains. From this work I am enabled to take the following interesting extract:—

"The Irish themselves report that the Mac Mahons in the North, were anciently English, to wit, descended from the Fitz-Ursulas, which was a noble family in England; likewise, that the Mac Swynes, now

in Ulster, were anciently of the Veres in England, but that they themselves for hatred of English so disguised their names. But proud hearts doe oftentimes, like wanton colts, kicke at their mothers, as we read Alcibiades and Themistocles did, who, being banished out of Athens, fled unto the kings of Asia, and there stirred them up to warre against their country, in which warres themselves were chieftains.

"So they say did these Mac Swynes and Mac Mahons for private despite turne themselves against England. For at such times as Robert Vere Earl of Oxford was in the barons' warres against King Richard the Second through the malice of the Peeres banished the realm and proscribed, he with his kinsman Fitz-Ursula fled into Ireland, where being prosecuted, and afterwards in England put to death, his kinsman there remaining behinde in Ireland, rebelled, and conspiring with the Irish, did quite cast off both their English name and allegiance, since which time they have remained so still and have since been counted mere Irish.

"The very like is also reported of the Mac Swynes, Mac Mahons, and the Mac Sheehys of Munster, how they likewise were English, and old followers to the Earl of Desmond, untill the reigne of King Edward IV., at which time the Earle of Desmond, that then was called Thomas, being, through false subornation (as they say) of the Queene, for some offence by her against him conceived, brought to his death at Tredagh most unjustly, notwithstanding that he was a very good and sound subject to the King. There-

upon, all the kinsmen of the Geraldines, which then was a mighty family in Munster, in revenge of that huge wrong, rose into armes against the King, and utterly renounced and forsooke all allegiance to the Crowne of England, to whom the said Mac Swynes, being followers, did the like, and have ever since so continued. And with them, they say, all the people of Munster went out, and many others of them, which were meere English, thenceforth joined with the Irish against the King, and termed themselves very Irish, taking on them Irish habits and customes, which could never since be cleane wyped away, but the contagion hath remained still amongst their posterities."

Sir James Ware holds the opinion, that the families of the Mac Machons and the Mac Swynes belong to the ancient Irish. And the learned Celtic scholar, O'Donovan, says that the statement of Spenser, with regard to the Mac Mahons, the Mac Swynes, and the Mac Sheehys, being of English descent, is without foundation, and nothing more than a mere invention of the creative fancy of that great poet and politician. He also tells us that the ancestors of the Mac Swynes and the Mac Sheehys of Munster removed to Scotland in the tenth century, or the beginning of the eleventh, and some of their descendants returned to Ireland in the beginning of the fourteenth century and were hereditary leaders of the gallowglasses to many of the Irish chieftains.

Dr. Geoffrey Keating, and others, also disprove the statement made by Spenser.

The earliest notices of the Mac Swynes that I have been able to discover in the "Annals of the Four Masters" are in the fourteenth century. In 1351, Owen *na liag oiche* Mac Swyne, in Donegal, was slain by Manus O'Donnell; and in 1352, in a war with O'Rorke, a slaughter of the gallowglasses of the Mac Swynes took place.

D'Alton, in his King James's Army List, mentions a distinguished military leader of this name in 1424. I may here observe, that Ware states, with regard to the Franciscan Church at Ballysaggart, St. John's Point, that it was founded by Mac Swyne, and calls it Ballymacswyne of the Conventual Franciscans.

TOURIST'S ROUTE TO THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS.

From Dublin, the tourist takes a ticket at the Amiens-street station of the Irish North-Western Railway for Ballyshannon, the frontier town of Donegal, by which he will be enabled *en route* to obtain some magnificent views of Lough Erne, with its wooded shores and islands, and the rapids and porcelain factory at Belleek. From Ballyshannon a well-appointed van will bring him to Donegal, at which town he will be taken in charge by M'Ginty on a similar conveyance, who will bring him in dashing style to Killybegs. From Killybegs a mail car leaves for Carrick, besides which, at the respective hotels, there is always to be had a good supply

of post-horses and intelligent drivers, when a respectable *turn-out* can be obtained at a short notice for the Wilds. The tourist, after arriving at the pretty hotel at Carrick, can survey at his leisure the mountains and cliff scenery by which he will be surrounded. After climbing up the heights of Sliabhliag (2000 feet), and enjoying the majestic prospect that will open on his view, he will proceed into the *Shan Glen*, by way of Malinmore and Malinbeg, where he can survey and inspect the ancient memorials in connexion with St. Columbcille, and the mountain cliffs of Glen Head and Slieveatoey. In the glen he will be taken good care of at Mr. Walker's of Malinmore, and Mr. Buchanan's. He will afterwards continue his route by the magnificent Pass of the Glengesh, which, in natural grandeur and boldness, is said not to be surpassed by the Alpine passes in the Tyrol. He will then proceed by Ardara, and Glenties, and Duharry Bridge to Dungloe, and the Gweedore, where he will be glad to rest for awhile at that very comfortable hostelry, the Gweedore Hotel (Lord George Hill's), where he will be surrounded by mountain scenery of the sublimest character. From Gweedore he proceeds by Dunlewy, along the base of Arrigle (2500 feet), by Dunfanaghy, Derryveagh, Glenveagh, and Kilmscrennan to Letterkenny. From Letterkenny he proceeds either by the fertile valley of the Lagan, through Newtowncunningham to Derry, or by the western shores of Lough Swilly, by Ramelton and Rathmullen, crossing over

the ferry to Fahan, where he meets the rail for Derry. From the Maiden City he can make a detour at his leisure through the far-famed Ennishowen.

Writing about Donegal some years ago, in the pages of "Once a Week," Miss Fanny Cobbe thus disports herself: "If it should happen to a parent to have a son troubled with a strong desire to emigrate to Upper Canada or New Zealand, we should recommend, as the best possible remedy, that the youth should be induced to make a short and easy trial of how he really likes solitude by spending six months or so in the County Donegal. If he pass through that ordeal, and returns to London, still talking of the delights of living out of the world, then let him go by all means to the Antipodes, or the society of those sweet creatures which brave Sir S. Baker met about Gondokora. He has certainly a call from St. Anthony. Donegal is a vast shire, some forty miles long, at the N. W. angle of that island of whose history and geography you know less than of those of Kamtschatka. Donegal is large, and Donegal is beautiful, in a certain wild, desolate style. There is a magnificent rock-bound coast to the north, and a bay like the Bristol Channel, swarming with fish, to the south, and plenty of mountains and salmon-rivers, and a few woods here and there; altogether, a county which, if in England, people would walk over and would talk on perpetually. Notwithstanding its solitude, yet Donegal has its charms. Very delightful it was in spring to ramble through the pine-

wood, with the ground so blue with bluebells as to look like bits of sky fallen through the trees; very soothing was it to lie beside the river in summer, among the heather and flowering fern and sweet orchids, and listen to the roar of the waterfall, and watch the golden salmon leaping up the rocks; very sweet was it, late in the long midsummer twilight night, to wander on through the valley after the sun had gone down behind the purple *Siebengeberge*, and when every herb and flower, broom and gorse, and pine tree and honeysuckle exhaled their perfumes as flowers only breathe in the soft, rich, Irish atmosphere; these were pleasant things. Then there were sports for such as loved them—that large portion of English humanity which never thoroughly enjoys nature unless it have a chance to strike out a few of its living beauties, to entrap one or two of its golden salmon darting among the deep dark pools, to stretch lifeless the playful brown hare leaping among the grass, to fill the boat with shuddering, gasping creatures dragged by the net from the depths of the sea—there were abundance of all these spots in Donegal. But, a truce to all this word painting."

I shall close this notice on Donegal by the insertion of a sweet ballad, so full of feeling, connected as it is with the history of its frontier and principal town, Ballyshannon. It is entitled "The Emigrant's Adieu to Ballyshannon," and is from the pen of one of its most respected sons, "Willie Allingham," who is now residing in England, and who largely per-

sonifies in himself all the ballad's attractive features. May we indulge the hope that he will again return to his native town, build a villa at the Ballybawns, looking over on the ancient little island of Innissaimar, on the sand hills of Finner, and entrenched by the deep blue range of the Leitrim mountains and Benbulbin.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL TO BALLYSHANNON.

Adieu to Ballyshannon, where I was bred and born ;
Go where I may, I'll think of you, as sure as night and morn.
The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own.
There's not a house or window, there's not a field or hill,
But East or West, in foreign lands, I'll recollect thee still ;
I leave my warm heart with you, though my back I'm forced to
turn—
So, adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne.

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,
When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the fall ;
The boat comes straining on her net, and heavily she creeps,
Cast off! cast off! she feels the oars, and to her berth she
sweeps.

Now stem and stern keep hawling, and gathering up the line,
Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew ;
Then they may sit and have their joke, and set their pipes to
burn,
Adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne.

The music of the waterfall, the mirror of the tide,
When all the green hill'd harbour is full from side to side ;
From Portnason to Ballybawns, and round the Abbey Bay,
From the little rocky island to Coolnargit's sandhills gray

While far upon the southern line, to guard it like a wall,
The Leitrim mountains clothed in blue gaze calmly over all ;
And watch the ship sail up and down, the red flag at her stern ;
Adieu to those, adieu to all, the winding banks of Erne.

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them that pull the oar ;
A lug sail set, or hasl a net, from the Point to Mullaghmore ;
From Killybega to Carrigan, with its ocean mountain steep,
Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred in the deep ;
From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round by Tullan strand,
Level and long, and white with waves, where gull and curlew
stand ;
Head out to sea, when on the lea the breakers you discern,
Adieu to all the billowy coast and winding banks of Erne.

Farewell to you, Bandoran, and the summer crowds that run
From inland homes to see with joy the Atlantic's setting sun ;
To breathe the buoyant, salted air, and sport among the waves,
To gather shells on sandy beach, and tempt the gloomy caves ;
To watch the flowing, ebbing tide—the boats, the crabs, the fish ;
Young men and maids to meet and smile, and form a tender
wish ;
The sick and old in search of health—for all things have their
turn ;
And I must quit my native shore and the winding banks of
Erne.

Farewell to every white cascade, from the harbour to Belleek,
And every pool, where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek ;
The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow ;
The one split yew tree gazing on the curving flood below ;
The lough that winds through islands, under Skean Mountain
green ;
The Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil bays
between ;

And Breesie Hill, and many a pond, among the heath and fern,
For I must say adieu, adieu, to the winding banks of Erne.

The thrush will call through Camlin grove the livelong summer day;

The waters run by mossy cliff, and bank with wild flowers gay ;
The girls will bring their work, and sing beneath the twisted thorn,

Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn ;

Along the river side they go, where I had often been ;

Oh ! never shall I see again the days I once have seen ;

A thousand chances are to one I never may return ;

Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.

Now measure from the Commons down to each end of the Purt,
From the Red Barn to the Abbey, I wish no one any hurt ;
Search through the streets, and down the Mall, and out to Portnason,

If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.

I hope that man and womankind will do the same with me,
For my head is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea.

My loving friends, I'll bear in mind, and often fondly turn,
To think of Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne.

Adieu to evening dances, where merry neighbours meet,
And the fiddle says to boys and girls, Get up and shake your feet ;

To *shamrocks* and wise old talk of Erin's days gone by,
Who trenched the rath on such a hill, and where the bones do lie

Of saint, or king, or warrior chief, with tales of fairy power,
And tender ditties sweetly sung to pass the twilight hour.
The mournful song of exile is now for me to learn ;
Adieu, my dear companions, on the winding banks of Erne.

If ever I'm a money'd man, I mean, please God, to cast
My golden anchor in the place where youthful years were passed.
Though heads that now are black or brown must meanwhile
gather gray;
New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones pass away.
Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside—
It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam through lands and
waters wide.
And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return
To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.

Ballyshannon has all the advantages of a fine site on the banks of the River Erne, the outlet of the great lake of that name, which in superficial extent is only second to Lough Neagh; but which is far superior to it in scenic attractions and beauty. It is the chief town of the County Donegal, comprising a population of 3197. It was incorporated by a charter of James I. (1613), and had the honor of returning two members to the Irish Parliament. It is said to derive its name from *Bell ath seanaigh*, the mouth or opening of an old ford. This ford was a little below the present eel weir. At the picturesque and beautiful village of Belleck, the Erne descends the first step of that grand staircase by which it reaches the sea; sometimes flying sometimes lingering down the frescoes on either side of mural cliffs, rough rocks, caved and ivied hanging woods, and smooth slopes of grass, till it makes its last bound into the tide, at the famous salmon leap at Ballyshannon. During the summer months Ballyshannon is the favourite resort of anglers, many of them from Eng-

land; and in my schoolboy days I still remember the comely appearance of the great inventor of the safety lamp, Sir Humphry Davy, as he stood upon the banks of its beautiful river, making a raid with rod and fly among the finny occupants of its waters. There are many anecdotes of the great philosopher still remembered by the inhabitants. He happened to be staying at the Imperial Hotel, then kept by a man of the name of Brown. Sir Humphry had ordered some salmon for dinner, which had been taken fresh from The Pool that morning, and cooked and served up in the best style. The philosopher, however, was not satisfied with the repast prepared for him. So he desired his servant to get a salmon taken from the boxes, and have the blood extracted from it whilst in a live state. This, it appears, creates a curd in the fish, which is so much admired by the epicure, making it crisp and firm, and imparting to it a delicious flavour. With the patience of the philosopher, he awaited the result; had it prepared for his dinner, and partook of it with the greatest zest imaginable. It was, of course, roasted, and served up on wooden skewers. He afterwards acknowledged that he never eat better salmon than those of his favourite River Erne, which he pronounced in his work, "*Salmonia; or, the Days of Fly-fishing,*" to be the best river from its banks for fly-fishing in Ireland. Another *mem.* of this great man. He gave a sixpence to a boy to carry some trout to his hotel; the boy demurring, and asking

from his honor a shilling, Sir Humphry carried them off himself, and saved the sixpence.

The banks of The Pool is a favourite resort for strangers in the fine summer evenings, to watch the silvery salmon taking the leap at the fall as the tide rises. For a few seconds all is still; then, perhaps, a monster bounds from the water, and is observed for an instant quivering in the air ere he lights on the very edge of the cataract. For a single moment he struggles with the descending torrent, shoots through it like a stream of light, and disappears in the calm deep sheet above. As if encouraged by this success, about forty or fifty dash simultaneously at the fall; some succeed, but more fail, to renew their attempts again and again, till finally triumphant.

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
And saw the salmon leap;
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures,
Spring glittering from the deep,
Through the spray, and through the prone heaps striving
onward
In the calm clear stream above;
So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom,
In thy brightness of strength and love.

THOMAS DAVIS.

KILBARRON CASTLE.

Within a short distance of Ballyshannon is the fine old ruined Castle of Kilbarron, once the princely residence of O'Clery, to which were attached the lands of Creevagh, a grant from O'Donnell. The late lamented Dr. Petrie in his description of it says, "From

the singularity of its situation, seated on a lofty, precipitous, and nearly insulated cliff, exposed to the storms and billows of the Western Ocean, one would naturally conclude, that this now sadly dilapidated and time-worn ruin must have owed its origin to some rude and daring chieftain of old, whose occupation was war and rapine, and whose thoughts were as wild and turbulent as the waves that washed his sea-girt eagle dwelling; and such, in their ignorance of its unpublished history, has been the conclusion formed by modern topographers, who tell us that it is supposed to have been the habitation of freebooters. But it was not so.

" This lonely insulated fortress was erected as an abode for peaceful men; a safe and quiet retreat in troubled times for the laborious investigators and preservers of the history, poetry, and antiquities of their country. This castle was the residence of the *Ollamhs*, bards, and antiquarians of the people of Tireconnell, the illustrious family of the O'Clerys. The lands annexed would, at the present day, produce a rental of little short of two thousand pounds a year." Every one is familiar with "Kilbarron's Last Bard to his Harp":—

Wake, let the despot's knell
Peal from thy wires,
Hope hath a tale to tell,
Harp of my sires;
Tyranny's rayless night,
Erin's degrading blight
Sinks, that thy strains may light
Liberty's fires.

NOTES ON THE MAC SWYNES OF DONEGAL.

The Irish Chiefs.

Oh! to have lived like an IRISH CHIEF when hearts were fresh and true,
 And a manly thought, like a pealing Bell, would quicken them through and through;
 And the seed of a generous hope right soon to a fiery action grew,
 And Men would have scorned to talk and talk, and never a deed to do,

Oh! the iron grasp
 And the kindly clasp
 And the laugh so fond and gay;
 And the roaring board,
 And the ready sword,
 Were the types of that vanished day.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

At a very interesting period in the history of Ireland, the Mac Swynes were a powerful sept in Donegal, and with the O'Gallaghers, the O'Boyles, the O'Donnells, and the O'Dogherties, enjoyed in it very large and extensive territorial possessions.

There were three branches of the family—The Mac Swynes of Banagh, the Mac Swynes of Doe, and the Mac Swynes of Fanad. According to O'Brien they were called the Mac Swynes of the Axes, because they were the standard bearers and marshals of the O'Donnells, and chiefs of the gallowglasses. A branch of the Mac Swynes also settled in Munster in the 13th century, in Cork, where they were distinguished military leaders, and became commanders under the Mac

Carthys, princes of Desmond. From this branch of the family, I understand, the present patriotic Irishman, Peter Paul Mac Sweeny, of Dublin, who recently filled the civic chair of the metropolis with so much honour, is descended. There is one thing certain, that this much respected alderman has largely inherited those higher and nobler qualities of hospitality, faith and patriotism, for which his ancestral chiefs were so honourably distinguished.

THE MAC SWYNES OF BANAGH.

Clan, t-Suibhne Bhaighineach Na-t-tuadh (Mac Swynes of the Battle Axe), of which Niall Mor was the honoured chieftain, had several castles in and around Killybega. One of these is still to be seen by the traveller, after he passes Dunkineely, standing on a ledge of rock over Mac Swyne's Bay, and boldly confronting the western ocean, the ruins of which fail not to attest, even at the present day, the regal splendour which, in the olden time, surrounded the home of the Mac Swynes of Banagh.

This was the princely residence of Niall Mor, where, surrounded by his followers and his retainers, he dispensed his hospitalities with truly Irish liberality, and of whose noble character and death the Annals of the Four Masters supply us with a very striking record.

DEATH OF NIALL MOR.

"A. D. 1524, Mac Swyne of Tir Boghaine, Banagh), Niall Mor, son of Eoghan, a constable of

hardiest hand and heroism, best in withholding and attacking, best in hospitality and prowess, who had the most numerous troops and the most vigorous soldiers, and who had forced the greatest number of passes of any man of his own fair tribe, died after unction and penance at his own castle at Rathaine (Rahan, St. John's Point), 14th December, 1524."

The following tribute to his memory is from the pen of a young gentleman, Mr. Cassidy, of Dunkineely, which I have much pleasure in transferring to these pages:—

Through the portals opened wide,
Through the gates all flung aside
Doleful, dark, in pomp and pride,
Comes the funeral of Mac Swyne,
Comes the funeral of the brave.

He who swayed the battle-axe,
Firm of grasp, of movement lax,
Cleft in twain, like ball of wax,
Cleft full many a foeman's head,
He is dead, he is dead.

And clansmen, march in battle line,
Bear him to the grave, to the grave.
Sad and silently they tread,
Mourners of the mighty dead,
With faltering foot and hooded head,
Bards and Brehons follow next;

Then the coffin, which before
Walks the Abbot sable stoled,
Vestment robed in ample fold,
Ribbed, adorned with threads of gold;

His eyes through clouds of sorrow look
Downcast on the tear-stained book,
Margin writ with many a text,
Many a text of holy writ.

Bear him slowly, softly bear
Him, the loved of women fair;
Him, the angels' special care.

Bear him slowly, softly tread,
Cross yourselves in solemn awe.
Tell the prayer, and chaunt the keen,
Place his sword, and axe, and skean
Where crest of horse and lizard green,
Broad-sword, battle-axe, and plume,
Are carved upon his coffin tomb;
Kind of heart, and clear of head,
He has bowed to Nature's law.

And is he dead? Ah, he's dead!
He, our clan's paternal head!
He, the foeman's mortal dread!
He is gone, he is gone,
And we never shall see him more.

He of chieftain-like command,
He of free and generous hand,
He the lord of honor's wand,
He the rock that could withstand
Every shower of arrows keen,
Fling them back as Carnsween
Fling the rays of summer sheen.
He is gone, and we're alone—
Orphans and on sorrow's shore.

And is he gone? Ah, he's gone!
O wizrastru, we're now alone!

We who still were all his own,
 We whose very hearts had grown
 Unto his, unto his !
 And shall we never see him more ?
 Never look upon that face,
 With filial love each feature trace ;
 Never see him take his place
 In Rahan's ever open hall—
 And sure 'twas he that fed us all—
 Take his place upon the dais,
 Deal us round the bounteous score ?

Chaunt, fair bard and sonachie,
 The song of death so dolefully,
 As wail the winds from off the sea,
 When sinks to sleep the tempest fit,
 When the stormy gales depart ;
 His word of welcome never more
 Shall meet thee at the open door,
 When travel-stained and travel-sore,
 And grant refreshment, shelter, rest,
 And listen to your song and jest ;
 Of all your friends he was the best,
 For hospitality had writ,
 Had writ its laws upon his heart ;
 But now that heart's for ever stilled
 In death, its warm affections chilled,
 And fled's the fearless soul that thrilled
 And surged within the mortal frame,
 And swelled and burst each narrow bond,
 Each narrow bond and niggard tie
 Where selfish souls contracted lie.
 Ah, his could brush the earth and sky,
 Could sweep through space and ride the stars,
 High over the wind's and the world's wars :

In war a withering blast of flame,
In love a deep and placid pond.

No more his voice on the clans shall call,
Nor flag shall fly on the rampart wall,
That flag of fame is his funeral pall ;
No more in the maddening conflict ring
His conquering sword and his dreaded name,
Nor kindling eyes at the casement burn
With pleasure and pride at the chief's return ;
How wildly they weep round his funeral urn.
No more young maids from their towers above
Shall bathe his form in their looks of love—
And genius', and valor's, and manhood's king,
Ah, well might he kindle their hearts to flame.

The nimble deer, unnoticed now,
May roam around the mountain's brow ;
The hawk its head in grief may bow,
And falcon dread may droop its wing,
And tame in ease its heart of fire.
And mourn, ye hills, with drooping head,
No more your sides Mac Swyne shall tread ;
And his the foot that fleetest fled
Over your breasts at break of morn,
And led the hunt with hound and horn
And death ; no more he home shall bring
The soldier's spoils or hunter's hire.

While chime of bell and chaunt of prayer
Mournful make the evening air,
Bear the chieftain, slowly bear,
And place him in the crypt below,
Beneath the altar's sacred site ;
Ah, narrow now must be his bed,
And dust shall pillow heart and head,



MANSON

TOMB OF NIALL-NÓE.

To face page 21.

The bloom of Banagh's line is shed;
 Dust to dust, the spirit's flown
 To mix in heavens among its own;
 But what can blunt the trying blow
 That leaves us fatherless below?

THE OLD RUINED CHURCH AT BALLYSAGGART.

Within a short distance of the castle at Rathaine, on the southern shore of St John's Point, close to a small village called Ballysaggart (Priest's Town), are the crumbling walls of a little Franciscan church (3rd order of St. Francis), connected formerly with a monastery, and built and endowed at the close of the 15th century by the wealth of the Mac Swynes of Banagh.

Like all other such buildings in Ireland, it enjoys all the advantages of a beautiful but isolated site, looking out on the full stretch of the Donegal Bay, with Bundoran and the sand hills near Ballyshannon and the well cultivated slopes of Drumholm adding beauty to the opposite shores before it. Here, the presumption is, rest in peace the remains of the chieftain Niall Mor; and it was here that was recently discovered, in a very unprotected place in the south-west corner of this ruined building, the beautiful Celtic slab recording his memory.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TOMB OF NIALL MOR.

The slab itself is coffin-shaped, and covered over with sculpture in bas relief of the most elaborate character. In one of the upper compartments is a figure of the chieftain himself in the dress of the gal-

lowglass, which exactly corresponds with the description given by the late lamented Eugene O'Curry and other writers: "The Irish gallowglass wore a defensive coat studded with iron nails, a long sword was by his side, and an iron head-piece secured his head, and in his hand he grasped a broad keen-edged sword."

It is very well known that the Irish forces were composed of kerns, gallowglasses, and cavalry. The word kern is derived from *ceith-carnach*, which signifies a battler. So swift were they that they ran over mountains and valleys like the rein-deer. Froissart, in his chronicles, giving an account of king Richard's expedition, says of the Irish soldiers, that they were so strong and active that on foot they could overtake the English horsemen at full speed, leap up behind the rider, and pull him from his horse. The name gallowglass is derived from the Irish (*gal-oge-laoch*), *gal*, a foreigner, *oge*, young, and *laoch*, a chieftain. They were the heavy infantry of the Irish, select men, of great strength and stature, armed with swords and battle-axes; they also wore armour, such as helmets and breastplates of iron, with a shield. Their chief weapon was the battle-axe; and in remote times their warriors used a formidable weapon called a battle-hammer, which was a wooden club, studded with short spikes and knobs of iron. The battle-axe was always keen-edged, and was wielded by one hand, the thumb being placed on the handle to guide the stroke; and they struck

with such force that they often clove the skull of the warrior through his own helmet with a single blow. It is also recorded of them that sometimes with one stroke they cut off the thigh of a horseman, the limb falling on one side, the body on the other. Being the strongest, the steadiest, and the best disciplined of the Irish forces, they generally bore the brunt of the battle. On the standards of the Irish chieftains we find frequently the representation of trees and animals.

In other compartments of the fine old slab are the deer and the Irish wolf-dog, and the horse and lizard, the crest of Mac Swyne. There is also what appears the reconciliation of the chieftains, with symbols of the Trinity, and a great variety of interlaced work. The slab consists of nine compartments, and measures in length seven feet, being three feet wide at the top and two feet at the bottom.

With a view solely to the better preservation of this fine old Celtic monument, and to protect it from the careless step of the passer-by, from the decaying hand of time, and the falling *debris* of the old building, and the more to perpetuate and hand down to posterity the fame of this fine old warrior, of whom the annalist has supplied such a noble character, the Rev. Mr. Stephens, P. P., with the assistance of some of his archaeological friends, has had it recently removed, and fixed securely in the south wall, inside the nave of his church (St. Mary's, Killybegs). Alongside of it will be placed a slab containing the date of its

removal from the old crumbling walls of the ruined church, and the inscription of his noble death and deeds, from the Four Masters.

Here, in this massive and beautiful church, it will be seen by thousands, who will become familiarized with its history, where before it remained in comparative obscurity. It was owing to this state of its isolation that it escaped the notice of Dr. Petrie, the Rev. Dr. Todd, Dr. Stokes, Samuel Ferguson, and others, when on an exploring expedition, a few years ago, among the archaeological treasures at Killybegg and the Shan Glen. Since it has been placed in St. Mary's church it has attracted the notice of many distinguished *sexcens*. Among those who have been to see it, I may enumerate the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Right Hon. Chief Baron Pigott, and Chief Justice Monahan; Right Hon. Judges Keogh and Lawson; Mr. James P. Hamilton, Assistant-Barrister, Sligo; Lord Viscount Southwell, Sir James Power and Lady Power; Kenelm Digby, Esq., M. P., Queen's County; Denis Caulfield Heron, Esq., M. P., Tipperary, with a host of English and American tourists.

FRANCISCAN CHURCHES AND MONASTERIES IN DONEGAL.

Most of the Franciscan houses of the third order were erected in Donegal in the 15th century, especially those at Killybegg, Ballysaggart, Killyodonnell, Magharabeg, and Inver. The friars of those houses lived in community, observed strict discipline, attended the

sick and dying in the immediate neighbourhood, and devoted themselves to the education of the youth of the surrounding district. Such was the rule of the tertiaries of St. Francis; and indeed so solicitous were the Mac Swynes and the O'Donnells for the education of the people, that they took especial care to settle large endowments on the houses of the third order, subject always to the control of the generals and provincials.

THE CELEBRATED FRANCISCAN MONASTERY IN DONEGAL.

The Rev. Charles Mehan supplies a very graphic and beautiful history of this monastery. "It was in the year 1474, when the Franciscans were holding a provincial chapter in the monastery of Ross Rial, that Nuala O'Connor, the daughter of O'Connor Faily, one of the most powerful of the Leinster princes, and wife of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, came, accompanied by a brilliant attendance of noble ladies and a goodly escort of kerns and gallowglasses, to present an humble memorial to the assembled fathers. When the latter had duly considered the prayer of the memorial, they deputed the provincial to inform her that they could not comply with her request at that moment, but that at some future time, they would cheerfully send a colony of Franciscans to the principality of Tirconnell. 'What!' replied the princess, sorely pained by the refusal, 'I have journeyed a hundred miles to attain the object that has been dearest to my heart, and will you now venture to

deny my prayer? If you do, beware of God's wrath, for I will appeal to His throne, and charge you with the loss of all the souls which your reluctance may cause to perish in the territory of Tirconnell.' Earnest and energetic was the lady's pleading, so much so that she ultimately overcame the hesitation of the friars, some of whom proffered themselves ready to accompany her to Donegal. Proud of her success, the Lady Nualla then set out on her journey home-wards, followed by a good number of Franciscans, who, when they arrived in the barony of Tir Hugh, immediately commenced building the far-famed monastery at the head of the lovely Bay of Donegal. The site indeed was happily chosen, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the prospect it commanded. Hard by the windows of the refectory was the wharf, where foreign ships took in their cargoes of hides, fish, wool, linen cloth and folding; and there, too, came the galleons of Spain laden with wine and arms in exchange for the merchandise which the lords of Tirconnell sent annually to the Brabant marts, then the great emporium for the north of Europe. In sooth it was a lovely spot, and sweetly suggestive of holy meditation. In the calm day of summer, when the broad expanse of the estuary lay still and unruffled, mirroring in the blue depths the over-canopying heaven, was it not a fair image of the unbroken tranquillity and peace to which the hearts of the recluses aspired?—and in the winter nights, when the great crested waves rolled in majestic fury against the

granitic headlands, would not the driving storm, wreck, and unavailing cry of drowning mariners, remind the inmate of that monastery that he had chosen the safer part, by abandoning a world where the tempest of the passions wreaks destruction far more appalling. But the Lady Nualla died before the building was finished, and good reason had the friars to cherish a lasting remembrance of her piety and munificence. Her remains were interred in a vault which her widowed lord caused to be constructed, almost under the great altar, and he also determined that thenceforth his entire posterity should repose in the same crypt.

"In this monastery there were forty suits of vestments, some of them interwoven and brocaded with gold; sixteen silver chalices, and two ciboriums, inlaid with precious stones. These were the gifts of the princes of Tirconnell.

"I understand that one of the chalices belonging to the monastery is at present in the keeping of the Rev. Patrick McGee, P. P., Upper Badony, in the diocese of Derry, of which an engraving was supplied to the 'Kilkenny Archaeological Journal.'"

The Rev. Mr. Stephens, of Killybogs, has also recently come into possession of another of the silver chalices connected with the Donegal Convent, with the following inscription:—

P^o Ant^o o Doherty T. S. D. procuravit
H Calicem pro usq f m. s. n. fr^o
Convt^o Donegalensis.

This chalice was brought to America in 1850 by a young priest, of the name of Donelly, from the diocese of Clogher, who was, a few years ago, accidentally killed on the railway near Rochester, in the state of New York. Shortly after his death it was purchased for one hundred dollars by the Rev. Edward M'Gowan, pastor of St. Michael's Church, Penn Yan, who kindly presented it to Mr. Stephens. In the second edition of that most interesting work, "The Flight of the Earls," by the Rev. Mr. Meehan, there is mention made of another of these chalices, which is now in the hands of a priest in Quebec, and which had been presented in former days to the Donegal Convent by a lady of the house of Mac Guire.

Among the historical notices of the Mac Swynes of Banagh, the following are taken from the Annals of the Four Masters: "In 1533, Eoghan O'Malley came by Night with the Crews of three Ships into the Harbour of Killybeks, and the Chieftains of the Country being all that time in O'Donnell's army, they plundered and burned the Town, and took many prisoners. They were overtaken by a storm on their return, so that they were compelled to remain on the Coast of the Country, and they lighted fires and torches near their Ships. A youthful stripling of the Mac Swynes, Bryan, and the Son of Bryan O'Gallgher, and a party of Farmers and Shepherds, overtook them and attacked them courageously, and slew Eoghan O'Malley and five or six score of others with

him, and also captured two of their Ships, and rescued from them the Prisoners they had taken through the miracles of God and St. Catherine, whose Town they had profaned."

We also find it recorded that, "In 1522, the Son of Mac Swyne of Tir Boghaine, Bryan the Fleet, who was left by O'Donnell to guard the Castle of Ballyshannon, defended the Town against O'Neill. The Town, however, was finally taken, and Mac Swyne numbered among the slain. In 1542, A Ship came for the purpose of plunder from Connaught, and landed at Rathlin O'Byrne (off Glencolmkill). Turlogh, the son of Mac Swyne, Banagh, attacked and slaughtered them, so that none escaped to tell their disaster, except their chief leader, the son of O'Flagherty, to whom Mac Swyne gave quarter, and sent him under an escort to Connemara. In 1563, the son of Mac Swyne of Banagh, Eoin Modardha (John the Stern), son of Niall Mor, died in the spring-time of his life and noble achievements."

HISTORY OF THE BATTLE OF DERRYLAHIN.

(Doire Leathan), in the parish of Kilcar, bounded on the west by the Bay of Treiling.

1550: "The son of O'Donnell, Donnell the son of Hugh, son of Manus, son of Hugh Dubh, son of Hugh Roe, son of Niall Gary, son of Turlogh of the Wine, attempted to depose his father, after he had grown weak and feeble from old age, and after his other son had been imprisoned in Dublin; so that Donnell brought under

his jurisdiction and power that part of Tirconnell from the mountain westward from Barnesmor to the River Drowes, and also the people of Boylagh and Banagh. It was a cause of great grief and anguish to Ineen Dubh, the daughter of James Mac Donnell, that Donnell should make such an attempt, lest he might obtain the chieftainship of Tirconnell in preference to her son, Hugh Roe, who was confined in Dublin, and who, she hoped, would become chief whatever time God would permit him to return from his captivity. And she, therefore, assembled all the Kinell Connell who were obedient to her husband—namely, O'Doghertie, with his forces, Mac Swyne, Nat-tuath, Owen Oge, with his forces, and Mac Swyne Fanad, with his forces, with a great number of Scotch along with them. After Donnell O'Donnell had received intelligence that this muster had been made to oppose him, he assembled his forces to meet them. These were they who rose up to assist him: Mac Swyne, Banagh; Donagh, the son of Mulmurry; a party of the Clan Swyne of Munster, under the command of the three sons of Eoghan, the son of Mulmurry, the son of Donagh, son of Turlogh, and their forces, and O'Boyle; Teague Oge, the son of Teige, the son of Turlogh, with all his forces, assembled. The place where the son of O'Donnell happened to be stationed along with these chieftains was Doire-leathan, at the extremity of Tir-Boyhane, Glean Choluim Cille. The other party did not halt till they came to them at that place; and a battle ensued between them, which was

fiercely fought on both sides. The Scotch discharged a shower of arrows from their elastic bows, by which they pierced and wounded great numbers, and among the rest the son of O'Donnell himself was slain at Doire-leathan, on one side of the harbour of Teeling, on the 14th September." Seldom before that time had his enemies triumphed over him; and the party by whom he was slain had not been by any means his enemies, until they encountered on this occasion; and although Donnell was not the rightful heir to his father's patrimony, it would have been no disgrace to Tireconnell to have elected him as its chief, had he been permitted to attain to that dignity. In this battle were slain, along with O'Donnell, the three sons of Eoghan, son of Malmurry, son of Donagh, above mentioned, together with 200 others, around Donnell.—"Annals of the Four Masters."

Mac Suibhne Nat-thuagh (Mac Swynes of the district) were the territorial lords of that part of Tirconnell that is washed by the waters of Sheephaven Bay, at the southern end of which stands proudly over the sea their princely old castle (Doe Castle). Close to it is a fine salmon fishery, where, no doubt, the young Mac Swynes, in the days gone by, indulged in their piscatorial amusements; whilst around was ample sport for the hunter and the fowler among the red deer and game of the neighbouring covers. It was in this

neighbourhood the famous Owen Roe O'Neill landed from Belgium in 1641.

From this point there is a magnificent view over the red sands of Rosapenna, where, for miles from Downing Bay, there is not a blade of grass nor a particle of verdure, but one wide scene of desolation, extending as far as the old chapel in the sands of Rosgull. Some fifty or more years since, this line of coast was as highly improved, as that on the opposite shore at Ards, where stands the beautiful residence of the Stewart family. Here was the aristocratic mansion of Lord Boyne, an old-fashioned manorial house and garden, planted and laid out according to the taste of the time, with avenues and terraces, hedges and statues, surrounded by walled parks for the deer, but now not a vestige to be seen, but one common waste of sand—one undistinguished ruin covering all.

In 1543, Mac Swyne (Nat-lhuagh) and his son were taken prisoners by a fleet from Connaught (on Inis mac an Duirn, an island off the Donegal coast), and carried into captivity; and in 1544 is recorded the death of another son, Murrogh, who was highly honoured for hospitable deeds and nobility of character.

THE MAC SWYNES OF FANAD.

This branch of the family of the clan Mac Swyne had their lordly castle at Rathmullan, proudly standing on the shores of Lough Swilly, and described by the

annalists as the strongest fortified place in Ulster. In 1570 a member of this family, Turlough Oge, was treacherously murdered at Dunnalong (the Fort of the Ships), on the River Foyle, within a few miles of Derry.

In 1586, Dowera, in his narrative, tells us of an onslaught he made in this year on the Mac Swyne territory, which must have caused great havoc and suffering among his retainers: "But the springe coming on, and having the helpe of this countrie for carriages, towards the latter end of March I drew forth and made a journey on Mac Swyne, Fanaght, whose countrie lyes divided from O'Doghertie's by a bay of the sea. I came upon him unawares, and surprised and got into my possession about 1000 of his cowes before he had leisure to drive them away. Himselfe came unto mee upon it, and desired his submission to the Queen might be accepted of, and used the mediation of O'Dohertie and Hugh Buy that I would restore him the prey. After much entreatie and importunitie I was prest withal, and thinking with myselfe it might be a goode example to such others as I should have occasion to deale with, that I sought not their goods so much as their obedience, reserving a parte onlie for reward of the soldiers' labor, I was contented, and gave him back the reste, taking his oath for his future fidelitie, and six pledges such as I was advised to choose, and whereoffe his own son was one; and to have a tye on him beside, I left Captain Ralph Bingley with his companie of 150

men in garrison in his countrie at the Abbey of Rathmullen. It is true for all that, not long after, without compulsion, he made his reconciliation with O'Donnell underhand, and promised to betray the garrison that lay upon him, and secretly sought to get his pledges out of my hande; but, failing in both, and yet resolved to goe on his course, he drove away all his cattle and goods, and openlie declared himself an enmyy against us. In revenge whereof I presentlie hung up his pledges, and in September following made another journie upon him, burnt and destroyed his houses and corne, whereupon winter approaching found the death of most of his people; and in December after, at the earnest entreatie of Neal Garuie, I tooke his submission againe, and six more pledges, and from that forward he continued in good subjection."

In a few years afterwards we are told that George Bingham, governor of Sligo, under Sir Richard Bingham, sailed with the crew of a ship around Tirconnell, and put into Cuan Suilghe (Lough Swilly); and the inhabitants not being prepared for the foray, he plundered their noble abbey, carrying away its vestments, chalices, and other valuables.

A great portion of the walls of this fine old Carmelite abbey are still standing.

Where the pillared corbal and buttress lone,
Speak haughtily of the glories gone.

Over the east window of the chapel is the figure of a

mitred abbot, and in the chancel corballed heads of the recluses, with sculptured slabs containing the crest and armorial bearings of The Mac Swyne. There is not in all Ireland a prettier spot for a religious foundation than that on which stands the old ruined abbey and castle of Rathmullan—a place

Where pensive thought
And heavenly contemplation dwell;

looking out as it does on such a beautiful landscape in front of the Island of Inch, with its frowning batteries, and Fahan and Buncrana sparkling in the sunshine on the opposite shore, whilst, beneath, it is mirroring itself in the gently flowing flood of the Swilly. And who can reflect for a moment on the depths to which man may fall, who would dare to lay his profane and sacrilegious hands on this holy sanctuary, without a tear of sympathy that he should be so degraded.

CAPTURE OF HUGH ROE.

It was here, at Rathmullan Castle, that the young chieftain, Hugh Roe, then only in his 16th year, with other nobles of the country, were enjoying the far-famed hospitality of Owen Oge Mac Swyne, the lord of the castle, and looking out on the beautiful bay before them. A ship was observed coming up the bay, with a deceptive ensign, under the pretext of being a Spanish vessel freighted with the choicest wines. The news of its arrival being immediately

spread abroad, the young chieftain with some others went on board, where they were most graciously received by the captain, who invited them down to the saloon, where he gave them the most delicious wines. Whilst, however, they were enjoying his hospitality, there was lurking behind it a deep-laid plot. The hatches were secured, and he was hurried off a prisoner to Dublin Castle.

The generous prince Red Hugh,
 Unguarded, quits the fortress walls and stands amidst the crew.
 Down with the hatches, set the sail, we've won the wished-for
 prize,
 Above the rebel's prison cell to-morrow's sun shall rise.
 Untasted foams the Spanish wine, the board is spread in vain,
 The hand that waved a welcome forth is shackled by a chain,
 Yet faster, faster, through the deep the vessel glideth on,
 Tirconnell's towers, like phantoms, fade, the last faint trace is
 gone.

In vain did Mac Swyne send his messengers on board to offer a ransom: it would not be accepted. Hugh Roe remained a prisoner three years and three months, when he contrived to effect his escape in 1591.

KILLYBEGS, THE ANCIENT TOWN OF THE MAC SWYNES OF BANAGH.

Killybegs is undoubtedly one of the prettiest and most attractive of our sea-side towns, looking out as it does on its landlocked and beautiful bay, with the tide flowing up to the very doors of the houses. It was formerly, in the good old times, called *Cealla*



KILLYBEGS.

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beaga (the little churches), when the Mac Swynes were the *terra dominantes* *alumni*.

Killybegs was incorporated by a royal charter, in the 13th year of the reign of James I., into a borough, with the titles of provost, free burgesses, and commonalty of Killybegs. It returned two Members to the Irish Parliament, down to the time of the Union when it became disfranchised. Its bay is one of the finest in Ireland, shut out by Nature's barriers from every storm, and capable of floating, in the most perfect security, the largest of H. M. S. ships of war, some of which occasionally condescend to pay her a visit. The largest vessels can enter and take their departure at every state and condition of the tide. It affords the very best anchorage; and, oftentimes, it has done good service by rescuing the tempest-tossed ship, when it was all but the prey of the storm. An English tourist lately observed, that it was one of the most beautiful things of the kind in the United Kingdom, surpassing even Dartmouth Harbour. Dartmouth has no black mountain to frown out grandly beyond it. The houses which, since a recent period, have been almost all rebuilt are of a very substantial and imposing character. There are two very fine hotels,—Coan's Hotel, and Rog rs' Hotel—which afford ample accommodation and every comfort to visitors. St. Mary's Church is a very stately edifice, with a massive and well-proportioned tower, and occupying a commanding site overtopping the town and harbour. It has one of the finest paintings

in it to be seen in any church in Ireland, a beautiful copy, after Murillo, of the Holy Family. It was presented to this church, in 1844, by the late Mr. Murray of Broughton, the lord of the soil.* It was at that time bought up at a sale of a wealthy nobleman in London, who was disposing of his London house and paintings. The house was purchased as a town residence by the great Rothschild, and all the paintings, with the exception of the present one, which was so large (eight feet by seven feet) that it occupied too much space, and the more especially so as he brought with him a rare collection of his own, in addition to those he there purchased. It has been recently restored, at a very considerable expense, by Mr. Lesage, of Dublin. There is, also, in the interior of this church, besides the fine old Celtic tomb of Niall Mor, a marble monument, by Farrell, to commemorate the memory of the celebrated Bishop Donatus M'Gonigle, who died at Killybegs in the year 1589.

This illustrious prelate was one of the few bishops of the Irish Church who reflected lustre on the closing sessions of the Council of Trent. He succeeded, in the see of Raphoe, Art Mac Phelim Fin O'Gallagher, whose death took place in August, 1561. His appointment is thus recorded in the Consistorial Records:—
 " Die 28 Januarii, 1562. Referente D. Cardinali Morone SS. providit Ecclesiae Raponensi vacanti per obitum bonae memorie Arturi, extra Romanam Curiam defuncti de persona D. Donaldi Magongoill

* Mr. Murray, it is said, paid for it some 200 guineas.

Hiberni presentis in Curia commendati itidem litteris
Reverendi Patris David, cum retentione Rectoriae
Kyllatay (in another copy Cilactai) Diocesia Rapo-
tensis."

When the P. P. of Killybegs and Killaghtee, he had acquired great fame for prudence and theological skill, and had visited Rome on matters connected with his diocese in 1560. Father David Wolfe, S. J., was at this time discharging the duties of Delegate Apostolic of the Roman See in Ireland, and Dr. M'Gonaghail was one of those whom he chose as his companion in the perilous task of performing a visitation of some of the most disturbed districts in Ireland. In the autumn of 1561, Father Wolfe commissioned Dr. M'Gonaghail to proceed to Rome, bearer of important letters, and to place before the Holy Father the true condition and wants of the Irish Church at this trying period of its history. The letters consigned to him have already been published. Among them the following:—

" May the true peace and love of our Redeemer be in our hearts.

" I addressed a letter a few days ago through Sir William Neon to your Excellency, on the state of the Church in this district of Munster; but now I deem it better to send in person the bearer of this letter, Donald Mac Gonghaill, to give full details to you, as he was the companion of my journey in Ireland, and as he is a man of judgment, well acquainted with the circumstances of this country, having also,

as I will just now mention, other business there. This Donald, being my companion in Connaught, we saw there, though we did not visit them, the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishop of Clonfert, who, in the ways of this world, are good and honest men. The bearer of this letter, Donald Mac Gonghaill, was my companion in the district of Connaught; and there is no one in Ireland better able to give you accurate information about everything; wherefore, I send him to Rome for a twofold purpose—1st, to give you intelligence about myself; and, 2nd, that as the Bishop of Raphoe has been lately taken away from us, I know of no one better suited to be his successor. He is very learned, according to the style of literature of this country; and he is beloved by every one; he, moreover, spent some time in Rome last year.

" About fourteen persons have started from Ireland, without any letters from me, to procure that bishoprick; amongst them is the Dean of Raphoe (quite a different personage from the present most respected administrator of the diocese, Dean Feely), a man who, as I have been informed by trustworthy persons, is far better skilled in the sword than the cross. I pray your Excellency not to give credence to him, should he plead ignorance of my coming to Ireland; for there is not an individual in the whole country, whether heretic or Catholic, that has not heard of my mission hither, in consequence of a notification which I caused to be published in every part

of the island. As the vessel is now about to start, I will say no more, but recommend these three travellers to your Excellency, as well as Sir William Neon, whom I already sent thither, praying God to preserve your Excellency in health of body and mind, to His own greater glory, and to the great advantage of this afflicted country.

"From Limerick, 12th Oct., 1561.

"Your Excellency's unworthy servant,

"DAVID WOLFE."

The following day Father Wolfe gave to Donald and his companions another introductory letter, thinking that, perhaps, on arriving in France they might, with sufficient safety, be able to consign to the courier the letter just cited:—

"The bearers of this note," he says, "are the same about whom I wrote in my letter of yesterday and, in order that they may be able to despatch that letter by the courier, I gave them also the present lines, praying your Excellency to receive them as persons recommended by me. The name of the secular priest is Donald Mac Gonghaill. He is a man well versed in the affairs of this nation; and I wish your Excellency would command him, in virtue of holy obedience, to make known to you how Donatus, the Archbishop of Armagh, and other prelates, deport themselves. His companions are, Andrew O'Crean and Eugene O'Hart, whom I have already recommended to you, and whom I now recommend anew.

I will add no more, as I leave everything in the hands of Donald."

Dr. M'Gonigle was consecrated Bishop of Raphoe in the Eternal City; and soon after, in the month of May, set out for Trent, to assist at the sessions of the great Council, which was convened there. In the metrical catalogue of the Council, Donald M'Gonigle receives the epithet of the "Just," whilst at the same time he is described as in the flower of his age, and adorned with every episcopal virtue. His votes are more than once referred to in the acts of the Council; and he seems to have always ranged himself on the side of strict discipline and canonical observance. At the close of the Synod, in 1563, Dr. M'Gonigle hastened back to his flock, to share their perils in defence of the faith, and to break to them the bread of eternal life. Two provincial synods were held in Ulster during the subsequent years, for the purpose of promulgating the Tridentine decrees. At the first, held in 1568, he was unable to assist, being prevented by the continued wars which then harassed his diocese, as Dr. Creagh, the martyred prelate of Armagh, informs us; but, at the second, in 1587, Donaldus Episcopus Rapotensis is the second name that is registered among those who shared in its proceedings. The chief result of this provincial synod was, the publication throughout the greater part of Ulster of the decrees of the Council of Trent.

"Publicari fecerunt coram multitudine cleri ibi-

dem presente Concilium Tridentinum ab omnibus recipiendum precipientes in singulis parochiis recipi decretum de reformatione matrimonii."

The Roman archives preserve only two additional entries regarding this distinguished bishop. In 1569, he is described as recommending a worthy successor in the see of St. Macarten; and the second entry commemorates that the special faculties usually granted missionary bishops were renewed for him 4th May, 1575.

The manuscript in the British Museum gives us still further details of him. It says: "He was the third great bishop that was in the Council of Trent; he was an active and well qualified man; he could write well, and speak both the Latin, English, and Irish tongues. Commonly he accompanied O'Donnell when he came to Dublin before the State; he dealt much for the business of the Church; and at length he obtained letters under Sir Henry Sydney's and the Council's hands for the *immunity* of his Church, that neither English or Irish should have *cess* or *press* upon *the church lands*; and if any number of persons should offend contrary to the Lord Deputy and Council's order established in that behalf, that such delinquent shall pay into the Church tenfold as much as should be thus wrongfully exacted."

The "Annals of the Four Masters" fix the death of Bishop M'Gonigle for the 29th of September, 1589. He died at Cealla-beagga, now Killybegs, Co. Done-

gal. On the summit of a hill which rises above the beautiful bay of Killybogs, and beside a moss-grown cemetery, there stands a ruin which tradition points to as the church to which the bishop retired in times of peril to offer up the sacrifice for his flock; and the same tradition attests that his venerable remains repose in the neighbouring cemetery. Many an hour have I spent in this ancient resting-place of the dead, but have failed to discover any memorial to point out the grave of the illustrious bishop.

Killybogs has been long placed under the patronage of St. Catherine the Martyr, who is one of the most eminent of our saints. She was heiress to the throne of Egypt, and became queen at the age of fourteen. She had little regard, however, for rank or splendour, so she devoted herself to the study of philosophy. When her people perceived this, they recommended her to choose a husband to assist her in governing, and who would lead them out to battle. The young queen was troubled, and asked: "Where shall I find one such as I desire?" She spoke of so many perfections and qualities that they could be found only in God himself. She afterwards consecrated her entire life to His service, and became a glorious martyr. Days of persecution came: Christians were barbarously tortured and put to death, and Catherine encouraged and strengthened them. At last it was decreed that she should be tied to four revolving wheels, stuck over with sharp-pointed spikes, so that when the wheels were moved she

would be torn in pieces; but fire came down from Heaven and the executioners were destroyed, whilst she remained alive. She was afterwards taken outside the city, scourged with rods, and beheaded. Her body was afterwards taken up to the Monastery on the top of Mount Sinai, built by the Empress Helena. On account of St. Catherine's great erudition, and the extraordinary spirit of piety by which she sanctified her learning, and the use she made of it, she is chosen in the schools as the patroness and model of Christian philosophers. Her festival is observed on the 24th of November. Killybeks has all the resources of greatness about it, and I have no doubt that it will yet become a flourishing and very important town, when advantage will be taken of its well sheltered and commodious bay to make it the centre and emporium for the commerce of the several towns and extensive district of country around it. If such a magnificent harbour were in any other part of the world, long since its waters would have been utilized by the steam wheels of commercial enterprise, and a connecting line of railway formed either with the Finn Valley or the Irish N. W. Railway. Killybeks would then, in all probability, be made a packet station, it being the nearest and safest harbour to New York. What a saving would be effected by steam packet companies of so many thousands, now spent in harbour dues and for the use of steam tenders! Killybeks is also admirably situated for a naval station, and one of the largest of Her Majesty's

iron-clads ought to be permanently stationed here, infinitely preferable to the Foyle or the Swilly, both which are so far from the offing. Factories would also become a profitable investment, and employ all the spare labour, emigration checked, the coast fisheries encouraged and developed, and the common law right of the fisherman to the high seas, as far as high-water mark, recognised. Peace, happiness, and industry would then prevail; and there would be comfortable and smiling homesteads. What a glorious prospect for the philanthropist?

THE ANCIENT ISLAND OF TORRY, BLESSED BY THE LABOURS OF
ST. COLUMBA, WITH ITS RELIGIOUS BUILDINGS; AND ITS OLD
CASTLES SINCE THE DAYS OF THE FOMORIANS.

Of the many islands that encircle the shores of Ireland, there are few, I will venture to say, fraught with more interest for the antiquarian than "Torry," off the beautiful coast of Donegal.

This island is about ten miles from the mainland (at the Coast Guard Station, near Falcarraugh), and presents an extent of surface some $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and 1 mile broad. It is dignified with three little towns, called the East, and West, and the Middle Town, and has a population of some 420 souls. It is inhabited by a very hardy, adventurous, and stalwart race, the men six feet in ordinary height, and of a dark complexion; and the women noble, tall, and dark-featured; and for strength and agility the Torry fisher-

men cannot be excelled. The dress of the young men is a cloth coat of a blue colour, or striped jacket, with oilcloth hat, drugget vest, and corduroy trousers; and around the neck a richly-coloured tie, of the sailor rig. The dress of the women is the camlet petticoat, a drugget gown, and white head-dress; whilst most of the children are arrayed in red flannel, which gives them a picturesque appearance. A considerable part of the island is under cultivation, and produces corn, barley, rye, and potatoes. The cultivation is principally confined to the southern part and lowlands of the island, the northern part being exposed to the hurricane, when the drifted spray levels all before it. Still there is a sign which indicates the coming season. If the ravens build in the north there is no anticipation of danger for that year, as these birds will not expose their young brood to the storm. Yet their principal support is derived from the sea by fishing, and the manufacture of kelp, which is carried on largely. Fish are at all times numerous about the island, comprising turbot, cod, ling, haddock, plaice, mackerel, gurnet, brazers, lobster, crabs, and occasionally, but at uncertain intervals, the herring. Formerly, under the fostering care of the Irish Parliament, the herring fishery was very successfully prosecuted all along the north-west coast of Donegal. We find a petition presented to the Irish House of Commons, in March, 1786, largely signed, setting forth the number of ships employed off this coast that season to amount to nearly 500, the tonnage of which

exceeded on an average 20,000 tons. And that the boats employed by said ships in taking herrings amounted to more than 2000:

That almost all these ships were loaded with full cargoes of good, sound, well-cured marketable herrings superior to any ever imported; that one year with another the herrings shipped for the different markets have exceeded 150,000 barrels annually, exclusive of the large quantities carried by land, for the supply of the inland counties; that the greater part of said fish were consumed in the kingdom; that the markets have been constantly supplied for several years past with a sufficient quantity of well-cured herrings at a reasonable price for home consumption, and a large redundancy for exportation; and that the said trade has in a period of twelve years arrived at its present flourishing condition by the *bounty* and *encouragement* given it by the *Native Parliament of Ireland*.

The fishermen of Donegal, who serve as a nursery for our ships of war, are at present in sad want of encouragement in the prosecution of their dangerous avocations. They complain, that, whilst the fisheries of Scotland are encouraged and fostered, they are allowed to take care of themselves as best they may without receiving any aid or assistance from the Government. At many places round the coast small fishery piers are required. The difficulty and labour of shoring and launching their boats at these points prevent them from going out to sea, when there are

strong indications of fish in the bay.' A better description of boats and gear is also required, and which the fishermen are not able to procure without some encouraging hand to help them. The principal boat used in fishing by the Islanders of Torry is the *curragh*, which is made of wicker-work covered with tarred canvass. It is a very ingenious piece of naval architecture. It has no keel, and in the process of construction the order of procedure is the very opposite of that used in the dockyards. The gunwale is laid down first, and consists of a flat oval frame, perforated with holes at regular distances, into which the ribs (stout willow rods) are inserted. Between these slighter willows are interwoven, so as to form a basket-work bulwark of about six inches in depth. The ribs are then brought together at the place where the keel ought to be, and being intertwined are strengthened by laths, crossing them from stem to stern, and each crossing fastened with horse hair. The frame thus made is then covered with horseskin or tarred canvas. The gallant ship is now ready to bear the dangers of the deep.

There is no taft or beam in the curragh, but the crew must sit on the floor, and must remain perfectly steady, as a little lateral pressure, there being no keel, would upset it. Short paddles are used for oars; and when there is only one in the boat he kneels at the bow, and with alternate strokes from side to side he guides the ship. They are very seaworthy, and can make the shore in a surf on the rocks, when no other

boat could venture. They are nine feet from stem to stern, three feet wide, and two feet deep, and are made for an expense of about thirty shillings.

The fishermen along the coasts of Donegal also frequently complain that their rights to the high seas, given them by *Magna Charta*, are being oftentimes infringed on by by-laws and other laws, when there are no *chartered rights*, under pretext of protecting the salmon fisheries and an undue monopoly.

The sea, as it requires no aid from human cultivation, being undistinguishable by metes or bounds, and being inexhaustible by the only uses to which it can be converted, it seems inexcusable to allow to the appropriation of *a few* what Providence has so obviously designed for the *common benefit of all*; and, therefore, in all ages and countries, with the exception of Ireland, it has been a general principle of law that all should have the right of fishing in it. One of the earliest writers on common law says: "By natural law all these things are common, flowing water, the air and the sea, and shores of the sea, as accessories to it, for no one is prohibited from going to the shores of the sea, provided he meddle not with houses and buildings, because by the law of nations the shores of the sea are common, as is also the sea itself;" and one of the greatest of our modern writers says, "that to an action of trespass for fishing in an arm of the sea (and every water where the tide flows and refluxes is called an arm of the sea), it is a good justification to say that the place where, etc., is an arm of the sea in

which every subject has, and ought of right to have, a *free fishery*. The only exception to this general right is where any one enjoys the exclusive fishery in some particular in a branch of the sea by prescription, that is, quiet, uninterrupted, undisputed possession from a period prior to the reign of Richard I. or Henry II. (Braeton, Hale and others). What a monstrous injustice it is, that the poor fishermen of the coast should be prevented by these unjust laws from appeasing their hunger with the creatures of the deep, which the Providence of God brings and carries to their very doors with the tides and seasons, twice every day, as if to meet their daily wants, and which, if not caught by them, may not be caught at all, making, in a word, the fishes of the sea a kind of forbidden fruit.

On the shores of Torry Island whales are often-times found disporting themselves in its waters. The seal is also a constant visitor, of which two different kinds are caught off this Island—the *fur* seal and the *hair* seal, the latter growing to a great size, one having been captured as large as a cow. Birds are also numerous, such as gulls, sea pyes, pigeons, curlew, peregrine falcon, kestrell and the sea eagle, the stormy petrel, chough, the starling, and the rail.

ANTIQUITIES OF TORRY.

Torry appears to have been in ancient times the stronghold of the Fomorians, or African Sea-kings. By rolling back the pages of Irish history, we find

among the first colonists, or settlers, in Ireland, mention made of Partholanus and his adventurous followers—about 300 years after the Deluge. He came from the shores of the Black Sea, and made his first landing in Kerry, in the south of Ireland. He afterwards, steering northwards, entered the present harbour of Ballyshannon, where he fixed his abode on a little island in front of the cataract, called *Innis-saimmer*. This little island has taken this name, as the traditions have it, from a favorite dog of Partholanus. Landing on it hastily one evening, in a transport of furious jealousy, his dog came bounding down the rocks and fawned on him, when, in his passion, he struck the animal dead. Probably he wished to reach his tent in secrecy, and that the dog would betray him. We may trust that he discovered his suspicions to have been false, since he recovered sufficient gentleness to feel remorse for the death of his four-footed friend; and burying his body in the island, called it *Innis-saimmer*, in his memory—perhaps when he was quitting this quiet retreat for Howth, which he did after, it is believed, a residence of some years.

Partholanus, however, as we are told, was a double parricide, having killed his father and mother, before leaving his native country, for which horrible crimes, as the Bards very morally conclude, his posterity were fated never to possess the land.

The second colonisation was that of the Nemedians, their leader being called Nemedh. He and

his posterity were constantly at war with the Femorians, the descendants of Ham, who had fled from Northern Africa to the Western Islands for refuge from their enemies, the sons of Shem. At length the Femorians prevailed, and the children of the second immigration were either slain or driven into exile. The third immigration were the Firbolgs or Belge, who were succeeded by the Tuatha de Danans, and afterwards by the Milesians, sometimes called the Gael, who came from Spain, under the leadership of the sons of Milesius.

The Annals of the Four Masters tell us, that *Conaing*, one of the celebrated commanders of the Femorians, built a strong tower on Torry Island which was called *Tor-Conaing*. The Nemedians attacked this tower with an army of 60,000 men, both of land and sea forces, and fought a great battle with the Femorians. Such, however, was the confusion caused by the conflict, that, forgetting themselves, they allowed themselves to be surrounded by the tide (at Portadoon), when immense numbers perished. In this battle (A. M. 3066), Conaing was slain and the tower destroyed.

The remains of Balor's Castle are also pointed out by the Islanders at the east end, at the promontory of *Tor-mor*, where the cliff rises to the height of 280 feet, which was in those early times the stronghold of one of the sea-kings of that name.

BALOR'S CASTLE.

There is a legend connected with this Castle, which goes on to say, that in the olden times there lived a certain king of Danish descent called *Balor*, who was the last chief of the race banished from the Northern main; and having an only daughter for whom he entertained a great regard, that he selected Torry as a discreet refuge where he built his castle. The Irish name *Tor a reagh*, signifies the King's Pinnacle or hiding place, from which some take the derivation of the name of the Island. *Balor* (of the mighty blows) and a distinguished leader of the Fenorians, was killed by Lewy of the long hand, his own daughter's son.

Besides these ancient memorials of the long-forgotten past, there is near the port, as you enter the Island, one of those round towers of other days which have puzzled so much the antiquarians, in a very fair state of preservation. It is called *Cloetach*, or Belfry, by the islanders, which would go far to indicate its Christian origin. It is also of the same style of masonry as that of the adjoining monastery, which seems to offer an additional argument. Dr. Petrie, in his very learned work on the ancient "Round Towers," gives a description of this round tower, with an engraving of its arched doorway. There are many theories sustained about the origin of the round tower: some say the Phoenicians erected them for temples—

that the Druids used them to proclaim their festivals : whilst others ascribe them to a Christian origin with Dr. Petrie, maintaining that they were used for belfries and for keeps for the clergy, in which the Church plate was preserved, or to defend themselves from the fury of the Danes and the other invaders.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, the relics from the shrine,
And the mitre shining brighter, with its diamond, than the
East,
And the crozier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the priest.

In close proximity to the tower are the ruined foundations of the monastery, and the Seven Churches, founded by the great St. Columbkill. St. Ernan was abbot in this monastery in A. D. 650, (Mon. Hib.). Here also are observed the mutilated stone crosses, one of them bearing the effigy of the Redeemer, the baptismal font, the holy water stoup, and the sculptured slab known as St. John's altar.

Sacred, however as this holy Island was, it did not protect it from the sacrilegious hand of the invader ; for we are told that Sir John Bingham, after destroying the fine old monastery of Rathmullin, made a descent upon this Island, when after plundering it, and burning both its houses, and its religious buildings, he did not leave even a four-footed beast on the Island.

Yet, notwithstanding all this barbarism and desolation, there is one thing certain, that no sooner than

you land on the Island but you feel that you tread on sacred ground, and the graves of the illustrious dead, the monastery, and the ruined churches, and the Christian memorials are about you; you breathe their spirit, and the soul is filled, and the past comes back again—the monks are wandering in the cloister, the tower sends forth its chiming peals, and the church resounds with the praises of the Creator.

There is neither Magistrate, Doctor, nor Lawyer, nor Priest, on the Island—but it is visited frequently by the Priest from the mainland; and within the last few years, a very pretty and artistic church has been erected by the exertions of the respected P. P., the Rev. James M'Fadden, in the Pugin or mediæval style of architecture. I remember well the day of its consecration, when a steamer came round from Derry largely freighted with passengers; the orchestra was supplied by amateurs from Belfast, who appeared delighted to have an opportunity of making what they called a pilgrimage to the holy Isle. His Grace the Primate, then the Bishop of the diocese, was the consecrating Prelate, assisted by a large number of his clergy.

A graphic writer in one of our periodicals describes the great faith and intrepidity of the Islanders, if any of their children were in danger of dying without baptism—“Consider a struggling boat with but a shred of sail, quivering at the stroke of every wave, the sky is rent, and the ocean is dashed on high by the howling gust, while the wild crew are

gathered round the mast ; the face of the father, black as the storm, and the crouching mother bent over her dying child ; yet no one has died without baptism or the rites of the Church."

Here then is found the fearless man, and the noble woman, the man whose spirit is as buoyant as the wave on which he rides, and the woman in whom the mould of nature hath been regained.

What a fond affection the great S. Columbkille must have had for Torry and his beautiful Derry—

I would I were in Derry,
Or in Gartan's native clay,
Or in my cell in Torry,
Surrounded by the sea.

And now let me quote a few beautiful passages illustrative of his affection for Ireland from his biographer, the great Montalembert :—" What a joy to fly upon the white-crested sea, and to watch the waves as they break on the Irish shore. Ah ! how my boat would fly if it were turned towards Erin. But the noble sea carries me only to Albyn, the land of ravens. From the high prow I look over the sea, and tears are in my eyes when I turn to Erin. To Erin where the songs of the birds are so sweet, where the young are so gentle, and where the great men are so noble to look at. Noble youth take my prayer with thee and my blessing, one part to Ireland, seven times may she be blessed, and the other part for Albyn. If death should come upon me on a

sudden, it will be because of the great love I bear to the Gael." In speaking of Derry he says:—

Were all the tribute of Scotia mine,
From its midland to its borders,
I would give it for one little cell
In my beautiful Derry.
For its peace and for its purity,
For the white angels that go
In crowds from one to the other
I love my beautiful Derry.

Beloved is Durrow and Derry,
Beloved is Raphoe the pure,
Beloved the fertile Drumholm ;
But sweeter and fairer to me
The salt sea where sea gulls cry,
When I come to Derry from afar
It is sweeter and dearer to me.

The same beautiful and graphic writer also supplied the following touching incident. "One morning he called to him one of his monks, and said to him, go and seat thyself by the sea, upon the western bank of the Island (Iona.) There thou wilt see arrive, from the north of Ireland, and fall at thy feet a poor travelling stork, long beaten by the winds and exhausted by fatigue. Take her up with pity, feed her and watch her for three days. After three days' rest, she will be refreshed and strengthened, she will no longer wish to prolong her exile amongst us, she will fly to sweet Ireland, the dear country where she was born. I bid

thee care for her, because she comes from the land
where I too was born."—*The Monks of the West.*

STRIKING VIEW FROM THE ISLAND.

In the early morning, or at the evening sunset, nothing can exceed the magnificent prospect that opens on the view from Torry; the opposite shores presenting a panorama of lakes and bays, cliffs, mountains, and strands, extending from Malin Head to the Bloody Foreland, and all those, crowned by the monarchs of the mountain chain, Errigle and Muckish to which Sir Humphry Davy pays such a beautiful tribute (1806):—

Muckish and Errigle, ye pair
Of mighty brethren, rising fair
Amidst the summer evening's western light,
Clouds might you be, so bright your hue,
So dense your purple in the blue
That ushers in the night.

Were ye not motionless, your forms
Unchanged by breezes or by storms,
The same from day to day, from age to age;
Unaltered midst the wrecks of time,
Scorning the giant's strength sublime,
The whirlwind's and the lightning's rage!

Summer's wild heath blasts, winter's snows
Disturb not your serene repose,
Not, the mild influence of Spring
Clothing the lowlands all in green,
Creating round a joyful scene,
Of change to you can bring—

Not even the purple heath expands
Its foliage over your blanched sands;
Your rocks alone the yellow lichen cover
In palest tints, and o'er the space ye own
No shapes of life are known,
Save where the eagle hovers.

His screams, the mountain torrent's sound,
The mountain breezes whistling round,
The distant murmurs of the western wave,
Compose the music, wild and rude,
Of your enchanted solitude,
Else silent as the grave.

The glens that, ranged around your feet,
In grand confusion seem to meet,
As with your parts to harmonize,
While they your fountains drink,
In kindred wildness sink,
As ye in wildness rise.

After spending a very pleasant and delightful day in Torry, rambling over the Holy Isle, and noting its antiquities, I was forced reluctantly to say farewell—a word which makes us linger—and retire by way of Dunfanaghy, a distance of some fifteen miles, which gave me an opportunity of seeing the majestic cliffs of Hornhead (600 feet), and that wonderful work of nature, Mac Swine's Gun. At this point there is an opening in the face of the cliff, and when the sea is up or ruffled, it may be seen dashing against it with a force and effect that is grand beyond

description, the waves ascending in a column of foam some hundred feet high, playing with the clouds, and mocking the skies, forming a beautiful jet, and making a report that it is said has been heard in Derry; thus perpetuating the name and the fame of the great Mac Swines (nat-tuagh), the Mac Swineys of the Territories or Districts.

An attempt is now being made by the Grand Jury of Donegal to tax the poor people of Torry with County Cess, from which they had hitherto been exempt from their insular position. This appears to be a monstrous injustice, and one which we hope will be resisted by his Islanders in every constitutional way. They derive no benefits from roads or bridges, as none are made for them on the Island; and as for those on the mainland, they never travel over them, except when they are compelled to emigrate to distant lands and fly from their native homesteads.

ANNALES DONGALIENSES.

THE ABBEY OF EAS-ROE, NEAR BALLYSHANNON.

THE Abbey of Eas-roe (Eas aedh ruaidh), the Cata-ract of Red Hugh, is called from an ancient king of Ireland of that name, who was drowned in the salmon lesp at Ballyshannon, many centuries before the Christian era. This Abbey, according to Allemande, was a daughter of that Boyle Abbey, County Roscommon, and was founded for Cistercian Monks in 1178, by Roderick O'Cannanain, Prince of Tirconnell. It was also amply endowed by the liberality of the O'Cannanains, the O'Maoldorys, and the O'Donnells, and here many of their chieftains are buried. The Abbey of Asharoe was called by Latin writers, *de Samaria*—that is, of the River Saimir, the ancient name of the Erne. It is about half a mile from Ballyshannon. The abbots of this celebrated monastery had to a great extent the privilege in the extensive salmon fisheries of the Erne. But the Abbey, with its lands and fisheries, were all seized by the Crown in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The ruins of the Abbey still remain, surrounded by the silent cemetery of the sainted dead; and near the venerable old pile is a cave, on the banks of the Abbey River, which flows beneath them, where the priest celebrated mass in the dark days of persecution—the *Corrig an afrion*.

(1241). Donal Mor, son of Egnaghan O'Donnell, Lord of Tirconnell, Fermanagh, and North Connaught, as far as the Curlew Mountains, died in the monastic habit, and was buried in this Abbey with great honour and solemnity in this year.

(1247). Maurice Fitzgerald and the English marched with a great force to Eas-roe, at the invitation of Geoffrey O'Donnell, and was opposed by Roderick O'Cannanain.

(1450). This year Bishop O'Gallagher, of Raphoe, died, and Edmund, Abbot of Eas-roe, Ballyshannon,

(1550). John, the son of Donal-roe O'Gallagher, Abbot of Eas-roe, died on the 29th of April in this year.

(1599). James, the son of Torlogh, son of Tuathal O'Gallagher, was hanged by O'Donnell on the top of the Sith (hill), above Eas-roe, on the 4th of March, after it was proved against him that he had been engaged in betraying and watching O'Donnell, and inducing the English to come into the country.

THE CASTLE OF BALLYSHANNON.

was erected in 1423, by Niall, the son of Turlagh O'Donnell. It was afterwards, in 1496, taken from the guards of O'Donnell by Hugh, son of O'Donnell.

ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.

Con, the son of O'Donnell, laid siege to the Castle of Ballyshannon, and Maguire marched at the request of Hugh to drive Con from the town, which he (Ma-

guire) compelled him to do. Hugh and Maguire pursued him afterwards to Donegal, and burned part of the town. Con, with the forces of Tirconnell, Ennishowen, and Darthry, turned on his pursuers, and followed them as far as Lough Derg, where, taking possession of the public road against them they were obliged to take to the bogs and woods where they lost 110 of their horses. In this engagement Maguire was defeated, and with twelve of his chiefs and others, was slain.

BATTLE AT BEALLACHBUDHE, ON THE BORDERS OF ROSCOMMON
AND SLIGO, BETWEEN THE ARMIES OF THE MAC DERMOIT
AND O'DONNELL.

In 1497, Con O'Donnell marched with an army against Mac Dermott—namely, Teague, son of Roderick Mac Dermott. He was joined by a few from Connaught—namely, Felim, the son of Manus O'Connor, the Lord of Carberry, and Owen O'Rourke, Tanist of Breffny. An immense force was collected by Mac Dermott at the Curlew Mountains to oppose them. A large portion of O'Donnell's forces, commanded by the son of Manus O'Connor, Owen O'Rourke, and Niall Garv O'Donnell, forced the Pass of *Beallachbudhe*, where Cathal O'Rourke, and many others, were slain. The great forces at Siol-Murray (Roscommon) rose up in the midst of the armies, and defeated O'Donnell; and the following were taken prisoners:—Felim O'Connor, Lord of Carberry; the two Mac Swineys, of Fanad; Roderick

and Owen M'Swiney, of Banagh; Donagh na mordog (of the thumbs), the son of O'Donnell; the two sons of O'Gallagher; the two sons of Mac Swiney, of Fanad; the two sons of Mac Swiney, of Banagh, Niall and Owen Roe; Gerald O'Doherty: the Physician of O'Donnell, the son of Owen Uetach (Mac Dunlevie). The *Cathach* of Columbkille was captured, and its keeper, Mac Robertagh, was slain, and many others were slain, or taken prisoners. Owen O'Rourke made good his escape in this engagement.

THE CATHACH OF ST. COLUMBCILLE.

This term signifies the Battler or belonging to battles, and was the term applied to a very curious metallic box containing a copy of the Psalms in MS., from the Latin Vulgate, written on vellum, and called the Psalter of Columbkille, and said to have been written by the saint himself in the 6th century. The *Cathach* is described in that learned work the *Irish Antiquarian Researches*, by Sir Wm. Betham, who gives a plate of it, on which are inscribed several curious figures. It consisted of a brass box 9½ inches long, 8 inches broad, and 2 in thickness. The top consisted of a plate of silver richly gilt and chased, riveted to one of brass, and on it are figures of St. Columbkille, the Crucifixion, and other curious representations, on the corners and other parts were set crystals, pearls, sapphires, and other gems, and the cover contains several curious Irish inscriptions.

This remarkable relique got its name from being carried as a military ensign before the forces of the O'Donnells in battle, and was considered to ensure victory. It was carefully preserved in that family, for many years, since the days of Columbkille, who was the great patron Saint of the O'Donnells, and of the same descent as the celebrated chiefs and princes of Tirconnell. It is stated in the *Antiquarian Researches*, that Colonel Daniel O'Donnell, an officer in the French service in 1723, for the better preservation of this relique, had a silver case made and placed round it, as mentioned in an inscription engraved on the cover. This box was placed for inspection in the hands of Sir Wm. Betham for some time, and is now the property of Sir Richard O'Donnell, who has deposited it for security in the Royal Irish Academy.

THE GREAT BATTLE AT BALLYSHANNON, IN 1597, BETWEEN SIR CONYERS CLIFFORD AND HIS FORCES, AND RED HUGH O'DONNELL—GALLANT DEFENCE OF THE CASTLE AND HEROIC BRAVERY OF THE INHABITANTS—DEATH OF THE BARON OF INCHIQUEEN IN THE ACT OF CROSSING THE RIVER.

When the Lord Justice Borrough was prepared to march into Tyrone against O'Neill, he sent a written despatch to the Governor of the province of Connaught, Sir Conyers Clifford, commanding him to march with all the forces he could muster to the western side of the province of Ulster against O'Donnell, while he should remain in Tyrone, which

command was immediately attended to by the Governor, for he sent for the Earl of Thomond, namely Donagh, the son of Conor, and for the Baron of Inchiquin, i. e. Murrogh the son of Murrogh; for the Earl of Clanrickard, namely Ulick the son of Richard Saxonach and his son Richard the Baron of Dunkellin. He also requested the gentlemen of the counties of Mayo and Roscommon to come with their forces, he commanded all the officers to meet him at the monastery of Boyle on the 24th of July, and that he himself with his companies would be there before them. All these came at the appointed time, and the number of those forces when they had met together, were 22 colours of foot, and 10 standards of cavalry. From this they marched to Sligo, and afterwards by Bundoran to the Erne, where they formed a numerous warlike camp on the banks of Saimir of the blue streams (the ancient name of the river). Here they were so much elated that they imagined they could not be resisted by the entire strength of the province of Ulster.

The forces of the Governor were up very early next morning to cross the river, but O'Donnell had guards at every ford. They got, however, the opportunity at a very intricate one, *Aith cul wain* (near the eel weir above the present bridge), and they rushed with all their energy and might into the ford. In the meantime the guards kept up an incessant fire against them, defending the ford as best they could.

They could not, however, defend it long against the great and numerous forces opposed to them, so that the Governor and his army crossed over and arrived on the opposite side. At this time a very lamentable death took place, namely Murrogh, son of Murrogh, son of Dermot, son of Murrogh O'Brien, Baron of Inchiquin. He was on horseback in the centre of the river, outside his soldiers, protecting them from being drowned and encouraging them past him, but fate ordained it that he was directly aimed at by one of O'Donnell's men, who shot him through the arm-pit, when he fell and was drowned in the river. It is unnecessary to say that he was deeply lamented by both English and Irish, on account of his great rank, and his noble blood, although he was young in age; and although by right his body should have been raised and buried with honours the forces did not wait for that purpose, but proceeded without halting to the monastery of Eas-roe. It was on the 31st of the month they arrived there and on a Saturday, so they remained there till the following Monday.

It was on Sunday while they were encamped at the Abbey that the ships arrived from Galway with the ordnance, large guns, and stores for the purpose of supporting them while they were to remain in that strange country. These ships cast anchor at *Innis scimmer* before Eas-roe (the island of Saimer in front of the waterfall at Ballyshannon), where they landed the stores, leaving a sufficient guard to protect them.

The ordnance was landed on Monday, and placed before the Castle of Ballyshannon. They brought their forces from the monastery to the top of *Sith Aodha* (the hill of Hugh), opposite the fortress and about the ordnance. They continued firing on the castle during Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, with thick flashes of fire and red shot from loud roaring guns and their heavy ordnance, so that their reverberations and echoing reports were heard in the vaults of the air far away from them. Large bands of their select warriors proceeded to the base of the castle, with engines for demolishing walls, having their bodies clad with thick strong iron armour, fine polished helmets on their heads, and completely guarded with bright round broad bucklers, and shields of hard iron to protect them against the shot from their enemies. It did not avail them, the attack they made on the fortress, and it was better they had not come on their journey, for they were assailed from the castle with thick showers of fiery shot from the planted and well directed guns and their very costly muskets, while others hurled down rough sided rocks, immense heavy stones, beams and rafters which were placed on the battlements of the castle directly opposite the firing, so that the coverings which were on the demolishing party were no protection or defence to them. Great numbers of them were slain, while others were disabled by being deeply wounded, so that they did not wait to be shot at any longer, and having turned their backs to their opponents,

they were driven back to the camp, and the guards of the castle continued firing after them so that a great number perished. A party of O'Donnell's cavalry defeated the English cavalry, and it was not ascertained or recorded, all there that were slain or wounded between them, except O'Connor Sligo, who was wounded on that occasion, for he and O'Connor Roe, and Theobald of the Ships (Burke), were with the entire of their forces along with the Governor at the time. O'Donnell, however, was deficient of forces, and had only a few on the Saturday the Governor came to the country with the great army, his people and forces were mustering and collecting from all quarters to him, so that the greater portion of them arrived before the noon-day of Monday; Maguire and O'Rorke came with their forces to him, and when those chiefs came together they did not allow the Governor or his forces much rest or quietness, for they carried on skirmishing, firing, conflicts, fighting and defeating attacks against the camp every day during the three days they had been engaged in their assaults on the castle. O'Donnell's forces often drove the wings of the Connacian camp into its very centre, and they did not permit their horses to feed beyond the limits of the camp, neither did they let any hay or corn come to them, on account of which the Governor and his forces were in great distress, for although they wished to return, they were not able to face any common ford on the Erne from *Caol Uisce* (the narrow water), to *Athseannraig* (at Ballyshannon).

When the Governor, the earls, and the officers perceived the great danger in which they were, they held a council from the beginning of Wednesday to the break of day on Thursday, being the 15th of August; so that the resolution they at length came to, in the early dawn, was to proceed directly onward, from the place in which they were at Sith Aodha to the turbulent, rough, deep, cold stream of *Leic*, above Eas-roe, which is called *Cassannag Curaidh* (the rout of the champions); and they advanced, in companies and parties, to that unknown and unfrequented place, unnoticed and unheard by O'Donnell's forces. The stream was so strong and some of their forces so helpless, and their horses were so laden with their provisions, that an immense number of their men and women, and their weak and feeble people, of their steeds and horses, and of everything which they had with them, were carried down by the cataract of Eas-roe to the sea. They left their ordnance and their stores of food and drink in the power of the Tirconnellians on that occasion; but, however, the commanders and officers of the force, and all of them who were efficient, crossed the Erne after great hardship and danger. The guards of the castle continued firing on them as fast as they could, and pursued them to the banks of the river in the hope of killing their enemies, and sent word to O'Donnell and his forces. When O'Donnell heard the report of the firing he and his forces immediately got ready, quickly put themselves in fighting order, and pro-

ceeded to the river as expeditiously as they could. When the Governor's forces cleared the river they went into rank and order; but O'Donnell's army proceeded in pursuit of them across the river, not waiting to put on their armour, so anxious were they to be avenged of the forces that fled from them; they continued shooting and cutting each other, from the Erne to the *Moy Cedne*, in the barony of Carberry, Sligo. The Governor and his forces went to Sligo that night, and on the following day to the Monastery of Boyle; the Chiefs of Connaught returned to their homes, and the Governor to the town of Athlone. After this escapade, no doubt there was great rejoicing in the house of O'Donnell.

I may here mention, that the body of the Baron of Inchiquin, soon after his untimely death, was taken from the river by Cormac O'Leary, one of the monks of the Abbey of Eas-roe, where it was buried by him with due honours and solemnity. It is said the body was afterwards exhumed and taken to the Franciscan Abbey of Donegal.

DONEGAL.

Dun na gall, the Fortress of the Foreigners, it is said from a fortress erected there by the Danes. The ancient territory was called Tirconnell or the county of Conal, from Conal, brother of Eoghan. Conal was the son of Niall of the Nine Hostages. His posterity were called Connellians, and possessed



DONEGAL.

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this territory, and their head chieftains were the O'Donnells. The other chieftains were the Mac Swynes, the O'Doherties, O'Boyles, O'Gallaghers, O'Gormlys, and the O'Brislands.

Red Hugh O'Donnell had an army of 200 foot and 60 horse, and his brother Rory 150 foot and 50 horse; the three Mac Swynes had 500 foot and 40 horse; O'Doherty 300 foot and 40 horse; O'Gallagher of Ballyshannon 200 foot and 40 horse; and Sliocht Rory 100 foot and 50 horse, in all amounting to 1550 foot and 300 horse, under the command of O'Donnell.

DONEGAL CASTLE.

This castle was erected by O'Donnell, Prince of Tirconnell, in 1474, and for nearly a century and a quarter after, that princely family resided in it. Through the treachery of Niall Garv O'Donnell, in 1601, it was surrendered to the forces of Elizabeth. But the famous Red Hugh, the friend of the great O'Neill, was in the pride of his youth and power then, and the English held but an insecure footing in Ulster. Hugh besieged the castle, captured it, and left it a desolate ruin. It was again repaired, and became the scene of many a struggle between the Irish and their English foes. In the middle of the seventeenth century it was held for King Charles against the Parliamentarians. Ten years afterwards it was captured by the Marquis of Clanrickard and Phelim O'Neill, assisted by the septs of the Mac Mahons and the O'Reillys. Shortly after it fell into the hands of Sir

Charles Coote. It forms now a very picturesque object on the banks of the Esk, and is kept in good preservation by Lord Arran.

The Princes of Tyrone and Tirconnell fled from Ireland to Rome in 1607, where they died soon after, and were buried in one grave, on the Hill of St. Peter, where a beautiful monument is erected to their memory.

The Hon. Mrs. Caulfield, the mother of the present Earl of Charlemont, who takes a just pride in her lineal descent, by the maternal side, from the O'Donnells, has, with her great patriotism and benevolence, assisted largely in the restoration of this beautiful tomb of the celebrated chieftains. She has also evinced very decided interest in the restoration of the fine old ruined abbey at Donegal. The Flight of the Earls is immortalized by the Bard of the O'Donnells, Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, who accompanied them into exile, in his "Lament," addressed to Nualla, the sister of O'Donnell, who was also one of the fugitives. Most of our readers will remember the dirge, "Oh, Woman of the piercing wail!"

The following are the concluding verses:—

What do I say! Ah, woe is me!

Already we bewail in vain

Their fatal fall.

And Erin, once the great and free,

Now vainly mourns her breakless chain

And iron thrall;



LOUGH DERG.

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Then, daughter of O'Donnell, dry
 Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
 Thy heart aside ;
 For Adam's race is born to die,
 And sterlly, the sepulchral urn
 Mocks human pride.
 Look not, nor sigh for earthly throne,
 Nor place thy trust in arms of clay ;
 But, on thy knees,
 Uplift thy soul to God alone ;
 For all things go their destined way,
 As He decrees.
 Embrace the faithful crucifix,
 And seek the path of pain and prayer
 Thy Saviour trod.
 Nor let thy spirit intermix
 With earthly hope and worldly care
 Its groans to God.

LOUGH DERG.

This famous place of pilgrimage and penance is situate in the Co. Donegal, on the confines of Tyrone and Fermanagh. It is only a few miles from Pettigo, a station on the Enniskillen and Bundoran Railway, being separated from it by a large tract of uncultivated and desolate moorland. This lake is about three miles long, by two and a half miles broad. It is dotted over with islands and rocks, and is surrounded by hills of mica slate from seven to twelve hundred feet high. It was anciently called *Derg abban* (the river of the woody morass), from a river which flows

from it into the Erne. It was also called *Fion loch*, (the fair or white lake), and it is said to have received its present name of Lough Derg, from a legend which ascribes to St. Patrick the killing of a monster, the blood of which tinged the lake a red colour. It was also called St. Fintan's Island, from a celebrated saint of the Connellians of Tirconnel in the seventh century. The history of this island and its antiquities are recorded by many writers, among whom I may mention Giraldus Cambrensis, Mathew Paris, Camden, Ware, Colgan, Archdall, and Lanigan. A monastery was founded here, about the end of the fifth century (490), of the order of St. Augustine, by St. Dubeog. It was called Termon Dubeog, and was dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. We often-times find it mentioned in "The Annals of the Four Masters."

It continued to be of great note till the seventeenth century (1632); when, by an order of the Lords Justices, the abbey and other buildings on the island were demolished. The friars were also banished from off the island by Sir James Balfour and Sir William Stuart, who were deputed for this purpose. In a report made by Sir William, it is mentioned that he found on the island an abbot and forty friars, and that there was a daily resort of about 450 pilgrims. Sir William also informed the council, that in order to prevent the people any longer going on the island, he directed the buildings to be pulled down and destroyed; and also that the place called St. Patrick's

Bed, and the stone on which the saint knelt, should be thrown into the lake.

He afterwards put a man named Magrath into possession, with an injunction to him not to permit, in future, either jesuits, friars, or nuns to enter on it. Some of the ruins of the ancient abbey still remain; and a plate is given in "Ware's Antiquities" of the building. St. Dubeog himself is buried on the island. The place of pilgrimage and penance has, however, long since been transferred from the Saint's Island to the Station Island. And the hard beds of penance are dedicated to St. Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille, to Dubeog and Adamnan.

In early times, Lough Derg was one of the most celebrated shrines of penance in Europe; and it was by no means uncommon for princes from foreign lands to leave their palace homes, in order to find rest for a troubled conscience by performing a pilgrimage to the Sainted Isle.

In the sixteenth century, the Castle of Sligo was taken by O'Donnell, Hugh Oge, the son of Hugh Roe, after being a long time out of his possession. A French knight, who had come to perform a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, on Lough Derg, sojourned, on his journey to and from the island, in the house of O'Donnell, where he received respect and hospitality, and presents, by which they formed bonds of friendship with one another.

When the knight was informed that the Castle of Sligo was defended against O'Donnell, he promised

to send to his aid a ship with large guns. The ship afterwards arrived in the spacious harbour of Killybegs, from which it directly sailed to Sligo, whilst O'Donnell was proceeding with his forces by land. The town was destroyed by them before they got possession of it (the castle), and O'Donnell gave full pardon to the garrison.

It is recorded in "Rymer's Foedera," that, so early as the year 1358, King Edward III. granted to Mälatesta Ungarus, an Hungarian Knight, and to Nicholas de Becario, a nobleman of Ferrara, in Italy, a safe conduct through England, to visit this pilgrimage. And in 1397, King Richard II. granted a like conduct to Raymond Viscount de Perilleaux, Knight of Rhodes, with a train of twenty men and thirty horses.

Besides Lough Derg, we find many other places resorted to for the purpose of pilgrimage and penance. The most celebrated were—Armagh; Downpatrick and Derry; Columbkille; Croagh-Patrick, County Mayo; the Isles of Arran, off the coast of Galway; the Seven Churches of Glen-da-loch and Cluen mae noice, Kildare of St. Brigid, and Holy-cross in Tipperary. We are also informed that some of the kings of Ireland made pilgrimage in former days to the celebrated Monastery of Iona, founded by St. Columba.

Aulaf V., who ruled over the Danes in Dublin for thirty years (981), retired to the Abbey of St. Columbkille, at Iona, where he soon after died in penitence and pilgrimage. He was married to the

sister of the King of Leinster, who, after the death of her husband, became the wife of Brian Boru.

Several of the kings of the race of Niall also made pilgrimages to this ancient monastery, where they died, and over their tomb is the inscription "Tumulus Regum Hiberniae."

Many of the Irish princes and chieftains also made pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. James, at Compostella in Spain, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; whilst others repaired to Rome and the Holy Land.

Yes, and whilst the injunction remains, "unless you do penance, you will all likewise perish," Lough Derg, and these other holy shrines, shut out from the busy world, will always be made the resort of the pilgrim. Connected with the pilgrimage of Raymond, the Count de Perilleaux, to Lough Derg, there is a terrible tragedy recorded, where we find him murdered at the very altar in his cell whilst performing his devotions:

By flood and field, by wood and fell,
In desert wild, or hermit's cell,
In camp or court, in hall or bower,
At day's broad noon, or midnight hour,
On mountain top, or flow'ry lea,
Or where in prayer he bends the knee;
Aye, even before the holy shrine,
I'll claim him there, his blood is mine.

The tradition goes on to say:—"It was a beautiful evening in the autumn of 1397, and the flood of rich

yellow light from the setting sun bathed the wooded shores of Lough Derg, tipping with gold the waves on its surface. At this time the naked hills which now surround the lake were covered with majestic woods of oak and beech, and fringed with a thick copse of brushwood to the water's edge.

"The little island on which was situated St. Patrick's Purgatory, lay about a mile from the shore, resembling some dark spot in the midst of flowing silver

"The ferryman was reposing on a grassy knoll at the verge of the lake, waiting to ferry over the pilgrims as they made their appearance. While he thus lay, with his *breadth* (cap or bonnet) thrown over his eyes, to keep off the rays of the sun, a pilgrim, toiled and travel-stained, arrived at the bank, and stood beside the unconscious ferryman. He was a fine tall young fellow, clad in the usual garb of a religious wanderer of the period. His face was thin and pale, but full of life and animation. He was clad in the humble garments of a palmer, yet his mien and motion were those of one used to associate with the proud and noble. After a little the pilgrim pointed with his staff towards the island, as if indicating a wish to be ferried over. On which the ferryman directed his attention to the setting sun, as an intimation that the hour had passed, and then pointed to the cottage at the end of the wood, plainly intimating to the pilgrim that he should be content with a share of the shelter and hospitality of his humble roof till morning.

"The stranger bowed in thankfulness, laying the forefinger of his right hand impressively on his lips, and raising the other towards the blue vault of heaven. He then crossed both with an expressive gesture on his breast, and hung down his head in silence.

"'Ay, ay!' uttered the boatman in an undertone; 'a vow to hold his peace, some terrible crime to be atoned for by the severity of the penance; and in one so young, too.' And with a glance upwards of astonishment and thankfulness to heaven, he led the way to his cabin. The evening sun had gone down behind the western hills, and the gloom of coming night was darkening the deep brown woods. The song of the robin and the thrush was hushed, and the pilgrim was seated beside the cheerful hearth of the ferryman, silent and motionless, and wrapt up in the shadowy stillness of profound meditation.

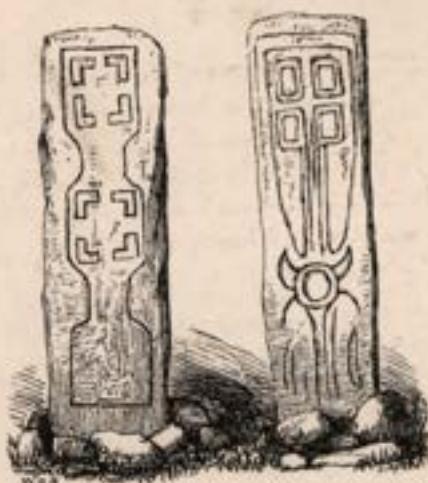
"On a sudden, however, the ferryman was startled on hearing the notes of a bugle-horn, which came pealing from the woods. He started to his feet, for such sounds were seldom heard on the peaceful shores of the Lake of Penance; and on going out he observed a train of horsemen issuing from the woods.

"The person who rode in front, and who appeared to be the chief, was mounted on a beautiful charger of the true Arabian breed. He was dressed in black, A mantle of velvet, lined with silk, depended from his shoulders, under which he wore a doublet of fine cloth, braided with twisted cords of silk, and fitting

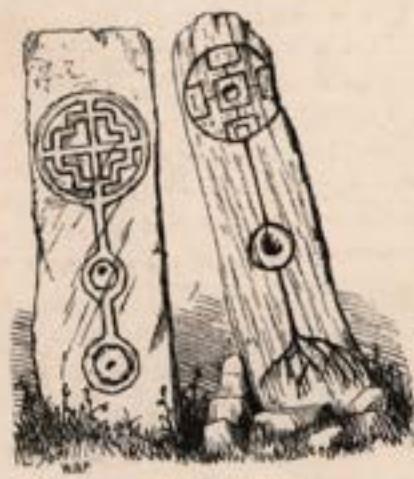
closely to the body. He also wore a broad-brimmed hat, from which drooped a solitary black feather, shadowing features proud, stern, and repulsive in their expression. The rest of the attendants were clad in much the same fashion, except a few, who were fully equipped and armed. They appeared as if after a long journey. They were evidently men from a foreign land, for they used much gesture, and spoke in a strange tongue. Tents were immediately pitched on the shores of the lake, and fires lighted, and a hurry and bustle continued among the strangers till a late hour, and a strict guard was placed on the pavilion of him who appeared to be their chief.

"Shortly after the noble chieftain embarked for the island, and without an attendant; on reaching which he hurried for the cell at which Raymond de Perilleaux was making his devotions. He advanced with a rapid and quick movement, till he came within a few feet of the holy shrine, at which he found him. He then called out in a loud exclamation:—

"We have met here alone, and face to face at last, Raymond, Count of Perilleaux! can you pray to Heaven? you with the blood of innocence crying to that Heaven for vengeance against you. Can you ask for pardon, or hope for mercy, whose heart was closed against the pleading of the virtuous and the innocent? can you hope for peace, while my vow of revenge is unpaid? and the dagger yet unstained with thy blood? Raymond of Perilleaux, know you



Both Sides of Cross in the Glen.—No. 3.



Crosses in Glenoldinville.—No. 4.

not that while I lived, my life was devoted to your destruction, now, say your last prayer," drawing his blood stained dagger—

" 'Mercy! mercy! Ugolino'" uttered Raymond in a trembling and distressed voice. It was all soon over, he raised up the dagger, and buried it to the very hilt in the heart of the wretched count.

"The murdered victim never groaned, his lips were seen to move in prayer, he staggered forward a few paces, and fell heavily against the steps of the little altar where he expired."

Lough Derg is still resorted to, in the summer months, by pilgrims from all parts of Ireland, some come from England, and Scotland, and from America. It is under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Clogher, who sends his priests there to administer the sacraments of penance and Eucharist to the humble penitents who throng its shores. Some 15,000 persons visit it for these holy works every season.

KILLYBEGS AND THE SCENERY OF THE WILDS—EXCURSION TO GLENCOLMKILLE—THE NEW HOTEL AT CARRICK—THE BEAUTIFUL CLIFFS AND THE OLD STONE CROSSES OF THE GLEN—GRAND MOUNTAIN PASS OF THE GLENGEISH.

Nothing can be more cheery than the drive from Killybegs, on a fine summer's morning, along the beautiful line of coast, to Glencolmkille; which never fails to give a buoyancy to the spirits and an elasticity to the frame, which are of a most refreshing and invigorating character. Who is there doomed

for a time to the daily rounds of city life, or accustomed to the dull monotonous sounds of level plains, such as we meet with in many parts of England, that does not feel himself both physically and mentally improved by the change of scene, and by the pure fresh atmosphere of these grand and sublime places of nature. Indeed I must acknowledge—

I'm not romantic, but upon my word,
There are some moments, when we can't help feeling
As if the heart's chords were so strongly stirred,
By things around us, that 'tis vain concealing ;
A little music in the soul still lingers,
Whosoever the keys are touched by Nature's fingers.

The tourist to the wilds, soon after he has emerged from the town, generally takes a lingering look behind, "to that dear land he was leaving." And, indeed, nothing can be prettier from the heights at this point, than the view of Killybegs, seated like a Queen on her throne, with its noble and unrivalled bay, reposing in all its calm beauty, under the shelter of the grotesque hills around it, of which it may be said that, outside the bay, the billows may rage and roar, but—

Within the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure, without their hawsers ride.

After a little, he obtains a view of Fintra, the residence of Mrs. Hamilton, which forms an exceedingly pretty picture in the landscape. Fintra House is well protected from the northern gale, by a thick plan-

tation of firs, and the dark mountain range of *Cronrad*, which rises up behind it to the height of 1400 feet. Whilst in front, is the rabbit warren, which comes up to the very door, and the sandy beach stretching out till it meets the Atlantic, which is always breaking over it in silvery surges:—

It rolls and foams, and rolls and foams for ever.

After passing Fintra (the fair or smooth strand) there is a fine view of the Donegal Bay, with the islands of Innisduff and Innismurray, and the now famous Rynn of Largy where, whilom, our friend Condy M'Ginnis has taken many a fine salmon.

Condy, however, has had a narrow escape from the intricacies of the law, for whilst he was planning how to get the salmon into the meshes of his net, others were on the look-out to get Condy into the meshes of the law. He was summoned before the Bench at Killybegs, and fined in a penalty of fifty pounds, for fishing on what is called *half tram*, and which the magistrates were desirous to constitute a fixed engine. And this was the more intolerable, from the fact that the Bench had no jurisdiction at all in the case. Condy, however, soon afterwards, had the satisfaction of getting this decision *reversed with costs*, by his worship the Assistant Barrister, after a very conclusive and elaborate argument from counsel. So he returned home from Donegal, with a light heart to pursue again his fishing avocations. It is to be hoped that Mr. Heron, the patriotic member for

Tipperary, in his new fishery Bill, will introduce a clause that will give protection to so deserving a class as the hardy and adventurous fishermen of our coast. As soon as the tourist has reached a place called *Bawin* he will perceive that the scenery begins to culminate in a panorama of great beauty.

Here there are two roads diverging at different points to the "Wilds," one of them along the coast by Mucross and *Alta tairish*, the other the mail car route, by *Gort-na-cuileach* (the field of the cocks), and *Drimnafingla* (the hill of fratricide), both of which present views of exciting interest. At Bawin, in former days, was one of the strongholds of the Mac Swineys of Bansagh, the fort on which the castle stood being still visible. It was here, according to Mr. O'Donovan, that Fearfadha, son of Turlough Meirgeach Mac Swiney, died in 1583. There is also a holy well to be seen at this place, at the verge of the road, dedicated to St. Kieran.

And on a height in the centre of the stock farm, is observable a large stone, called *Cloch stuccan*, or the liberty stone, which is said to have marked the boundaries of the liberties of the Corporation of Killybogs at the time of the plantation of Ulster. Looking up at the cottages, perched on the side of the mountain, some one may exclaim:—

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

After proceeding a little further on his route, and passing the mill at Leter, there is a fine view obtained of the town of

KILCAR,

which is romantically situated in a deep gorge or glen, at the meeting of two noisy little rivers, which are constantly fretting and brawling around it.

Just as you enter the town you observe the *hospice* of the respected parish priest, the Rev. Patrick Logue, in immediate proximity to his chapel. And in the opposite end of the town, on a rising ground where the old road crept in former times, are the crumbling remains of an old ruined church called *Cille charthadh*, from which the present town of Kilcar derives its name.

There appear, indeed, but very few signs of any improvements having been made in this town—I might say, since the days of the great Ollamh Fodhla.

From the west end of the town the road to Carrick pursues the even tenor of its way along the valley of the Ballyduff river, till it crosses the bridge, when it proceeds up a steep acclivity, through an extensive tract of moorland. After, however, it has reached the top of the hill, a glorious prospect soon opens on the view, for beneath us we behold, nestling in the valley, the picturesque and beautiful village of

CARRICK,

with the giant monarch of these mountain lands, Sliabh-liag, rising in all its magnificence, and the

fitful clouds casting their shadows along its sides in all their everchanging variety.

What pencil can thy beauties tell, for here
All that creation's varying mass assumes,
Of grand and lovely, both aspires and blooms,
Bold rise thy mountains.

The traveller generally rests for a few days at the very comfortable hotel kept by Mrs. Blain, in order to have time to explore all the wild scenery around it.

I presume it is from the kind attention that one meets with at this hotel, and at Killybegs and other places, that some one has said :—

Whoever has travelled the world around,
Whatever his journeyings may have been,
Must sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome in the inn.

Lately there has been a splendid addition made to this hotel by the Messrs. Musgrave, of Belfast, which will afford ample accommodation to the numerous tourists to the wilds. It is to be called the Glencolmkill Hotel. I am also informed that as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made an excursion steamer will be brought into requisition, in connexion with the North-Western Railway, for the summer and autumn months, when a through ticket will be established with London, and intervening places, to transfer the visitors by rail from the beautiful scenery

of Lough Erne, and the very popular watering place of Bundoran (the Brighton of the north), to some of the grandest cliff and mountain scenery in the world. This steamer, when not engaged in the tourist traffic, could find useful employment in towing vessels over the bar to Ballyshannon. What a pity it is that something is not done to improve the harbour at Ballyshannon, which appears to be the key to the commerce of so many counties, but especially those of Donegal, Leitrim, and Fermanagh.

And all this, in our estimation, could be accomplished by the construction of a ship canal over a small neck of land of about two miles in extent, from the sea at Bonatroughan to a point called the General's Boat House, inside the present harbour. This would effectually avoid all the danger of shifting sand which has so long formed an obstruction to the trade and commerce of the town. If this were once done then we might expect to behold the magnificent water-power of Lough Erne turned to useful account, and the banks of its beautiful river studded over with factories, enabling it to compete, as it ought to do, with either Belfast or Derry.

No doubt but under the fostering care of a Home Government, that would feel an interest in the prosperity of the country, all this would be soon accomplished.

SЛИABH-LIAG.

Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake, and mighty river;
Of mountain raised on high to mock
The storm's career, and lightning's shock;
My native land for ever.

The late Earl of Carlisle it was, when on a tour through the Donegal highlands, in describing the scenery of this part of the coast, paid it the compliment to call them the "Matchless Cliffs."

Sliabh-liag, which derives its name, not from the flags which are found on it, as erroneously stated, but from its grey appearance, partakes of the character of a cliff as well as a mountain. And taken in the former sense, it is undoubtedly one of the grandest cliffs in Europe, rising up vertically from the sea like a wall to the height of 2000 feet—

Such cliffs like giants stand
To sentinel an enchanted land.

It is easily ascended from the road at Teeling by means of a winding pathway constructed by Mr. Thomas Conolly, M. P. for Donegal, which conducts the tourist by easy stages to the top of the mountain. On reaching which a glorious and magnificent prospect opens on the view which I might venture to say is not excelled by any other in Ireland. The late Smith O'Brien, when looking around him from it, could not restrain himself from calling out for

three cheers for the liberty of Old Ireland, and making use of the words of the great O'Connell, when standing on the Calton Hill, and surveying the prospect before him, he exclaimed, "This indeed is a country worth fighting for."

VIEW FROM MLIARH-LIAG.

Before us is the Donegal Bay in all its beauty, bounded by the sand-hills of Bundoran, and a blue range of mountains; whilst more to the westward are Nephin, the Twelve Pins of Connemara, and the Stags of Broadhaven. Westward still stretches out the "wide unbounding sea," which has carried on its bosom many of the fair sons and daughters of Tircannonell to the home of the brave and the free, in far off lands. Whilst inland, we observe Glen Head and Sliabh a tocaidh, with the Islands of Arranmore and Tory, with the Bloody Foreland in the far off distance; when at length

The increasing prospect turns our eyes,
Hills upon hills, and Alps upon Alps arise.

Near the summit of the mountain are the remains and *debris* of the ancient Church of St. Aodh Mac Breacan; and at the base of the mountain, where the Teeling river meets the sea, is a holy well called *Tubhar na mban*, the well of the holy women, near which was the site of a convent.

THE ONE MAN'S PATH.

At the southern extremity of the mountain is what is commonly designated the One Man's Pass, which

some, in their hardihood and love of adventure, do not fail to explore.

I humbly acknowledge I did not muster up the courage to venture over the fearful path, nor to peer from its dizzy height. The very idea of crossing it actually unnerved and appalled me. Yet, I have stood, without fear, on the Table Rock at the Falls of Niagara, looking down on the world of waters, and have penetrated unabashed into the "Cave of the Winds;" I have stood on the Tower in the very centre of the Falls, on the edge of the cliff, and have peered down into the seething and boiling cauldron—into the sea of milk-white foam; I have gone into the spray in the "Maid of the Mist;" yet, I have shrunk back, as it were instinctively with fear to cross over this perilous pathway on Sliabh-liag.

THUNDER STORM ON SLEABH-LIAG.

I remember some years ago when, in company with a few friends, I was caught in a thunder storm on the very top of the mountain; pending which, we made a speedy retreat to the shelter of a valley below. I need not say that it presented a scene of terrific grandeur and sublimity. At first the descending volumes of dark vapour came sweeping over the crest of the mountain, covering it as it were with a dark pall, bringing in its train the forked lightning, the loud thunder, and the pelting rain—shaking the firm foundations, and reverberating among the echoes

of the everlasting hills. Afterwards it began to subside and to sink into the valley. Then again appeared the bright flash in the heavens. After a little over the zenith, all was clear and calm, and became hushed, and nature assumed its wonted appearance.

BUNGLASS.

Some there are who not wishing the fatigue of climbing the mountain, content themselves with a visit to Bunglass (the green bottom), from which I must admit a magnificent view is had, of the untamed and unchiselled face of this grand mural precipice. This is a favourite spot for a picnic party, and a more secluded or beautiful spot is not in nature.

If the weather, however proved favourable in the beautiful sunshine and calm, or with the wind blowing gently off the land, I would by all means recommend the tourist to engage a boat at Teeling, which a party of four could obtain for the day, for a small consideration of three or four shillings each, which would convey them into the caves, and along by the cliffs to Malinbeg, which constitutes one of the grandest little excursions imaginable.

MALINBEG.

The tourist to the wilds will not surely fail to pay a visit to this enchanting spot, where Nature unfolds her charms in no scanty form. Should he

not venture on the unfathomed deep, he will at all events pay it his respects by land, which will afford him mountain and coast views that will amply repay him for his journey. Malinbeg is charmingly situated on the seashore, looking out on the dark blue sea, with a population of some 400 souls. The inhabitants are very intelligent and are said to be of Spanish extraction.

After passing the village, there is a very pretty sandy nook, called *Traigheban* (the white strand), secluded and beautiful, where the visitor finds himself shut out entirely from the outer world, with nothing but bluffs around him, which rise to the height of two or three hundred feet, outside which the fisherman plies his dangerous avocations. From this he will make a detour to the little harbour, where the boats are moored, called by the fantastic name of the Uig, one of the prettiest little harbours in nature.

Inside the harbour standing up from the placid waters, are two immense masses of rock, one of them in the form of a round tower, which throw a grace and beauty round its other attractions. Before this, however, at the approach of a storm the fishermen were obliged to shore their boats, by lifting them up a steep precipice, which was always attended with much labour. Now, through the kindness of their landlord, Mr. Musgrave, they have been supplied with a windlass, which renders the work comparatively light and easy. At the end of the peninsula is one

of those Martello Towers, which are so numerous on the coast of Ireland; and some three miles to sea, the beautiful little island of Rathlin O'Byrne, with its lighthouse and many other objects of interest for the tourist and antiquary.

All around the coast of Donegal we do not know a prettier spot for the erection of an hotel than at this delightful little village of Malinbeg; and when the tourist traffic will have been more fully developed, and the system of *coupons* established, such as we have met on the Continent, there does not appear anything impracticable in its erection.

Pursuing our route along the line of coast, which exhibits itself in every variety of ravine, of reef, and headland, we arrive at Malinmore, with its coast-guard station, where the surrounding scenery is of a very sublime and beautiful character. At Malinmore there is a very quiet little hotel, kept by Miss Walker, where the visitors receive every comfort and attention.

Among the traditions current with the peasantry here, there is one of a very interesting character, which records that the fugitive king, "bonnie Prince Charlie," spent a considerable time at this place, at the house of Robert Hamilton, before he effected his escape to France in 1746. During his stay in the glen, it is said of him that he was one night at Mennacrosh; where the fine old Celtic tongue was so generally spoken that the young girl of the house had a difficulty in making known to the Prince that

his room was ready for him for the night. Having succeeded, however, she began to soliloquize with herself in the following manner :—

“ There you are, bonnie Prince Charlie ; and there happens not to be, in all Meenacrossh, as much English as will be able to arouse you in the morning from your slumbers.”

I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodbounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo ! anointed by heaven, with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he lies in his desolate path ;
Now, in darkness and billows he sweeps from the sight,
Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight.

CAMPBELL.

As we proceed further along the coast towards the glen (Sean Gleann), as it is called, we soon obtain a very sensational and magnificent view of the bold promontory of

GLEN HEAD;

rising majestically from the sea to the height of 800 feet, with its rugged and chafed cliffs, and its Martello Tower, forming a very pretty picture.

On climbing up the steep ascent of *Cruach a Chullain*, which terminates abruptly in this beautiful headland, the tourist will observe near the winding pathway, on which he is journeying, a holy well, sacred to the memory of the great St. Columbkille, and the stone bed where he used to retire for rest and prayer. Near the well is an immense pile or



GLEN HEAD.

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THE STURREL.

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cairne of stones, left there by the pilgrims, as a memorial of their visit. Further on, as we penetrate along this iron-bound coast, we fall in with, quite unexpectedly, that extraordinary projecting cliff, which gradually discloses its beauties to the spectator, designated

THE STURRELL,

and by the Irish speaking population of the glen *camas binne* (the bent cliff).

This beautiful serrated cliff is observed projecting into the fathom deep from the mainland, with which it is connected merely by a narrow neck rising up steeply on both sides, and terminating at the top in a sharp edge. Beyond this the peninsula widens, and attains the height of 850 feet. It is here the daring adventurer, nothing intimidated, plies his trade in gathering samphire; and in these abodes the sea eagle finds its fitting eyrie.

Here and there, on the northern slope of this wonderful cliff, are patches of verdure, which serve to impart a kind of relief to this otherwise sterile, desolate, and weather-beaten precipice.

Beyond the Sturrell, as the traveller still wends his way, he meets with the Saw-pit, Tor Mor, and a tremendous ocean of precipitous cliffs and mountains, in some instances rising to the height of 1693 feet above the level of the sea.

Off these terrible headlands, some few summers ago, whilst basking in its native sunshine and ele-

ment, a large sun fish was shot by a young clergyman from Killybegs; it weighed some 500 lbs. The sun fish is considered very valuable for its oil, which is all deposited in its liver; but they are seldom captured by the fishermen.

THE OLD STONE CROSSES IN THE GLEN.

What beautiful and striking memorials of Christian Ireland do we find in her old ruined abbeys and churches, and in those beautiful stone crosses, "the symbols of redemption, which are found in her glens and on the hill top, at the way-side, and the market-place," which are so well calculated to remind even the unlearned of the mystery on Calvary and the Incarnation.

Who that has seen the crosses of Kells and of Tuam, and Clonmacnoise and other parts of Ireland, so elaborate in their design and sculpture, but must at once feel within him, still lingering, the spirit of bygone days that haunts the greenest spot in memory's waste.

And what beautiful specimens of the incised cross do we discover in these remote glens, which have been here since the days of St. Columbkille, and in the execution of which we observe so much inventive genius, and intricate scroll work. Among our illustrations:—

No. 1 is taken from a rubbing by W. H. Patterson, Esq., Belfast, which appears to us a remarkably beautiful pattern, and considered unique.



Cross in the Glen.



Cross in the Glen.—No. 1.



Cross in the Glen.—No. 2.



Cross in the Glen.

No. 2 contains also copies of two crosses taken from rubbings by the same gentleman, which are also of fine character in design.

No. 3 is from a sketch by Dr. James Moore, of Belfast, which gives both sides of the slab, and is remarkable.

No. 4 has two crosses on it; the one on the left, marked A, is found convenient to Mr. Buchanan's hotel in the glen; the other, marked B, is remarkable from the hole in the middle of it, of which the legend is told in connexion with the saint. These two crosses are also taken from sketches by Dr. Moore.

The drawings of these crosses, and the scenery of the glen, have been all kindly furnished us by Dr. W. B. Pearsall, of Belfast, a gentleman well known for his artistic skill and archaeological taste, to whom, and to our friends Mr. Patterson and Dr. Moore, we have to make our best acknowledgments.

In many parts of Ireland we observe the cross erected in the market-place, at Clones, at Kells, at Cong, and at Letterkenny, which are intended to indicate the justice which should regulate all bargains with our fellow-man.

We find those beautiful memorials of other days in many parts of Donegal, but more especially in the barony of Ennishowen. At Carrowmore, in the parish of Culdaff, the property of Mr. Stephens, of Ballyshannon, there are two remarkably fine speci-

mens of the old Irish stone cross, near which are the ruined foundations of a once famous monastery. Since the days of Constantine the Great, who gained a signal victory over the tyrant Maxentius, by virtue of a cross, which, according to the historian Eusebius, appeared visibly to him, and his whole army, in the air, of pure light, with the inscription—"In hoc signo vinces"—by this sign thou shalt conquer—the cross has been always held in respect and honour, and was made the most conspicuous ornament in the crowns of kings and princes.

GRAND MOUNTAIN PASS OF THE GLENGESH.

This beautiful Alpine Pass is on the road from the glen to Ardara and Glenties.

It may be also approached from Carrick, both roads meeting and intersecting each other at a place called Croave. It is decidedly one of the grandest and wildest passes in Ireland; and from my own experience I may justly say of it:—

I've travelled in the east,
I've travelled to the west,
And have been to Alabama;

yet I have met with nothing to surpass it for its wild and natural beauty.

The entrance to this magnificent pass is guarded by two high mountains of stern and rugged appearance, interspersed with brushwood and rocks, grey from very age. *Ranaghia*, on the right, rises up to



GLEIN-GESH (*Gleann dhein*).

To face page 114.

the elevation of 1700 feet, whilst, on the left, *Cruach a leirighe* lifts up its broad shoulders 1400 feet igh. And between these the immense chasm yawns! And from the top of the glen to the valley below, a cork-screw road brings the traveller down his perilous and devious way. In the winter season the torrents that rush down these precipices lend additional attractions to this lovely scene. And far away as we can see there is no human habitation, but all around a dismal waste of rock, where the storm king reigns at times in all his unabated fury.

Wandering through these romantic glens, or rambling along the cliffs, looking out on the wide, wide sea, or resting on the heath-clad hill, it is not to be wondered the deep affection the unsophisticated children of the mountains retain for the loved place of their birth; and, when forced to become exiles from their dear native land, that they should be found still looking back with so much enthusiasm to the little sheeling in the glen:—

How I long for the sheeling,
Hid up in the glen;
Ah! half my life I'd freely give
To see it once again.

How beautiful and full of feeling is the song of the exile, when bidding farewell to the home of his fathers:—

Oh, Erin, mavourneen, how sad is the parting,
Dear home of our childhood, for ever from thee!
How bitter and burning the tears that are starting,
As we sigh a farewell to thee, Erin machree!

Ranging through forests, whose beauty still changing,
 Makes the heart of the exile with rapture to glow,
 I think of the time when thy fresh mountains ranging,
 And the tear of remembrance is ready to flow.

My country, my country, tho', far from that loved earth
 Where I first drew breath, from these lips it should go,
 My last sigh will be thine, darling land of my birth,
 My last prayer for thee, Erin, in welfare or woe.

TABLE OF DISTANCES FROM KILLYBEGS TO THE WILDS.

Killybegs to Kilcar, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles; to Carrick, 9 miles; to Sliabhliag, 12 miles; to Malinbeg, 16 miles; to the Glen, $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Killybegs to the Gweedore Hotel, 40 miles.

CYCLOPEAN REMAINS AT CASHEL CUMMIN, NEAR KILLYBEGS.

In a beautiful valley, looking out on the Bay of Fintra, and in the immediate vicinity of Killybegs, there exist some very extraordinary Cyclopean remains, which have recently attracted the attention of quite a number of well-known antiquaries and savans. Amongst others who have been to explore them, I may mention Mr. M'Adam, of Belfast, a gentleman distinguished for his scientific and archaeological acquirements; and Mr. C. W. Dugan, the local Honorary Secretary of the Royal Archæological Society, Derry. Cashelcummin appears to derive its name from Cashel, the habitation on the rock, and Cum-

min, who, according to Ware, was a native of the county Donegal, and who probably had his cell here.

The ancient name for Cashel was *Cor siol*; *Cor*, or *Corrig*, signifying a rock, and *siol*, a habitation.

St. Cummin was abbot of the celebrated monastery of Iona, in the seventh century. He was a man not only distinguished for his eminent piety and the sanctity of his life, but also for his great learning. It was he who caused the Western Church to accept the Roman mode of fixing the celebration of Easter, as appears from a famous letter of his to his successor at Hy. In the History of Ireland by our countryman, Thomas Moore, it is said—"That the Abbot Cummin produced, on the Roman side of the paschal question, such an array of learning and proofs as would entitle him to respect and admiration in any age. Enforcing the great argument from the unity of the Church, which he supported by the authority of the ancient Fathers, he passed in review the various cyclical systems that had been previously in use, pointing out their construction and defects, and proving himself familiar with the chronological characters, both natural and artificial."

St. Cummin erected for himself a cell on the western coast near Killala, at a place called Kilcummin, the ruins of which are still to be seen, and where he found his grave. It is said that a slab, with an Irish inscription, was some time ago carried off from here, which had served to preserve his memory, and mark out the place of his interment. *

DESCRIPTION OF THE ANCIENT REMAINS AT CASHELCUMMIN.

The remains, or buildings, at Cashelcummin, consist of an irregularly-shaped oval chamber, and a partially-closed connecting passage, the sides and roof of which are formed of huge slabs of stone; those composing the roof being almost level with the surface of the hill in which the chamber is excavated. The floor, which is at present covered with the *debris*, loose stones and brambles, must have been at least 6 feet deep. The long diameter of the chamber and the passage have a direction due east and west.

The western entrance opens right out on the side of the mound or hill, and is formed of two large, upright stones, about 3 feet apart, with a present height above ground of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet. On these rests an enormous block, somewhat irregular in shape, and so supported on a mere knife edge on the south jambstone that it may be easily shaken or vibrated. The dimensions of the stone are 8 feet long, 5 feet 10 inches wide, and 2 feet 10 inches in mean depth. The other stones forming the sides and roof are also of Cyclopean dimensions. On examining the ground around it are observable traces of other buildings. It is said the causeway extends for some distance into the neighbouring garden, and that till lately the whole of the fort or cairn was surrounded by a wall.

The remains undoubtedly carry with them all the evidence of a remote date, some connecting it with the time of the Firbolgs. Mr. M'Adam was of

opinion that they were sepulchral, and if the *debris* were removed, and some excavations made, that a cinerary urn might be found there. Many of these cairns were erected over the remains of some chieftain.

On many a cairn's grey pyra a l.
Where urns of mighty chieftains lie.

A popular idea prevails that these subterranean dwellings were used as retreats by the Danes after the battle of Clontarf, and that the natives, in order to banish those invaders, used to kindle large fires at their mouth, filling them with smoke, in order that they might come out, and meet them in open combat. Others held that they were used by the early inhabitants of the country to protect them from wolves and beasts of prey, with which Ireland was at this time infested, or as depositories for their grain and other property. Dr. Wilde says they are regarded by antiquarians as among the most ancient Celtic monuments in the world.

GIANT'S GRAVE, NEAR KILLYBEGS.

At a distance of about two miles from Killybegs, in the direction of Drumane, and verging on the right-hand side of the public road, are ancient remains, commonly known as the "Giant's Grave." And when we look at the massive character of the slabs and rocks with which it is enclosed, and the dimensions of the grave itself, we cannot fail to admit the propriety

of the name, and the attempt to connect it with the gigantic race of the Fingallians. Some there are who call it the Bed of Dermott and Grana, *Leoba Dairmid agus Graine*, from a legend which goes on to say that Fin, in his old age, made a proposal of marriage to Graine, the accomplished daughter of Cormac Mac Art, which was rejected by the fair one, who wished to give her hand to another. In order to accomplish her purpose, it is said she administered a drug to Fin, and a large party he was entertaining, which exercised on them its mysterious spell of sending them all asleep, the only exceptions being Oisin and Dairmid, to whom Graine explained the cause of her grief. As true knights, of course, they were bound to extricate her from the dilemma. This, however, Oisin could scarcely dare do, through fear of incurring the resentment of his father; but Dairmid at once betook himself off with the lady. A pursuit followed, which extended all over Ireland, from which, however, the fugitives always contrived to make their escape. These ancient remains are found in many parts of Ireland, and so deeply is this tradition engraved on the popular mind that they are pointed out as the resting-place of Dairmid and Graine.

The Giant's Grave rests on the top of a rath or mound, from which there is a beautiful view of the coast, including St. John's Point, which extends for many miles into the bay. It is surrounded with seven irregularly-shaped slabs of Cyclopean propor-

tions, deeply embedded in the soil, and runs in the direction of due east and west, with the appearance of an entrance at the east end. External dimensions, 19 feet 6 inches long, by 9 feet 2 inches at the east, and 6 feet at the west end. One of the slabs measures above the ground 11 feet, by 2 feet 9 inches. Not far from the grave, and in the same townland, is a fort or cairn, relative to which many opinions are given. Some maintaining that it is the debris or remains of an old castle; others that they are the ruins of some fortification. The most probable opinion, however, is, that they are sepulchral, and raised to the memory of some chieftain who has been distinguished for his valour in war; and, from the appearance of the entrance or passage, there are some grounds for tracing a resemblance with them and the Roman catacombs.

ROCKING STONE NEAR KILLYBEGS.

About a mile and a half from Killybegs, on a height above the old road leading from Killybegs to Ardara, and not far from Mr. Ward's school-house, is one of those enormous blocks called a *rocking stone*, so numerous in different parts of Ireland. It is of Cyclopean dimensions; yet notwithstanding, on account of the small point on which it rests, it can be easily rocked, or made to vibrate. It is called Fin Mac Cool's finger stone, and is frequently an object of interest to tourists. In the vicinity there are some fine lakes for the angler.

BEAUTIFUL DRIVE FROM KILLYBEGS TO ST. JOHN'S POINT AND
THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The visitor, whilst resting for a few days in the beautiful sunshine of Killybega, will not surely forget to take a drive to St. John's Point, which will so amply repay him, not only from the fine views of coast scenery which it commands, but by the many objects of interest which he will meet with on the road. In a paper which lately appeared in the "Kilkenny Journal of Archaeology," from a friend of ours, Mr. W. H. Patterson, of Belfast, some very interesting details are given of the antiquities here, from which I take the liberty to cull a few stray notes for the tourist:—

During a hurried visit to this district in August, 1870, Mr. Patterson observes that he was informed by the parish priest of Killybega of a curious cross-inscribed stone, at a place called the "Relig," near Mr. Murray's, of the Milltown, and close to St. Conall's Well. The lady at whose house he was stopping undertook to guide him to the place, where he made drawings of the stones, and collected, then and afterwards, some particulars, which he thought might be of sufficient interest to put before the members of the Association.

"The well and 'Relig,'" Mr. P. continues to observe, "are situated in a lonely part of the rather wide glen through which the Oyley River flows. They are on the left of the stream, and about a mile from the place where it falls into the sea. They

are approached by a narrow lane leading off the main road to Donegal, and about three miles from Killybegs. This lane is laid down in the Ordnance Map, in sheet 98, county Donegal, of the townland survey, where the well is indicated by a minute circle. The well is surrounded by a low wall of uncemented stones. It is now small and shallow, but the spring is copious, and the overflow forms a small rill which flows down the sloping ground to the bottom of the glen (not unlike St. Mary's Well at Tobermary, in the Scottish Isles). No thorn tree overshadows the little basin, but the brambles, which grow over and around, have their branches decorated with shreds of cloth of various colours, so many votive offerings to propitiate the genius of St. Conall by those who make a pilgrimage to it to pray for relief from bodily or mental ills.

"The popular belief is that St. Conall, who was one of the earliest Christian missionaries in Tirconnell, early in the sixth century (probably finding this well an object of veneration among the Pagan inhabitants), blessed it, and endowed it with healing powers, erected a stone cross near it, and established a church or oratory. Of the cross some fragment still remains—of the church not a trace, except in the significant name of 'Relig,' still applied to a rugged patch some 50 yards distant from the well. As an additional proof that an early church existed here, it may be mentioned that a *bullam*, or primitive font, which was brought from the 'Relig' within

the memory of persons now living, is built into the corner of a fence in an adjoining field. It is called the Font. It is a massive block of stone, about 4 feet and a half long and 2 feet wide, having a bowl-shaped hollow of about 12 inches diameter, sunk in one face of the stone near the end. The word Relig, in the Irish *Reilig*, signifies a cemetery. Thus we find *Reilig na riogh*, the burial-place of the kings of Connaught, and *Reilig Odhrain*, St. Oran's cemetery, at Iona, where are deposited so many saints, kings, and abbots.

"On entering the little enclosure known as the 'Relig,' the most noticeable objects are four or five low cairns of lichen-covered stones, rising above the rocky surface of the ground; the largest of these cairns measured about 4 feet high, and is about 6 feet in diameter. On the top, partly supported by the stones heaped about it, is a fragment of a stone cross. This cairn is called by the country-people the Altar; and, on the occasion of my last visit, a poor woman was kneeling absorbed in prayer. She told us with much difficulty, for the paralysis from which she suffered affected the organs of speech, that she hoped and believed, with God's assistance, her health would be better for her visit to the station.

"Leaning against one side of this cairn is a portion of a monumental slab, having an incised cross sculptured on both sides, evidence of a Christian interment at this place. The slab measures 23 inches

long, and 17 inches wide ; the character of the design being different on the two sides, and, as it were, indicating the work of two distinct periods."

After passing the chapel of Killaghtee, and the hospitable residences of Samuel Cassidy, Esq., J. P., and Mrs. Barrett, at Bruckless, there is another relic of the olden time, at the old burying-ground of Killaghtee, which is thus described by Mr. Patterson :—

" In a secluded spot, with wild and rugged surroundings, on the northern shore of the Donegal Bay, the stream known both as the Oyley and the Corker River falls into the head of a rocky inlet called Mac Swyne's Bay, near which is the beautiful place called Bruckless—' Fort of the Badgers,' from *broc*, a badger, and *lios*, an earthen fort. It is about 3 miles and a quarter from Killybegs, and is in the parish of Killaghtee, barony of Banagh, county Donegal. The modern parish church of Killaghtee is situated close to the village of Dunkineely. The cemetery, which contains the ruins of the old church, with its east gable almost entire, is about half a mile distant, a little off the road leading to St. John's Point, and near the shore of Mac Swyne's Bay (Sheet 31, Ordnance Map).

" The name Killaghtee is said to be derived from *kill*, a church, *leacht*, a sepulchral monument, and *midheche*, the night—the Church of the Night Monumental Stone ; the story being that the original founder of the church had the site indicated to him

by a stone cross, which was miraculously placed in a certain spot during the night. I was accompanied to the old graveyard by a friend well versed in the legendary lore of the district, and was pointed out the *leacht*, the sepulchral stone, which gives the name to the parish. This massive old slab, grey and weather-beaten, stands near the centre of the graveyard. It measures 5 feet 10 inches in height, and 2 feet 8 inches wide. On the side facing the west a cross within a circle, of a very early type, is sculptured; the lines are all incised; the reverse of the slab is rough, and bears no sculpture. A short distance from the old cemetery is Mac Swyne's Castle, proudly facing the Western Ocean, the ancient residence of the famed chieftain and warrior, *Niall Mor*; and about a mile and a half farther in advance, on the opposite side of the Point, is the old ruined Franciscan Church of Ballysaggart. At the extreme end of the Point is observable the lighthouse."

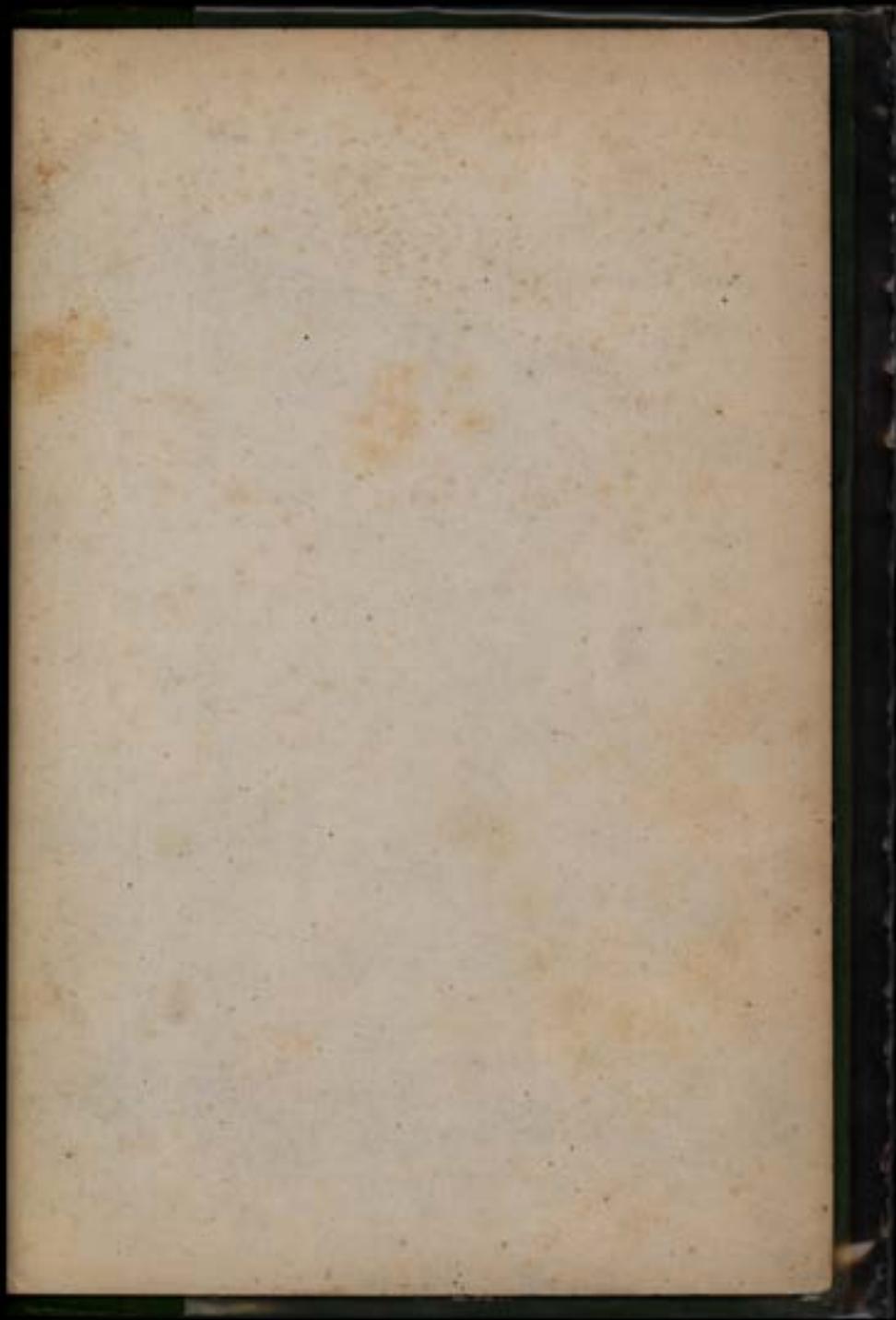
St. John's Point is inhabited by a very hardy race of fishermen, who are seen in all seasons, when the weather is favourable, plying their vocation. This highly meritorious class, however, of brave and stalwart men is fast wasting away, for want of the protection and encouragement of a fostering Government. The statistics of the decay of the Irish deep sea fisheries are, indeed, very saddening. In 1846 there were employed in our coast fisheries 19,883 fishing craft, with crews of 113,073 men and boys;

in 1870, however, the numbers had decreased to 899 boats, and 36,629 men and boys. We have perceived, also, that whilst the Scotch fishermen have been in receipt of enormous sums for years, the Irish Members were lately refused the miserable pittance of ten thousand pounds, as a *loan*, for the encouragement of the Irish fisheries. From returns that have been made, we also find that since 1800 a million and a quarter of money has been given to Scotland for its fisheries in excess of that given to Ireland. Moreover, the Scotch Fishery Board was retained, with a grant of £15000 a year, whilst the Irish Board was discontinued, and the grant withdrawn.

The want of fishery piers is very much experienced by the fishermen of the Point, and especially at Ballysaggart, where they are frequently prevented from putting to sea when the bay is full of fish, on account of the difficulty they meet with in launching and shoring their boats. They also require aid in providing the proper description of boats, and nets, and fishing gear. They also may justly complain of restrictions when fishing for salmon, by which they are not allowed the privilege of a head mooring when fishing at what is called "half tram;" on which account they are obliged to keep constantly tugging at the oar to keep the net from drifting, which entails an intolerable amount of unnecessary labour. I am glad, however, to perceive that Mr. Heron has introduced a clause in his amended Fishery Bill to remove these restrictions, to which they were never subject.

till recent legislation. I have, therefore, reason to hope that brighter days are in store for our fishing population; that the tide of emigration will be stayed in their behalf; and that they will be restored their ancient privileges of the high seas, by being allowed, without the intervention of restrictive laws, to take all the fish which are sent by a benign Providence in such large shoals to their doors.

THE END.





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