



Geo. Cooke del.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, COUNTY OF ANTRIM.

Published by Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, 1873.

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NOTES OF A JOURNEY

IN THE

NORTH OF IRELAND,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1827.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE

SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY,

IN 1689.

W. B. ALDINE, BOND STREET, LONDON.

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PREFACE.

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THE apology of yielding to the solicitation of friends has of late become so hackneyed a vehicle for obtruding crude or sentimental ideas upon the notice of society at large, that the Writer of the following pages is almost ashamed to resort to so commonplace an introduction of them, particularly when she considers that a similar designation may await her production in passing the "fiery ordeal" of a judicious and enlightened public. In the outset of her tour, she undertook to keep a diary of its events, in compliance with the wishes of a dear Connexion—certainly not to please herself; for, however tourists may pretend to the contrary, such an interruption to the small portion of ease afforded upon a rapid excursion is troublesome and undesirable. There were a *few* friends, she thought, that would be amused with those little events, and that motive stimulated her to persevere, even when suffering from great bodily and mental weariness. But when it was proposed that those events should appear in print, it produced an immediate alteration in the face of affairs: the tide of ideas, which had hitherto flowed so currently, now ebbed to her very heart. Time and persuasion, however, have in some degree

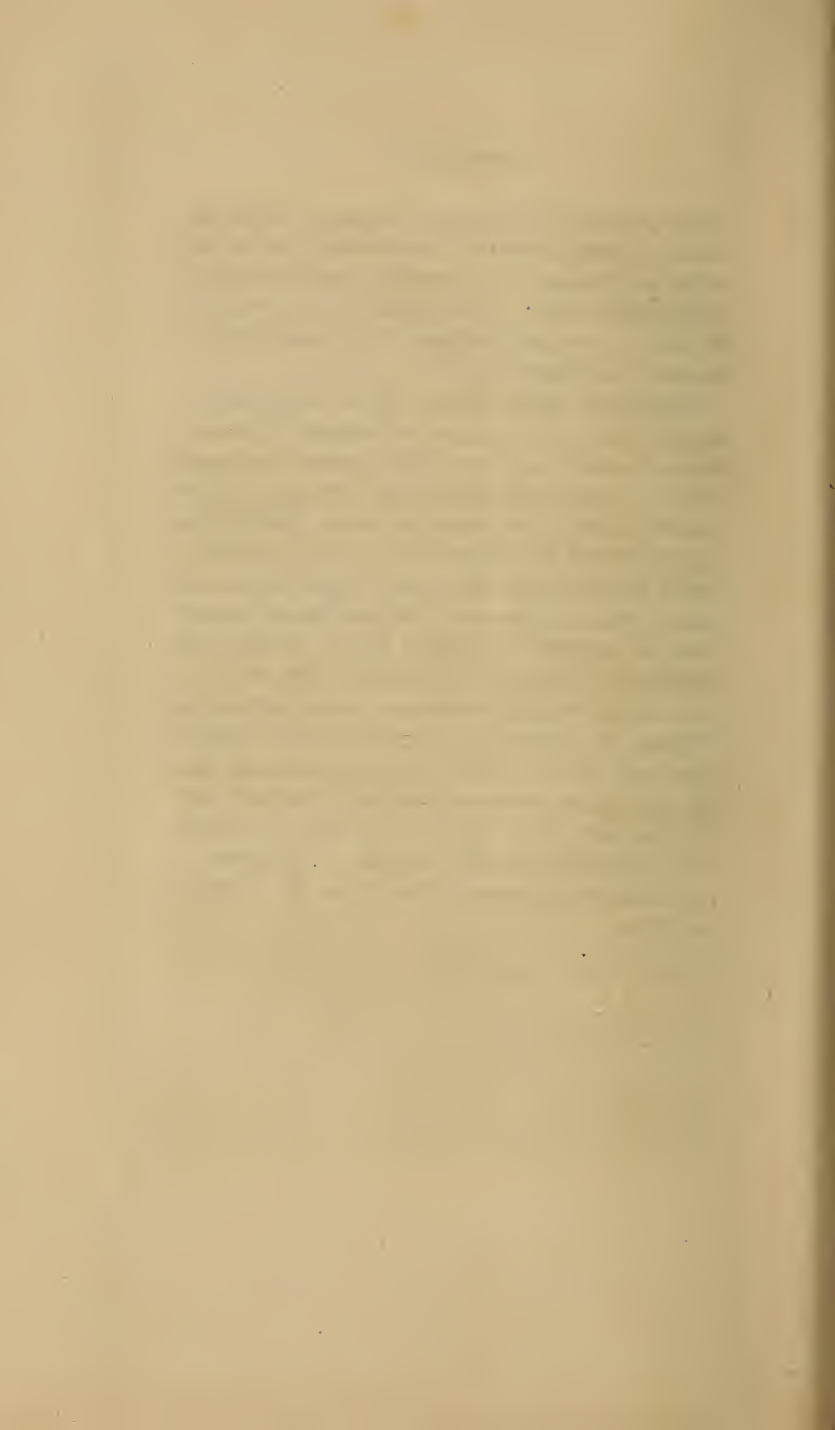
reconciled her to the measure, although it is not without reluctance that she ushers them into the world, together with sundry flights of sentiment, the cherubs of her fancy; and she cannot help sighing when she reflects, the probable fate of those harmless cherubs may be, *immolation* at that "world's dread laugh." Be it as it may, the Writer pleads no merit, but that of *truth*; she has made as conscientious and as candid an avowal of the mode of passing her time, with its concomitant circumstances and ideas, as if she had been in the sublime confessional of the sovereign Pontiff himself. Fortunately, she was furnished by a friend with Wright's "Guide to the Giant's Causeway," an admirable work, which all would desire to possess who wished to make an excursion to the coast of Antrim with real profit and pleasure. From that work, and from Dr. Hamilton's "Letters concerning the coast of Antrim," she has selected some passages relative to that stupendous wonder in nature, that have fully illustrated her own ideas upon the subject. Indeed, had she stayed there till now, she could not have obtained, without such assistance, knowledge so philosophical, nor have expressed it in terms so explicit; and she trusts the abundant information of those gentlemen has enriched herself without impoverishing them.

The brief Account of the Siege of Londonderry, contained in the Appendix, has been diligently selected in shreds from an elaborate and in some degree luminous work upon the subject. So brief is the space allowed for its insertion, that it has required

a little care and variety in the language to make the sentences correspondent with each other. So limited is this performance, that should it meet the eye of the compiler of the original work, he will scarcely be able to recognize his large "old friend" behind his small "new face."

Should these pages afford a leisure hour's amusement to those who may not be inclined to procure books of greater merit and more extensive information, or to those who, possessing them, may not be disposed to take advantage of the benefit, the Writer's expectation will be fully answered. On the contrary, should she fail in this point, she is aware there is no avenue beyond it, by which she could safely venture upon an approach to public favour through the medium of the press. Therefore, under such circumstances, she will endeavour to make amends, by retiring, like the snail at the grasshopper's feast, to "her own little chamber," where, ensconcing herself beneath the panoply of her native obstinacy, she will manfully resist every temptation from friends (well intentioned though they be) to re-appear in the character of tourist, either upon *this* stage or any other.

Louth, March 10th, 1828.



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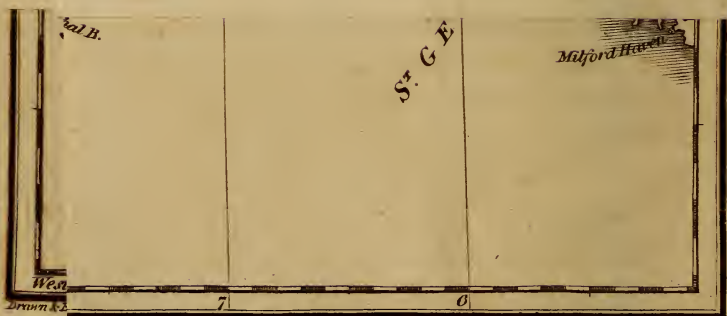
IRELAND.



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NOTES OF A JOURNEY,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

Embark at Liverpool on board the Steam-Packet for Londonderry—Pass the Isle of Man—Magnificent revolving Light on the Point of Ayre—Coast of Antrim—Glenarm, the Seat of the Countess of Antrim—Sublime Scenery—Promontory of Fairhead—Ballycastle Bay—Island of Rathlin—Carrick-a-Rede, an extraordinary insulated Rock—Mode of catching Salmon—Bengore Head—Distant view of the Giant's Causeway—Lough Foyle—Arrive at Londonderry.

August 8, 1827.—THIS day, at 12 o'clock, Mr. — and myself embarked at Liverpool on board the steam-packet bound for Londonderry, with an intention of visiting Ireland. Our minds being thoroughly purposed for the undertaking, it remains for us to pray for

health,—for a disposition inclined to enjoy and appreciate whatever is capable of gratifying curiosity or imparting information,—and, what is still more valuable, for a disposition to bear patiently whatever circumstances or privations may arise to disappoint expectation, or to render previous arrangement abortive.

This steam-packet, which is called the “City of Londonderry,” is an immense vessel, and its accommodations are both elegant and convenient: it possesses the advantage, too, of a good library—a great luxury in a tedious passage, particularly when there is no coast view, and the passengers are unsocial, which is too frequently the case in a packet. That complaint, however, cannot reasonably be made of the present company, who appear both intelligent and agreeable; and as some of them are well acquainted with the passage we are making, and are disposed to be communicative, I hope to gain much information before we arrive at Londonderry. The day is beautiful; the sea as calm as a lake; and an awning protects us from the extreme heat of the sun. We have passed the Black Rock (formerly the Scylla of

this coast) with as much composure as if it had been an infant slumbering in its cradle: and now we have no object to contemplate but the deep clear waters of the Irish Sea, its green waves peaceful and sparkling in the sun.

Ladies' Cabin, ten o'clock.—I have passed a very agreeable day, and now it is closed, as I feel in no haste to retire to my berth, I shall insert a few more particulars in my newly-commenced Diary—a mode of communicating my thoughts and movements, in which, I fancy, I shall take a greater interest than I expected upon the first suggestion of the idea.

About four o'clock we had our first glimpse of the Isle of Man: it then appeared a dim speck in the horizon. It was pleasant to watch this ample space of earth gradually unfolding to our view, and to embody the idea of its being peopled with a race of beings, whose feelings, interests, and pursuits are coequal with our own: but by the time we could distinguish the Bay of Douglas, the sun was declining, and, ere we had passed it, the moon had risen in cloudless majesty, and its effulgent beams contributed greatly to improve the tranquil

beauty of the scene: but that luminary, however cloudless, sheds an uncertain shadowy light, which prevents any distant object from being viewed with accuracy. I never was more sensible of this disadvantage than when coasting the Isle of Man.

The Bay of Ramsey was tolerably discernible; and as we passed the Point of Ayre, the sea was illumined by its grand revolving light. This magnificent sea-mark revolves every minute and a half, shewing two lights alternately; one a deep crimson, the other almost white; and its reflection upon the sea assumes the appearance of an immense pillar of trembling flame.—[*Mem.*—These little finely-painted white-curtained berths are very pretty to look at, and are comfortable enough to recline upon in a qualm of illness; but they do not give promise of being “soft and easy cradles” for a night’s repose.]

August 9.—This morning I was upon deck at half-past six o’clock—rather too early an hour for that situation to be altogether agreeable, as the brushing was not finished, and the atmosphere was dense: but my night’s rest

sympathised with my anticipation; and who is not glad to escape from the cabin, even if little apparent advantage is gained by the change? I think no circumstance can suggest a more dreary idea of imprisonment, than that of being pent up for several hours amongst strangers, with but a scarcity of home-comforts to counterbalance the sacrifice—under the dominion too of Steward and Nurse. Yet it would be invidious to complain of the transient supremacy of those necessary appendages to an aquatic excursion, for in the hour of need their services are indispensable, and it would be ungrateful not to appreciate them at their full value. But still these good people never appear so agreeable, as when we are independent of their attention, and when dear day-light—far dearer at sea than on shore—confers upon us the happy privilege of wandering at leisure to the full extent of the freedom, which the very limited means of a steam-packet has the power of bestowing.

Had I determined last night upon this morning's proceedings, I could not have selected a better opportunity of looking out upon deck,

than the one that occurred solely under the influence of chance, as we were just passing Larne, on the coast of Antrim. This is the first point of land towards which the vessel steers her course; and then she skirts the picturesque northern shore of this county until she enters Lough Foyle. Larne is pleasantly situated upon a bay of the same name, said to be the most sheltered harbour between Belfast Lough and Londonderry. It is much resorted to during the summer-months as a bathing place.

Ten miles farther brought us opposite to the Bay and Village of Glenarm. With the assistance of the telescope, I had an admirable view of the seat of the Countess of Antrim, the church, and the neat white-washed cottages that compose the village. The castle is a noble structure, the pride and ornament of a romantic sequestered valley. With the exception of the front, which commands a seemingly interminable sea-view, it is enclosed by a grand semicircular range of mountains, whose rocky headlands project into the bay. In the centre of the mass is a finely-wooded glen leading to the deer-park; indeed, the plantations of this

noble demesne appear very extensive throughout the valley, and their refreshing tints relieve the sombre hue of the mountains, and heighten the beauty and grandeur of the scene. The Countess, I am informed, is in the decline of life; but her benevolent exertions to stimulate a spirit of industry, and to promote the improvement and prosperity not only of her own tenantry, but of all within the circle of her influence, have rendered her name deservedly dear to this district of Ireland.

What a succession of sublime and varied scenery does this magnificent coast present to the view! Its bold columnar rocks, expanding their gigantic forms along the brink of ocean—here projecting far into the impetuous flood, and there impending over it in haughty and terrific majesty—bid defiance to its rage, as it foams and bellows at their foot in tremendous but impotent fury. But it was not until we arrived at the Promontory of Fairhead, that we were really astounded at the wonders of this mountainous shore. “This headland rises abruptly to six hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. It is composed of columnar

basalt, huge masses of which, during a course of ages, have fallen down, and lie in tremendous heaps around the base of the cliffs, like the wreck of a former world. The wild aspect of this point is peculiarly striking. Desolation and barrenness are its appropriate characteristics. Nature seems here to have exhausted her powers of devastation, to render this scene the most awful and sublime that imagination can conceive."

" Proud, towering o'er the angry main,
 " Bleak Fairhead frowns in high disdain ;
 " And throws aloft his savage front,
 " As daring heaven's empyreal brunt.
 " Against his scarr'd and cragged breast
 " A thousand fractured columns rest ;
 " But not a plant that drinks the air
 " Relieves their greyness chill and bare.
 " Beneath, his steady feet sustain
 " An everlasting hurricane :
 " For there, in wildest fury frantic,
 " For ever roars the vast Atlantic."*

This Promontory forms the eastern termination of Ballycastle Bay, which to-day looks a smooth and beautiful expanse of water ; but I am told, that, being exposed to the north-

* QUILLINAN'S " Dunluce Castle," a privately-printed poem.



Geo. Peizer del.

Geo. Cooke sc.

BENMORE OR FAIRHEAD, COUNTY OF ANTRIM.

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west, the wind from that point renders this harbour extremely turbulent and dangerous. In order to overcome this formidable obstacle to trade, a grant of twenty-three thousand pounds was obtained from Parliament several years ago, for the erection of a pier, to protect the shipping from the fury of these stormy winds. This sum was expended; a pier and a variety of useful establishments were erected; when, lo! the violence of the tides overthrew the pier, the bay filled with sand, and the trade of Ballycastle was destroyed.

We are much less fortunate in our weather to-day: the Island of Rathlin, which is only seven miles from Ballycastle, appears very indistinct in the gloom of a fast-approaching rain. This island was formerly deemed the stepping-stone between Ireland and Scotland; and the natives of both countries not unfrequently fought for its possession. On this part of the coast there is scarcely any perceptible appearance of low water. The tides rush violently along the narrow channel that separates it from Rathlin; and the ebb returning westward, and meeting a heavy swell from

the ocean, causes a tremendous concussion, which renders sailing difficult, and in stormy weather almost impracticable: and I suppose it is owing to this constant influx of water that the sea seldom appears much depressed near the shore.

Beyond the Ballycastle Hills is Carrick-a-Rede, an insulated rock separated from the main land by a chasm sixty feet in width and eighty in depth. This is so very extraordinary an object, that it cannot fail to excite an intense interest in the feelings of the spectator as he contemplates it from the sea. This rock intercepts the salmon in their progress along the coast; and during the fishing-season, a tottering bridge, formed by two strong cables, with smaller ropes crossing them at intervals, is thrown across this frightful chasm, and fastened at each extremity to the rocks: between these cables a narrow plank is slung; and over this dreadful passage, with only a single rope to guide them, the natives of this wild shore, of both sexes, carry heavy loads of salmon on their backs with the greatest apparent ease and safety. When the fish-

ing-season is over the bridge is removed. I saw it distinctly through the glass, but it looked only like a thread in the air. Dr. Hamilton gives the following interesting account of the mode of fishing upon this coast:—

“At a particular season of the year the salmon fish come along the coast in quest of the different rivers in which they annually cast their spawn. In this expedition the fish generally swim pretty close to the shore, that they may not miss their port; and the fishermen, who are well aware of this coasting voyage of the salmon, take care to project their nets at such places as may be most convenient for intercepting them in their course. It so happens that Carrick-a-Rede is the only place on this abrupt coast which is suited to the purpose. The net is projected directly outward from the shore, with a slight bend, forming a bosom in that direction in which the salmon come. From the remote extremity a rope is brought obliquely to another part of the shore, by which the net may be swept round at pleasure, and drawn to the land; a heap of small stones is then prepared for each person. All

things being ready, soon as the watchman perceives the fish advancing to the net, he gives the watch-word ; immediately some of the fishermen seize the oblique rope, by which the net is bent round to inclose the salmon, while the rest keep up an incessant cannonade with their ammunition of stones, to prevent the retreat of the fish till the net has been completely pulled round them ; after which they all join forces, and drag the net and fish quietly to the rocks."

Carrick-a-Rede was scarcely lost to sight, before we arrived opposite to the formidable Promontory of Bengore—an extensive headland, whose extreme verge projects far into the ocean. Bengore is composed of several small bays and capes : the most perfect of the latter order is Pleaskin.

A little further westward, but forming a part of the same headland, is the GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, that stupendous curiosity, which all who are admirers of the sublime and wonderful desire to look upon. A Gentleman on board has been kind enough to give me some information respecting the natural quay, denominated "Causeway;" but my comprehension of the

subject is far from being either clear or satisfactory. It is our intention to visit this phenomenon; and perhaps, when I actually stand upon it, by the assistance of my own eyes, and other auxiliaries, I may be able to acquire a more competent knowledge of its extraordinary conformation, and, at a future period of my Diary, to say a little more about it with a little better effect.

The clouds, which have long worn a threatening aspect, now begin to discharge themselves in heavy and incessant rain. I am rather disappointed, as I had anticipated great pleasure in viewing the scenery of Lough Foyle. In this noble Lough we have been some time, and I have had no opportunity of looking out.

Londonderry: Evening.—This afternoon, at five o'clock, we landed at the Ship-Quay, and were very thankful for the hospitable reception that awaited us at our Friends', who have not only provided every requisite for our comfort at home, but have kindly made every arrangement for our excursions abroad.

CHAPTER II.

Set out for Birt Castle—Illicit Distillation of Whiskey— Party of Soldiers employed for its detection—Their Mode of proceeding—Inishowen Mountains—Local Attachments of the Peasantry—Ruins of Birt Castle—Interior of an Irish Cabin—Inventory of its Furniture—Return to Londonderry—Walk round the Walls of the City—Its principal Public Buildings—Column to commemorate the glorious resistance made against the besieging Army of King James II.

August 10.—ALTHOUGH the weather was not very favourable this morning, we drove ten miles into the country to see the ruins of Birt Castle. On our way, we overtook a small detachment of soldiers, employed in the preventive service for the detection and suppression of the illicit distillation of whiskey, or, as it is here called, “Mountain Dew.” A lieutenant and four men were on horseback, the remainder on foot. They told us they were going to seize some stills in the Inishowen Mountains, of which they had just received private intel-

ligence. They were well armed; and it was evident, from the determined and pitiless expression of their hard-favoured features, they had not this day to *learn* the peril of encountering an enraged mob of reckless mountaineers, rendered furious by being deprived of a property, which habit and fancied security had vainly confirmed as their right. The soldiers' manner of proceeding was thus explained to us. They go on quietly together, occasionally relieving each other by taking it in turn to ride, until they arrive so near the place as to be within view of its inhabitants: then there is no time to lose, and the mounted party ride at their utmost speed; for if they were discerned, and furnished opportunity by delay, their visit would be anticipated by a deeper concealment of the cause of offence; and the soldiers would not only risk the loss of their labour, but—what to them is probably of still greater importance—the loss also of half the whiskey found in the possession of these luckless rebels to the law, that portion being allotted to them, at once to stimulate their exertions and to reward their toil. No doubt

they find it a comfortable evening ingredient in a plaster for a broken head. It rarely happens that resistance is not attempted; and if the strife become desperate, and the soldiers are in danger of being overpowered by numbers, a signal is given, and the party on foot hasten to their assistance. We passed them; and as they stole along in grim and noiseless serenity, they reminded me of that fearful calm, which is so generally the harbinger of a still more fearful storm. Presently we heard the clang of their horses' hoofs, and they passed us like arrows from a bow. How they rode! Fast, faster—a turn in the road, and we saw them no more! I looked towards the mountains, and my heart ached. The scene was new, and painful in proportion to its novelty. I love my country and respect its laws; but I could not at that moment subdue the wish that these poor people were beneath its cognizance; for (God help them!) they had need have something to keep them warm and in heart amidst these rugged mountains.

In our excursion to-day, we advanced a few miles into the mountainous district of In-

ishowen, a peninsula in the county of Donegal, situated between the Loughs Foyle and Swilly, commencing at Culmore Fort, four miles from Londonderry, on the western bank of the Foyle. "Through this bleak and barren tract of country, there are no towns or villages of considerable magnitude. It abounds in grand natural curiosities, pleasing to an eye delighting to survey nature in its rude and boldest features. This district is conspicuously distinguished for its illicit distillation of whiskey." This practice was formerly carried on to a very great extent, owing in some measure, perhaps, to the difficulty of access to these mountains, which at that time were less cultivated, consequently less explored. So successful, however, have been the means adopted for its suppression, that at present there are comparatively few who chuse to venture upon so hazardous a speculation. The proprietors of the land, it is said, have done more for the law in this particular, than the law has been able to achieve for itself, by making the disuse of illicit stills a primary article in their agreement

with their tenantry, who, notwithstanding the hardness of their fare, have an invincible objection to being turned out of their meagre possessions.

The local attachments of the peasantry here appear to be much stronger than those of the same class in England: they cling to the spot where they and their forefathers were born, and have no ambition beyond it. There their relations dwell; for in many instances, as their young families grow up, and marry, which is generally at much too early a period, they rear a row of little miserable cabins for their dwellings, some with chimneys, but almost as many without; and when the number amounts to ten or a dozen, they call it a town; and there, unhosed and unshod, they scramble through life, existing principally upon potatoes and butter-milk: and when they die, they leave their shoes to their children, and sometimes to their more favoured grand-children. As shoes are seldom worn but upon great occasions, especially by the females, instances have been known of their doing "some service" to

three generations; and these dainty and tenderly-treated shoes not unfrequently form the most ostensible part of their patrimony.

Birt is almost surrounded by water; it was entirely so formerly. The castle is situated upon an eminence, and has a commanding appearance; yet it is one of the numerous class of objects that look the best at a distance. There is no tradition descriptive of its former state, and at present it is reduced to one solitary tower. The piles of stones around its base, many of which have recently fallen, make it appear unpromising of much longer duration.

It began to rain while we were looking at the castle, and we were glad to find shelter in the squalid interior of an Irish cabin. Its inmates were a young woman apparently under thirty years of age, and four fine children, all very ill clothed; yet there was a gentleness and modesty in the woman's deportment that gave an indescribable interest and decency to her appearance, even in the midst of penury and rags. A suffocating puff of smoke met us at the door; but the house *had* a chimney, or rather an outlet for the smoke, about a foot

high, the common standard. When the wind is in a particular quarter, the chimney answers its purpose; at other times, what the house will not contain, finds exit at the door. What a providential assistance is the turf of this island to these poor people: they could not exist in this terrible smoke, if it proceeded from coal. The fire was made upon the hearth; a few rough stones placed in front prevented its encroaching too far upon the floor, which however was imperishable enough, being the solid rock. A pot of potatoes hung over the fire; and the children were devouring oysters fresh from the Swilly. I took an inventory of the furniture, which I shall insert here, as a help to memory: viz. A stool, a broken chair, a nice little dresser, a porringer, a kettle, a salt-cellar, a few broken plates, the pot on the fire, a pewter washing dish, a black dish upon the floor, and a cradle, containing a straw bed, chaff pillow, and miserable blanket. Then there was the parlour to be looked at—the parlour!—think of the sound. This select apartment contained even more smoke than did the house. A bedstead, with appen-

dages corresponding with those of the cradle, was its only furniture. Nothing could exceed the forlornness of the habitation, unless it was the quiet and easy hospitality of its mistress, who opened oysters for us with much good will; and when she had done her best to make us comfortable, she washed her feet in the pewter dish before us. This may be considered a rather indecent action; and in that enlightened and prosperous land, where unshod feet are deemed disgraceful, it would be an unpardonable breach of decorum; but here it is as simple and natural a movement, as that of placing a pot of potatoes upon the fire, or any other every-day affair; consequently custom renders it not only blameless, but proper: and, in my opinion, nothing so fully develops the native good breeding of a female in the lower ranks of life, as the being able to go on without bustle or perplexity with the common employments of her station, particularly if, at the same time, she is not unmindful of those little attentions which are in every one's power, however poor, to make a transient guest comfortable. It was not without some difficulty this

poor woman was prevailed upon to receive a trifling pecuniary reward for her hospitality. This trait, however, is by no means general in the character of the Irish peasantry.

On our return, we visited another cabin, still more forlorn, in which lived an aged man and his two unmarried daughters. He told us he was nearly ninety years old. His eyes were dim, his strength was sinking into weakness, and the lamp of life seemed waning in its socket: still no disease preyed upon his vitals; the "silver cord" was loosening by the hand of Time alone:—

“ Strange, that a harp of thousand strings-

“ Should keep in tune so long !”

After dinner, we walked round the walls of Londonderry. This beautiful city stands upon a hill, in shape an oval, the highest part of which is upwards of 200 feet above the level of the river at low water-mark. “ The walls of Londonderry, once its strength, are now its ornament; and form a delightful mall for the citizens, and a parade for the troops. They are 1623 yards in circumference, and

from 14 to 37 feet in breadth: their height is from 20 to 25 feet, and at the lowest part 14. At present there are six entrances; but when the walls were built, in 1614, and during the siege, there were only four."

The streets are well lighted and paved, and the town is extremely well supplied with water, brought from a considerable distance in metal pipes over the bridge. There are several fine edifices within the city and its vicinity; viz. the cathedral, the bishop's palace, the court-house, the county gaol, the exchange, the custom house, the infirmary, and the diocesan school-house. A commodious news-room has lately been erected in a convenient part of the city, where many of the English, Scotch, and Irish papers are taken, together with a variety of other periodicals; and the members, with a liberality highly characteristic of the country, allow strangers to participate in the pleasure of reading them.

A finely-executed column is now erecting upon the walls, by voluntary contribution, to commemorate the glorious resistance made by the citizens of Londonderry against the besieging

army of King James II., which, when completed, will no doubt be at once an ornament to the city and the pride of its inhabitants.

The scenery from the walls is various and beautiful: Lough Foyle and the Inishowen Mountains form a picturesque part of it. "The harbour is deep and tolerably secure, as the sand-banks at the mouth of the Foyle do not obstruct the navigation, there being at all times of the tide 14 fathom of water in the channel. An extensive commercial intercourse exists between this city and America, the West-Indies, &c., &c."

One of the entrances to the cathedral-yard is from the wall. The cathedral is a noble Gothic structure: its lofty square tower, containing ten fine-toned bells, is surmounted by a beautiful spire. In 1822 it was new roofed, and its exterior and interior repairs cost the bishop two thousand pounds. When the old roof was removed, fragments of bombs were found in it, which had been lodged there during the siege in 1689. These fragments were collected and preserved as precious relics of that memorable epoch. The inhabitants are

proud, and justly so, of their city's having sustained a vigorous siege against James the Second's numerous forces, which continued from December 7th 1688, until the 1st of August in the following year. During a part of the time that unhappy Prince conducted the siege in person.

I have this evening been presented with a work entitled "Derriana, or a History of the Siege of Londonderry;" and as it gives a minute account of a most eventful period in the annals of this city, a short abridgement of it, appended to this Diary, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

CHAPTER III.

Londonderry Market—The Shambles—The Fish Market—Excellence of Irish Butter—Visit the Bishop's Palace—His Lordship's Evening Parties—His Character as a Guardian of the Interests of the City—Village of Muff—Seat of Admiral Hart, the Governor of Culmore Fort—Divine Service at the Cathedral—Reflections thereon—Walk to the Casseno, a Building in the vicinity of the City—Evening Service at the Cathedral.

August 11.—THIS morning we went out to look at the market. I was glad to see a number of the country people assembled, as it gave me an opportunity of observing their general appearance, their manner of vending their commodities, and also of gaining some information respecting their price and quality.

The women, who compose the majority of the market, are generally tall and well proportioned; but we look in vain for the plump figure and comely fairness that so eminently distinguish the market-going community in

England. Their complexions are tinged by the smoke of their cabins, and their dark keen eyes twinkle upon the purchasers with a shrewd laughing expression, as if they were ever upon the alert to take advantage of ignorance or want of judgment. At the same time, many of them are soliciting for custom as an act of charity.

The shambles are well supplied; but the meat is generally small, and not very nicely ordered; particularly the mutton, which in appearance approaches to meagreness; yet as an article of food, I have seldom tasted its equal in flavour and quality. This excellence is attributed to their sheep being fed upon the mountains. The fish-market is admirable: salmon and trout are in high season; and, in my opinion, they stand first upon the list of northern luxuries. At the commencement of the season, salmon is as high as one shilling per pound; but as it advances, the price gradually diminishes to three-pence or four-pence—and that is the standard just now. Oysters are brought to market in the muddy state in which they are taken from the bed:

I am told they are better for it; yet at all events their being cleansed would make them *look* better. There is an abundant supply of fine fresh eggs: turkey's eggs are introduced at the breakfast-table, and a great treat they are. Too much cannot be said in commendation of their butter: I have seldom met with this requisite to domestic comfort so sweet, compact, and wholesome, as in Ireland. Its superiority, no doubt, arises in a great measure from the circumstance of a large portion of new milk being poured into the churn along with the cream. This regulation produces a double advantage: in the first place, the fresh milk must be a means of purifying the cream from the rank flavour it contracts during the time a sufficient quantity is accumulating; and, secondly, it makes a considerable addition to that national beverage, which is alike useful in feeding the hungry inmates of the farmer's kitchen, and the poor peasant and his family in their more humble cabin.

From the market we went to the Bishop's Palace. That prelate and his family are at present in England. The exterior of the build-

ing has rather a gloomy appearance; but the interior is handsome and commodious. The front commands a fine view of the Foyle and adjacent country. From the windows, his Lordship has the opportunity of looking at his leisure upon four hundred acres of excellently cultivated land in his own occupation.

The Bishop resides here only four months in the year; the remainder of his time is spent chiefly at Faughn, his country residence, six miles from Londonderry. We purpose going to Buncranna on Monday, and must necessarily pass through the village of Faughn; and the steward has obligingly promised to shew us the house. During the few months the family reside here, they have an evening party regularly once a fortnight, to which the whole circle of their acquaintance is admitted. Cards are not introduced: music, reading, and conversation form the evening's amusements, which terminate at eleven o'clock, and the gates are closed.

The Hon. and Right Rev. William Knox, D.D., was translated to this See in 1803, from Killaloe and Kilfenora, and was installed

in the cathedral on the 23rd of September in that year. His Lordship's revenue from the diocese is estimated at about twenty thousand pounds per annum. He has several children, principally grown up. This estimable Prelate is represented as being a watchful guardian of the interests of the city of Londonderry, a zealous promoter of its prosperity, and a munificent patron of its public institutions; and his Lady, the Hon. Mrs. Knox, emulates her Lord in deeds of active charity and beneficence to the poor and the destitute—to those who have none to help them.

In the afternoon we went to Muff, a neat village, distant eight miles from Londonderry. A mile to the right of Muff, is the seat of Admiral Hart, the governor of Culmore Fort.* We had permission to drive through

* It appears from the following account in the "Annals of Londonderry," that this appointment has been in the family for several generations:—

“On the first of May 1608, Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, the chieftain of Inishowen, (meditating revenge for an insult offered to him by Sir George Paulet, the governor of Londonderry, who in the course of an angry dispute struck him on the face,) under the semblance of friendship, invited Hart the governor of Culmore

the grounds, which are spacious and finely wooded, to the front of the mansion. The Admiral has lately lost his Lady, who died after a few days' illness. She is reputed to have been an excellent wife, a liberal and considerate benefactress to the poor; and her loss is felt and deeply deplored by an extensive neighbourhood. The atmosphere was heavy; not a breeze agitated the leaves, and silence and gloom pervaded the scene. Large drops of rain fell at intervals, and it seemed as if nature paused to weep, "because death was in

Fort, and his wife, to an entertainment at his castle of Aileagh, and after dinner had his guest suddenly seized by several armed men, who threatened him with death if he did not instantly surrender the Fort, which he refused to do; and the ruffians were about to assassinate him, when Lady O'Dogherty and Captain Hart's wife rushed into the room, upon which Sir Cahir sent his own wife and his prisoner into another chamber, and succeeded in persuading Hart's affrighted lady either to accompany him to the Fort, or to give such tokens as enabled him and his followers to gain admission into it: immediately upon which, her brother, who commanded, and all the rest of the garrison, were massacred; but her husband's life was spared. About two o'clock the next morning, Sir Cahir surprised and took the Fort and town of Londonderry; killed the governor, Sir George Paulet; put the garrison to the sword; pillaged the inhabitants; and burned a great many of the houses."

the world," and because the cruel spoiler had deprived the noble casket of the brightest jewel in its store.

August 12.—This day (Sunday) at twelve o'clock, we attended divine service at the cathedral. The interior of that noble structure is plain, but elegantly neat, and kept in good order. The congregation was crowded and genteel; the service of the liturgy was solemnly performed by the Rev. Archibald Boyd, a very promising young clergyman. A fine-toned organ was played with great skill and taste, and the singing was melodious. I thought of my own parish church; of the elegance, the almost incomparable beauty of the edifice; of its venerable and gracious pastor, whose heart is ever overflowing with the milk of human kindness towards his affectionate parishioners, and whose long and valued life has presented an uninterrupted series of benevolent and unwearied attention to the cause of suffering humanity; I thought also of the extent and respectability of its congregation: but when I considered it in *every*

point of view, the cathedral church of Londonderry lost nothing by the comparison.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. McNeile, Rector of Aldbury in Sussex, in aid of the funds of the society for foreign missions. It was the first time of his preaching in Londonderry; and I considered myself fortunate in being present upon the occasion. So deeply impressed was this wonderfully gifted preacher with the vital importance of his high calling, that he pleaded its cause, without "let or hindrance," for an hour and twenty minutes—an incredible length of time for a sermon in the established church; and, what is perhaps equally incredible, none of his hearers appeared weary; and farther, so consistent, well-arranged, and richly-flowing was the stream of his eloquence, that it required an effort of the understanding to convince the judgment, that such a sermon, preached without the aid of inspiration, or even of a single note, was not more incredible than all.

As I looked round upon this refined and christianized scene, I could scarcely believe that I was seated in a church at almost the

northern point of Ireland. I know not why such should have been my feelings, unless they originated in the circumstance of my having imbibed the error,—much too common in England,—of forgetting that our Hibernian neighbours, as contemporary subjects with ourselves of the same liberal government, enjoy the same privileges, and possess the same means of improving them; consequently, their chance is at least equal to our own of becoming a great and a learned people. We hear exaggerated accounts of rapine, conflagration, and murder; and, not taking it into consideration that these enormities are practised only by the dregs of an overgrown population, we suffer the horrifying idea to seize upon our faculties in a form much too sweeping and conclusive, and erecting this beautiful island into a modern Nazareth, we ask, in the infatuation of prejudice, “if any good thing can come out of it?”

After dinner, we walked a short distance from the city, to look at a handsome building, called the Casseno. At present it is contested property; on that account it is unfurnished

and unoccupied, except by a peasant and his wife, who live in the kitchen. A room upon the ground floor is the only one worthy of remark; it is called the banquetting room, and occupies the whole front of the house. It is adorned by five large and remarkably handsome windows, and the walls are painted with various devices; but cupids and doves predominate. Thirty years ago, this edifice was the property of the late Lord Bristol, Bishop of Londonderry. It is said that his lordship reserved it as a retreat for his leisure hours. That prelate is represented as having been a promoter of whatever was beneficial to his See in general, and to this city in particular; but a tendency to dissipation, incompatible with the sanctity of his dignified clerical profession, and probably other matters with which I am unacquainted, at length rendered his palace an uneasy residence. In the decline of life he went to the Continent; and finally closed his earthly career at Rome.

Hush! Speak softly! Press not irreverently the ashes of the illustrious dead! But, alas! when the great ones of the world render

themselves obnoxious to a community, it cannot reasonably be expected that their deeds should be fragrantly embalmed in its remembrance.

We attended evening service at the cathedral; but as there was no essential difference from that of the morning, further notice of it would be superfluous: only I must observe, that at the close of Mr. McNeile's sermon, which was equal to the first in length and ability, and commanded an equal degree of attention from the congregation, I could not forbear deeply regretting, that I had probably heard for the last time the awakening voice of that enlightened preacher and zealous watchman in Israel.

CHAPTER IV.

Journey to Buncrana—Appearance of the Country—Turf Bogs—Indolence of the Peasantry—Want of good Husbandry—The Potatoe Flower, the object of a poor Irishman's Admiration—Shoes and Stockings worn more generally by Men than Women—Village of Faughn, and View of Lough Swilly—Buncrana—Crowd of Catholics assembled at the Inn, to receive absolution from their Priests—Mode of Bathing—The Beggar's Blessing—Benevolent Lady—The Holy Well—The Bishop's Residence at Faughn—Return to Londonderry—Unfavourable Weather—The Suicide—Entrance of the Judge of Assize—Ancient Pear-Tree.

August 13.—THIS morning, at an early hour, we set out for Buncrana, a bathing place upon Lough Swilly, in the barony of Inishowen, fourteen miles north of Londonderry. The country is pretty well cultivated, and exhibits a more fruitful appearance than could be expected from its bleak northern aspect. The hills are naturally stony and sterile; yet the valleys are generally productive, though

vegetation is backward. The labour of tillage is extended to the very foot of the mountains ; and fields of grain wave in union with the broom and the heather—twin offspring of the abrupt and churlish heights which overshadow them. In *very* exposed situations the crops look thin and sickly, and appear more likely to perish in the blast, than to ripen in the sun ; but every where the potatoe flourishes—that indispensable article of food to the otherwise destitute poor. When I saw a tribe of scarcely half-clad little ones come flocking from the different cabins, I thought, what a blessing it is that the “wind is thus far tempered to these shorn lambs.”

The turf-bogs greatly deface the beauty of the country. If it were not for the exceeding usefulness of turf as fuel, its unsightly appearance could scarcely be endured. Large patches of this dirty-looking vegetable matter are seen in every direction, deforming the face of nature, and not unfrequently surrounded by fields of luxuriant herbage, and abundant crops of corn.*

* Bog is generally many feet in depth, and is cut in a perpendicular direction with a *slane*, an instrument so contrived as

This line of road is thinly populated, and the cabins are generally wretched in the extreme. I certainly feel well disposed towards this country; still I cannot be so accommodat-ingly blind to its defects, as not to perceive that indolence is the main-spring of much of its abject poverty and desolation; and, appa-

to divide it into pieces about the shape and size of a brick. These are piled in heaps, ready to be led away for sale. A small cart-load sells for three shillings in Londonderry; and many families burn no other fuel. When the ground previously occupied by turf is cleared, and the stagnant pool is drained, the sub-soil is good, and may be converted to any purpose of agriculture; but the process of draining must be continued, otherwise it will relapse. Some fine land was pointed out to us as reclaimed bog.

“The Bog of Allen, which is the largest in the island, like every other bog, consists of decayed vegetable substances; and as the principal agent in the formation of bogs is stagnant water, it occupies that situation precisely most likely to produce it—a level space with scarcely any descent to carry off its waters, and where every stream of course creeps on with a lazy current. It was originally covered with wood, and at present, wherever it has been opened or bored, timber has been found at various depths. Of this timber the lowest stratum is generally oak, the others fir, and on both the marks of the hatchet or fire were frequently visible; this, when felled, whether by design or accident, not being removed, naturally promoted a stagnation of the springs and rivers that watered this tract, and thus became the chief efficient cause of the bog itself.”

Whitelaw and Walsh's History of Dublin.

rently, it is not confined to the lowest ranks of society. Some neatly-built farm houses, that look pleasing enough at a distance, upon a nearer approach exhibit a degree of forlornness and habitual neglect, which ever results from the absence of thrift and good husbandry. Fences out of repair; gates off the hinges, where gates there are—for every field is not possessed of this necessary appendage. In such instances, its place is supplied by a pile of black decayed roots, taken from the bogs. A stack of turf, a stagnant pool, and an offensive heap of refuse, occupy the foreground, not only of the cabins, but also of a higher order of buildings, which, if better managed, would appear respectable; thus rendering hideous and disgusting a space of earth that might be turned to profit, or improved to beauty.

That delicious regale to the senses—a flower garden—is here rarely attached to either class of dwellings. Cowper says—

“The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns.”

If the presence of spleen *depend* upon the absence of Flora, a more appropriate abode for

that fretful offspring of a morbid imagination could not well be found. Here might she reign triumphant empress of a region of "vapours and clouds and storms."

I am told, the potatoe flower is the engrossing idol of a poor Irishman's admiration; its beauty, the burthen of his song; its health, the acme of his felicity. Indeed, how should it be otherwise?—for, under Providence, its root is the preserver of his existence; and however hapless that existence may appear in the estimation of the more favoured child of prosperity, to him, no doubt, it has its pleasant things, its gentle ties, and kind affections—the endearing charities of life.

Among the slender portion of the community, that inhabit this picturesque corner of the land, a few of the peasantry make a decent appearance; and, in the character of their countenance and habiliment, seem to approach nearer to civilization and intelligence than their neighbouring peers. I had no opportunity of ascertaining the fact; but I am told these are members of the protestant church.

Being Monday morning, we had the advantage of seeing some of the females in clean

caps of snowy whiteness. It is but just to observe, that the good wives of Ireland labour diligently in the vocation of washing and bleaching—the purity and excellent colour of the linen attest the truth of the remark. I observe, also, how much more generally the men wear shoes and stockings than the women. I can account for this circumstance only by supposing, that as the lords of the creation, of every state and degree, are ambitious of demonstrating the dignity of their prerogative in various ways, these poor men may chuse to evidence *their* supremacy, by paying the greater respect to their own persons.

After passing through the very pretty village of Faughn, our view of Lough Swilly became more extensive and imposing. It there begins to expand into the appearance of a sea; and the rocks and mountains that skirt its coast assume a more precipitous and majestic character.

At the verge of a chain of bleak and sterile hills, Buncrana unfolded its simple outline in the prospect—an humble cluster of buildings, situated at the foot of the stupendous heights of Inishowen, and nearly surrounded by a na-

tural amphitheatre of lake and mountain. We were yet two miles distant from it. Small flocks of sheep and goats were scattered over the intervening space of country. Some were quietly browsing near the doors of the cabins, as if they were constituted members of the owner's family. Others, more independent and intrepid, were scrambling along the ridges of the rocks, in search of a scanty but wholesome subsistence. These little guileless tribes of animated nature contributed their share in heightening the interest of this wild and novel landscape, and invested the approach to the little bathing-place with an air of pastoral simplicity verging upon patriarchal.

At length we arrived at a small rivulet, whose rocky bed receives the mountain-streams, and after conveying them along a short but turbulent passage discharges them into the Swilly. We crossed the bridge, and entered the meagre street leading to the market-place of the town of Buncrana. We did not find much to admire in its long unbroken line of smoky dirty cabins; its heavy-browed listless-looking men; its dingy unshod matrons; and a count-

less throng of less than half-clothed children, who were shouting and scrambling in every direction. Some of the latter fastened upon the rear of our car, to the dismay of Rosinante, who appeared to possess a perfect consciousness that an increase of ballast was superfluous. One party were jumping into a puddle, and looking upwards to ascertain the height they could make its contents fly. The foreman of another little crew was lustily stirring a sand-pudding, while his colleagues aided the exploit by supplying him with ingredients for his notable compound.

A thriving tribe are these poor children; and if they have health and opportunity to persevere in their present *useful* avocations, there is little doubt of their becoming, at a future period, valuable links in that great chain of *worthies*, which is not only extending to a fearful length in this country, but also in lands more favoured, and under skies more genial.

“ Alas! regardless of their doom,
“ The little victims play;
“ No sense have they of ills to come,
“ No care beyond to-day!” *

* Gray.

To crown the scene, sundry tabbies were basking in the sun, as if inviting and enjoying its beams; winking with one eye at the god of day, and blinking with the other at the host of unshod Philistines, lest in their perambulations they should, by an unluckly rencounter, interrupt the even tenor of their thrum, or disturb the solemn serenity of their repose.

On entering the inn, we found the stairs and passage filled with the most squalid-looking people it is possible for the imagination to conceive: and on enquiring the cause, we were told that the neighbouring priests were assembled upon business, and that this dingy group were waiting their leisure to make confession of their sins. Whilst repassing them, I took a more leisurely survey of these poor people. Under any other circumstances, this act of attention would have induced a scene of clamorous begging; but, no doubt, their respect for the occasion on which they were assembled, kept them silent. Yet I thought there was a piteous oppressed expression in their countenances, that spoke more eloquently than words. Perhaps a "still small voice"

whispered in my ear; or, what is more than equally probable, *fancy* lent its aid to eke out the fluency of that appealing look, which *seemed* to say—‘We know you—you are English: you come from a country that has no fellowship with us; that professes no interests in common with us, nor sympathy in our joys or sorrows; that denies us the privilege of that precious liberty so richly enjoyed by its own happier people, and which is rendered dearer to us in proportion as it appears unattainable.’

On a subject, however, so complex and important, it is better rather to restrain than to encourage the flight of fancy, lest it take an erroneous direction. But who can travel through a district, and look upon a large portion of its suffering inhabitants, without commiseration? Their feelings should be respected; for they are human. Their persons should not be scorned; for, like their fellow-men, they were created in the image of Him who hath made nothing in vain.

If we could imagine a poor catholic Irishman adopting the language of the sweet bard,

whose head was ever encircled with a night-cap—

- “ I was born of woman, and drew milk
 “ As sweet as charity from human breasts.
 “ I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
 “ And exercise all functions of a man.
 “ Pierce my vein ; take of the crimson stream meandering
 there,
 “ And catechise it well ; apply thy glass ;
 “ Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
 “ Congenial with thine own ; and if it be,
 “ What edge of subtilty cans’t thou suppose
 “ Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
 “ To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
 “ One common Maker bound me to the kind ?”

—whatever we might deny him in other respects, we should be constrained to admit the truth of his reasoning.*

* The prostration of Ireland appears the more intolerable hardship, as, according to Dr. Hamilton, it was once a prosperous, enlightened, and independent kingdom ; and that to England, as being the original and fruitful source of its misfortunes, it is indebted for much of its subsequent poverty and degradation. He observes,—“The numerous instruments of peace and war, the many curious and costly ornaments of dress, which are every day dug out of our fields, afford abundant proofs that the arts once flourished in Ireland, and that the precious metals were not unknown here. Of the latter, many are exquisitely wrought, many of such intrinsic value as to prove that gold and silver once abounded in Ireland in prodigious quantity ; that there was a time when we had more than

Buncranna is considered the most select bathing-place in the north of Ireland. Its salubrity and romantic situation render it a pleasing summer's retreat for those who are in search of health, or of temporary exemption

the bare necessaries of life, and when poverty did not compel us to pay our taxes in cattle. And whoever will take the trouble to consult ancient authors that have treated of this country, may perhaps be satisfied, that it has been, many ages since, the seat of learning and of piety.

“The venerable Bede lived eleven hundred years ago, and he speaks of it as a rich and happy kingdom, undisturbed by those bloody wars which harrassed the rest of the world during the barbarous ages;—as a land to which the nobility and gentry of Britain resorted for their education;—as a nation which gratuitously afforded maintenance, books, and masters to all strangers, who came thither for the sake of learning.

“It may perhaps be objected that the learning of these days was nothing but the musty knowledge of a monastery, and its boasted piety little else than the rank superstition of the church of Rome. Much however may be said to invalidate this opinion. The excellent and learned Archbishop Usher has clearly demonstrated that the supremacy of Rome was unknown to the ancient Irish; that the worship of saints and images was held in abhorrence, and no ceremonies used which were not strictly warranted by scripture; that all descriptions of people were allowed, and desired, to consult the sacred writers as their only rule of conduct; and from the passages quoted by their teachers, it appears that they read the *original*, as their proper authority, and often corrected the latin text. In short, from the evidence produced by this learned and faithful writer, we have the strongest reason to conclude that this island enjoyed the blessings of a pure and

from the cares of business. The church here is a neat little building, possessing a remarkably pretty spire, which is a great ornament to the town.

A short walk brought us to the rocky margin of the Lough, within view of the bathers.

enlightened piety, such as our Saviour himself taught, unembarrassed by any of the idle tenets of the Romish church; and that it is to the English invaders of the twelfth century we are chiefly indebted for the establishment of a religion which has deluged the kingdom with blood, and been the great source of all its calamities.

“This may appear a paradox too wild and too novel to gain credit. Accuse the protestant kingdom of England of introducing popery, with all its attendant train of miseries, into Ireland; and applaud the Irish as the genuine votaries of the reformed religion! Yet methinks, when we cast our eyes on King Henry the Second advancing towards this devoted nation, bearing in one hand the bloody sword of war, and in the other the iniquitous bull of Pope Adrian, granting him unlimited authority to root out heresy, and to extend the empire of Rome—we see an irrefragable argument to prove that this was not originally an island of popish saints, and that the jurisdiction of Rome was not unquestionably established here; since it does by no means accord with the principles of that court, to sacrifice its obsequious votaries to the ambition of a proud prince, who seemed but ill suited to accommodate himself implicitly to the papal authority.

“In fine, many and unequivocal circumstances concur to prove, that during the barbarous ages, when the rest of Europe was involved in all the horrors of bloodshed, ignorance, and superstition, this sequestered island enjoyed the blessings of peace, of learning, and of a pure religion, and was literally the

Here are no bathing-machines, nor their appendages—old women in blue woolsey, who, when the crazy vehicle is driven into the deep, throw open its doors, and shew to nervous invalids and screaming children a dreadful “world of waters,” in which they have little doubt they shall be drowned. And a sight scarcely less appalling, are those ancient dames in blue, who, surrounded by the briny flood, stand armed in terrors, chief agents in the tragic scene. There is a buoyant indepen-

happy country described in the following lines by St. Donatus, Bishop of Etruria, who died in the year 840 :—

“ ‘ Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
 “ By nature bless’d, and Scotia * is her name ;
 “ An island rich—exhaustless is her store
 “ Of veiny silver and of golden ore.
 “ Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,
 “ Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow ;
 “ Her waving furrows float with bearded corn,
 “ And arms and arts her envied sons adorn.
 “ No savage bear with lawless fury roves,
 “ No rav’ning lion through her sacred groves,
 “ No poison there infects, no scaly snake
 “ Creeps through the grass, nor frog annoys the lake.
 “ An island worthy of its pious race,
 “ In war triumphant, and unmatch’d in peace.’ ”

* The ancient name of Ireland.

dence in the mode of bathing here, which appears well calculated both to promote the health and to exhilarate the spirits. Small parties of females ran hand-in-hand into the water, and sported with its waves, as if luxuriating in their native element. One would have thought that Neptune was holding a court to-day, so fantastically did these water-nymphs run to and fro. Presently out they came, and dressed among the rocks.

Here, as in other places, we were beset by beggars. One man, to whom my friend gave a trifle, said, "God bless you, madam, and increase your earthly store, and save you from the horrors of eternal punishment!" Had the wish sprung from his heart, it would have been something; but, alas! it flowed so glibly from his tongue, that I doubt whether it arose from a source much deeper than the tip of that deceitful and unruly member.

On our return, we were introduced to a highly respectable and benevolent old lady, residing at Faughn. She is a kind friend to the poor, and cuts from paper, with the great-

est rapidity and exactness, beautiful groups of little figures. With these she ornaments baskets, pincushions, &c.; and, bestowing them upon the objects of her charity, they dispose of them for their own benefit. This good lady gave me five of these little groups. She also sent her servant to shew us her extensive and very productive gardens. Thence he conducted us to the Holy-Well, a short distance beyond the demesne of his mistress. This well is a spring of fine clear water, surrounded with bushes of thorn and bramble. Here the catholics come to do penance for their sins. The commencement of the ceremony is, the act of throwing a stone into the well; and in proportion to the quantity of bubble arising from the concussion, they consider themselves in favour with their saint. Secondly: they go three times round its stony margin upon their bare knees; and afterwards tearing a rag from their abundantly ragged garments, they hang it upon an adjoining bush, as a testimony of the sincerity of their repentance. Innumerable rags were fastened upon these

bushes; and I perceived, that to one was attached a lock of hair torn from the roots. Finally: they extend themselves for half an hour upon the friar's bed—a cairn of stones in the vicinity of the well: and then (enviable beings!) they go away, happy in the conviction that they are purified from their sins.

We might, but that charity forbids, be inclined to ask, "Can these dry-bones live?" Yet who knows whether this numerous class of the community do not, in return, believe that their contemned bones may, one day or other, overflow with marrow and fatness, to the confusion of the heretic? Thought is free: it mounteth the wings of the morning, and stayeth not for the going down of the sun: who shall control it?

The state of the atmosphere had been unpromising all the afternoon; and when we arrived at the Bishop's residence in Faughn, it began to rain heavily. This circumstance we much regretted, as it disappointed us of walking over the grounds, which appear extensive, elegantly arranged, and enriched with a luxuriant and valuable collection of shrubs

and plants. In short, contrasted with the wild and chilling scenery we had just witnessed, it appeared an Eden glowing with beauty and fragrance, in the precincts of a dreary wilderness. The house is spacious, and delightfully situated within a few hundred yards of Lough Swilly. There is an elegant quietude in the style and arrangement of this mansion, which is particularly pleasing. I thought, were I its fortunate occupant, in the plenitude of my enjoyment I should exclaim—

“ Had I the choice of sublunary good,

“ What could I wish that I possess not here ?”

We returned to Londonderry in a torrent of rain.

What a sad alloy to the traveller's pleasure is rain ! What a cheerless hue it casts upon the most beautiful objects ! When nature is parched and drooping for want of its refreshing influence, it is pleasing to see the showers descend upon the earth : but when they continue—are a hindrance to “ *sight-seeing*”—sights too that we may never see again ; then indeed, in spite of our desire to be thankful,

and of our resolution to be patient, the chafed spirit cannot forbear sighing, in the selfishness of its disappointment, "What a sad alloy to the traveller's pleasure is rain!"

August 14.—The rain still continues, and at present there is little appearance of a favourable change in the weather. To-day we have no prospect, but that of a comfortable fire-side; no sunshine, but the cheering hospitality of our Friends; and no expectation of an event, excepting the entrance of the Judge and his retinue into the city. Hearts are sinking in the prison; for to-morrow the assizes commence, and the cathedral bells are ringing to welcome the approach of the judge, and to celebrate his mission. It is pleasant to listen to the sound of bells so tuneable: it beguiles the time, disposes the mind to reflection, and soothes it to serenity.

Now there is a cessation of sound, and a spectacle in the street that makes the pause seem still more dreary. A poor man drowned himself in the Foyle yesterday. In the hopelessness of destitution, and in utter recklessness of life, he plunged into the Lough, in the presence of several spectators, who made

vigourous efforts to rescue him from a death so unhallowed; but he made sign of his determination to perish, by darting from the shore, and resolutely sinking into the tenacious flood. The body was found; and, unknelled and scantily confined, with none to follow or to mourn, they are bearing it along to an untimely grave.

The spectacle has passed. The suicide "is gone to his place"—a sight at which angels weep, though lightly marked by man. The bells ring again; and the sad event is already melting in the tide of time.

The mayor and burgesses, accompanied by the city band, went out a short distance beyond the gates to meet the judge; and as he was to lodge only a short distance from us, on the opposite side of the street, we anticipated the pleasure of seeing him descend from his carriage. Burns says—

" The best-laid schemes o' *Mice an' Men*
" Gang aft a-gley: "—

And it was our lot to prove its truth. The band advanced; carriage after carriage rolled on; many a neck was stretched to its utmost

possibility from the line of windows down the street: a murmur amongst the crowd of "he is getting out of his carriage!" induced us to turn our heads; and it was even so. His lordship, wisely opposed to parade and to the gratification of idle curiosity, had driven in privately at another gate, and was entering his lodgings before the majority of the gazing multitude were convinced that he had entered the city. We only just saw the flutter of his cloak as he stepped in at the door.

The weather being more favourable towards evening, we walked round the Wall, which has become doubly interesting since, from reading the "Derriana," I have discovered its political importance in the fate of the United Kingdom.

We looked at an immense pear-tree, that has stood ever since the siege, and is remarkable for producing yearly an uncommon quantity of fruit. I am not in the habit of transgressing the eighth commandment; yet, as I gazed upon its branches bending under their load, and murmuring responsively to the breeze of

evening, I thought, had they been within my reach, I should have been tempted to take just one for the sake of its valuable and interesting parent. If trees could speak, this monument of olden time, that reared its head amid the perils of that calamitous period when the axe seemed laid to the root of both animate and inanimate nature—this venerable monument, that has since bravely withstood the wintry blasts of almost a century and a half, would never lack listeners.

August 15.—We have to-day been to see the opening of the court. The judge was delivering his charge to the grand jury in a very impressive manner. We stayed only to hear its conclusion.—The court-house is a very handsome building: in the front is a noble portico, supported by four massive fluted pillars. On the top are the king's arms: on one side the emblematical figure of Mercy, on the other that of Justice, finely sculptured in stone.

Arrangements are made for an excursion to Coleraine to-morrow, on our way to the Giant's Causeway, Dunluce Castle, &c., if the weather

permit; and as so good an opportunity of seeing these wonders of the north may not again occur, I never can be more anxious than upon the present occasion for the cheering prospect of a smiling sky.

CHAPTER V.

Journey to the Giant's Causeway—Mountain of Magilligan—Irish Stages—Newtown Limavady—Coleraine—Salmon Fishery—Craig-a-huller—The Skerries—Dunluce Castle—The Banshee—Bush Mills—The Giant's Causeway—Guides—Description of the Causeway—Story of Adam Morning—Caves of Port Coon and Dunkerry—Return to Londonderry—Brooke Hall, the Seat of the Rt. Hon. Sir G. F. Hill.

August 16.—ALTHOUGH dull and misty, this morning was not unpromising of the fine day it has since proved. We commenced our journey to Coleraine in the best spirits, and happily nothing has occurred to lower their tone, or to cast a shade of disappointment upon our expectations. On our way out of Londonderry, we crossed the wooden bridge over the Foyle. This bridge was constructed by Lemuel Cox, an American, at the expense of the corporation, in 1790. "It is one thousand and sixty-eight feet in length and forty in

width, and is lighted by twenty-six lamps. The piers are of oak timber, and are distant from each other sixteen feet and a half. The flooring is of fir plank. At about a third of its length is an ingeniously contrived turning bridge, to admit of masted vessels passing through." This noble structure was completed in thirteen months, and is considered a master-piece of architecture.

For a considerable distance we had a view of Lough Foyle, and of the picturesque range of mountain in the province of Inishowen, which, stretching along its western shore, finally rears its tremendous head over that "world of waters," the Atlantic Ocean.

When we had proceeded about eight miles, the mountain of Magilligan, emerging from the mist, burst upon the prospect in the splendour of sunshine and a cloudless firmament. It skirts the eastern shore of the Foyle; and I now perceived, what I had not before attended to, that Inishowen Head and Magilligan Point form the entrance of the Lough. In the latter mountain there is a rabbit-warren, pro-

ducing to the proprietor a revenue of two thousand pounds per annum.

An Irish stage appears a tiresome length to an English traveller, accustomed to the intelligent mile-stones of his own country. Irish miles are computed as five and a half to seven English: and as there are no mile-stones here, people unused to the roads must be generally at a loss to know what progress they are making. Enquiries of the neighbouring peasantry upon the subject are answered with great civility, and not unfrequently with an appearance of interest in the welfare of the enquirer; yet so evasive and unsatisfactory is the information they give, that no dependance can be placed upon it. Perhaps, under such circumstances it is better to make no enquiries at all; but, suffering the mind to repose, or to be amused with such occurrences as "fall out by the way," trust in Providence for the event, as, unless overtaken by some serious accident, the traveller is sure to arrive at the end of his journey *sometime*. And why should a man "disquiet himself in vain?"

We drove to the King's Arms at Newtown Limavady. At this inn there is a liberality of accommodation, and a desire to give satisfaction, which can scarcely be surpassed. During our short stay at this place, we went to look at the new corn market, a neat erection supported by cast-iron pillars, and containing suitable conveniences for weighing corn. I admire the system in the Irish markets of having the corn weighed by a person uninterested in the circumstances of either buyer or seller: no doubt it is a safe-guard against fraud, and a preventive of dispute.

Two miles from Newtown Limavady, we passed the ruins of a church: its burying-ground is still used as a place of interment. Ruined churches appear very common in the north of Ireland; and, as other and more commodious churches are erected as substitutes, I like to see them—they convey a moral, and improve a landscape. But there are ruins both here and in other places, whose slovenly appearance can possess no claim to admiration; namely, those of small houses and cabins. When the interior of these humble dwellings

has been destroyed, by accident or want of occupation, their desolate walls are suffered to remain till the mouldering hand of time completes the wreck. It is a pity; as they are too insignificant to be picturesque, and answer no purpose but that of confirming an idea (much too common, and in many instances much too true) of the indolence of the inhabitants. I am informed, however, that although in these trifling matters appearances are not altogether favourable, in reality this is one of the most industrious districts in Ireland. Certainly the country is generally well cultivated. The growth of flax predominates in this part, and children are taught to spin at a very early age for the manufacture of Irish linen in Coleraine and its neighbourhood.

The approach to Coleraine within the last two miles is very beautiful. To the right is the rapid Bann, with its foaming cascades, forming one of the finest salmon fisheries in the island. This noble river is skirted on the east by precipitous plantations of luxuriant foliage, and on the west by fruitful orchards and gardens. To the left, is a fine tract of land,

exhibiting a pleasing variety of hill and dale, arable and pasture, wearing an appearance of skilful and prudent management. In front, is the pretty little city of Coleraine, with its neat white-washed houses—the river, running through its centre—and the bridge, which at a distance looks very handsome, though upon a nearer survey it rather disappoints expectation.

We are glad to find ourselves comfortably established at M^cGroty's hotel, at the west end of the bridge, with a prospect of its being our head quarters until six o'clock to-morrow morning.

After dinner we walked to see the salmon fishery, and much regretted that it was too late in the season for us to be gratified by seeing the salmon make the leap.

“The fishery of the Bann has long been celebrated for its productiveness. It was, at different periods, the property of different persons and bodies; viz. the Protector Cromwell, the Earls of Donegal, the London Society, &c. At present, one fishery of this river belongs to the Donegal family, the other to the society. The value of the fisheries, of course, varies with the prices of provisions; the average rent

of each is probably about one thousand pounds per annum. The Bann salmon have but one season, having upwards of thirty miles to proceed in seeking for a spawning-place.

“The navigation of the Bann is very difficult, owing to two causes, the extreme rapidity of the river, which repels the tide, and, the bar at its mouth: this formidable obstruction is the result of the conflict of the river and the tide, and requires a skilful pilot to bring over a vessel whose burthen exceeds two hundred tons.

“The city of Coleraine appears to have been originally laid out by Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy of Ireland, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The energy which pervaded all classes of persons in the employment of the state during the life of Elizabeth, is no where more conspicuous than in this country; first, in the exertions of her officers to reduce it to obedience; and secondly, in their perseverance in endeavouring to colonize and build. Coleraine was planted with English colonists, and the very houses are said to have been framed in London, and sent over here to be erected.

“After the retirement of Sir John, Coleraine fell greatly to decay; but the introduction of a manufacture and the enjoyment of a free trade, united with the industry and good conduct of its inhabitants, have rendered Coleraine not only the second town in the county, but a flourishing, beautiful, and happy settlement.”*

There is little worthy of farther observation respecting Coleraine, excepting that its streets are clean and well paved, the houses generally neat, and in some instances handsome. Near the bridge is a spacious square, called the Diamond, in which the markets are held; and in the centre is the market-house, a commodious building with a piazza, under which is the meal market, &c. The upper part is used as an assembly room.

August 17.—We rose at an early hour to proceed on our excursion. It was a sweet morning, the harbinger of a day more serenely beautiful than (I am told) is generally experienced by tourists to this wildly-magnificent shore.

Three miles from Coleraine, is a basaltic

* Wright's "Guide to the Giant's Causeway."

colonnade, called Craig-a-huller, situate at the top of a long and tedious hill, whence we obtained our first view of ocean, just opposite to the Skerries, a ledge of black dangerous-looking rocks some distance from the shore, whose rugged summits are a little elevated above the surface of the tremendous surge by which they are encompassed : and,

“ Hush'd in grim repose,”

They seem to say to each successive wave, as it dashes against and strives to overleap these formidable barriers to their course, “ Thus far shalt thou go !”

Another mile brought us to the ruins of Dunluce Castle, one of the ancient residences of the Earls of Antrim, who derive the title of Viscount of Dunluce from this castle and barony.

“ In strength and majesty profuse,
 “ On yonder mountain-rock, of yore
 “ The turrets stood of proud Dunluce,
 “ And darken'd far the craggy shore.
 “ It rose beneath ambitious hands,
 “ As if to mock the siege of Time ;
 “ Though now the castle-relic stands
 “ A faded monument of crime.” *

* Quillinan's “ Dunluce Castle.”



Geo. Cooke del.

DUNLUCE CASTLE, COUNTY OF ANTRIM.

Engraved and published by Geo. Cooke, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Geo. Cooke sc.



“The ruins of Dunluce Castle stand upon a perpendicular insulated, or rather detached rock, the entire surface of which is so completely occupied by the edifice, that the external walls are in continuation with the perpendicular sides of the rock. The walls of the building were never very lofty, but from the great area which they inclose, contained a considerable number of apartments. One small vaulted room is said to be inhabited by a Banshee,* whose chief occupation is sweeping the floor. This story originates in the positive fact, that the floor is at all times as clean as if it had just then been swept; but this difficulty can probably be explained, by supposing that the wind gains admittance through some aperture on a level with the floor, and thus preserves the appearance of cleanliness and freedom from dust, just now described. In the north-eastern end is

* “The Banshee,” says Miss Edgeworth, “is a species of aristocratic Fairy, who, in the shape of a little hideous old woman, has been known to appear and heard to sing in a mournful supernatural voice under the windows of great houses, to warn the family that some of them are soon to die. In the last century, every great family in Ireland had a Banshee, who attended regularly; but latterly their visits and songs have been discontinued.”

a small room actually projecting over the sea, the rocky base having fallen away, and from the door of this apartment there is a very awful view of the green sea beneath. The rock on which the castle stands is not surrounded by water, but is united, at the bottom of the chasm, to the main land by a ledge of rock, a little higher than the surface of the ocean. The castle was entered by a bridge formed in the following manner:—two parallel walls, about eight feet asunder, thrown across the chasm, connected the rock with the main land: upon these, planks were laid crosswise for the admission of visitors, and removed immediately after the passage was effected. At present, but one of the walls remains, about thirteen inches in thickness; and the only pathway to the castle is along its summit, over the awful rocky chasm.

“ On the main land, close to the castle, a second collection of similar buildings are seen, erected at a later period, by one of the Antrim family, in consequence of a melancholy occurrence among the domestics in the castle. A small apartment on the verge of the rock gave

way, and fell into the ocean, which so alarmed the female part of the family, that additional apartments were erected for their accommodation upon the main land. This is said to have happened during the occupancy of Catherine Manners, widow of George Villiers, the great Duke of Buckingham, who married Randall, the first Marquis of Antrim.”*

From another popular work,† in its allusion to the above-mentioned catastrophe, I learn, that when the rock gave way, “the cook (who was preparing dinner) and eight other servants were precipitated, along with the apartment they then occupied, into the yawning abyss beneath.”

Dunluce Castle forms one of the most commanding and picturesque objects on the north coast of Ireland. In 1585 it was besieged, and taken, by Sir John Perrott. It was soon after retaken, but was again subdued by the English, when the head of Alexander M^cDonnell, the son of its owner, was set upon a pole over the castle gate. This noble mansion was accident-

* Wright's "Guide to the Giant's Causeway."

† "The Steam-Boat Companion."

ally burned in the year 1750, and since that period Glenarm Castle has been the family residence of the Earls of Antrim.

From this commanding situation there is an extensive sea-view. On the west is the noble entrance of Lough Foyle, the Skerries, &c.; on the north-east, the Island of Rathlin, and the majestic Promontory of Bengore. These, together with the awful roll of the waves, dashing against the rocks one hundred and fifty feet beneath us, formed a combination of sights and sounds at once delightful and appalling to the imagination.

As we continued our route towards Bush-Mills, we had a fine view of Ballintra Bay, near the mouth of which that neat little village is situated, upon the river Bush.

We breakfasted at a very tolerable inn, the usual resort of travellers on their way to the Causeway. By some means, of which I am not aware, we obtained ingress to the kitchen, where breakfast, consisting of butter-milk, and a bowl of fine unpeeled potatoes just smoking from the fire, was ready for the family. What an admirable repast for an unsophisticated

appetite seasoned by hunger—the most wholesome, satisfactory, and best of seasonings. We partook of the “frugal fare” with great pleasure, and had nothing more been ordered, for myself nothing more would have been necessary; indeed, I shall not soon forget the relishing butter-milk and potatoes at Bush-Mills.

Arriving in the vicinity of the Causeway, we left our vehicle at a small public house, kept by a widow and her daughters. These females might pass for the descendants of the giants, so much do they exceed in stature the generality of their sex. To this house resort that clamourous tribe who call themselves *Guides to the Causeway*, but who are evidently more anxious to extract money from the visitor's purse, than to make themselves masters of such information as would render their attendance useful and worthy of reward. We had been told, that by selecting *one*, we should free ourselves from the importunity of the others. But in spite of our compliance with this prudent precaution, by which we hoped to establish our tranquillity for the day, we were presently surrounded by at least a

dozen men, many of whom had more the appearance of a lawless banditti, than of peaceable and orderly subjects. They spared no pains to convince us that the guide we had chosen knew nothing of his business. Several tendered their services for three-pence each, and when this (certainly very reasonable) offer was refused, they produced little boxes of beautiful specimens of the Steatite, Zeolite, Peperino Stone, &c.,* which, they assured us, they had sought among the cliffs at the risk of their lives; and further, that no ladies or gentlemen came to the Causeway without purchasing similar specimens. *This* argument was too cogent to be resistible; and we selected some boxes, containing such specimens as we considered the most desirable, and which certainly possess great beauty; but there is

* “ Steatite is of a greenish soapy appearance; zeolite, of a bright and pure white colour, generally disposed in cavities of the cellular basaltes, often affecting a crystallization, in which the fibres proceed as rays from a centre, and in some instances have a beautiful spangled appearance, resembling that of thistle down. Peperino stone is a friable matrix of indurated clay and iron, studded with morsels of zeolite and other substances, &c.”

Ency. Britannica.

little doubt this quality will prove very perishable when they lose the benefit of their native air and situation. Then followed a list of the names of great people, who had given very *high* prices, some as much as a guinea; however, to this *refinement* upon imposition we proved invulnerable.

We had some difficulty in making a satisfactory adjustment of our proceedings with this pertinacious crew; and after all, we found several of them scattered along the path leading to the Causeway, who *promised* that they had as great a right to walk there as any body else.

With a degree of patience worthy of a better cause, and which made us laugh even in the midst of our vexation, they kept ever upon the alert, to watch for an impediment or a mystery, that might afford them an opportunity of lending a hand, or giving an explanation, by way of entitling themselves to a *claim upon his Honour's consideration*. It was in vain that his Honour affected great displeasure; in vain that he essayed to "out-Herod Herod" in a strain of stormy invective:—these "lean and hungry"

sons of Erin had the sagacity to perceive, that his anger was tempered with a pleasant dash of jocosity, which in reality boded them no harm. "Upon this hint they spake;" and with good-humoured craftiness, which appears to be the attribute of their nation, they failed not to turn this circumstance to their advantage, by persisting in being deaf and blind to whatever was harsh in word or gesture, and in being alive only to such expressions as were savoured with a little kindness. "Och! Prosperity to your Honour!" said one; "I do like to hear a joke from a gentleman!"

The road to the Causeway is down a steep circuitous path, which was made at a considerable expense by the late Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Londonderry. It is impossible to imagine a greater treat for an enquiring mind—for one really interested in nature's handy-works, than to find itself contemplating this stupendous curiosity, in the sober certainty of being awake.

"It is not," says the Rev. Mr. Wright, "the magnitude of the Causeway which surprises, nor the distant view which commands atten-

tion; the wonder and admiration of the tourist are to be reserved until he steps upon the very surface of this great work of nature, when the expectation of the most experienced traveller will be fully realized.

“The Causeway consists of three piers or moles, projecting from the base of a stratified cliff, about four hundred feet in height. The principal mole is visible for about three hundred yards in extent at low water, the others not more than half that distance. It is composed of polygonal pillars of dark-coloured basalt,* so closely united, that it is difficult to

* “Basaltes, in natural history, a heavy hard stone, chiefly black or green, consisting of prismatic crystals, the number of whose sides is uncertain. It frequently contains iron, is insoluble by acids, and fusible by fire. The most remarkable property of this substance is its figure, never being found in strata like other marbles, but always standing up in the form of regular angular columns, composed of a number of joints, one placed upon and nicely fitted to another, as if formed by the hands of a skilful workman. Basaltes was originally found in Ethiopia. Great quantities of basaltes are likewise found in the neighbourhood of Mount *Ætna*, in Sicily; of *Hecla*, in Iceland; and of the *Volcano* in the Island of *Bourbon*. But the noblest store in the world seems to be that called the *Giant’s Causeway*, in Ireland, and *Staffa*, one of the *Western Islands* of Scotland. In Ireland, the Basaltes rises far up the country, runs into the sea, crosses at the bottom, and rises again on the opposite land.”

Ency. Brit.

insert more than a knife-blade between them. Towards the centre of the whole mass the pillars ascend; and from the peculiar appearance of the surface, this vertex is usually called the Honeycomb. The pillars are irregular prisms of an uncertain number of sides, varying from three to nine; but the hexagonal form generally prevails.

“ Each pillar is in itself a distinct piece of workmanship; it is separable from all the adjacent columns, and then is itself separable into distinct joints, whose articulation is as perfect as human exertion could have formed them, the extremities of each joint being concave or convex, which is determined by the terminations of the joints with which it was united; but there is no regularity as to the upper or lower extremity being concave or convex; the only law on this point is, that the contiguous joints are the one concave the other convex. In order to ensure stability to this piece of architecture, the angles of the inferior joints frequently overlap those of the superior so finely, that the force required to dislocate them sometimes fractures the joints.

“ Though the polygons are all irregular, yet the contiguous sides of the adjacent pillars are equal, so that the contact of the columns is complete; and there is not the smallest aperture left over the whole arena of basaltic pavement. So close is the flooring of this natural quay, that whenever any subsidence of the surface has occurred, water will be found to lodge, and remain a length of time. And this suggests also a curious circumstance, to which the attention of the visitor will be called, upon his arrival at the Causeway; that, although the union of the columns has been just represented as impervious to a lodgment of water, yet on the west side of the Causeway is seen a spring of water bubbling up between the interstices of the columns. This is called the Giant’s Well, and the water found in it is extremely pure. It may be observed also, that the pillars, between which the water issues, are not the least worn, nor are their angles less accurate than those of any pillar in the Causeway.”*

Dr. Hamilton observes, “ whatever the process

* Wright’s “ Guide to the Causeway.”

was by which nature produced that beautiful and curious arrangement of pillars so conspicuous about the Giant's Causeway; the cause, far from being limited to that spot alone, appears to have extended through a large tract of country, in every direction, insomuch that many of the common quarries, for several miles around, seem to be only abortive attempts towards the production of a Giant's Causeway.

“ From want of attention to this circumstance, a vast deal of time and labour have been idly spent in minute examinations of the Causeway itself:—in tracing its course under the ocean—pursuing its columns into the ground—determining its length and breadth, and the number of its pillars—with numerous wild conjectures concerning its original; all of which cease to be of any importance, when this spot is considered only as a small corner of an immense basalt quarry, extending widely over all the neighbouring land.

“ The leading features of this whole coast are the two great Promontories of Bengore and Fairhead, which stand at the distance of eight miles from each other: both formed on an ex-

tensive scale, both abrupt towards the sea, and abundantly exposed to observation, and each in its kind exhibiting noble arrangements of the different species of columnar basaltes. The former is an extensive headland, running out from the coast a considerable length into the sea; but, strictly speaking, it is made up of a number of lesser capes and bays, each with its own proper name, the *tout ensemble* of which forms what the seamen denominate the Headland of Bengore.

“ These capes are composed of a variety of different ranges of pillars, and a great number of strata; which, from the abruptness of the coast, are extremely conspicuous, and form an unrivalled pile of natural architecture, in which all the neat regularity and elegance of art is united to the wild magnificence of nature.

“ The most perfect of these capes is called Pleaskin. Its summit is covered with a thin grassy sod, under which lies the natural rock, having generally a uniform hard surface, somewhat cracked and shivered. At the depth of ten or twelve feet from the summit, this rock begins to assume a columnar tendency, and

forms a range of massy pillars of basaltes, which stand perpendicular to the horizon, presenting, in the sharp face of the promontory, the appearance of a magnificent gallery or colonnade, upwards of sixty feet in height.

“ This colonnade is supported on a solid base of coarse, black, irregular rock, nearly sixty feet thick. Under this great bed of stone stands a second range of pillars, between forty and fifty feet in height, less gross, and more sharply defined than those of the upper story, many of them, on a close view, emulating even the neatness of the columns in the Giant’s Causeway. This lower range is borne on a layer of red ochre stone, which serves as a relief to show it to great advantage.

“ These two admirable natural galleries, together with the interjacent mass of irregular rock, form a perpendicular height of one hundred and seventy feet ; from the base of which, the promontory, covered over with rock and grass, slopes down to the sea for the space of two hundred feet more, making in all a mass of near four hundred feet in height, which, in beauty and variety of its colouring, in elegance

and novelty of arrangement, and in the extraordinary magnitude of its objects, cannot readily be rivalled by any thing of the kind at present known.”*

“ And when at noon the Eye of Light
 “ Throws on Bengore a shower of beams ;
 “ ’Tis then that every column bright
 “ In all its glory streams.
 “ For Beauty there the mountain woos,
 “ Rich in a hundred brilliant hues ;
 “ The mellow brown and vermil dye
 “ With every rival ochre vie ;
 “ And all so well the contest bear,
 “ That each appears a victor there.

“ In thrice ten thousand columns pil’d,
 “ The Giant’s pavement spreads below,
 “ In peristyles so chastely wild,
 “ It mocks the wandering sense to know
 “ If Nature there, or only Art,
 “ Perform’d the Statuary’s part !
 “ And sure (but that the vast design,
 “ Which all the schemes of men defies ;
 “ Great Nature, stamps it proudly thine !)
 “ It well might cheat the keenest eyes,
 “ To think that human hand had laid
 “ That sea-invading esplanade.”†

“ In the face of the bold stratified cliff east of the Causeway, some very perfect and regu-

* Hamilton’s Letters.

† Quillinan’s “ Dunluce Castle.”

lar colonnades of clustered pillars are seen, the most perfect of which are called the Organs, from a very striking resemblance which the façade bears to the range of frontal tubes in a large church organ. And opposite these is another, generally called the Giant's Loom.

“ On a lofty projecting cliff, east of the Causeway, stand a few shattered columns, usually known by the appellation of “ the Chimney Tops,” said to have been mistaken by the crews of the vessels composing the invincible Armada of Spain. Tradition says, that the Spaniards thought they recognized the chimney tops of a village in these detached columns, and directing their course thither, their unwieldy vessels were cast away upon the cliff beneath.* A

* “ After the defeat of the Armada, the Spanish Admiral prepared to return homewards ; but as the wind was contrary to his passage through the channel, he resolved to sail northwards, and, making the tour of the island, reach the Spanish harbours by the ocean. A violent tempest overtook the Armada after it had passed the Orkneys : the ships had already lost their anchors, and were obliged to keep to sea. The mariners, unaccustomed to such hardships, and not able to govern such unwieldy vessels, yielded to the fury of the storm, and allowed their ships to drive either on the western isles of Scotland, or on the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked. Not one half of the navy returned to Spain : and the seamen, as well as soldiers,

little to the east also of this place is a small bay, called Port-na-Spagna, to perpetuate the occurrence of this event.”*

In walking over the Causeway, a female is less independent of the admonition and assistance of a guide than she may imagine, as a fall upon this inexorable pavement would probably not soon be forgotten. She may, if she choose it, be placed with great state in the Lady’s Chair, a pentagonal pillar in the Honeycomb, to which a back is formed by the ascending pillars in the rear. There is also a Gentleman’s Chair. An octagonal pillar near the centre of the Causeway is called its Keystone, &c.

The ceremony of placing in the chair being over, an old woman came forward and invited us to see the Giant’s Well, where, from an earless and spoutless pitcher, we drank water “clear as diamond spark,” cold, pure, and re-

who remained, were so overcome with hardships and fatigue, and so dispirited by their discomfiture, that they filled all Spain with accounts of the desperate valour of the English, and of the tempestuous violence of that ocean which surrounds them.”

Hume’s Hist. of England.

* Wright’s “Guide to the Causeway.”

freshing—remarkable properties for a spring very little elevated above the level of ocean, and within a few yards of its brink.

The tide was receding when we arrived at the Causeway, but we were in time to see the waves dashing far over its foot; and the tremendous sound of the surge, that clamoured towards us in swelling sheets of foam, contributed greatly to heighten the grandeur of this wondrous scene.

When the “strife of waters” had in some measure abated, we took the opportunity of purloining from the rocks some of the Giant’s buttons,* and other chattels appertaining to the predominating genius of the place; and having possessed ourselves of this valuable booty, we returned to the rock-head, for the purpose of walking on the summit of the cliff, to the verge of the Headland of Bengore.

The prospect from the cliff, however, though magnificent in the extreme, is too similar to that we had seen from Dunluce Castle, to admit of further remark; with this exception, that in proceeding eastward, the scenery becomes

* A sea-weed resembling large old-fashioned buttons.

more extensive in that direction, and we had a distinct view of Carrick-a-Rede, the Ballycastle hills, &c.

In such a ramble as this, who does not feel an indescribable emotion of delight, pure and effulgent as the blue vault of heaven under which he is canopied, spontaneous and vivid as the heather beneath his feet? Who, in mingling with the universe, does not find the common-place feelings he experiences when mingling with the "work-day world," immolated within him? and, alive only to the charities of life, forget for a season its sorrows, its disappointments, its every-day portion of small but cankering cares?

" There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
" There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
" There is society where none intrudes,
" By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;
" I love not man the less, but nature more."*

Such feelings were mine : but I am in the work-day world again, gazing upon houses, open shops, busy faces, the vanities and the necessities of life ; and these feelings are gone—

* Byron.

“Gone with the reflux wave into the deep”—

Passed away with the sights and sounds that gave them birth; and if I ask, Where are they?—Alas! there is not even an echo to respond to the question.

From the strand in the bay of Port-na-Spagna, there is a narrow path ascending to the cliff, which is the one Dr. Hamilton mentions as being the most frightful of all the hazardous paths on this coast. To this dangerous ascent he has attached an intensely painful degree of interest by relating the history of the disastrous fate of Adam Morning.*

* “There is,” says Dr. H. “in the middle of the Promontory of Bengore, a wild spot, called in the Irish language Aird, from the loftiness of its situation. The original adventurer who settled in this solitary place was called Adam Morning, a name which he obtained from some accidental circumstance, and he is described by the peasants of the neighbouring hamlet as a clever fellow, and an honest man. He held his little farm, which had never before been cultivated, at the small rent of five pounds per annum, hoping soon to render it a valuable tenure by the probable effects of his industry; and on this he built a cottage, suited to his infant powers, but so contrived as to admit of an addition, whenever his success in improving this barren soil should entitle him to increase his comforts. By hard labour he soon reclaimed so much of the land, as enabled him to sow a moderate quantity of grain; but when the toils of the year were almost over, and a plentiful harvest promised to reward his industry, a violent storm,

It was not later than two o'clock when we met some women returning from milking, an

which was severely felt over the whole kingdom, blasted his golden hopes, and the entire produce of his farm was only sixteen barrels of oats, out of twenty-four which he had sown.

“ This was a severe blow to our enterprising farmer, but his resolution was not thus hastily to be vanquished ;—means were found to pay his rent, a second crop was sown the ensuing year, and his land again presented the cheering prospect of approaching plenty. Once more an inclement season, bearing heavily on the unsheltered situation of his new fields, mocked his expectation, and the entire reward of the year's labour amounted only to a small increase of grain, little exceeding what he had sown. Few men in this lowly sphere of life would have borne up under such rude and repeated shocks of adverse fortune ; but the spirit of our humble adventurer disdained to yield to misfortunes which were merely casual, and which no degree of prudence could have guarded against. His perseverance was still unshaken, his health continued vigorous, and the land yet promised to repay him, would Providence but smile on his endeavours. New ways were therefore devised to save his sinking credit ; every nerve was exerted to pay his rent, and try the fortune of another year.

“ There is a small bay in the Promontory of Bengore, called Port-na-Spagna, from the wreck of one of the Spanish Armada, which was here dashed to pieces. It is entirely surrounded by a precipice between three and four hundred feet high, and is accessible only by one narrow approach, which is far the most frightful of all the hazardous paths on this whole coast. By the tenure of his farm the possessor was entitled to a quarter of this little bay, amounting to about twenty or thirty square yards of wild inhospitable rock. Here Adam and his family, struggling against their distresses, laboured hard to supply their wants, by cutting the sea-weed from the rocks, and manufacturing it into kelp, which the linen bleachers of the country bought up at a good

unusually early hour for the performance of this duty. They very civilly offered each of us a noggin of the nutritious contents of their pail. An epicure in milk, who had once tasted it here and then returned to be engaged again in town or city, and obliged to substitute a liquid which bears little similitude excepting in name, would feel himself constrained to heave a sigh of regret to the pleasant memory of the noggin of delicious milk upon the mountains.

We concluded our excursion to the coast by a visit to the caves of Port Coon and Dunkerry. Port Coon is a magnificent cave, accessible by land on the west side. "The formation of the interior is very extraordinary: the roof and sides are composed of rounded stones, imbedded in a basaltic paste of extreme hardness. One

price; while in the mean time the farm was rising fast, and Ceres began again to smile propitious.

"One morning, as Adam and his wife were descending the dangerous path, to pursue their daily toil, while they were yet talking of their growing hopes—even while the cheerful prospect was smiling in their view—a sudden slip tumbled him headlong from the precipice, and dashed him to pieces on the rocks below!"

This melancholy accident happened in the summer of 1783, when Dr. Hamilton was in the neighbourhood.

of the unbidden attendants who takes the trouble to accompany the party, is generally provided with a loaded fowling-piece, upon the discharge of which a tremendous reverberation of sound is produced. In the dark perpendicular cliff, is the deep and lofty Cave of Dunkerry, accessible by water alone. The entrance assumes the appearance of a pointed arch, and is remarkably regular. The depth of Dunkerry Cave has not been ascertained, for the extremity is so constructed as to render the management of a boat there impracticable and dangerous. Not the least curious circumstance connected with a visit to this subterranean apartment, is the swelling of the water within. The swell of the sea upon this coast is at all times heavy ; and as each succeeding wave rolls into the cavern, the surface rises so slowly and so awfully, that a nervous person would be apprehensive of a ceaseless increase in the elevation of the waters, until they reached the summit of the cave. Of this, however, there is not the most distant cause of apprehension, the roof being sixty feet above high water mark. The roaring of the waves in the interior is so

distinctly heard, that it is said the inhabitants of some cottages, a mile distant from the shore, have their slumbers frequently interrupted in the winter's nights, by the subterranean sounds of Dunkerry Cavern. The entrance is very striking and grand, being twenty-six feet in breadth, and enclosed between two natural walls of dark basalt."*

In walking towards the Caves, we observed that one of our too numerous attendants carried a gun; no doubt he intended to fire it in the caves, in order to produce the reverberation of sound already mentioned; but we were not then aware of this circumstance; and the man's countenance being extremely ferocious and displeasing, it rendered the offensive weapon in his hand more particularly objectionable, and he was unceremoniously dismissed; a measure perhaps not altogether prudent, considering the means he possessed of promptly resenting an affront. By this act of impetuosity, we probably deprived ourselves of a great though somewhat astounding treat.

* Wright's "Guide to the Causeway."

We were also unacquainted with the effect produced upon the imagination by the apparently ceaseless increase of waters in the cavern, and for a moment I experienced the full force of the terrific deception. A word from the guide dismissed the painful idea, which it appears is common to visitors in general. It is appalling enough to contemplate the fearful billows, to listen to their concentrated but terrible roar, "to hold the breath for awe" in the deep and dreary pause between each successive wave; but when viewed in the sober tranquillity of assured safety, Dunkerry Cavern presents a grand and imposing spectacle. It seems as if ocean in his wrath cast these rebellious brawlers from his ample bosom into this solitary rock; and, as if not less indignant, they return in foam and fury to claim inheritance in their native bed; then, straight are driven forth again to kennel amid the rocks.

This was our last look at the coast of Antrim, as we returned to Coleraine by a different route. But oh, that "in season and out of season" group of guides! that crown of nettles, that

unceasing scourge to the visitor's comfort !
There they are—

“ I see them sit ;

“ They linger yet !”

When we returned from the Caves, not only the whole company of guides we had seen in the morning, but a large additional party also of them, were seated near the widow's door, ready to surround us. More specimens were produced ; “ great beauties,” they assured us ; and we were not a little importuned to buy them. It is impossible to purchase all they offer, or to give them money in proportion to their wants and wishes ; but visitors should not be too hard upon them. An excursion to this coast is a circumstance that may probably not occur more than *once* in a life ; therefore the hand should not be closed, nor the heart unfeeling : for, as Burns says,—

“ Folk maun do something for their bread,”

And perhaps these poor people have few other means of obtaining the staff of life. Besides, they are born in the neighbourhood ; the sons

of the soil ; the self-constituted stewards of this gigantic mountain, which is to them as a nursing father ; and yet, withal, he could not enable them to quaff the dew* from his brow, if they did not beg or cajole from his numerous admirers a tribute to his sovereignty.

August 18.—We breakfasted this morning at Newtown Limavady, and arrived at Londonderry at two o'clock.

August 20.—To-day we have visited Brooke Hall, in this neighbourhood, the seat of the Right Hon. Sir George Fitzgerald Hill,† the

* Mountain Dew, or Whiskey.

† The following extract from the “Annals of the City of Londonderry” proves the respect and affection with which the noble Baronet is regarded by its inhabitants :—

“December 28th, 1821.—The corporation of this city assembled for the purpose of carrying into effect the vote of that body, by presenting a piece of plate to their esteemed Representative and Recorder, the Right Honourable Sir G. F. Hill, Baronet. The ceremony took place in the grand jury-room, in presence of a numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. After Sir George entered the room, the worshipful Sir John Maginness rose, and delivered the following address to the Recorder :—
‘ We, the Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens of Londonderry, have this day assembled for the purpose of carrying into effect the vote of that body, by presenting to you, in the most suitable manner, this piece of plate. In paying this tribute of respect to

representative and recorder of the city of Londonderry. This mansion is pleasantly situated

their Recorder and Representative, the corporation feel that they are acting in unison with the sentiments of every class of their fellow-citizens, and more particularly with that loyal and valuable portion of the community, whose political connection with your family has now continued half a century, twenty-five years of which period they have nine times unanimously delegated to you the important trust of representing them in Parliament—thus rewarding, with increased confidence, your attention to their interests, and the welfare of this city. In presenting this mark of their high consideration, the corporation cannot suffer the opportunity to pass, without expressing their hopes, that the same exertions which have hitherto distinguished your political career, and which have merited and obtained the approbation of your constituents, will continue unabated in the service of the public, the empire, and your native country.’—The inscription on the plate was then read, and is as follows:—

“ ‘ Presented by the Mayor, Commonalty, and
Citizens of Londonderry,
To their worthy Recorder and faithful
Representative,
The Right Hon. Sir GEORGE FITZGERALD HILL, Bart.,
In testimony of the high estimation in which they
hold his various and important
services,
Displayed throughout
the whole course of an active public life,
in an unceasing attention to, and vigilant protection of,
the interests of the community
he represents ;

on the banks of Lough Foyle. Its exterior is very handsome. Our time being limited, we did not avail ourselves of the privilege very civilly offered to us of seeing the interior. Upon the grounds, evidently neither expense nor skill has been spared in furnishing and maturing one of the most luxuriant collections of shrubs and plants I ever beheld.

On our return, we drove through the romantic and beautiful grounds belonging to Lady

In a strenuous support and
an uncompromising vindication of their corporate rights,
and in promoting, with an industry
which has never slept, and a zeal that has never tired,
the welfare and improvement
of his native City.

To his merits that City has paid a tribute,
less perishable than the characters which record them here,
by delegating to his care, for eight Parliaments,
her interest in the Senate,
and enhancing the value of her choice, by
making it on each occasion
unanimous.'

“ On the plate being presented, Sir George expressed the strongest feelings of acknowledgement for that distinguished mark of approbation, in firm and manly language, highly complimentary to the corporation and citizens of Londonderry, assuring them of his determination to persevere in his services to his constituents, by a steady support of their interests.”

Ferguson, which command a delightful prospect of Londonderry. This city, from its elevated situation and handsome appearance, is a noble object in whatever direction it is viewed; but no where is it seen to so great advantage as from this enchanting retreat.

CHAPTER VI

Departure from Londonderry—Lifford and Strabane—Character of the Irish Peasantry—Stranorlane—Ballybofey—Rugged and Mountainous Country—Donegal, and Castle—Ballyshannon—Salmon Fishery—Beautiful Scenery on Lough Erne—Enniskillen—Cavan—Kells—Arrival at Dublin.

August 21.—THIS morning we bade adieu to Londonderry, and to the kind Friends who have done so much to make it agreeable.

“ Farewell ! a word that must be,

“ A sound which makes us linger : yet, farewell ! ”

Adieu to thee, lovely city—“ queen of the north ! ” to thy ample flood, thy hoary mountains, and thy sheltered valleys ! We have gazed upon ye in the freshness of early morn, in the sobriety of dewy eve, in storm and in sunshine, and ye were ever interesting. We may never see you more ; but your pleasant impres-

L. of C.

sion upon our memories will not be soon or easily obliterated.

We passed through Carrigans, a village near the western bank of the Foyle, at the extremity of one of the largest turf-bogs we have seen. The inhabitants of that village appear very poor, and are emphatically termed *bog-stealers*: what claim they possess to that respectable designation, I had not an opportunity of discovering.

The next village is St. Johnstown, possessing little to recommend it to attention, excepting as it is historically interwoven with the interests, anxieties, and discomfitures of royalty in the person of King James the Second. Near this place is the ruin of the castle of Montgevelin, in which he held his court; a ruin, indeed, with scarcely one stone standing upon another—sad emblem of the fortunes of that unhappy Prince.*

A little farther, on the opposite side of the river, is Ballymagorry, a village containing a hundred and fifty houses: *one* only of that number possesses the luxury of stairs and a

* See Appendix.

chamber. With what dignity must that circumstance invest the fortunate occupier of this superlatively convenient mansion!

We had a pleasant view of Lifford and Strabane, some time before we reached them. These towns, only one mile apart, are finely situated in a beautiful valley, near the foot of an extensive range of mountains, which are generally less rugged and sterile than those we have left; indeed, some of them appear in a state of high cultivation; but in winter, I am told, they pour down torrents of water into the valleys, and in wet seasons, so heavy and destructive are these inundations, that they sweep away all before them. Yet how sweetly serene these mountains look this fine summer-day, "reflected against the clear blue sky:" they put me in mind of four lines in Wordsworth's beautiful poem of the "Pet Lamb:"—

" Alas! the mountain-tops that look so green and fair,
 " I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
 " The little brooks, that seem all pastime and all play,
 " When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey."

The Foyle here bears no proportion in width and importance to the formidable Lough we

lately so much admired ; but we were drawing towards the two branching rivers of Finn and Morne, from which it derives its source. When stealing from the parent stream, this noble river (speaking comparatively) seems as a “ mewling infant :” but mark its progressive improvement, as it flows through the heart of this picturesque and interesting country ; and when it laves the base of the precipitous heights of Inishowen, it then appears as a “ giant rejoicing to run his course.”

We crossed the bridge, which is a very fine one, and entered the neat little town of Lifford. The assizes are held here in preference to Donnegal, on account of its being more convenient for the judges' circuit : they terminated last week. I have heard a circumstance, which appears a lamentable confirmation of the antipathy some of the great ones of this country bear to their native land. A nobleman of high rank was summoned as foreman of the grand jury at this assize. The hall of his fathers, which, it is said, this noble descendant had never seen within his memory, was forthwith put into order for his reception by the ancient

domestics of the family, who, no doubt, anticipated this opportunity of looking upon their lord. He came, fulfilled his mission, and returned to England, without stepping further on this beautiful island than was necessary for the completion of his errand. Alas, for Ireland! it is enough to make its discouraged tenantry exclaim, "Why then, farewell hope!"

Strabane is situated on the banks of the River Morne, over which there is a bridge, and Boyd's hotel, at the west end of it, is our resting-place for the night. Strabane is noted for its extensive linen trade, and is a town of considerable importance in the commercial world. This is market day (Tuesday,) and I have seldom seen a market more crowded with people and merchandise; but there is a squalid poverty and shabbiness both in the appearance of the people and their commodities, by no means calculated to make a favorable impression upon the mind of a stranger.

Curran says, "The common Irish are by nature sagacious, penetrating, artful, and comic." From the little I have had an opportunity of observing, this statement appears correct. Had

he said they were naturally industrious, I should have been less inclined to give him credit for the observation, as there is nothing in their demeanour that gives promise of their possessing that inestimable gift of industry which has its foundation in the bone. In general, a want of order and cleanliness prevails; a want of that valuable requisite for every-day economy—a *practical* knowledge of the benefits resulting from the “stitch in time.” Their rags would not surely be ever at the mercy of the winds, if their comfort in any degree depended upon making an effort to fasten them together. To them time seems as a bauble in the hands of a child, bestowed for the purpose of being thrown away or destroyed, but certainly not improved. Ask a woman why her husband does not build a chimney to his cabin, rather than suffer its inmates to be blackened with smoke: she will answer, He has no time. No time! cast your eyes a little farther, and look at the man, whose urgencies are so pressing that he cannot find opportunity to make either himself or his family comfortable: he will be found standing a little apart from his filthy habitation, with

folded arms in tattered sleeves, with which the remainder of his habiliments too truly sympathize, and apparently he knows no "dearer employment" than to blink at the sun or to grin at a coach.

August 22.—We left Strabane at six o'clock this morning, in the mail. The weather was fine, the coach was a very good one, and, as far as the circumscribed limits of its windows would permit, we managed to keep a tolerably satisfactory look out upon the country, which for several miles is fertile, and generally very beautiful. The road is within a short distance of the Finn, and the graceful windings of this pretty little river considerably improve the landscape.

Ten miles from Strabane is Stranorlane, a small market town, wearing more the appearance of a remarkably pretty village. The castle and finely-wooded demesne of Drumbo, the seat of Sir Samuel Hayes, probably constitute much of its scenic beauty. There are some good houses: one that was pointed out to us as the Rectory, the residence of the Rev. Robert Butt, the present incumbent, is a handsome

building: there are also some fine gardens, and one of the most extensive and admirable orchards I ever saw. But objects seen from a coach-window are very deceptive, particularly in towns and villages, as, in driving through them, it becomes the duty or the pleasure of the coachman to urge his horses to their utmost speed; and houses, gardens, objects of every description, interesting and the contrary, are all upon the alert in fantastic retrograde, seen for a moment, then lost in swift and dizzy succession: and if it were not for the *credit* of the circumstance, they might almost as well not have been seen at all; only one should not like "to travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, it is all barren."

Half a mile farther, and we arrived at Ballybofey, in the perpetual cure of Stranorlane. Here we changed horses, which in course detained us a short time. This coach (the Londonderry, Donegal, and Sligo mail) has not been upon the road more than six months, and as it is the *first* coach that has been seen in these parts, it cannot yet be expected to lose the "salt and savour" of its novelty. No won-

der it should be surrounded by a motley multitude of the inhabitants. I will not say I am surprised how so many can find time for this leisurely survey; indeed, I am no longer surprised. I have, however, already hinted at the usage of that class of Irishmen's time, and the scene at Ballybofey did not tend to alter my opinion. In the centre of this dense mass of people, who in the main were ragged and dirty, stood a fashionable-looking young man, whose dress and appearance marked his superiority. The contrast with that of the surrounding multitude was so great, as to stamp a degree of incongruity upon the circumstance of his being there, apparently unconnected with any one bearing a resemblance to himself. Yet he seemed like one born amongst them, whose childhood had been their hope, whose manhood was their pride; and, as if contented with the sacred investment of his popularity, which, with such a race, probably serves him better than shield and buckler, in the very midst of them he stood, in all the tranquillity of that happy confidence which anticipateth no evil and feareth no abuse. A gentleman here joined

us in the coach, who told us, the person I have just mentioned is a barrister, the son of a highly respectable clergyman residing in the neighbourhood, and that last week he was considered the most eloquent and efficient pleader in the assize court at Lifford.

After we had proceeded a few miles farther, the country gradually began to assume a more bleak and sterile aspect; and, within four miles of Donegal, we passed between two frightful mountains, whose deformed projecting summits impend over the road so fearfully, that it is difficult to believe there is not some danger of their breaking off and overwhelming the passengers below. The very scanty produce of grass was coarse as straw, and a few starved-looking black cattle were wandering about in a sort of hopeless endeavour to find a penurious subsistence upon this hard fare. The gaunt sides of these unsightly mountains are deeply furrowed with chasms, which serve the purpose of water-courses in winter; and I cannot imagine a scene of more unutterable desolation than must here present itself during that dreary season.

At Donegal we breakfasted. Gladly could I have dispensed with that meal, for the benefit of possessing the time it required to consume it, in looking at the ruins of a noble old castle, said to have been the residence of the kings of this country. It was erected in the thirteenth century, and is represented as possessing the remains of the fine old architecture of that period. We saw the exterior as we drove through the town: a part of it appears in tolerable preservation. By the inhabitants it must be esteemed a great ornament. It is the property of the Earl of Arran.

Donegal is situated upon the river Esk, at the mouth of Donegal Bay, and was a borough previous to the union. It returned two members to the Irish parliament, and was formerly a town of some importance, but latterly it has fallen to decay. The portion of the community, however, that were visible at this early hour, appeared to attach little importance to this unfavourable circumstance, for they all looked very merry: perhaps this appearance was owing to a momentary exhilaration of their spirits at the

sight of their only coach passing through the streets.

The country between Donegal and Ballyshannon is fine, but not very interesting. At the latter place we arrived about twelve o'clock, and left the mail, with an intention of staying there until to-morrow morning; but finding little to attract our attention, or being probably overtaken by a fit of restlessness, after amusing ourselves a couple of hours in looking round the town, we determined to engage a car, and proceed to Enniskillen.

Ballyshannon is a well built respectable town, situated upon an outlet which discharges the waters of Lough Erne into the Atlantic Ocean. Over this outlet there is a bridge of fourteen arches. A short distance eastward of the bridge is a noble cascade, esteemed the greatest and most profitable salmon fishery in Ireland.*

* Mr. Twiss, in his Tour in Ireland, observes, "that the salmon, in coming from the sea, are obliged to leap up the cascade at Ballyshannon, and it is scarcely credible, to those who have not been eye-witnesses of the fact, how the fish should be able to dart fourteen feet perpendicular, and, allowing for the curvature, at least twenty out of the water. They do not always succeed at the first effort; but when they are so fortunate as to reach the top,

Our route to Enniskillen lay between the shore of Lough Erne and a ridge of stupendous mountains, some of which are almost covered with verdure, while the wild and rugged aspects of others form a grand and striking contrast with the beautiful scenery in their front.

Lough Erne extends from the eastern to the western extremity of the county of Fermanagh. It consists of two sections, termed the Upper and Lower Lough: at the centre the waters divide into two branches, forming the island on which Enniskillen stands. We naturally anticipated great pleasure in viewing this celebrated lake, which fully realized our expectations; but in the catalogue of human enjoyments, "few and far between" are those which are not alloyed by disappointment in some variety of its manifold and perplexing forms. Our's of to-day assumed a rather portentous appearance:

they swim out of sight in a moment. The tail is supposed to be the chief auxiliary in this formidable adventure. During their flight, they are often shot, or caught with strong barbed hooks fixed to a pole; and instances have been known of women receiving them in their aprons. At the bottom of the fall, porpoises and seals are seen tumbling among the waves, and sometimes a seal carries off a salmon under his fins."

the car was a crazy vehicle, which was indebted to a rope, for hanging together. Notwithstanding this precaution, it creaked so fearfully, that occasionally we were under considerable apprehension lest the good rope was engaged in a task beyond its ability to perform: yet this was reputed to be the best car in Ballyshannon! The horse was jaded with previous fatigue, and the driver was old, deaf, and taciturn. With this well-assorted equipage we undertook a journey of twenty-seven Irish miles at three o'clock in the afternoon. When we set out, we were unacquainted with the worst of these disadvantages, or, I hope, we should have had rather more discretion than to have engaged with them so late in the day.

The first few miles after leaving Ballyshannon, we saw the outlet only of the Lough, which has the appearance of an inconsiderable river, in which are several small cascades, that serve the purpose of obstructing the navigation between Lough Erne and Ballyshannon.

At the village of Belleck, on the opposite side, the county of Fermanagh commences; and afterwards, every step we advance, the

Lough exhibits some improvement in expansion and beauty. "Several islands richly diversify this extensive sheet of water, many of which are large, fertile, and inhabited, affording abundance of pasture to numerous flocks of sheep and herds of black cattle; while others, majestically ascending from the bosom of the lake, are covered with the thick foliage of impenetrable forest, whose lowest tiers are so compressed by the superincumbent branches of the loftier trees excluding them from the occupancy of the firm land, that they are constrained to take refuge in the bosom of the water. In many places the islands are so intermingled along the surface of the lake, that it exhibits the appearance of detached pieces of water, irregularly laid out among various clusters of rising forests; for every island is invariably adorned with more or less timber."

Castle Caldwell, the seat of Sir James Caldwell, Bart., appears a most romantic and delightful residence. It is situated upon a fine promontory, projecting far into the Lough. Its shore rises from the brink in gently swelling slopes, and it is beautifully interspersed

with shady wood and verdant lawn, until it terminates in a forest boundary of luxuriant foliage. It is a solitary though lovely retreat.

“ O Solitude ! where are the charms
“ That sages have seen in thy face ?”

The disadvantage attached to noble demesnes in sequestered situations, is, their being too far apart from society congenial to the taste and habits of their respective owners. A large and affectionate family circle may spend a part of their time, with profit and satisfaction, amid the charms of highly cultivated nature, in reciprocal good offices and endearing communion, the delightful interchange of idea ; but,

“ Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
“ Till half their beauties fade :”

and frequent intercourse with good society is essential not only to improve the manners and expand the mind, but also to soften and correct the tone and energy of spirits buoyant with youth, health, and vigour.

I am told the woods abound with game,

and the Lough with excellent fish, particularly perch. An intelligent driver would here have been a valuable companion; but alas! the good man was deaf; and when, by dint of more exertion than was agreeable, he was compelled to understand that we wished for a little information respecting objects which he was in the habit of continually passing, his answers forcibly reminded us of the unprofitable task

“ Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
 “ And growing old in drawing nothing up.”

I will not, however, deprive him of his meed of praise: he had one redeeming quality, that counterbalanced a multitude of failings—he was merciful to his poor jaded beast. Some weary miles did he walk, in order to abridge the sum of her labours. Four hours earlier in the day, we should have considered this slow mode of proceeding as a privilege; but the sun was declining, and we began to feel an unwilling conviction that we must finish our journey in darkness. We stayed a short time at the pretty village of Churchill, where we were out of view of the Lough; and when we approach-

ed its shore again, it was enveloped in mist and in gloom, and presently it was altogether lost to sight in the dense obscurity of evening. As it was the close of a day of incessant fatigue, we should gladly have suffered our faculties to sink into the torpor of needful repose; but the recollection that we were travelling in *Ireland*, under the convoy of an old, helpless, unarmed man, who would not be able, if even he were willing, to assist in a defence in case of an attack, conveyed an idea so dread, that who could entertain it and be happy? Yet we do not frequently hear of strangers being attacked by this ill-starred peasantry for the sake of plunder: indeed, it does not appear to me that the love of plunder is their predominating passion. When we are furnished with a list of atrocities through newspaper medium, we often find that gentlemen of property and credit in their respective neighbourhoods have suffered outrage, either in their persons or substance, from the malice prepense of miscreants dwelling in their own vicinity. It is perhaps deemed unnecessary to inform us of the acts of injustice and contempt prelusive to the catastrophe. The

truth is, they are too commonly treated as slaves; therefore, in the spirit and temper of slaves, they chew the bitter cud of their oppression in secret and in wrath, till their schemes are ripe for execution; and when Paddy takes the law into his *own* hands, then, woe for the hapless victim of his fury.

I am willing to make excuse for you, my good catholic Paddy; still I do not like you altogether: your ways are not ways of pleasantness; and so evil is the report that is gone forth respecting you, that we do not calculate upon finding peace in your paths. And, Paddy, you have withal a significant spark in your eye, that, methinks, a little fuel would soon kindle into an inextinguishable flame; and, moreover, you have a servility in your demeanour, a cunning flattery in your address, incompatible with uprightness of intention and singleness of heart. I have no desire to dwell with you, in order to try the experiment of cultivating your regard, lest I should find your affection as encroaching and troublesome as your hatred is vindictive and cruel. When I hear that means are to be employed to promote your *effectual* improve-

ment, I respect the motive, and cordially wish success to an undertaking so laudable. At the same time, I marvel upon what fibre of the tangled and mystic root of your character these wise and skilful operators will commence their labour of love, for the purpose of making the tree good, because we do not expect "to gather figs from thistles:" and I tell you plainly, that we shall never place implicit dependance upon your good faith or good conduct, so long as you

"Lay the flattering unction to your soul,"

that to dabble in a temporal spring will absolve you from your sins, or that they may be bleached to emulate the snow upon a bush in the form of a rag.

The lights of Enniskillen broke in upon my reverie: they streamed through the solitary gloom of a dark evening and chilling atmosphere, and gilded the Lough with myriads of sparkling gems. I thought I had never seen lights so beautiful as those of Enniskillen; but when, upon a nearer approach, we heard the *sounds* of the living world again, it seemed

happiness. The tired animal perked her ears, as if instinctively she knew that her toils of the day were nearly finished. Joyously did she scamper past the barracks, over the bridge, and through the market-place; her old friend nodded and jerked upon his seat, in sympathetic harmony; the vehicle of planks and ropes rattled in the rear, and in the plenitude of our satisfaction we forgot to listen to its creak. In this "gallant trim" we arrived at the Talbot, a very fine and well-conducted inn, where a commodious room, cheered by a blazing turf fire, a tea-kettle in full steam, and a steak dressed in the best manner, contributed greatly to comfort and tranquillize our weary spirits; and soon were lost in one common repose the admiration, the beauty, the terror, and the darkness of the way—the "lights and shadows" of Lough Erne.

August 23.—Being desirous to arrive at Cavan this evening, which is distant twenty-four Irish miles, and not deeming it prudent to postpone our departure from this place beyond the hour of noon; it became necessary that we should be early upon the alert, in order

that we might not lose the opportunity of seeing this very handsome and charmingly situated town. I have already observed that Enniskillen stands upon an island, formed by the waters communicating between the upper and lower sections of Lough Erne. It is entered by two bridges placed at its northern and southern extremities. "On a gentle eminence commanding the southern bridge, are the remains of a redoubt, which was occupied by the inhabitants when they heroically and successfully defended the town against James the Second's army. At the Revolution, a regiment of cavalry was raised, principally composed of the youth of this town and its vicinity, which then, as in all subsequent engagements, singularly distinguished itself, and still bears its original proud title of 'Loyal Enniskilleners.' It is the shire and assize town of the county of Fermanagh, and has a fine barrack for three companies of foot."

Last week there was a grand boat-race upon Lough Erne, in which amusement many noblemen and gentlemen were parties concerned. The town was filled with gay company, and

considerable bets were lost and won upon the occasion. During the week, a superb ball was given, which was patronized and attended not only by the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, but also by numerous personages from distant parts of the country. In short, a boat-race appears as much a matter of importance at Enniskillen, as does a horse-race at any considerable town in England.

The peasantry seem unwilling to resign the joys of their last week's entertainment, for the river was covered with boats so completely manned, that the surface of the water appeared literally alive with pastoral swains. We stood some time upon the bridge to watch their movements. Who, from a *distance*, could look upon these seemingly inoffensive and happy beings, and in his own mind accuse them of ruffianly propensities and deeds of darkness? One should sooner be inclined to give them credit for being the unadulterated offspring of our first parents, sailing about upon the waters of Paradise; and so verdant, so richly beautiful are the shores of this celebrated Lough, that

they are admirably calculated to give tone and zest to the chimerical idea.

This is the market-day, and there is already a tolerable assemblage of respectably dressed people. A large proportion of the inhabitants of Enniskillen, like those of Londonderry, are Protestants, and faithfully attached to the government of England; and as it possesses the advantage of occupying a central situation in a delightful country, and as also, during the last two centuries, it has enjoyed the privilege of an extensive intercourse with the land of liberty, it approaches nearer in appearance and commerce to a good English town, than any place I have hitherto seen in this island.

At half-past twelve o'clock, we cast a lingering look at interesting Enniskillen. Happily, we were furnished with a suitable equipage in every particular for a comfortable day's excursion. We had flattered ourselves that we should travel near the shore of the Upper Lough; in this expectation, however, we were disappointed, as the road diverges from its bank, before its reputed beauties become conspicuous. Our

route was through a finely-wooded country, but it did not recompense us for the lost charms of Lough Erne.

We rested a short time at the small and very poor village of Lisneskea, and again at Wattle Bridge, a pleasant and apparently a thriving village, upon the river Finn, which separates the counties of Fermanagh and Cavan in this direction; and without any other hindrance, we arrived at the Corporation Arms at Cavan, in good time this evening.

We were surprised to see a county and assize town in this situation so quiet and inconsiderable, and its best inn scarcely upon a level with an English market-house. Contiguous to the inn is a shop of small-wares, in which the hostess presides, leaving the regulation of her house, and the comfort of her guests, at the disposal of a listless waiter, and a shrewish chamber-maid, who probably have no intention to make us uncomfortable, but who certainly use very little exertion to prevent us feeling that disagreeable sensation.

After dinner (such a dinner! but, never mind, we hope we shall not dine here to-morrow,

therefore what does it signify) we walked out to look round the town. It possesses only one street of any commercial importance. Here is a new church, a very handsome structure, with a lofty and elegant spire. The old church is in ruins; but I have a predilection in favour of that class of ancient edifices, and much admire its venerable and time-worn appearance. The new gaol is neat and commodious, and the new court-house is a beautiful building, highly ornamental to the town. The vicinity of Cavan is very pleasant.

August 24.—This morning we rose early, for the purpose of leaving Cavan in a coach that sets out for Dublin at seven o'clock. A few minutes previous to that period, we returned to the room we occupied yesterday, and found one of our attentive humble servants, who contrives to shuffle on in the double capacity of waiter and boots, asleep upon the sofa, softly reposing in a nest of unbrushed coats, &c. Peace to his slumbers! The window was propped open with a poker; and the chambermaid was looking sweetly out of it at the coach, which was drawn up before the door.

The gentle damsel gave her colleague a shake, to which he responded by turning himself over and rubbing his matted hair, in a manner that seemed to say, "Give me time, and I will arise and shake myself." He was so good as just to shew the coats there *was* a brush in the house, and then he snugly deposited them in the coach, to acquire a little more dust on their way to Dublin. Farewell, Cavan! should we never see thee more, we shall not deeply regret the deprivation.

At the pleasant little town of Virginia we changed horses. As we drove through the street, we saw a long line of heads protruded from the windows, to nod a recognizance at the coachman. The greater part of them were evidently only just leaving their beds, and few of them looked as if they had been incommoded with a night-cap. O Paddy! you must not expect to grow rich, if you will not "up and be doing" sooner in a morning. I fear you have little fellowship with the lark, and that chanticleer's argument is of none effect; indeed, if an edict went forth, that you must keep time and measure with the victor and

lord of the dunghill, I do believe that you would be inclined to intercept his "clarion" with a muzzle.

I have seen indolent people in various countries, but never have I observed the propensity to sloth so deeply and so definitively portrayed as in the character of the lower Irish. It appears inherent to their nature; they open their eyes upon its discomfitures when they are born into the world; they inhale them with their first breath; they pass their childhood and youth in the homes of their fathers, in the receptacles of poverty and desolation, until habit becomes second nature. Who then can be surprised that this degrading propensity should "strengthen with their strength," and should act as an alloy to their better qualities? And I am apprehensive, when all has been done for them that can be achieved by the exertion of human skill and the zeal of Christian love, that if at length they are left to act for themselves, they will return gladly to "wallow in the mire." No doubt there are thousands to whom this picture does not apply; who have been nurtured in different prin-

ciples, and trained in different habits; who would receive the seed of instruction "in an honest and good heart, and bring forth fruit with patience." It is these, and such as these, upon whom the labour of cultivation would be profitably bestowed; and when their views become enlarged, and purified from the mists of superstition, their minds imbued with knowledge, and their hearts with charity, who knows what their precepts and example might in time effect towards the reformation of their less tractable countrymen? At all events, in whatever form the attempt is made, the design is fraught with benevolence and upright intention. It is an undertaking, from which incalculable benefits may arise both to the temporal and spiritual welfare of this island. It is a scheme worthy the suggestion of a powerful and politic government, and of the concurrence of a great and liberal king. It is a cause which deserves to be embalmed by the good wishes and hallowed by the prayers of the kingdom in general. But after all, though "Paul may plant, and Apollos water," the increase must be confided to His hand, "who seeth not as man seeth."

We breakfasted at Kells. The church here is a very handsome modern structure ; it was re-built in 1811. In the church-yard is a round tower nearly ninety feet high, a very picturesque object. Kells is situated upon the Blackwater River, and gives the title of Viscount to the noble family of Cholmondeley. The country through which we had hitherto travelled this morning, abounds in bleak and sterile hills. The champaign land is generally marshy, yielding a coarse and scanty produce. There are several small lakes, but their shores are so flat and destitute of beauty, that they contribute to the variety, but add very little to the interest of the scene. Upon entering the county of Eastmeath, the appearance of the country shortly assumes a different aspect. Its surface is diversified with numerous splendid mansions and beautiful parks. Its general state of high cultivation denotes the spirit and affluence of its possessors, who appear to regulate their agricultural pursuits upon the principles of the best English management. We passed through Navan, a place of considerable trade, and the residence of some opulent fami-

lies. The Blackwater, which issues from a lake in the county of Cavan, here falls into the Boyne. Nothing worthy of notice occurred during the remainder of the journey, and we arrived at the Enniskillen Hotel, Dublin, at five o'clock this evening.

CHAPTER VII.

Dublin: The Phoenix Park—Christ Church Cathedral—Nelson's Pillar—New Post-Office—The Castle Chapel—Royal Society's House—The Bank—Donnybrook Fair—St. Patrick's Cathedral—Dean Swift—Bridges—The Four Courts—St. Stephen's Green—Trinity College—Departure from Dublin—Embark at Dunleary on board the Steam-Packet—Arrive at Liverpool.

August 25.—AT eleven o'clock to-day we drove to the Phoenix Park. This beautiful demesne is five and a half Irish miles in circumference: it exhibits an agreeable undulating surface of champaign and rising ground, and is charmingly diversified with woodland scenery and extensive sheets of water. The Park contains the Viceregal Lodge, the house of the principal secretary, the Royal Infirmary, &c. The Lodge was originally a plain structure of brick, but undergoing a variety of improve-

ments during the government of several successive lord lieutenants, it is now become a fine architectural ornament to the Park, and a suitable residence for a viceroy. The Park is well stocked with deer. Near the centre is a fluted Corinthian pillar, thirty feet high, surmounted by a phoenix : it was erected by the late Earl of Chesterfield during his viceroyalty.

This afternoon we have been to see the Cathedral of Christ Church. The original nave of this ancient and interesting edifice has long been in a state of decay : the walls appear in several places to have lost their perpendicularity, but are supported by buttresses and wooden frame-work. The floor has been raised upwards of eighteen inches, which, in a great measure, destroys the grandeur of the ancient pillars, by concealing their bases. The base of one pillar is left uncovered, as a specimen of their original beauty and proportion. In this nave is an ancient piece of rudely-carved statuary, representing a man in armour, and a mutilated female figure by his side, which are said to be the statues of Richard Earl of Strigul, who from his skill in archery was

surnamed Strongbow, and his wife Eva. He was the first invader of Ireland in the reign of Henry the Second, and died in 1177.

Near the same wall is a monument consecrated to the memory of Thomas Prior, Esq., who died in 1751, in his 71st year. It was sculptured by J. Van Nost. Two boys are represented standing beneath his bust, one weeping, and the other pointing to a bass-relief of Minerva, leading the Arts towards Hibernia. On a scroll which he holds in his hand, is the following inscription :—

“ This monument was erected to THOMAS PRIOR, Esq.,
at the charge of several persons,
who contributed to honour the memory of that
worthy patriot,
to whom his veracity, actions, and unwearied endeavours
in the service of his country,
have raised a monument more lasting than
marble.”

The choir is neat, but devoid of architectural ornament. The throne and stalls are carved in varnished oak, in the Gothic style. The galleries are supported by Corinthian and Ionic columns, which is considered an incongruity. On the north side of the communion-table

stands the noble monument of Robert Earl of Kildare, great grandfather to the present Duke of Leinster. It represents the relict of the deceased, his son, afterwards the first Duke of Leinster, and his sister, mourning over the body of the Earl. The figures are as large as life, and beautifully sculptured in white marble.

In the centre of Sackville-street, which is decidedly the finest in Dublin, and in its beauty as a street is scarcely to be surpassed, stands Nelson's Pillar. It is composed of a pedestal, column, and capital of the Tuscan order; on the summit of which stands a colossal statue of Lord Nelson, leaning against the capstan of a ship. It is esteemed an admirable likeness of the deceased hero. On the four pannels of the pedestal are inscribed the names and dates of his principal victories. On the south side is inscribed, "Trafalgar, 21st October 1805." On the north, "The Nile, 1st August 1798." On the west, "St. Vincent, 14th February 1797." And on the east, "Copenhagen, 2nd April 1801."

In the same street is the New Post-Office.

This noble and extensive building is constructed of mountain granite, and its superb portico of Portland stone. The latter consists of a pediment, supported by six pillars of the Ionic order. The pediment is surmounted by three finely-executed statues. The centre figure represents Hibernia, resting on her spear and harped shield; on the right is Mercury, with his caduceus and purse; the figure on the left represents Fidelity, with her finger on her lip. The erection of this magnificent edifice is said to have cost £50,000.

August 26.—This being Sunday, we attended divine service in the Castle Chapel in the morning. Here is a very fine-toned organ, and the singing is of the first order. After the service, we remained to look at the interior of the chapel, lest we should not be favoured with another opportunity. The old edifice was in so ruinous a state, that it was resolved, during the administration of the Duke of Bedford, to remove it, and to erect one upon its site more worthy the seat of government. The Duke laid the first stone, and in seven years from the commencement of the building, it was opened

for divine service on Christmas day 1814, during Lord Whitworth's administration.

The interior is superbly elegant, and is finished in the richest style of Gothic architecture. The window over the communion-table is of stained glass: the subject is, Christ before Pilate, and it has a magnificent effect. This window was a present from Lord Whitworth. In the south gallery is a splendid throne for the Lord Lieutenant, and one in the opposite gallery for the Archbishop. In the centre of the front of the organ-gallery the King's arms are placed. On the right are the arms of the Duke of Bedford, on the left those of the Duke of Richmond; and alternately from these are placed the arms of all the viceroys of Ireland. The pannels of the pulpit, which is of exquisite workmanship, are enriched with the arms of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Edward VI., and William III., who were the principal supporters of the Reformation.

The exterior is ornamented with upwards of ninety heads, and includes the line of the kings of England, which are finely sculptured in dark

blue marble. Above the north entrance is a bust of St. Peter, holding a key; and a very fine bust of Dean Swift surmounts the window immediately over it.

The remainder of the day was dull and wet, and we ventured out no more during the evening.

August 27.—To-day we have had a great treat in being admitted to the Royal Dublin Society's House, to see the Museum. The noble mansion in which it is contained, was purchased from the Duke of Leinster by the Society for twenty thousand pounds. It is situated in a spacious court opening into Kildare-Street. The front of the building is ornamented with four Corinthian columns, which support a pediment. The entrance-hall is grand and spacious, but thinly decorated. There is a fine copy of the Apollo Belvidere, and other pieces of statuary. The library occupies the western wing of the second story, and the museum the remaining part of it. Among the animal collection are, a majestic lion, the great bat of Madagascar, the pelican of the wilderness, an Indian chief, &c; also a numerous tribe of appalling ser-

pents, together with a rich variety of beautiful specimens of butterflies, beetles, shells, &c. There is a superb collection of minerals, fossils, and petrifications; and two pearls of the finest water, found in a muscle in the lake of Killarney, &c. There is also a very interesting specimen of a Greenland hut, containing various household utensils, and the figures of a full-grown male and female native of Greenland. This was a present to the society from Sir Charles Giesecké, a German.

The Bank, formerly the parliament house, is situated upon College-Green. After the ratification of the legislative union in 1800, it was purchased from government by the Directors of the Bank of Ireland. Its erection was commenced in 1729, under Lord Carteret's administration, and when finished, it was considered the finest senate-house in Europe. It is built of Portland stone. The noble Corinthian portico which adorns the eastern front towards College-Green, extends one hundred and forty-seven feet. Upon the apex of its pediment is a statue of Fortitude, with Justice

on her right hand, and Liberty on her left, very finely executed.

It is impossible to contemplate this splendid edifice without feeling some yearnings of regret for Ireland, that its legislature, which was a means of bringing so great an influx of wealth, rank, and importance to its capital, should have been so speedily dissolved. No doubt, this circumstance has tended to strengthen the still growing evil of absenteeism, as hundreds of families of rank and affluence, who would have found it convenient to reside here a part of every year, are furnished with a sufficient excuse for the omission, by the necessity of their attending their parliamentary duties in London. The declension, however, of wealth and splendour in this metropolis, has, it is asserted, produced a favourable change in the character and manners of the inhabitants. It was very natural, during its prosperity, that their minds should acquire a tendency to gaiety, and probably, in some degree, to dissipation; but the means and example being in a great measure removed together, the incentives to public

amusement and to private vice gradually grew weaker; and the inhabitants of Dublin are now considered to be generally pure in their morals and habits, prudent and discriminative in their character and dealings, actively charitable and benevolent in their disposition, and hospitable, according to their finances, to those who are respectably introduced to their attention.

August 28.—The village of Donnybrook is within four miles of this city, and this is the week in which its annual fair is holden upon a large green, near the bank of the little river Dodder. To-day we have visited some friends who reside in its vicinity, and they walked with us through the bustle of this motley assemblage. This fair is considered as the carnival of the Dublin populace. Previous to its commencement, it is formally proclaimed, and it is allowed to continue a whole week. At the expiration of the time, the lord mayor of Dublin attends in person to strike the tents. The scene is diverting enough for a short time. There were music and dancing in every tent at noon-day; a variety of other amusements

and avocations were going forward ; and the arrangement altogether seemed “ a maze without a plan.” Here was a group of crafty-looking dealers trying to bargain for ragged colts and black cattle, scarcely steering clear of old wives and their gingerbread ; and almost in as close neighbourhood was a party of thin sharp-looking women, ladling greens out of pots which were boiling over small turf-fires made upon the ground ; and then, in charming pell-mell, came the host of dealers in squalid and meagre small wares. A throng of bare-footed children appeared fast approaching towards the summit of felicity in the animated circumvolutions of the roundabout ; then, under the convoy of their comely mammas and indulgent papas, came the *little* gentlemen and ladies, anticipating rapturous ingress to the wild-beast shows. And there were the shouting and the piping, the fiddling and the dancing—I should be sorry to be at Donnybrook fair every day.

August 29.—The Cathedral Church of St. Patrick is undergoing repair, and consequently not at present opened for divine service. This morning we obtained admission to its interior.

This church was built in 1190, by John Comyn, archbishop of Dublin, who endowed it as a collegiate church, and his successor erected it into a cathedral. The choir is very handsome. The archbishop's throne and stalls are of varnished oak. The altar-piece is very fine: it represents a half-drawn curtain behind a gothic arch, presenting a glory to the view. The organ is handsome, and is esteemed the best in the island. It is said to have been the gift of the Duke of Ormond. In the choir are displayed the banners of the knights of St. Patrick, who are installed in this cathedral. On the south side of the communion-table, a monument, sculptured in white marble, was erected in 1631 to the memory of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork: it contains sixteen figures of individuals belonging to his family. On the opposite side is the monument of Dr. Jones, archbishop of Dublin. Near this place are deposited the remains of the gallant Duke of Schomberg, who perished at the battle of the Boyne, in 1690.

In the nave are several monuments. A plain marble slab, affixed to one of the pillars, com-

memorates the decease of Dr. Swift, dean of St. Patrick's. It is surmounted by his bust, said to be a good likeness. As I looked alternately at the grave, the monument, and bust of Swift, I thought, And is a heap of dust, a clod of earth, all that remains of a man, the "flashes of whose wit were wont to set the table in a roar?"—all that remains of the friend, the rival, and the admiration of the great, the learned, and the wise?—of the patriotic benefactor of the people?*

"All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades,
 "Like the fair flow'r dishevell'd in the wind.
 "The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
 "And we that worship him, ignoble graves."

* "Dean Swift's reputation for wisdom and integrity was so great, that he was consulted by the several corporations, in all matters relative to trade, and chosen umpire of any differences among them: nor was there ever any appeal from his sentence. He assumed the office of censor general, which he rendered as formidable as that of ancient Rome. In short, by the acknowledged superiority of his talents, his inflexible integrity, and his unwearied endeavours in serving the public, he obtained such an ascendancy over his countrymen, as perhaps no private citizen ever attained in any age or country. He was known over the whole kingdom by the title of *The Dean*, given to him by way of pre-eminence; and whenever the Dean was mentioned, it always carried with it the idea of the first and greatest man in the kingdom. We may judge of the greatness of his influence, from

But was he cut off in the pride of his manhood, in the vigour of his intellect, in the blossom of his hopes? Or did he wither at that respectable, that venerable period, when the “almond-tree is *beginning* to flourish?”—when time has mellowed without impairing the faculties, when it has invested the character and countenance of the man with the sobriety of experience and the dignity of truth? No:—the life of Swift was prolonged far beyond the limits I have mentioned: he lived to feel the accumulated infirmities of old age; he lived to see those “days of darkness, when men say they have no pleasure in them; when *fears* are in the way, and the grasshopper is a burthen.”*

a passage in a letter, dated March 24, 1732, from Lord Carteret, who was at that time chief governor of Ireland:—“I know by experience how much the city of Dublin thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly all orders used to be obeyed which were fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick’s.” In the postscript of another letter, dated March 1736, he says, “When people ask me how I governed Ireland? I say, that I pleased Dr. Swift.”

Sheridan's Life of Swift.

* “The advances of old age, with all its attendant infirmities; the death of almost all the Dean’s old friends; the frequent returns of his most distressing maladies, deafness and giddiness;

When a man arrives at that dreary period, and is duly impressed with the consciousness that his strong hold upon earth is waxing feeble, where shall he look for comfort? Not to his riches—for he is about to leave them: nor to his honours—for they are become faded

and, above all, the dreadful apprehension that he should outlive his understanding, rendered life a burthen to him. Dr. Young has recorded an instance of this, where he relates, 'that walking out with Swift and some others about a mile from Dublin, he suddenly missed the Dean, who had stayed behind the rest of the company. He turned back in order to learn the occasion of it, and found Swift, at some distance, gazing intently at the top of a lofty elm whose head had been blasted.' Upon Young's approach, he pointed to it, saying, 'I shall be like that tree; I shall die first at the top.' Toward the close of his life he was afflicted by a fit of lunacy, which continued some months; and then he sunk into a state of idiocy, which lasted to his death. He died October 9th 1745, aged 78. The behaviour of the citizens upon this occasion, gave the strongest proof of the deep impression he had made upon their minds. No sooner was his death announced, than the citizens gathered from all quarters, and found their way in crowds into the house, to pay the last tribute of grief to their departed benefactor. Nothing but lamentations were heard, as if he had been cut off in the vigour of his years. Happy were they who first entered the chamber where he lay, to procure, by bribes to his servants, locks of his hair, to be handed down as sacred relics to their posterity; and so eager were numbers to obtain, at any price, this precious memorial, that in less than half an hour his venerable head was entirely stripped of all its silver ornaments."

Ibid.

and worthless. Their sound went forth in joyous triumph in the morning; in the evening it returned to his bosom an empty vapour, a hollow moan. Then where shall a man look for comfort? Shall he solace himself with the endearing kindness of friends? But he is going to his "long home," and the eyes that look upon him now, soon shall see him no more. Then, is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? O yes! If he "remembered his Creator in the days of his youth," then will the Mighty One of Israel become the staff of his age. If he sought Him while He might be found, "through the medium of the only Name given among men, whereby they may be saved," then may he drink of the waters of life freely—then may he cast his burthen at the foot of the cross, and finish his course rejoicing!

The river Liffey runs through the centre of Dublin: it is crossed by eight bridges, some of which are remarkably handsome. One of them, erected in 1768, was named Queen's Bridge, in honour of her late Majesty. The first stone of the Whitworth Bridge was laid in 1816, by his excellency Lord Whitworth, during his ad-

ministration. The Richmond Bridge was erected during the viceroyalty of the Duke of Richmond. His Duchess performed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone, in 1813. This bridge is built of Portland stone, and is a very handsome structure. The above-mentioned bridges have each three arches.—The Countess of Westmorland founded the Sarah Bridge, in 1791. It was so called in honour of that noble personage. It consists of a single arch, which spans the river in the form of a beautiful oval, and has a very imposing appearance. The Iron Bridge, an elegant construction, was erected in 1816, for the convenience of foot passengers, who pay a toll of a halfpenny each. The Barrack Bridge is a plain structure, consisting of four arches. The Essex Bridge was erected during the administration of the Earl of Essex, in 1676. It has since been rebuilt on the model of Westminster Bridge. The Carlisle is the bridge of honour, as it forms the junction of the most splendid parts of Dublin.

The boundary wall on each side of the river is faced with mountain granite. When the tide flows into the channel, vessels of considerable

burthen may be floated up to the Carlisle bridge, which is the most eastwardly one. This pretty little river is a great ornament to the city of Dublin, and no doubt it is a wholesome means of purifying the air, which its overgrown and not very cleanly population might otherwise render turbid and pestilent. It also communicates an appearance of cheerfulness and commercial importance to its vicinity, of which, without its aid, it would be rather destitute.

When wandering near the margin of the river, this beautiful city, its fine institutions, and noble public buildings of every description, combine to form a grand and interesting spectacle. Of the latter order, the building called the Four Courts is decidedly pre-eminent in grandeur and effect. The exterior is conspicuously distinguished by a lofty and magnificent dome, which surmounts the hall or rotundo in the centre of the building. Into this noble circular hall, which is sixty-four feet in diameter, the four courts of judicature open; viz. Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. The hall is lighted by eight windows around the dome, between which are colossal statues repre-

senting Liberty, Wisdom, Law, Prudence, Eloquence, Justice, Mercy, and Punishment. In a frieze of foliage, extending round the dome, are the figures of eight eminent lawgivers; viz. Moses, Lycurgus, Solon, Confucius, Numa, Alfred, Mancha Capac, and Ollamh Fodhla. The hall is ornamented with columns of the Corinthian order. The portico in front, which forms the grand entrance, has an ascent of five steps. On the pediment, which is supported by six Corinthian pillars, is a statue representing Moses: on the sides are the figures of Justice and Mercy.

St. Stephen's Green is nearly an English mile in circumference: it is beautified with gravel walks, and plantations of ever-green and a variety of valuable shrubs. Granite pillars, connected by chains, and surmounted by lamp-posts, enclose it from the street. In the centre is an equestrian statue of King George II. We took a leisurely survey of this spacious and charming square this evening, on our way to visit a friend, from whose delightfully situated residence we had an extensive and very interesting view of the surrounding country, the

mountains of Wicklow, the hill of Howth, the bay of Dublin, &c.

August 30.—This morning we had access to Trinity College. The front of that superb edifice is towards College Green : it is built of Portland stone, and ornamented with Corinthian pillars. This university is the only one in Ireland, and its splendid endowments have rendered it one of the richest in Europe. King James I. conferred upon it several large estates in the province of Ulster ; and Charles I. was also a liberal friend and patron to this noble institution. Its museum contains a fine collection of fossils, minerals, and numerous curiosities from America, Egypt, China, the South Sea Islands, &c. We were introduced to the library, which is a superb apartment, two hundred and ten feet long, forty-one broad, and forty high. It contains a valuable collection of upwards of eighty thousand volumes of books in admirable arrangement. It is also adorned with the busts of Homer, Socrates, Milton, Bacon, Usher, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Swift, and many other eminent characters, sculptured in white marble. In the eastern wing is another room, called the

Fagel library, containing twenty-seven thousand volumes, purchased in 1794 of Mr. Fagel, for the sum of £8,000. Over this room are deposited several very rare and curious manuscripts, including a Greek Commentary on the Four Gospels written in the ninth century, and several very valuable papers relative to the History of Ireland, &c.

Opposite to the college is a very fine equestrian statue of William III. in bronze. It is elevated upon a massive marble pedestal, protected by iron pallisades, and has a very august appearance. Upon the anniversary of its erection, it is customary to adorn the statue with orange ribbons, and other such decorations as the effusion of loyalty, or the wilfulness of party-spirit, may suggest. It is reasonable to conclude that a proceeding so inflammatory should render this beautiful monument obnoxious to the rage of the opposite faction, and that they should promptly resent the insult, by abusing the worshippers in the person of the worshipped, and making its decorations fly like chaff before the wind. Several years ago, this statue sustained great injury from the fury of

its enemies, but was repaired at the expense of the corporation and citizens.

At three o'clock we left Dublin, for Dunleary, in order to embark in the steam-packet which leaves at five this evening, and is expected to arrive at Liverpool at seven to-morrow morning. Three miles from the city, on the coast of the Bay of Dublin, is Black Rock, a large and populous village, much frequented in summer for the purpose of sea-bathing, as the salt water is here considered to be remarkably clear and salubrious.

Two miles farther is Dunleary, a beautiful and rapidly improving village. It is generally called Kingstown, in honour of his present Majesty, who embarked here on his return from Ireland in September 1821. A handsome obelisk, to commemorate that splendid event, is erected upon the rocks near the shore. A new harbour and pier of considerable magnitude are in a state of great forwardness, which, when completed, will no doubt produce the most beneficial and important advantages to this neighbourhood.

As we did not embark in the Bay of Dublin,

we had not the satisfaction of seeing, to its fullest extent, the enchanting beauty of its shore, which, in splendour and variety, is allowed to rival that of the celebrated Bay of Naples. But when this noble vessel, freed from the thralldom of its ropes, burst gallantly forth from the harbour, I never beheld a more sublime and richly diversified landscape. The stern and rugged mountain of Howth forms the northern boundary of the Bay. At a still greater distance ascends the rocky isle of Ireland's Eye. Far westward is the beautiful city of Dublin, its spires and princely domes burnished by the rays of the declining sun. More to the south, the imposing prospect is terminated by the majestic mountains of Wicklow towering to the skies; while, in the nearer view, the imagination is charmed by a delightful succession of handsome villas and romantic villages, softly intermingled with a rich variety of woodland and verdant pasture.

“ Land of the mountain and the flood,”

We bid thee a fair good night. Thy emerald hills are fading from our view, thy lofty moun-

tains are sinking in distance and twilight. Now they appear but as a chequered streak in the verge of the horizon—

“ And now 'tis vanish'd all :—Enchantress, fare thee well !”

August 31.— We were aroused before six o'clock this morning, by the welcome intelligence that we were within view of Liverpool; and shortly there was a full assemblage of company upon deck. What a commanding appearance has this prosperous sea-port from the river! Her extensive harbour, teeming with vessels bound for every quarter of the globe, is flanked by vast store-houses and massive piers. There is sufficient water to admit of our landing without the assistance of clamorously-manned small boats; and insignificant as this advantage may seem to those who are safely housed on shore, it is a very agreeable privilege to timid passengers on board. The business of the day has not yet commenced, and chilly and silent looks the strand which, two hours hence, will be crowded with hundreds of the busy, the idle, the gay, and the curious. At present, a few

solitary individuals only are wandering upon the piers, with their hands in their pockets, and their shoulders up, in search of health, perhaps, this damp autumnal morning.

“ England ! with all thy faults, I love thee still ! ”

This beautiful apostrophe, which emanated from the pen of our immortalized bard, and which has since been echoed and re-echoed by wits and witlings of every description, in every variety of tone, cadence, and circumstance, appears to harmonize peculiarly with the feelings, when returning from a country whose habits in some respects differ essentially from our own. Had the gentle and sensitive author traversed this picturesque land ; had he felt the inconvenience of cutting his own bread and butter, and peeling his own potatoes ; had he bewailed the delinquency of tardy waiters and slippery chamber-maids ; had he been annoyed with the cloudiness of seldom-cleaned windows, and the dinginess of not too frequently brushed door-stones — true, these are trifles, but

“ Trifles make the sum of human things, ”

—And then, had the good man returned to his own England, where he knew he should find the picture reversed, and countless advantages besides, he would have hugged the dear conviction to his heart, and have neither heard, felt, nor seen one single fault she has.

A P P E N D I X .



A P P E N D I X :

CONTAINING

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF

THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY,

In 1689.

“ FULL many a long wild winter’s night,
And sultry summer’s day,
Are pass’d and gone, since James took flight
From Derry walls away :
Cold are the hands that clos’d that gate
Against the wily foe,
But here to time’s remotest date
Their spirit still shall glow.”

Part of a Ballad written for the celebration of the
shutting of the Gates, December 7th, 1821.

As Ireland was doomed to be the arena upon which the fate of the liberty of the west of Europe was to be decided, so was it from this island that James II. received the first intelligence of the Prince of Orange’s designs against him. The Earl of Tyrconnel, who was the viceroy of Ireland, obtained the earliest accounts of the preparation in Holland, by a ship which arrived in the bay of Dublin, and he lost no time in transmitting this report to the King. It was received with the utmost scorn and derision by

the English court ; the secretary ridiculed it in his reply to the viceroy, who, nevertheless, was observed to lower his tone towards the protestants, and to talk of his impartiality, in a strain that appeared to intimate a degree of anxiety to secure their confidence and intercession in the event of a reverse of fortune.

A letter was dropped at Cumber, in the county of Down, where the Earl of Mount-Alexander resided, dated December 3rd, 1688, informing that nobleman, that, on the following Sunday, the Catholics throughout the island had agreed upon oath to rise and massacre the Protestants, and to spare neither age nor sex ; at the same time warning his lordship to take care of himself, as a captain's commission was the promised reward of the man who should murder him. A copy of this letter was sent by William Coningham, Esq., from Belfast, to Colonel Canning, of Garvagh,* who sent it with the utmost expedition to

* This gallant gentleman brought a regiment, raised upon his own estate, for the defence of Londonderry. He was the ancestor of Lord Garvagh, and of the Right Honourable George Canning, his Majesty's prime minister, lately deceased. The following traditionary account of the fate of Colonel Canning's father has been given upon very respectable authority :—

“ At the commencement of the rebellion and massacre in 1641, Colonel Edward Rowley, having on the first alarm raised a regiment of foot and a troop of horse in the town of Coleraine, marched into the country, and for some time kept an open village, called Garvagh : but, at length, a great number of Irish, of which many were Colonel Rowley's own tenantry, fell upon him, and killed all his men, with the exception of eighty, and barbarously murdered himself, after they had given him quarter. Mr. Canning had purchased some land, a short time previous to the rebellion, on very reasonable terms, from a person of the name of O'Cahan, whose family had once been of great consequence in that part of the country. Some person expressing surprise that he should sell it so cheaply, O'Cahan replied, that ‘ he did so with his eyes open ; for he knew he should soon have it back again at any rate.’ On the day of the destruction of Colonel Rowley and his regiment, Mrs. Canning was in an upper room of Garvagh House ; her

Alderman Tomkins, in Londonderry, according to the strict injunction of Mr. Coningham. Information was sent also to George Phillips, Esq., of Newtown Limavady, the 6th of the same month, on which day part of the Earl of Antrim's regiment arrived there on its way to Londonderry.* Mr. Phillips sent a messenger to that city, expressing his apprehension of the consequences of suffering this regiment to enter its gates, and advising the citizens to look to their safety. The protestant inhabitants were terrified, and assembled in mournful groups in the streets; but the young men apprenticed in the city evinced a discretion and promptitude worthy of more experienced heads, by proposing to *shut the gates*. At first they received private encouragement to put this bold resolution into effect; but that was soon retracted, and the minds of the leading citizens fluctuated in miserable uncertainty respecting the measures most prudent to adopt at this momentous crisis. In the mean time, two companies of the unwelcome regiment arrived at the water-side. The officers, leaving their men to wait for further orders, were ferried over, and waited on the mayor and the sheriffs with their authority for demanding admission. John Buchanan, the mayor, being secretly devoted to the interest of James, had no objection to give the regiment the most honourable reception; but Horace Kennedy, one of the sheriffs, had given the *apprentice boys* a secret

husband remained below. A pike-man went up and desired her to walk down stairs: she obeyed; and the first object that met her eye, was Mr. Canning's head separated from his body, and placed on the hall table."

* This was Alexander M'Donnel, third Earl of Antrim. He had taken part with the Irish Rebels in 1641, for which he was attainted of treason, but was restored to his estate by the act of explanation, in 1662: in 1685 he was sworn of the privy council of King James II. who gave him the command of this regiment.

hint during the preceding night, and they were at hand prepared to shut the gates against the regiment.

The Irish soldiers becoming impatient at the delay of their officers, crossed the river, and appeared on the landing-place about three hundred yards from the Ferry-Gate. The young men observing this, ran to the main-guard, seized the keys after a slight opposition, drew up the bridge, and locked the gate, Lord Antrim's soldiers having advanced within sixty yards of it: the other gates were then secured, and guards placed at each of them. The mayor, attended by the sheriffs, popish officers, &c., came to the market-place, and, by promises and threats, endeavoured to prevail upon the people to throw the gates open to the King's soldiers; but the circumstance of protestant blood flowing from wounds inflicted by such hands, had an irresistible effect upon their minds. It was in vain that the bishop added his remonstrances to those which had been already used; in vain that he talked of allegiance to an abdicated king, and preached peace and submission. Mackenzie observes, "that the dull heads of the men of Londonderry could not comprehend how it could be a great crime to shut the gates against those who they believed had been sent to cut their throats;" and archbishop King observed afterwards, "that no man could blame the youthful heroes for their decision on this occasion."

In the afternoon of the same day, the gallant David Cairnes, of Knockmany, in the county of Tyrone, a gentleman eminent for his talents and respectability, and bred to the profession of the law, came into Londonderry, and expressed his full approbation of what had been done in the morning. He went round the wall, encouraging the guards and centinels at the different gates to persevere in the task they had engaged; and in the course of the evening, he not only succeeded in persuading the

principal citizens to adopt his opinion, but also to write to the neighbouring gentlemen a representation of their common danger, and the urgent necessity of their concurrence in the defence of the city. A considerable number of protestants flocked to it for safety; and a rumour of a design of the papists who remained, and the brutal conduct of the regiment at the water-side, induced many more of the townspeople to take an active part in its defence, and accelerated the departure of the majority of the popish inhabitants.

On the 28th of January 1689, the parliament of England resolved, "that King James II., having endeavoured to subvert the constitution of the kingdom, by breaking the original compact between the king and the people; and, by the advice of jesuists and other wicked persons, having violated the fundamental laws, and having withdrawn himself from the kingdom, had *abdicated* the throne, which was thereby become vacant."

In the mean time, the protestants of the north-east of Ulster proclaimed King William and Queen Mary in the principal towns of that district. On the 11th of March, Mr. Cairnes went to London; and on the same day Mr. Phillips went to Newtown Limavady, where he raised between two and three hundred horse, with which he returned in a few days. On the 12th, King James landed at Kinsale, and proceeded to Cork, where he was received and entertained by the Earl of Clancarty, who was made one of the lords of the bed-chamber. Tyrconnel met his royal master in Cork, who immediately created him a duke, for his services. On the 24th, the abdicated king made his public entry into Dublin, in a triumphant manner. The magistrates of the city, and the popish ecclesiastics, met him in their proper habits, with the *host* borne before them, in solemn procession. The king bowed down before

it, and made his adoration amidst the acclamations of the surrounding multitude. He took an early opportunity of dismissing the only two protestants of distinction in his army, solely on account of their religion. No protestant could be out of his house after sun-set, without endangering his life : many of them were assassinated, and among them a poor tapster at an alehouse on the Wood-Quay was thrown into the Liffey and drowned, merely for a frolic ; and this barbarous outrage was passed over without rebuke or punishment.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the 27th of March, brigadier-general Hamilton appeared at the head of King James's army before the ramparts of Londonderry. He advanced within fifty yards of the works on the blind gate side near the church. The mill sheltered them within forty yards of the bastion. They raised two batteries, but neither of them did great execution. At four o'clock in the afternoon, a considerable quantity of snow fell suddenly at Londonderry, and General Hamilton and his troops retired in confusion. The city lost only three of its defenders ; a small number, considering the continued fire to which they had been exposed. The loss of the besiegers was uncertain, because they carried off their dead ; and not deeming it prudent to spare time to bury them, they put the bodies into a house, according to the report of the country-people, set fire to it, and burned them to ashes. Thus ended the first day's enterprise against the invincible city.

Early in this month, the Rev. George Walker, Rector of the parishes of Donoughmore and Erigal Keeroge, in the county of Tyrone, who had raised a regiment in and about Dungannon, for the protection of that part of the country, came to Londonderry, and settled a correspondence with Colonel Lundy, its governor, whom few or none suspected

of treachery at that time, and whose character for warfare and zeal for the protestant cause stood very high. The time, however, was fast approaching, which was to develop the wicked designs of this unfeeling man, who, under an appearance of loyalty, was secretly plotting the surrender of the city and its brave defenders into the hands of James and his infuriated adherents.

On the 10th of April, Mr. Cairnes returned from London, charged with instructions, and with a letter from King William to Colonel Lundy. This letter he delivered to the Governor and Council, acquainting them with the cause of his coming, and apprising them also of the forces which were on their passage from England for their relief. He earnestly conjured them not to desert the city, now the last hold of the protestants in Ireland; and he desired, according to his instructions, a particular account of its present condition as to men, arms, ammunition, and provision. In consequence of this communication from the King and their friends in England, the council resolved to stand by each other, and not to leave the kingdom, or desert the public service. A copy of this resolution was read the next morning at the head of every battalion in the garrison. The soldiers expressed their joy by loud shouts; and many were encouraged to remain in the city who had previously resolved to go away.

The Rev. George Walker receiving intelligence that a reinforcement of the Irish army was advancing towards Londonderry, communicated his information to Governor Lundy, who treated it as a false alarm; but Walker's apprehensions were too well founded to be easily silenced, and he immediately went to Lifford, joined Colonel Crofton and his regiment, and fought the enemy across the river during the whole night. The Finn and the Morne, themselves composed of many rivers flowing from

the surrounding mountains of Tyrone and Donegal, unite at Lifford, and form the broad and rapid Foyle. The next day the enemy's army marched towards Strabane. A messenger was dispatched to Lundy, urging him to take prompt measures for securing the passes of the Finn and the Foyle at Lifford and Clady; also informing him, that if he did not march his men from the city that day, they would not arrive in time to intercept the enemy's passage the next morning. Notwithstanding these expostulations, Lundy did not leave Londonderry with his troops until eight o'clock the following day. Some of the Irish foot had arrived on the opposite bank of the river at an early hour, but it was noon before the great body of their horse arrived there from Strabane. At this time the river was swollen to the brim, which rendered its passage almost impracticable: however, several troops of the enemy's horse rushed in and made a desperate effort to swim across it: two of their officers were drowned in their struggle with the waves.

In this perilous situation, encumbered with the weight of their saturated garments, the Irish were in great terror of an attack from their opponents. Lundy, however, was their best friend upon this occasion; for so far from putting the protestants into any posture of defence, which might have enabled them to cut off the enemy as they landed, he gave orders for a precipitate flight to Londonderry, himself leading the way in so confused a manner, as to afford reason to suppose, that he laboured to excite a general feeling of terror and consternation. The Irish troops having effected their passage over the Finn, pursued their protestant opponents, and did great execution upon Colonel Montgomery's regiment, no care having been taken to secure their retreat. Many more would have fallen victims to the sword of their merciless enemy, had they not

found a refuge among the bogs and marshes of the adjoining village of Clonleigh.

Upon Lundy's arrival at Londonderry, he ordered the gates to be shut, consequently many officers, soldiers, and private gentlemen, were obliged to remain outside the walls that night, exposed to the danger of being cut to pieces by the enemy's cavalry. Among those shut out from the city on this night of terror, were George Walker and his regiment; and it was not without difficulty that they obtained admission the next morning. The reason assigned by Lundy for this suspicious measure, was his anxiety to preserve the provisions of the city, by keeping out of it all above the number requisite for its defence. He said he had provisions for three thousand men during the next three months, and he did not think it prudent to diminish that period, by increasing the number of those who must necessarily consume the store; but in a letter he wrote to Major Tiffin, the same evening, he contradicted this assertion by stating, that "without an immediate supply of provision, the city must of necessity surrender to the enemy."

James remained from the 24th of March to the 8th of April in Dublin, and appeared to be more anxious to force popery upon the protestants, than to make preparation for the contest that awaited him in the north. He then marched with his army towards Ulster: it consisted of twelve thousand men, and a tolerable train of artillery. His generals were Monsieur Maumont, who commanded the French horse, and the Marquis de Pusignian, who had charge of the infantry. He was also accompanied by the Duke of Berwick, Lords Netterville and Abercorn, and many other noblemen and gentlemen of distinction. In his progress through the north, James stopped a few days at Armagh, which he found inconvenient to himself and his train, as it had been

pillaged a few days before by the retreating protestant army. On the 14th he proceeded to Omagh, from which place he found that General Hamilton had marched with his army for Strabane, and Pusingian with a considerable body of horse for Cladyford. On the morning of the 17th an express arrived from the Duke of Berwick, stating, that the citizens of Londonderry, whom he termed rebels, had sent to capitulate with General Hamilton, who had referred them to Monsieur de Rosen as his superior officer, and that de Rosen had offered them the benefit of His Majesty's proclamation, as an inducement to prompt submission. Nothing could be more acceptable to James than this intelligence, for the success of his attempt to regain the crown evidently depended upon his obtaining possession of so desirable a point in Ireland as Londonderry, from which place he could act by transmitting his army into Scotland. Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, and a powerful party of nobility and gentry, would have received him with enthusiasm in the ancient realm of his family; and their devotion to his cause being blended with feelings of self-preservation, it ensured to him the best security for their fidelity, as by the triumph of William the Episcopal Church of Scotland was prostrated, and Presbyterianism established on its ruins. James therefore resolved at once to go and present himself before the gates of Londonderry, convinced, by the accounts he had received, that nothing more was wanting to the accomplishment of his most sanguine wishes than his presence there. Therefore, leaving a great part of his train at Charlemont, and taking with him those only who were necessary to his household, he rode a long and painful journey of thirty miles to Newtown Stewart, where he arrived late at night, and rested for a few hours without undressing himself, in Lord Mountjoy's castle there. The next morning he was on

horseback by break of day, and rode to Strabane: he passed the river on horseback, and overtook the infantry commanded by Monsieur Pusignian, near Ballindrate, about two miles from Lifford. Having viewed them without stopping, he went on to join Monsieur de Rosen, who had marched from Strabane about four hours before his arrival there. De Rosen was within two miles of Londonderry when he was overtaken by his royal Master, who then put himself at the head of his army; and, marching directly towards the city, halted upon a hill within cannon-shot of its walls. The place was now surrounded by horse and foot, presenting a formidable appearance to a garrison unused to warfare, and distracted by a council within the walls, which at this moment possessed sufficient influence to procure an offer of surrender to be signed and sent out to General Hamilton by Captain White.

In the midst of the consternation artfully spread around by Lundy, a gallant country gentleman, named Murray, arrived at the head of a body of cavalry; and although the faithless governor refused him admittance, he forcibly entered the city, and was received with acclamation. He harangued the soldiers and citizens on the perfidy of their governor, and expatiated upon the baseness of surrendering a fortress, garrisoned by brave men, to an abdicated king and a popish army. A trumpeter was dispatched from the city to the king, requesting an hour's time to consider of his summons to surrender, and requiring in the interval that his troops should advance no farther than they had done. De Rosen took no notice of this, and the trumpeter was afterwards killed. In a few minutes, as the army continued to advance, with James at their head, a terrific discharge of cannon and musquetry commenced from the walls, and continued with little intermission the remainder of the day. Several of the besieging army fell by this fire: one

officer was killed near the king's person. This salutation being, from Lundy's representations, totally unexpected, had so great an effect upon the undisciplined Irish and their unfortunate king, that the utmost terror and confusion prevailed among them. The treacherous council of the city in vain endeavoured to allay their apprehensions, by sending Archdeacon Hamilton to their camp to make excuse for what had passed, imputing the blame to a turbulent body of men whom they were unable to restrain, and falsely representing them as a drunken rabble. James, exposed to the cannon, and to heavy and incessant rain, had neither tasted food, nor dismounted from his horse, during the whole day, notwithstanding the fatigue of the two preceding ones. He resolved to draw off his troops, and retire to St. Johnstown, to await the arrival of the artillery which he expected, and to provide necessaries either for a siege or a blockade. Archdeacon Hamilton abandoned the city, and accepted of a protection from the abdicated king, whom he entertained during his stay at the Castle of Montgevelin, near St. Johnstown.

Captain Murray, in the mean time, had advanced from Culmore Fort to Pennyburn Mill with a considerable troop of horse, and he left fifteen hundred men below Brooke-Hall, as a body of reserve. He received an express from the governor and council, requiring him to withdraw his men immediately out of view of the city. The messenger, who was his relative, informed him that the governor and council were then making terms for a surrender of the city; but at the same time conjured him, if he wished to save it, to lose no time in hastening to the aid of the citizens, who had determined not to capitulate so long as they could raise an arm to defend themselves. He therefore resolved to march to the city, and after some opposition from the enemy's dragoons as he passed along the river side, arrived safely at the Ship-Quay

Gate. The council sent a message that he might be taken alone over the wall by a rope; but Captain Morrison, who commanded the guard, without waiting for orders, opened the gate to him and his troops. Murray was received by the multitude with every demonstration of respect and confidence. They detailed to him their wrongs, and implored his assistance. He replied, that he would stand by them to the latest hour of his existence, in defence of the protestant interest; that his first act should be the prevention of a surrender, and his next the suppression of Lundy and his council.

Walker says, that Lundy stole out of the city with a bundle of matches on his back, towards Culmore; and that his last act was a successful endeavour to persuade the officer in command to surrender that fortress.

It now became necessary to select persons upon whose integrity the inhabitants could depend, and to invest them with the management of public affairs. The principal appointment was offered to Captain Murray: this honour, however, was declined by that gallant officer, who considered himself better calculated for active service in the field, than for conducting the internal arrangements of the city. Under these circumstances, the Rev. George Walker and Major Henry Baker were chosen governors.

While the new governors were examining the public stores, and assigning a position to each division of their own forces; the unhappy James, considering how much his troops had been harrassed on the preceding day, suffered them to remain and take some rest at St. Johnstown. He held a council, in which it was resolved that he should return to Dublin with de Rosen, to meet the parliament he had summoned to assemble on the 7th of the next month. On the 20th, he set out from St. Johnstown, and dined on

his way to Strabane under a large tree within a mile of Lifford.*

The same day, a party of the besieging army pitched their tents near Pennyburn Mill. Lord Strabane approached the walls, a great proportion of whose defenders were his own tenants; and offered the king's pardon, protection, and favour, to those who would surrender the place. The answer he received was, "that the garrison of Londonderry would not surrender it to any but King William and Queen Mary, or to their order."

The first sally from the city was made by a body of horse and foot, under the command of Colonel Murray. Colonel Cairnes and Captain Dunbar were posted upon an eminence with a body of reserve. The horse amounted to three hundred in number, which Murray divided into two parties: at the head of the first he valiantly charged the enemy himself. The Irish also divided their horse into two squadrons: the commander of the first lead them on with great bravery. Colonel Murray, in the course of the day, had three personal encounters with him, in the last of which he killed him on the spot: the soldiers then confessed that he was their general, Maumont. The loss on the part of the enemy this day amounted

* On the 20th of April 1689, King James passed through Ballindrate, on his way from Montgevelin Castle to Strabane, after dining under a sycamore tree in front of the house of John Keys, Esq., at Cavanacor, to whom he gave a protection, which afterwards saved that gentleman's house, when those of all the protestants round him were burned. The old oak table at which the unfortunate prince sat to dine, and the antiquated china upon which the dinner was served, are preserved as curiosities by Mrs. Denny and her sister, at Ballindrate, who are descendants of the King's host at Cavanacor. A labourer at Clonfad preserves the chair in which James sat in Robin Cowan's house, at St. Johnstown, where he dined on the 19th of April, in the same year.

to more than two hundred men, including Major-General Maumont and several officers of distinction. The Marquis de Pusignian also was mortally wounded. Three standards were taken from the Irish army, with a great spoil of horses, arms, and money.

James received an account of this disastrous day at Omagh. He was much concerned at the loss of Maumont, and ordered his corpse to be carried to Dublin for interment. His grief was increased a few days afterwards, by hearing of the death of Pusignian, who expired of his wounds on the 23rd.

On the 24th, the enemy began to throw bombs into Londonderry, a practice which in a short time became too familiar with them. On the night of the 26th, the bombs played hotly upon the city from sunset until the morning. This was a night of intense suffering: terror prevailed in every quarter. The shrieks of women and children formed a terrific contrast with the thunder of the artillery, and the crash of houses thrown down by the shells. One of the victims of this night's cannonade was Mrs. Holding, a gentlewoman eighty years of age.

Early on the morning of the 6th of May, Governor Walker, apprehending that an escalade was about to be attempted, drew a detachment of ten men from each company, and sallied out of the Ferry Quay-Gate at their head. At the same moment, another body of citizens burst forth from the Bishop's-Gate, and joining their forces, rushed impetuously upon the enemy. One party drove the Irish dragoons from the hedges, while the other gained possession of their trenches. The dragoons and infantry took flight in great confusion: General Ramsay and many other officers were killed on the spot, while vainly endeavouring to rally them. The ground for which they contended, was gained by the victors along with five stand of colours, fire arms, spades, shovels, &c., and the plunder of the dead. Lord Netterville and Sir Garret Aylmer, after

being severely wounded, were taken prisoners; but they were treated with kindness, and with the respect which was due to their rank. General Ramsay was much lamented by all who knew him: he was considered the most efficient officer in the besieging army, with the exception of General Hamilton.

On the last day of May, there was a skirmish upon Wind-Mill Hill: the cannon played smartly, and did great execution on both sides. On the 3rd of June, the besiegers discharged thirteen bombs into the city: one of them killed Mr. Boyd in his own house: another fell into Mr. Cunningham's yard; and his wife had the presence of mind to draw the fuse from the touch-hole in time to prevent an explosion of its contents: it weighed two hundred and seventy pounds, fifteen of which were gunpowder.

A great mortality prevailed in the city: from the commencement of the siege to this time, thirty persons, upon an average, were buried every day. In the enemy's camp also the mortality was scarcely less, in proportion to the number it contained. The season was unusually cold and wet, and a dry bed for the sick or wounded was a luxury enjoyed by few. At six o'clock in the evening of the 11th of June, a fleet appeared in Lough Foyle. About an hour before midnight, a flattering communication was made by one Dobin, who came from the enemy's camp, and told them, that the Irish army, terrified at the approach of the English fleet with troops on board, had resolved to decamp the next evening: this information, however, proved fallacious.

The want of provisions now began to be severely felt. It was in vain that the precaution had been taken of salting and barrelling the flesh of the horses killed in the engagement at the Wind-Mill Hill; in vain that the garrison had for a considerable time been put upon a short allowance: famine appeared in all its horrors, and many died of hunger. And

when they looked out, and saw the fleet remain below Culmore, without making an attempt to come towards the city, it bitterly disappointed the hopes they had too confidently indulged upon its first appearance. This fleet was under the command of Major-General Kirk, a man not likely to make very extraordinary exertions to diminish the sum of human misery. The besieged made the usual demonstrations of joy upon the appearance of relief, but they were not returned: the works on each side the river deterred Kirk from endeavouring to bring the fleet to its destination. Signals of distress were made in vain from the steeple. Kirk seeing the enemy draw their cannon to the water side, sailed out of the harbour, and left the inhabitants of Londonderry in despair. He did not, however, abandon his purpose; for, sailing round into Lough Swilly, he fortified the island of Inch, which was well situated for holding correspondence with the besieged city.

Immediately after the disappearance of Kirk's fleet, the enemy began to make a boom across the river: they had a week's employment in drawing timber and other materials for this undertaking. It was fastened at one end through the arch of a bridge, at the other by a massive piece of timber sunk into the ground, and fortified by heavy stone-work. The accounts of this boom naturally created great alarm and uneasiness amongst the citizens. At this time, fever, dysentery, and other diseases, became general: in one day no less than fifteen commissioned officers died.

On the 18th, General de Rosen arrived at the enemy's camp with a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men. He expressed his utter contempt for the city, and declared that he would demolish it, and bury its defenders in the ruins. But the first order that was issued in the city, after this accession of strength to

its enemy, was, "*That no man, upon pain of death, should speak of a surrender.*"

Immediately after his arrival, de Rosen caused some batteries to be thrown up by night, preparatory to his laying and springing a mine; and he removed the camp and trenches nearer to the city, for the purpose of interrupting the relief of guards. He also planted battering guns, which threw balls of about twenty pounds each: with these they plied the besieged closely till the 21st of July, when the firing ceased altogether.

On the last day of June, Governor Baker died: his death was greatly deplored, as he was a valiant soldier and a prudent man. On the same day, de Rosen sent a declaration into Londonderry, stating, "that if the garrison would not surrender to him before six o'clock the following evening, he would drive all the protestants in the neighbourhood, protected and unprotected, under their walls; and if that was not a sufficient inducement to open their gates, he would put them to the sword, without respect to age or sex." He wrote a letter to James, containing a copy of his declaration against the protestants, and pleaded, as an excuse for the arbitrary proceeding, that "he was induced to adopt this measure from the little hope he had of reducing the garrison in any other way. The trenches," he added, "were so filled by the tide and the continual rains, that the besieging army was in danger of being destroyed by sickness." Anticipating a countermand of the cruel order, he threatened to resign the command of the army, in case his project should not be approved. De Rosen caused all the protestants in the immediate neighbourhood to be collected into churches, and other public buildings, without fire or light; and many old people, delicate women, and feeble children, died in consequence of the unfeeling treat-

ment they experienced in these places of confinement.

The news of de Rosen's barbarous conduct presently reached the metropolis; and Dr. Dopping, bishop of Meath, went immediately to James, to prevail upon him to rescind the cruel order. The unfortunate Prince coldly replied "that he had heard of it before, and had sent orders to prevent its being executed;" and, apologizing for de Rosen's foreign habits, observed, "that this practice, though strange in Ireland, was common in other places."

The following extract from a letter written by Mareschal de Rosen to James in Dublin, dated the 5th of July 1689, is descriptive, not only of the wretchedness of the besieging army at that time, but also of the writer's conviction that the cause of that unhappy Prince was verging upon ruin in Ulster:—

"Sire—I am grieved to see so little attention given to the execution of your Majesty's orders, at a time when matters are become troublesome and embarrassed. Kirk is always at his post, waiting the arrival of three regiments of cavalry and two of infantry, which are to join him under the command of Charles Count Schomberg. Your Majesty's troops, which are lately arrived, were obliged to take such arms as were given them, the greater part of which are damaged or broken, and consequently useless, as you have not in all your army a gunsmith to mend them! The troops which are here with Hamilton, are in a still worse condition, the strongest battalion having but two hundred men, and more than two-thirds of them without swords, belts, or bandaliers. The cavalry and dragoons are not the better that they are the more numerous, as the strongest company has not more than twelve or thirteen troopers able to serve. I cannot comprehend how the regiment of Walter Butler could be sent away from Dublin without swords, powder, and ball. My heart bleeds, Sire, when I reflect upon the continuance of this negligence, since it appears to me *that no one is in pain about the ruin of your affairs*. I hope that the return of this express will bring me your Majesty's ultimate orders; and I wish they may arrive in time for me to put them properly into execution.

"I am, with very profound respect,
loyalty, &c., &c., &c.
CONRAD DE ROSEN."

On the 9th of July, the battering guns played hotly upon the city. The allowance this day was a pound of tallow to every soldier in the garrison : they mixed it with meal, ginger, pepper, and aniseeds, and made excellent pancakes. Captain Ash, who appears to have possessed an inexhaustible fund of good humour, says, it was *charming* food. At this time the carcase of a dog was considered good meat ; and the emaciated victims of hunger were every day seen collecting wild vegetables, and all kinds of sea-wreck, which they greedily devoured, to the utter destruction of their health.

About this time, Mr. James Cunningham, a merchant in Londonderry, discovered a method of supplying the garrison for six days of the severest want, not only with food, but salutary medicine : he shewed them where a considerable quantity of starch was deposited, which they mixed with tallow, and fried as pancakes. This food proved a providential remedy for the dysentery, which prevailed in the city to an alarming degree, from excessive fatigue and unwholesome food. Captain Ash mentions a poor man, who had been compelled by hunger to kill his dog, and to dress the flesh to satisfy the cravings of his appetite. Just as he was about to feast upon this rarity, an inexorable and equally hungry creditor came in to demand a debt, which the poor man was unable to cancel, excepting by resigning the savoury dish which he had prepared for himself : this he did, but the ruefulness of his visage evinced the heaviness of his disappointment.

The 16th of July proved fatal to James's interests in Scotland. Graham, Viscount Dundee, having long waited with impatience for the succour promised to him from Ireland, gave up all hopes of speedy aid, as soon as he saw the few spiritless recruits which arrived from Carrickfergus, without arms, ammunition, or clothing. He therefore resolved to try the fate of a

battle with the forces he had himself collected; and he was induced to make the attempt without delay, by the approach of General Mackay with King William's army towards the castle of Blair, in Athol. On the morning of this day, Dundee marched from Dunkeld to the mouth of the pass of Killiecrankie. His close columns rapidly penetrated through the weak files of the opposing flanks of Mackay's army, which soon yielded to the irresistible force suddenly brought against them. The contest immediately became a trial of speed, in which Dundee, pressing forward furiously toward the pass to cut off the retreat of the English army, outstripped his men, and in the violence of his impatience at their delay, turned round suddenly, raising his right hand over his head, as a signal for their advancing, when a random shot from the enemy entered an opening of his armour, and mortally wounded him. A letter found in his pocket after his death, afforded a melancholy proof of the infatuation which could induce a protestant of high spirit, and distinguished military character, to sacrifice his life in the cause of a popish tyrant.*

* The following song, from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, to commemorate the death of the gallant Chief of Dundee, so entirely corresponds with the present account of the event, that I trust its insertion here will not appear inappropriate:—

' To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Clavers who spoke,
 Ere the king's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke;
 So each cavalier, who loves honour and me,
 Let him follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
 Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
 Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men;
 Come, open the West-port, and let me gae free,
 And its room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted—he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backwards, the drums they are beat;
 But the provost, douse man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
 The town is weel quit of that de'il of Dundee."

 Come, fill up, &c.

On the 22nd of July, a letter was written by James, from his castle in Dublin, to Mareschal de Rosen, ordering the country round Londonderry to be laid waste. He commanded him to raise the siege, if he did not think a blockade would reduce it; and in case the siege should be raised, to blow up the fort of Culmore, that it might not stand in his way another time.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Each carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But some young plants of grace—they look'd couthie and slee,
Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

With sour-featured saints the Grass-market was pang'd,
As if half the west had set tryste to be hang'd;
There was spite in each face, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watch'd for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway left free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

He spurr'd to the foot of the high castle rock,
And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke—
“ Let Mons Meg and her marrows three vologies let flee,
For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.”

Come, fill up, &c.

The Gordon has ask'd of him whither he goes—
“ Wheresoever shall guide me the spirit of Montrose;
Your Grace in short space shall have tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

“ There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the Southland, there's chiefs in the north;
There are wild dunnie-wassels, three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

“ Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.”

Come, fill up, &c.

According to a credible tradition, an innocent stratagem was practised about this period, to deceive the enemy into a belief that so considerable a quantity of meal had been discovered, no hope could be entertained of their surrendering for want of provisions. One barrel of meal was distributed upon the bottoms of some large empty casks turned upside down, and shewn in pretended confidence to some messengers who had been sent from the besiegers' camp. On the 26th an oath was imposed upon the occupiers of houses in the city, for the purpose of obliging them to give a true statement of the provisions in their possession. A competency for one week was allowed to each family, and the remainder was taken to the public stores. On the 27th the garrison was reduced to four thousand four hundred and fifty-six men. The following market-prices, from Walker's Diary, testify the extent of their sufferings from famine, and the degree of heroism which animated them in their refusal to surrender:—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Horse Flesh, per pound,	1	8
A Dog's Head,	2	6
A Cat,	4	6
A Rat,	1	0
A Mouse,	0	6
A Pound of Tallow,	4	0
A Quart of Meal,	1	0

So great necessity now pressed the defenders of Londonderry, that, Walker says, they had no prospect of subsistence otherwise than by eating the

He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston-craigs and on Clermiston lee
Died away the wild war-note of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men;
Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,
For 'tis up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.'

bodies of the dead ; and he mentions a fat gentleman of his acquaintance, who hid himself during several days, because he thought that some of the soldiers, who were perishing with hunger, looked at him with a greedy eye ! In the height of this distress, the courage of the sufferers continued unabated ; and they were not unfrequently heard to contend with some warmth whether they would take the debentures they expected from King William, in Ireland or in France ; when, as their reverend governor observes in his Diary, “ they could not promise themselves twelve hours’ life.”

On the 28th, to support their spirits, he preached a sermon to them in the cathedral church ; finding his own heart glow with confidence, that God would not give them over to be a prey to their cruel persecutors, after so long and miraculous preservation of them. He reminded them of numerous instances of providential support they had experienced from the commencement of the siege, and with irresistible eloquence assured them they would soon be delivered from their present calamitous difficulties. Upon this occasion, the good man appeared to be endowed with the gift of prophecy, for the termination of their sufferings from hunger was at hand. Immediately after divine service, some ships were seen in the Lough approaching towards the distressed city, which was now reduced to the last extremity of famine and disease. The besieged discharged eight pieces of cannon from the steeple of the cathedral, and slowly waved their crimson flag, to signify their exceeding distress. With a fair wind and a favourable tide to facilitate the relief before their eyes, “ *Now or never !* ” was the simultaneous cry of the feeble and emaciated multitude upon the walls. The ships approaching, were the *Mountjoy* of Londonderry, Captain Browning commander, and the *Phoenix* of Coleraine, commanded by Captain Douglass. They were both laden with

provisions, and convoyed by the Dartmouth frigate. The enemy fired incessantly upon the ships from the fort of Culmore, and from both sides of the river, as they sailed onward; and the returns were made with the greatest bravery and effect. They passed Culmore without sustaining material injury, and the expectations of the besieged rose into a transport of joy, which was almost instantly succeeded by despair, when the Mountjoy, repelled by the boom, ran aground; and the enemy, who had crowded to the water side, raised a triumphant huzza as they launched their boats to board her. The terror which pervaded the city at this moment surpasses description; the multitude upon the walls stood petrified in an agony of grief, too intense for utterance; a shrill cry from a few women and children alone broke the dreadful silence, and increased the horror of the scene. The general despondency was at its greatest height, when the Mountjoy, firing a broadside at the enemy, rebounded from the shore, and the re-action of the vessel, aided by a sudden swell of the rising tide, floated her again into deep water. Captain Douglass was warmly engaged as he passed along, on the breaking of the boom by the gallant Browning, who was killed by a musket-ball from the enemy, which struck him on the head as he stood upon deck with his sword drawn, encouraging his men to the contest.*

The Dartmouth, opening a heavy and well-directed fire upon the enemy's batteries, so diverted their attention from both vessels, that they sailed steadily up the river, to the confusion of their baffled foes. It was ten o'clock at night when they anchored at the

* King William afterwards settled a pension upon the widow of this gallant man, and in presence of the court placed a gold chain about her neck. A portrait of this lady, in full dress, ornamented by the royal present, is in the possession of her descendant, George Hamilton, Esq., of Hollymount, near Londonderry.

Ship-Quay, upon which a general shout of acclamation was raised by the soldiers upon the walls, while two guns were fired from the steeple, to give notice to the fleet of the safe arrival of the relief. The Phoenix contained eight hundred bolls of meal, with which she had been laden in Scotland; and the Mountjoy, carrying one hundred and thirty-five tons burthen, brought from England her cargo of beef, peas, flour, &c., and all of the best kind. "This relief," says Walker, "arrived here, to the inexpressible joy of our distressed garrison, for we calculated only upon two days' life."

In the course of this night, the Irish army ran away from the position they had occupied before Londonderry for one hundred and five days, having lost more than eight thousand men, and one hundred of their best officers. The majority fell in battle; the remainder died of fevers and dysentery.

Upon the termination of the siege, an address was sent to King William and Queen Mary, signed by the governors, officers, clergy, and gentlemen of the city of Londonderry, expressive of their acknowledgements "for the seasonable relief they had received by their order; their congratulations upon their Majesties' accession to the throne; and their own determination, as dutiful subjects, to expose themselves to all hazards and extremities to serve their Majesties against their common enemy." This address was conveyed by the renowned Walker, who was most graciously received by their Majesties. On the 19th of November he received the thanks of the house of commons, and a present of five thousand pounds. Archbishop Tillotson thus wrote to the celebrated Lady Russell concerning Walker:—"The King, besides his first bounty to Mr. Walker, whose modesty is equal to his merit, hath made him bishop of Londonderry, the best bishopric in Ireland; that so he may receive the reward of that great service in the place where he did

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it. It is incredible how much every body is pleased with what the King hath done in this matter, and it is no small joy to me to see that God directs him to do so wisely."

Walker was afterwards tempted to go with the English army to the battle of the Boyne, where he received a wound which caused his death. A monument was erected to his memory in the church of Donoughmore, upon which is the following inscription:—

" Reader! near this spot are interred
the relics of the Rev. GEORGE WALKER, S. T. D.
formerly Rector of this Parish;
by whose
vigilance and bravery the City of Londonderry was defended
from the enemies of William III. and of Religion,
in the year 1689.
He was slain on the Banks of the Boyne,
engaged in the same cause against the same enemies,
in the year 1690."

THE END.

LOUTH:

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