

weeks ago, since a Theodore Simpkins Ireland with the hens laid their quite different from of other coun- ed also to add by ct, that in conse- nature of the dis- missioners will investigate the mat- that the poultry l may take mea- note the interests tions. Whether ever will approve disputed question. New Englanders because it's Irish, I seem to be rea- on account of the upery in that pe- heard of "treason" d Marcus Costel- o pair of them in Dublin, five and ng their guilt,) and gated in that fash- pery? ety to which eer- simply because they lless to say that the that people are all equently, the young counting-room, can quite him for the uch a journey. , if your heart be in ve the reach of pal- man enough to think of viewing Ireland mine, look at her own honest eyes,— see things in their the vulgar blunder rogue for inveterate ch chains for ge- ou be one of that

stamp, then in heaven's name step aboard as soon as possible, for a crime it would be against your conscience to turn back with- in sight of the green old Isle where Moore and Griffin "wept and sang."

Once there, pass not hurriedly over it, for every inch is classic ground. Not a mountain or valley from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway but has its old traditions. If you ever read Banim, or Morgan, Cullinane or Griffin, ask the guide at your elbow to point out, as you ride along, the scenes they describe and the monuments they chronicle. If you ever listened to the songs of Moore, and felt the sadness they inspire, stop for a moment and gaze on the venerable ruins to which they are conse- crated, and they will seem to you more sad and plaintive than ever. You may not weep over those mouldering walls and ruined shrines, like the returning exile revisiting once more the haunts of his boyhood, but still, stranger as you are, the very sight of them will do you good; the tottering tower and the crumbling wall, and the holy well, and the broken cross, will bring you salutary reflections—will teach you that every country, to deserve a place in the re- cord of nations, must have a past, and that flourishing as the republic of Washington is now, its whole history up to this hour, would hardly cover a single page in the fu- ture annals of the world.

But, dear reader, whenever you ramble through the old place, forget not to visit the scene of our story. It may not be so grand as Niagara, nor so picturesque as the Hudson, but it will repay you well, nevertheless for your trouble. More- over, it lies directly in your way from the mountains of the west to the famous Giant's Causeway—a wild solitary spot to the east of those blue hills that shelter the fertile valleys of Donegal from the storms of the Northern Ocean.

CHAPTER II.

The country between Ennis, or Ara-

heera light house, and the village of Rath- mullen on the river Swilly, is an extremely wild and mountainous district, being indeed little more than a succession of hills rising one above the other and terminating at last in the bald and towering scalp of Benra- ven. Standing on this elevated spot, the traveller has a full view of the country for a distance of some twenty miles around. Beyond Araheera point appears Malin Head, the northern extremity of the far- famed Barony of Innishowen, running far out into the ocean, and heaving back the billows in white foam as they break against his dark and sulky form. Westward looms up the majestic brow of Horn Head, under whose frown a thousand vessels have per- ished, and close by its side the famous opening in the rock called McSwine's gun- thundering like the roar of a hundred can- non when the storm comes in from the west. Between these two land marks, standing out there like huge sentinels guard- ing the coast, stretches the long white- shore called Ballyhernam Strand, and be- tween that and Benraven the beautiful quiet little sea of Mulroy, with its count- less islets lying under the long deep sha- dows of the mountains. Close by the broad base of the latter—so close indeed that you can hurl a stone from the top into the water below, is the calm, quiet lake called Lough Ely, so celebrated for its sil- very char and golden trout. As the tra- veller looks down from the summit of Ben- raven, there is hardly a sign of human ha- bitation to be seen below, if indeed, we except the light house itself, whose white- tower rises just visible over the heads of the lessening hills. But when he begins to descend and pursue his way along the manor road, winding as it runs through the dark and deep recesses of the mountains, many a comfortable little homestead meets his view, and many a green meadow and wavy cornfield helps to relieve the barren and desolate character of the surrounding scene.