

THE FATE OF GLENVEIH.

Ireland's martyrs going abroad to testify her faith.—" Going they went and wept, casting their seeds. But coming, they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves. (Psalm 125.)

(From " New Ireland, " by Mr. A. M. Sullivan.)

In the remote and wild northwest of Ireland, lashed by billows that roll from the frozen ocean, stands ancient Tyrconnell, better known to modern ears as the Donegal Highlands. There is probably no part of the island of equal expanse more self-contained, or separate, as it were, from the outer world. Nowhere else have the native population more largely preserved their peculiar features of life and character, custom and tradition, amidst the changes of the last two hundred years.

The eastern portion of Donegal abounds in rich and fertile valleys, and is peopled by a different race. Two hundred and fifty years ago all of the soil that was fair to see, that seemed worth possessing was handed over to " planters, " or " undertakers. " The native Celts were driven to the boggy wastes and trackless hills that were too poor or too remote for settlers to accept. Here, shut out from the busy world, their lowly lot shielding them from many a danger, the descendants of the faithful clansmen of " Dauntless Red Hugh " lived on. Their life was toilsome, but they murmured not. Along the western shore, pierced by many a deep bay, or belted by wastes of sand, their little sheelings nestled alongside some friendly crag, while close at hand " the deep-voiced neighboring ocean " boomed eternally in sullen roar.