

tious fear is at the root of this archæologic æstheticism. But this fancy, if inconsistent with progress, tends to preserve many objects of interest, which a too harsh utilitarianism would efface. And the consequence is that Ireland abounds in castles, abbeys, towers and raths in all stages of decay. And Ballyshannon was, and is, in this respect, a rich treat for the antiquary. I mention this fact here because, although I cannot recall the first occasion on which I saw Mr. Allingham, my most vivid recollection of him is connected with visits, in company with him and his brothers, Thomas and Edward, to places which tradition had hallowed or accursed.

As well as if it were yesterday do I remember the discovery of "The Ruined Chapel" on which Mr. Allingham has written the verses beginning,

"By the shore a plot of ground  
Clips a ruined chapel round."

We had had a long tramp round by the shore to the ruins of the old Castle of Kilbarron, famous as the scene of the labors of "The Four Masters." The Chapel, invisible at a very short distance off, being almost buried in weeds and shrubbery, is situated a little inland from the lofty promontory on which the castle stands. The sight of it, as we were returning homeward through the fields, was the signal for a general shout of surprise and pleasure. I well remember the poet's enthusiasm, in which we boys shared vaguely, as he stood within the ruin. I well remember his carving his initials, or rather monogram, over the entrance, which the *débris* of ages had made low and narrow. All the way home he talked of it, telling us of the days when the good O'Cleoy's worshipped there.

It was seated on a green bank near the "Spectral Walls" of "Abbey Assaroe," that he, opened and read to us a book which he had just received from across the Atlantic—The Poems of Thomas Buchanan Read. Occasionally he invited us to criticize, and some of our remarks seemed to please and others to amuse him.

One book he appeared to be never without—"Emerson's Essays." Being not quite fifteen when it was my lot to forego forever those pleasant walks and delightful

conversations, I am unable to say anything of Mr. Allingham's religious belief. But I know that he held views at variance with the popular Protestant orthodoxy, and he was a habitual absentee from the parish church. Only once do I recollect his presence in the family pew. The occasion was a sermon preached by the Rev. John Gregg, now Bishop of Cork, who was noted for his ready eloquence in the pulpit as well as on the platform.

In appearance Mr. Allingham was handsome and distinguished-looking. He was not above the middle height, but he was straight and active. His hair, which was dark and slightly inclined to curl, he parted in the centre, and he wore the full beard, when both those styles had not, by some years, become conventionally permissible. His eyes were very expressive, and were of a dark blue color, if I remember rightly, and of a tone peculiar to the family. His dress, which was always extremely neat, never varied; and I seldom saw him out of doors, whatever the weather might be, without an umbrella.

He retired to rest late, and did not leave his bedroom till the afternoon had begun. Into his study few gained admission, even of the members of his own household. His younger brothers were convinced that it was haunted, and that his lucubrations were interviews with the denizens of the spirit-world. As far as I recollect, we crossed the mysterious threshold only once. On that occasion we received frequent warnings not to touch anything. Besides a well-stocked library, we saw some astronomical and other scientific apparatus. On leaving, Mr. Allingham gave the writer a present of a book—"The Neighbors," by Miss Bremer.

Mr. Allingham was always very fond of the society of boys. He once instituted a little academy, the chief object of which was the study of astronomy. But it did not last long; some of the pupils were unruly, and some of them took no interest in the lessons taught them.

I can recall many incidents arising from our boyish intercourse with Mr. Allingham which are to me pleasant memories, but I fear that to stranger eyes they would give but little satisfaction. Then we had