

The eldest child of the second family is a daughter.

It will thus be seen that William Allingham comes of a stock in which genius is not rare. Indeed, we could mention several of his more distant relations whose ability has acquired for them an extended reputation. Almost all of them, whether actively contributing to the world's wealth in literature or art, are distinguished by uncommon culture and good taste.

So much for the family; now for the birthplace.

Ballyshannon, as the word signifies, is "a town on a river." It is beautifully situated on the River Erne, which carries to the Atlantic the superfluous waters of the lake of that name. In the "Emigrant's Adieu," which is found on page 259 of the Boston edition of the poems, Mr. Allingham has given a graphic as well as poetic picture of the little town and its surrounding scenery. The river, over which is a fine old bridge, divides it into two unequal parts, which in character are very diverse. That to the south is, with a few exceptions, composed of wretched houses and perennially filthy streets. The northern portion is built on the acclivity of a steep hill, which finds its apex in the Episcopal church. From the church, which stands on the site of an ancient Danish fort (the neighborhood of it is still called the Forth) a fine view is obtained of the town and surrounding scenery. And there is not a spot on which the eye may rest to which either some authentic history or some weird legend is not attached. Away to the south are the "Leitrim Mountains, clothed in blue;" and between them and the river stretches a plain—the Moy—as full of glorious associations to the fervid Celt as was that of the Troad to the imaginative Greek. For there, in that very plain, were fought the battles of Fingal and his warriors, of which Ossian—the Homer of the Gael—sang with such fire and pathos! On this very "Forth," and all down the slopes to where the river meets the sea, are the raths and cave-shelters from which the fierce Vikings sallied forth on their ruthless raids of pillage and murder. Often and often in childhood have we tempted their dark and treacherous recesses. Below is

the fall, famous far and wide as a salmon leap:—

"The silver salmon shooting up the fall,  
Itself at once the arrow and the bow."

And higher up another fall; and higher still another. And these three raise their voices in a wild, wailing monotone as for the dead glory of Erin, while away off there, the ocean, surging up against the sandbar, joins them with his ever-varying, manifold music.

But look down that little peopled hill. What a contrast to our busy, thriving, ever-growing American (including of course Canadian) towns! So has it slept in the sun and rain for a thousand years—if we believe the native records, since days when the Seven Hills were bare. Certainly so it looked over river and plain to the far mountains when Brian fought at Clontarf and, no doubt, contributed its contingent to the Irish host which there defeated the "proud invader." The tombstones in the Abbey tell his tale at least; and gauntly towering, skeleton-like, above the bridge, are walls which were old hundreds of years ago. The street which there begins is called Castle Street. The Bank and neighboring houses are built on the walls of the old stronghold which gave it its name. The Bank was also the dwelling-house of the manager. There several of the Allingham family were born, but not the older ones. The latter were born on the "Mall"—the "lane" to which Mr. Allingham alludes in his "Duam." But in the "Bank" they lived from a period to the writer immemorial, till some years before the death of Mr. Allingham, senior, in 1866. In the house next to the Bank, towards the river, he who writes these recollections first saw the light. And on that very ground long ago the great O'Donnells of Tyrconnel—some of whose descendants still live in the neighborhood—feasted and fought and fell.

The Irish have an innate veneration for ruins very hard to eradicate. Straggling, ruinous walls and heaps which to the Cis-Atlantic eye would be an abomination, it is considered in Ireland little less than sacrilege to touch. And much valuable ground, even within the precincts of towns, is thus encumbered. Very often supersti-