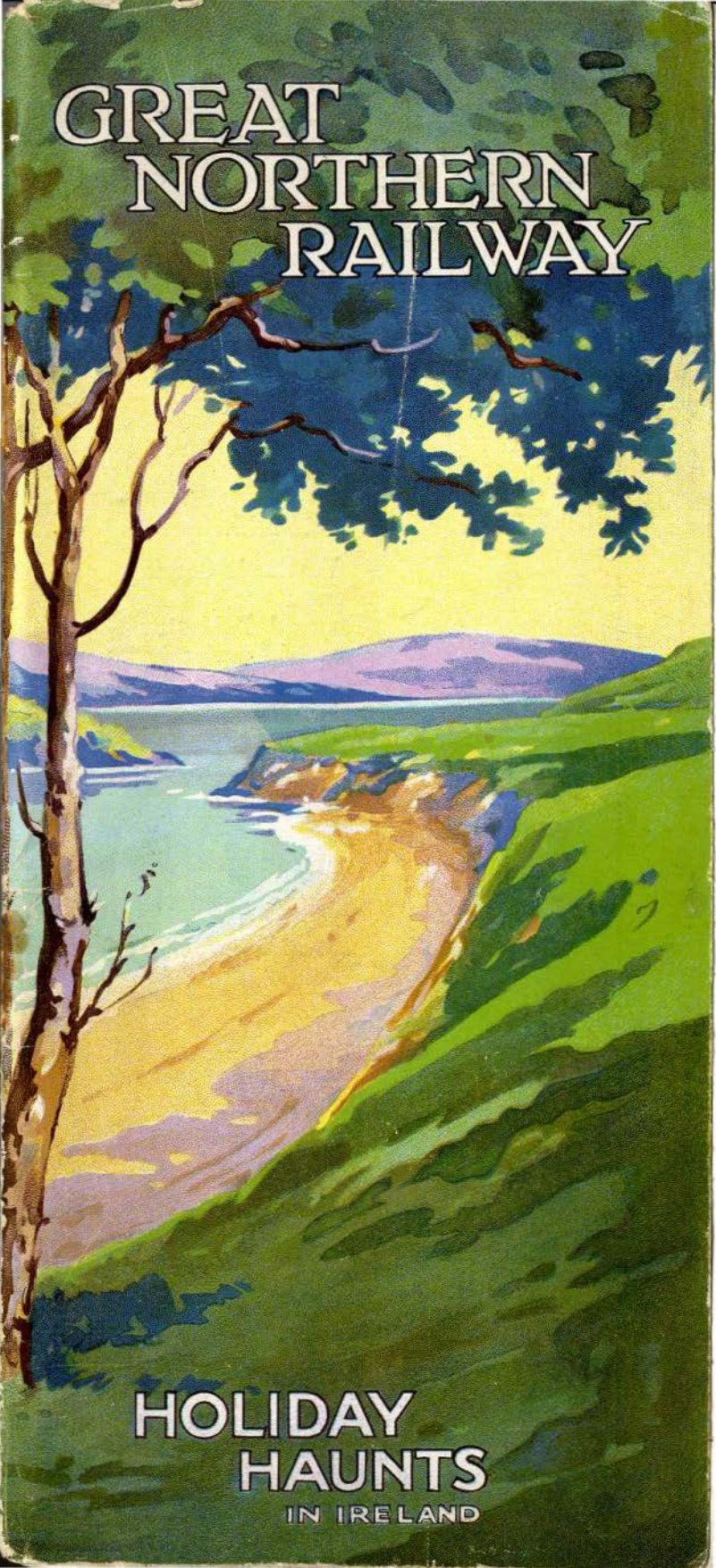
GREAT
NORTHERN
RAILWAY
HOLIDAY
HAUNTS
IN IRELAND

GREAT NORTHERN
RAILWAY (I.) —

HOLIDAY HAUNTS

. . IN IRELAND . . .

ALFRED S. MOORE.

There are many ways of seeing landscape . . . . and none more vivid than from a railway train.

J. B. STEPHENS,
General Manager.

Dublin, 1932.

Holiday Haunts in Ireland.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY—

Mr. R. J. WELCH, - *BELFAST*
Messrs. LAWRENCE & CO. *DUBLIN*
Mr. W. A. GRUEN. - *ANTRIM*

Foreword

WITHIN the limitations of a brief holiday—and with moderate expenditure—how can the visitor to Ireland best get to the heart of the country's beauty, its life and its people? Look closely at the Great Northern Railway system on the map and see at once how essentially it is the key to travel in the Emerald Isle. It holds within its compass the soul of Ireland with its glories, ancient and modern, its castles and its cromlechs, its cities and its villages, as well as its myriad other aspects of interest, beauty and delight.

The Great Northern Railway is unique among Irish Railways. Politically there are now two Irelands—Free State Ireland and Northern Ireland—yet the Great Northern Railway is the one agency which consolidates the goodwill of both. It unites them and their capitals, Dublin and Belfast, by a bond of indissoluble steel, and consummates that union by including in its system Armagh, the famed ecclesiastical capital of all Ireland.

It will be observed that the Great Northern Railway forms roughly a gigantic Y with three of Ireland's chief ports, the main gates of entry into and exit from the country, at its three ends—Dublin (with Kingstown), Belfast and Londonderry.

Moreover, it combines both Coast and Country; and it makes the way easy by its luxurious trains *via* either of two alternative routes for those who desire to travel from the East right across Ireland to the winsome West. That is assuredly a joyous journey. Now by the sparkling Irish Sea; now inland, along trout rippling rivers and rich meadows; now through orchards that in Spring are covered with apple blossom, and by woods of leafy old Irish oaks, the train threads its rapid way. Over brown bogs, where thrifty turf cutters stop work to wave the passing visitor a hearty welcome, along a winding island-studded lake as lovely as Providence ever fashioned the traveller is carried, as in a dream—until finally he arrives at the wild Western coast where far over the ocean lies "the nearest parish beyant."

Along every mile of the route the prospect is soft and pleasing. Here and there the vista is bounded by far

blue hills aslant the horizon, retaining the same distant air throughout the journey of a summer day. Then the pilgrim may desire to dally in Donegal, the Tyrol of Ireland, with its people, the kindliest and wittiest on whom sun ever shone. Or he may see Londonderry, whose walls tell him of an epic of heroism which the many wars of a succeeding quarter century in all climes and countries have not equalled. And then, when at Londonderry he may see and marvel at the Grianan of Aileach, the oldest edifice in the British Isles, dating back—so it is alleged—to King Solomon's time. The pilgrim also can spare from Londonderry a day to visit the unique Giant's Causeway.

Above all, the visitor to Ireland assuredly will yearn to stand on the **Hill of Tara** and visualise its old splendours and that thrilling scene when St. Patrick confuted the Druids. That means a day's rare delight in the paradise of the Boyne Valley.

To all these shrines—sights of a lifetime which no true visitor to Ireland can conscientiously omit—the Great Northern Railway provides a unique passport. It conveys the traveller thither, north, south, east and west, not as a soulless transport company does, but as a paternal organisation, conductor, friend, and guide. It recognises that such intimacy and friendship have their reward.

The passenger, satisfied at every stage of his pilgrimage, will return to his homeland determined to repeat his ever memorable experience at some future opportunity—and he can, indeed, conscientiously tell his friends to follow his example.

You may be interested in antiquity, archæology, history, agriculture, industry, the fascination of nature, golf, fishing, tramping or motoring, etc. It may be that you seek that change of scene and air which constitutes the real holiday. Then the services of Ireland's most efficient railway are at your command.

Never be a moment in doubt as to where you want to go and how best to get there. Apply personally, or by letter, to

THE TRAFFIC MANAGER,
Great Northern Railway, Belfast or

THE DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT,
Great Northern Railway, Dublin.

"Stand not on the order of your going—
GO GREAT NORTHERN."

EVERY MILE A MEMORY.

O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN.

The Glamour of Dublin.

With the exception of Rio de Janeiro and Sydney, is there a Capital in the world more delightfully situated than Dublin?

Astride the River Liffey, where it divides the shining sands of Dublin Bay, the Irish Metropolis stretches its suburban arms southwards for half a dozen miles to Kingstown, and a like distance northwards to the heather clad Hill of Howth. You may make your sea approach to Dublin direct into the centre of the city, and almost beside North Wall is the Amiens Street Station of the Great Northern Railway

Possibly, because the journey from London is merely nine hours, and you fear *mal de mer*, you will land at Dun Laoghaire (**Kingstown**) where the Great Northern train awaits you on the Pier itself.

Let not your soul be troubled if you hear your landing port variously called "Kingstown," "Dun Laoghaire," or even "Dunleary." It is literally an instance of the rose by other names being just as sweet. *Dun Laoghaire* (and mark that the central g is *not* sounded) is not mere iconoclastic affectation. It is really "King's Town" in another form, the "dun" meaning a fort. Then *Laoghaire* (or *Leary*) was the first authentic king of all Ireland and his reign was made signally illustrious by the arrival of St. Patrick. We shall learn more about him in our pleasant Irish pilgrimage. Especially when we visit Tara as we surely will—we shall realise how Ireland's patron saint was an actual personage; indeed, we have his own autobiography in his *Confession*, confuting all scepticism. We shall learn too, how he was the great agent whereby

STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN.

Christian Ireland, like a good emblem in a naughty world, shone out in splendour to enlighten all Western Europe.

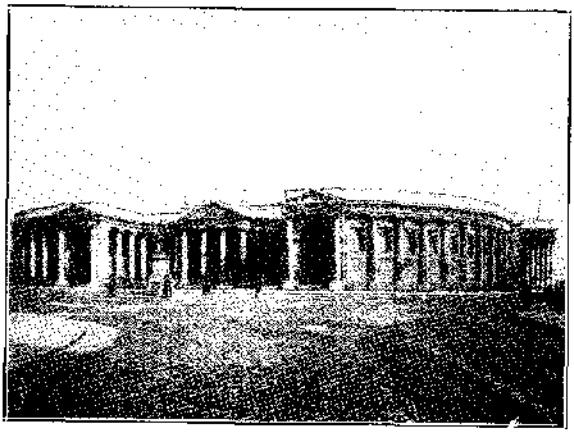
To revive that glorious prestige is the Irish Free State's paramount ideal to-day, and it is worth emulating. The language question matters little to us, except in so far as each of these old Gaelic names tells a story to enhance our interest in the places which we visit. How suggestively beautiful some of them are! How vivid are the contrasts between *Rosnaree* (The King's Head) or *Rincora* (the hill at the weir) and such modernisations as *Cookstown* or the hybrid polysyllabic *London derry*.

Dublin in its old name *Dubh-linn* ("the black pool") tells its story, but if the Liffey to-day is black the life of the city is far from sombre.

> "The seat of the citie is of all sides pleasant, comfortable, and wholesome. If you would traverse hills they are not far off. If champaign land, it lieth of all parts. If you would be delited with fresh water, the famous river called the Liffie runneth fast by. If you will take the view of the sea, it is at hand."

That description by an Elizabethan writer is Dublin to-day—the most modern of cities in the most charming of old time settings. Bustling twentieth century modernism has spared to it the courteous urbanity of its men and the loveliness of its women. Withal its marked individuality in all the finer graces of life flourishes. Frankly, the more a visitor interests himself in Dublin, the more he is charmed by its glamour.

Its O'Connell Street is one of the world's few famous streets. Climb up to the topmost gallery of the Nelson



BANK OF IRELAND, DUBLIN.
(OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE).

Pillar and you admire how spaciously Dublin is designed. Its streets are freed from that usual ledger-columned monotony by its legion of graceful spires and oases of leafy green squares. And its people make similar oases by cultivation of the drama, music and the arts—as well as of sport—in their workaday week. See St. Stephen's Green, and you are struck with admiration for this Irish Luxembourg Gardens.

Like Paris too, Dublin had its "reign of terror"—the light-hearted citizens call it "the troubles"—but this has been a blessing in disguise. It has re-created with more splendour than a century of town designing Commissions could have effected, O'Connell Street, the Custom House, the General Post Office and the Four Courts. Happily, "the troubles" left untouched Dublin Castle (dating back to 1205 A.D.), Dublin University of Elizabethan origin, and the richly-dowered National Gallery, Library and Museum, as well as the erstwhile Irish Parliament House in College Green, its two stately Cathedrals and its wonderful Municipal Gallery of Modern Art. These are gems which would adorn any city.

Dublin is distinctly a place not to be "rushed" It is as individualistic as Paris, Brussels, or Vienna, and has facets of similarity with them. Visit the Abbey Theatre and enjoy its world famed company. Dublin (at 24 Synge Street) gave the world its greatest modern dramatist, George Bernard Shaw. Ask in one of its many noted restaurants for a dish of Dublin Bay prawns. Go through its great Guinness brewery. Mount an Irish jaunting car and amble through the famous Phoenix Park, and return by the winding waters of the Liffey. If you are a lover of books, or a curio hunter, pottering along the quays will give rare

zest. Visit the catacombs of St. Michans, and at St. Patrick's Cathedral the verger will tell you how a Royal edict proved to be the knave of clubs.

Our primary duty is to make the visitor's interest in Ireland educational, though not in any dreary scholastic fashion, so pre eminently he is recommended to see :—

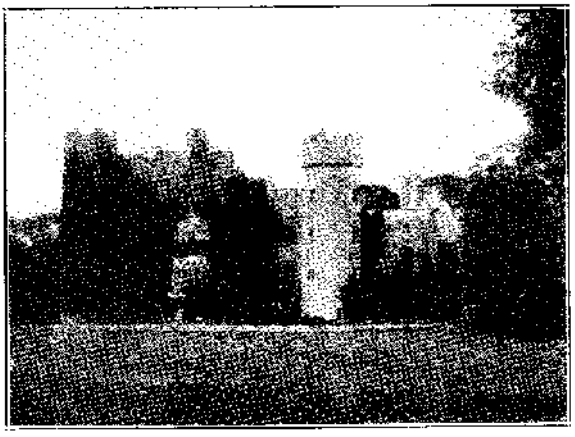
1. The Book of Kells in Trinity College (Dublin University) Library. There in "the most beautiful book in the whole world," he will marvel at the supreme scholarship and exquisite love of beauty which Ireland had in the Dark Ages. Well did Erin merit its title "the land of Saints and Scholars." Its fitting neighbour is the Book of Armagh, comprising St. Patrick's own autobiography his simple straight life story told by one of the greatest of teachers. If you are a literary connoisseur you will gloat surely over those priceless first editions too of Cranmer, Milton, and others, there is also a notable original copy of Shakespeare with only the last leaf missing.

2. The National Museum in Kildare Street, the national repository of everything relating to Irish life and story, from the dim dawn of history. Here one can find illustrations of the weapons, tools, instruments, ornaments, etc., used by the races that had contact with Ireland during the ages. Do not miss The Bell of St. Patrick. Especially note its shrine with its enchanting decorative work in pure gold tracery and stones—Irish artistry which modern craft cannot excel, though it dates back to the Sixth Century. Cheek by jowl with it here are The Cross of Cong, also in pure gold (fashioned about 1183), The Ardagh Chalice, and many other objects which the courteous officials delight in describing. Moreover, almost adjoining are the National Library, The Free State Parliament (Dail and Senate) and the National Gallery. Yes, when you visit the National Portrait Gallery section and see what a legion of genius—Poets, Painters, Scholars, Divines, Soldiers, Players, Orators, Novelists, etc.—Erin gave birth to, you may well be amazed.

Forearmed is forewarned ; so a visit to these notable institutions **MUST** be the preliminary duty for those who wish to really enjoy their trip to Ireland. Is there anything more pathetic than the Peter Bell sightseer ?

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him
> And it was nothing more."

The Great Northern Railway wishes to give you what you seek —" Your money's worth " in memorable travel. Your supreme satisfaction means that your friends will be our friends.



MALAHIDE CASTLE, CO. DUBLIN.

Malahide and Howth.

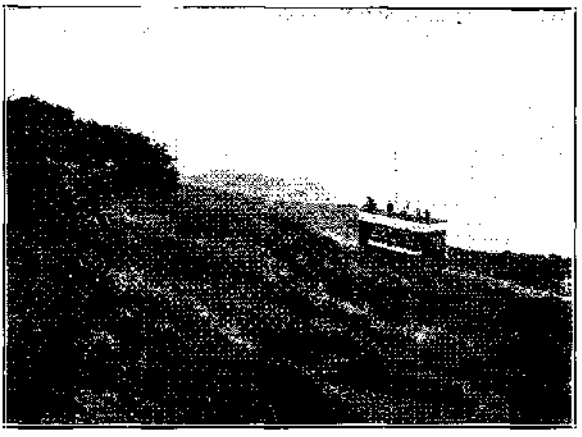
To confine your stay in Ireland entirely to Dublin is like calling at Gibraltar and claiming to have toured Europe. The basic fact is that Ireland is agricultural, and its cities are its alien element. You are reminded of that by the Free State coins. Danes designed Dublin; Englishmen established Belfast and Londonderry; but God and the Irish made the real Ireland.

While "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive" time must be the great arbiter in our Irish itinerary. Both Malahide and Howth are well worth visiting before we start our "Grand Tour." If you cannot spare a whole day to each, arrange the double event by visiting Malahide in the forenoon and Howth in the latter half of the same day. Neither is remote from Dublin, the first named being nine miles north and the other eight miles north-east.

Making a start after breakfast from Amiens Street Station, the line's elevation provides a spacious vista seaward of Dublin Bay and the Docks; landward is glimpsed Glasnevin Cemetery, the resting-place of a century of Irish leaders. That tall tower stands sentinel over the remains of the great Liberator, Dan O'Connell, and the wooded rise nearby locates the Botanical Gardens. Hereabouts was fought, 1,000 years ago, the Homeric Battle of Clontarf, when Brian Boru decisively drove out the Danes, with 14,000 of their bravest slain.

Just as in every other battle on Irish soil Irish were in both armies. And:—

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."



THROUGH BRACKEN AND YELLOW GORSE AT THE BAILEY, HOWTH HILL.

The area is still known by its Danish derivation, *Fingal* ("land of fair strangers"). The suffixes "*ster*" in Leinster and Ulster, as well as "*ford*" in Carlingford and Wexford, also recall the Danish occupation.

At Howth Junction the branch to Howth goes coastwards, and, as we continue by the Great Northern main artery, we deduce from the sand dunes how Howth Head, the rocky headland in the distance, was once an island. Now the sandy isthmus intruding provides a sporting golf course and the Baldoyle Race track, the famed nursery for Grand National winners.

Malahide (*Mullach Ide*, "the top") with its quaint appeal, is utterly unlike the average English coast resort. Unlike Howth too, it is on the level, with a glorious velvet beach. Pretty walks abound and recreation is provided by a couple of excellent golf courses. A fine hotel offers first class fare.

Malahide Castle is of intense interest externally and internally. Built about 1160 A.D., its apartments (open to visitors) are unequalled in Ireland for antique beauty, being wainscotted throughout with oak, elaborately carved in compartments and each section depicting a scriptural epic. In rare harmony also is the chimneypiece with its masterly carving of the Virgin and Child. Antiquity has given a blackness of tint to the oak roof so that the noble apartment seems one vast cabinet of ebony.

Those of artistic pretensions will go into raptures over the Albert Dürer altar piece reputed to have been cherished by Mary Queen of Scots, as well as over the big collection of portraits by Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Adjoining the Castle is Malahide Abbey, a choice example of Gothic architecture. In its nave is the

THE TWO SEAS OF HOWTH FROM HILL.

altar tomb of a lady of the Plunket family (of which the present Lord Talbot de Malahide is representative) who in one single day was "maid, wife and widow." Truly, a pathetic reminder of the times that were.

About two miles from Malahide is the interesting early historic village of Swords with its Round Tower. An exceptionally fine specimen of these unique Irish edifices (see page 35), it probably adjoined the sixth century monastery founded by St. Columba. Albeit, the square belfry is only medieval, not older than the 14th century. Then overlooking a clear stream are the remains of a palace of the Dublin Archbishops. The outer wall, with its walk along its battlemented summit is nigh perfect.

Fortified by lunch at the Grand Hotel, it is an easy walk to Sutton, though one can go back to Howth Junction by train and there change for Howth. Then at Sutton Station, the Hill of Howth tramcar is boarded and the ascent to the Head, 600 feet high, begun. *Howth* means "a head," and the Head is the supreme glory of healthy, happy-go-lucky Howth. Boldly protruding into the Irish Sea, the Head's thrust-out tongue bears a lighthouse, the Bailey, and that word *bailey, baily, ballin, bali, etc.*, in a thousand Irish names means "town or townland." Save on its landward neck, tall cliffs drop sheer into the sea, though on its north face are tucked Howth town and harbour; while elsewhere is an inviting bathing cove. In summer Howth Head is aglow with golden gorse; then, when later the plenteous heather purples, its brilliant colours are a delight to the eye. It may be also that we enter Howth Castle Grounds and there in the season are amazed at the riot of rhododendrons—a sight to remember. Howth Castle is, alas, no longer an open

door to all comers. Though "crowning every need for ease and speed" the Great Northern Railway, like the beauteous rose, has its thorn. As a chronicler writes:—

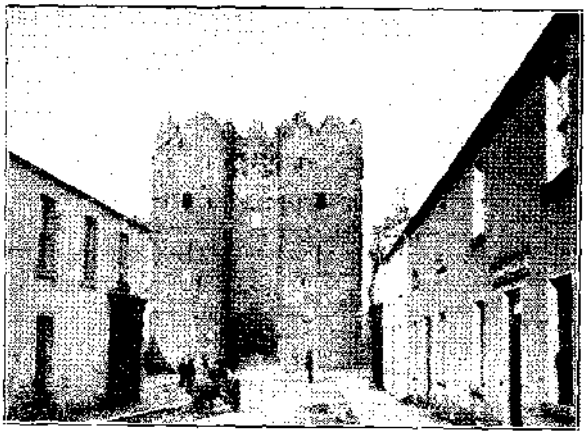
> "It was for centuries the custom for Howth Castle doors to be ever open during meal times. But, alas, the railway brought too many uninvited visitors, so the privilege was abrogated."

Thereby hangs a story.

In the days of Queen Bess, Grace O'Malley, a veritable feminine Irish Drake, swept the seas and defied mighty England. An armada was sent to crush her, and a rich reward offered for her head, so Grace, with her wild Irish kerns and gallowglasses, visited Elizabeth in London. Promising better conduct, she was pardoned. Then, on her homeward voyage, calling at Howth, she was snubbed by its Earl. Presenting herself at Howth Castle, she was denied admittance, for "the family were at dinner." But my Lord of Howth was soon to repent his boorish inhospitality for Grace straightway kidnapped his heir, the young St. Lawrence, and his ransom was only achieved by his father's promise to keep open door always during years to come. If it be your luck to enter Howth Castle, chief among its art treasures is a picture of the doughty Grace O'Malley.

Inquire for the tiny Church of St. Fintan, near the Cromleac and Castle, and you will marvel at its small size—just 16 feet by 8 feet—yet it has five windows and a bell turret looking top heavy. And how you must enjoy that wonderful panorama from the Head. Ireland's Eye ("the isle of Eire"), easily visited for a florin by a boat, for its venerable sixth century ruins and seal cave, lies immediately seaward. Then larger, and more distant, is Lambay (*i.e.*, lamb or sheep island) while north and south stretches a sea littoral from the grey mountains of Mourne to the blue heights of Wicklow. Gaze to the west and you see Ireland's great flat Central Plain spreading out as far as eye can follow—the great prairie which gives England its roast beef. Howth Harbour, emblem of unfructified hopes, is a quaint spot to linger at and muse how once it was the port—before Kingstown—for the Holyhead packets. Now it has its fishing fleet and the civil boatmen will welcome you for a night netting the wholesome Dublin Bay herring.

If you love beauty in nature, the variety of wild flowers among the rocky dells of the western side of Howth Hill is truly remarkable.



ST. LAWRENCE GATE, DROGHEDA.

The Boyne Valley.

DROGHEDA: The Door of Erin's Destiny.

"The glory that was Greece," and "the glory that was Erin also." In its Golden Age Ireland was, indeed, a little Greece. Its legends, its relics, its history, and notably many monuments still traceable at Tara and elsewhere in the Boyne Valley accentuate this similarity.

Drogheda is a doorway to Irish history. The Great Northern Railway invites you to enter this realm of ancient memories, and he who hesitates will regret. The tourist travels by rail to Drogheda (only 31¾ miles from Dublin) and then joins the motor omnibus for a circular tour of about 65 miles. That trip is much more than a mere excursion; it is a day of enchantment, wherein every mile is a memory. **In it romantic Erin's Golden Age is revived for us. North, South, East or West, no area holds a richer mine of historic associations.**

Before entraining at Amiens Street Station it is imperative that the pilgrim—if he has not already done so—should visit Trinity College Library to inspect its priceless *Book of Kells*. When its custodian courteously lets you look into its leaves you will agree rather with Mr. D. L. Kelleher that:—

> "The *Book of Kells* might almost be thumbed in heaven, so chaste, so lovely, so intricate and inimitable is its composition. Had the artists of such a style adventured further they might have expanded into an almost Grecian universality."

So, with that lovely book planted in your thoughts, you will learn still more about it, and the legion of other things to be noted in this enchanted Valley, by procuring at the nearest bookshop Mr. Stephen Gwynn's book, "The Fair Hills of Erin," as a permanent souvenir and reference. Mr. Gwynn is an Irishman who makes fact

inevitably more fascinating than fiction. These preliminaries will certainly add completeness to your adventure; for as Mr. Gwynn confesses :—

> "There is no place so disappointing as Tara and the Boyne to those who come there without any degree of knowledge other than the refrain of Moore's 'Tara's Hall' and its harp."

Having entrained at Amiens Street you now head northwards past Malahide, Skerries, Balbriggan (famed for its hosiery) and half a dozen other minor stations along the coast. We are about to break over the brink of another world, into another age, the epochal transition period when pagan power was tamed by the advent of Christianity, advocated by its great apostle. St. Patrick arrived in 433 A.D. at Drogheda (*Droichead-atha* : the bridge of the Ford); up the river we now see mirrored below its lofty railway viaduct. Like many other Irish towns, Drogheda's history has been a series of burnings, restorations, battles and brief peace spells *ad infinitum*.

Danes began Drogheda as they did Dublin; and, dropping lower and lower as you approach it from the Railway Station, you wonder how such an obviously indefensible place ever expected to withstand for an hour the cataract of cannon balls cast into it from Cromwell's army on the surrounding hill ridges.

There is no period of Irish history wherein Drogheda does not figure. Reminders of its walls remain to day, for St. Lawrence's Gate is still perfect—its two circular towers connected by a wall perforated by a semi-circular archway. The other gate tower, its West Gate, is octagonal in form and had its portcullis. Naturally, the town's history suggests much ecclesiastical interest, and a particularly beautiful object on the sky line as we leave Drogheda for Monasterboice and Mellifont is the graceful Magdalen Steeple.

A short run of a couple of miles northerly leads to Monasterboice, remarkable for its wealth of Irish ecclesiastical art unmarred by any alien influence. The monastery was founded by St. Buithe a century after St. Patrick's time; while subsequently were erected the two churches (probably sixth century) and later saw the Round Tower (ninth century) which, though capless, is 90 feet high and can be ascended. But the master works of Monasterboice are its two wonderful Celtic Crosses. What changes has the world known since—almost 900 years ago—loving hands covered these Crosses with their wealth of carving! The great Cross, "Muirdeach's," considered the finest Celtic Cross in the World, with its cap representing a Celtic Church of that era having its high pitched roof—like that at St. Doulough's—is a comprehensive gallery of Celtic ornamentation enshrining scriptural scenes. Its companion, still taller, is just as beautiful, with its

ANCIENT CROSSES MONASTERBOICE.

sculptures of clerics and soldiers, both moustached as in the period.

Our course now to Mellifont Abbey is two miles of charming scenery until we reach these picturesque ruins, situated in a sequestered glen, through which flows the Mattock stream. The building dates back to 1142. It was occupied by the Cistercian monks until the dissolution of the monasteries when it was granted as residence to Sir Gerald Moore, ancestor of the Marquis of Drogheda. The Cistercians gave this picturesque glade with its songs of birds and hum of bees its sweet name Mellifont ("Honey Fountain"); just as they introduced into Ireland the twelfth century style of building. Nevertheless, the round towers, all erected before Mellifont, prove the native skill in masonry. But with Mellifont came the first cruciform church and the beautiful octagon Baptistry to supersede the modest Irish nave and chancel. And the curious fact is that this peaceful Norman invasion was actually prior to that of Strongbow in 1170.

Mellifont has its romance also, for here once dwelt Devorgil, the beautiful wife of O'Rourke, prince of Breffney whose love for Dermot, King of Leinster, triumphed over her marital bonds. The distracted husband sought his revenge. Devorgil's abductor was driven from Erin, but, alas, too soon to return again accompanied by the Normans who held most of Ireland for almost two centuries later.

With reluctance we motor from Mellifont and continue our journey through King William's Glen. As its name betokens, through this leafy glade came the Prince of Orange to meet by the peaceful Boyne water his father-in-law, James II, and fight him to a finish for the crown of England. It was a battle destined to turn Ireland

MELLIFONT ABBEY, CO. LOUTH

bitterly into Montagues and Capulets for subsequent centuries, and its irony is that neither of the contestants was Irish—one a Dutchman and the other a Scot.*

All that turmoil has long passed away—but a curious reminder of vastly older days may be noted here in the *curraghs*, or ancient Irish boats still used on the river. Yes, here still linger unaltered similar craft to those which did service in the days of Ptolemy 3,000 years ago, while on the Boyne's sister river—the Lagan—less than 100 miles away, are launched the latest leviathan Motor Liners. Assuredly the Boyne is a river of endearing attractiveness in all its 60 miles course. A river conscious of its dignity from the absence of traffic and its glorious tradition, moving stately—"without ever flowing full"—like a dame fully cognisant of the duties tradition involves. We glide into Slane through lovely woods windowed by vistas of its varied and ever exquisite scenery.

Slane's earned epithet might be "Vision of Heart's Desire" as we linger on its bridge and gaze at its woods, its old mill, its full bosomed sluggish river and the Abbey and College ruins topping its green hill. Slane has its striking story well worth telling. At Slane Hill arrived on Easter Eve, 433 A.D., a man of God. Fearless of the Druid death penalty forbidding the kindling of any fire till a beacon on Tara's Hill, ten miles off, gave the signal, this Stranger lighted his torch. The King and his Druids, who had held sway here for thousands of years, were amazed at this unheard-of audacity, and sent for the offender. And he came to Tara untroubled. He entered the presence of the Royal Court calmly chanting, "Some put their

*See page 33 also.

IN THE BOYNE VALLEY, BEAUPARC.

trust in chariots, some in horses, but we in the name of God." Immediately one of the King's pagan judges bowed at the Divine name and forthwith became the first convert of this newcomer, the blessed St. Patrick. But the Druid priests mocked the saint until by his miracles he confounded them. Forthwith all the princes and rulers at Tara—save King Laoghaire—became converts. Thus did Christianity come to *Ard-righ* ("the seat of the mighty") in Ireland.

Later Slane became the great seat of learning whereto hundreds of scholars came from Great Britain and all Europe; and one of these Slane disciples, Dagobert (about 653 A.D.) became King of France.

Everywhere hereabouts you will find extreme loveliness; and whether it be Slane Castle, the Marquis of Conyngham's demesne, beautiful Beauparc, the mansions of the gentry, or the cottages of the peasants, you are welcome as the flowers of May.

Navan is our next stop—six miles from Slane—along the direct road between woods and river. On the way you will pass the picturesque Castle of Dunmoe, the old Church of Ardmulchan, and see the Round Tower of Donoughmore ("great church") with its fine sculptured doorway. Hereabouts, too, you will admire Royal Meath's "Meeting of the Waters": every whit as lovely too—where the Blackwater weds the Boyne. And—well, is it just to tempt anglers? It is an elysium for trout fishers and "free, *gratis*," as is the Boyne (except at Blackcastle)—especially during the green drake or mayfly season. If you enjoy a tussle with monster pike, you have the opportunity also.

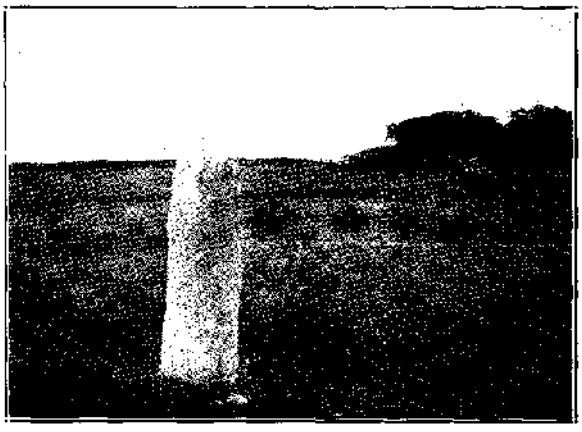
Navan, where we halt for lunch, is another of the Boyne Valley surprises—for it is a model among Irish industrial towns. It has no giant works making

SLANE ABBEY ON HILL OF SLANE, BOYNE VALLEY.

motors, but just the famed cloth factories and flour mills making honest-to-goodness Navan Tweeds and snowy flour.

TARA.

TARA, the immortal seat of Kings, is five miles S.W. of Navan, in the richest meadows in the world. Now you know why it was chosen as Capital by the early Irish in the pastoral stage of their civilisation. To-day the Hill seems merely a couple of fields ribbed with various earthworks, having on its summit a statue of St. Patrick with crozier and uplifted hand. Tara was in its zenith centuries before St. Patrick came here in A.D. 433. But where, you will ask, are Tara's walls, whereon the Harp hangs mute? Well, Time is the master Magician even in our own brief leaf of life. Try to sum up a tithe of what changes you have seen in less than the last score of years, then you will wonder why NOW—AFTER THE LAPSE OF LONG CENTURIES—any trace at all of Tara's Palace is to be found. A little to the north-east of the mound, *Rath na Righ* ("fort of the Kings") are two parallel ridges of earth, running nearly north and south and divided at intervals by gaps. These long parallel "ditches"—elsewhere they would be termed "dykes"—were the side walls of the great *Teach Midchuirt*, or Banqueting Hall of Tara. The gaps in them—seven aside and one at either end—were its doorways. A plan in an old MS. exhibits the oblong floor area 750 feet by 30. Down its centre ran a passage from which extended crosswise more than forty tables, where were placed the guests according to rank. The learned men and poets were always guests of high honour. In the old Irish poem, *The Dindsenchus*, you may read it in Stephen Gwynn's *Fair Hills of Erin*—you can sense some of the state at Tara . . .



TARA HILL, " THE LIA FAIL " AND SUMMIT OF RATH RIDGH

Thrice fifty stately couches . . . and fifty men to each shining couch. . . . There were loving cups too, passed from neighbour to neighbour in brotherly love –

" Nine times fifty breakers to choose from,
This was the custom– a plentiful choice for all—
Except what was carbuncle clear and strong
All was gold and silver."

This profusion of gold and silver is not fiction—for among the relics unearthed at Tara were two gold torques; and one of these gold collars is actually five and a half feet long. Remember too, that in the early third and fourth centuries these Irish gallants were the daredevils of Western Europe—both scholars and soldiers. Truly, too, that title of Banqueting Hall was just.

" Thrice fifty steaming cooks
In attendance unceasingly
With victuals, and abundant supply
On the jolly Kings and Chieftains.
Fifty men standing
Guarded the sturdy wolf,
As long as the King was drinking
That no trouble might visit him."

A regal guard of 3,000 men, as well as artificers of all kinds, centred at Tara in those glorious times of yore. It was alike the Royal Palace and the High Law Court, and in its Pagan period the Mecca. Then *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.* (Daniel v., 25.)

" No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells."

TARA'S END.

AFTER the days of Cormac centralised power in Ireland waned, and the Palace being of wood, went the way of wood. There was interminable strife between the kings and the saints and then: St. Ruadhan with a

bishop " rung their bells loudly and cursed the King and place (so says the Book of Clonmacnoise), and prayed God that no King or Queen ever after could dwell in Tarrach, and that it would be waste for ever, without court or palace . . . as it fell out accordingly."

STONE OF DESTINY.

YET, marvellously preserved is that upright stone by the Statue of St. Patrick. It is the reputed *Lia Fail*, or Stone of Destiny, upon which the High Kings were installed. Whether it, or the also reputed Stone of Destiny in Westminster Abbey, is an imposture may be left to "plausible antiquarian speculation." The Tara Stone is recorded in tenth century MSS., but the Westminster only appears in the thirteenth century. More interesting to us is the wonderful view from Tara's Hill. The Norman towers of Trim, the abbey covered Hill of Slane (ten miles north-east), Kells which gave the famed Book, Columkille, *Sliave-na-Cailleagh* ("the Hag's mountain") in Cavan. A surpassing panorama.

BEAUPARC.

FROM Tara northwards again we motor across the rich Meath meadows. It is impossible with pen or pencil—as with canvas or cinema—even to suggest the varied beauty of Beauparc and the natural loveliness at every place along the Boyne at this section. But, the brakes are applied to the wheels, petrol is shut off, and we alight at something very wonderful—monuments which were actually ancient when Tara was beginning its glorious era. Here at **Newgrange** and **Dowth** are mounds—the **Pyramids of Ireland.** They are the sepulchres of men who lived in the Bronze Age, probably 4,000 years ago, and just about the oldest Celtic monuments in the world. The burnt bones which they contained are our proof; for in the still earlier Stone Age the bodies were entombed. But with the Bronze Age, to free the spirits the bodies were cremated. There are stone circles and chambers innumerable under each of these mounds and the curious may even enter these crypts. The Newgrange monument is an immense cairn, rising upwards of seventy feet and covering probably two acres. How men must have toiled here when wild beasts roamed, piling together the mass of 180,000 tons forming the cairn. See also that strange spiral carving of the stones, denoting a language which modern research has never solved.

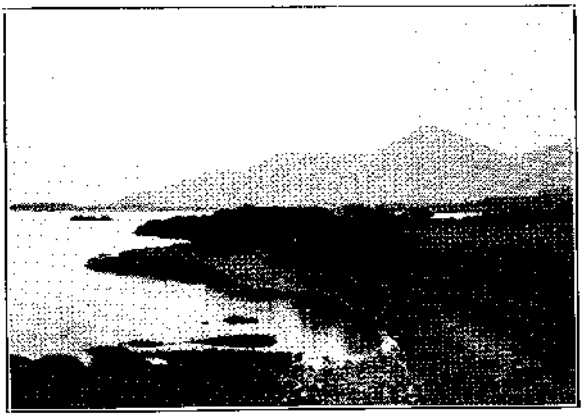
And so again by the pleasant waters of the Boyne we travel into Drogheda where we may dine, or better still, postpone our repast until we enter the dining car of the train. Like Mrs. Todger's, the Great Northern Railway in travel and entertainment "does everything remarkably well." Thus we truly come to the end of a perfect day.

WARRENPOINT AND CARLINGFORD LOUGH.

The Mountains of Mourne.

Monotony is impossible in Ireland, where valley and mountain, city and country, land and sea are always in glorious harmony and never remote; just as sunshine and shadow make the life of the people. As a matter of fact, the Great Northern Railway main line runs parallel to the Irish Sea. For actually half of the 112½ miles between Dublin and Belfast it is rarely more than ten miles from the coast. So still cherishing fragrant memories of the Boyne Valley, our route from Drogheda lies northwards through County Louth to its capital, **Dundalk** (54¼ miles from Dublin. See Map), the junction whence an important branch strikes westwards from the Irish Sea through the great Irish midlands to its mother, the broad Atlantic. We keep to the main line, however, and entering the Northern Ireland State at **Adavoyle**, we soon arrive at **Goraghwood** ("The Gap of the North"). We alight to find that it is also a railway cross-roads (see Map) where iron ways radiate out west to Armagh (only fifteen minutes distant), north to Portadown, Derry and Belfast, and east to Warrenpoint, "where the Mountains of Mourne (begin to) run down to the Sea." This latter region is our destination, so coasting down past Newry with its fine churches and busy streets, we fringe as lovely an inlet as this planet can provide.

No Norwegian fjord is more entrancing than Carlingford Lough on a sunny morning, and one cannot be astonished how Thackeray apostrophised it as "a world's wonder." Whether it be Warrenpoint, Carlingford, or Rostrevor on its shores we see it a dream of loveliness and bliss. At Warrenpoint the visitor gets



THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE.

gaiety without any artificialities. And if he seeks to envisage the past, let him voyage across the Lough to sleepy Carlingford (*Cairlinn's fjord*: Danish) with its old castle and Tholsel; or down to Greenore with its fine golf links and steamer to Holyhead. Or up the Lough where Narrow Water Castle holds the ford. Of course he will visit Rostrevor, the seaward suburb of Warrenpoint, where the couplet has concentrated force;

"What is this life, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare."

What, indeed, when we have the joys and comforts of the **Great Northern Hotel at Rostrevor.** Even in mid winter we can bask there in balmy sunshine as invigorating as the Mediterranean. From almost any point between Warrenpoint and Rostrevor the beautiful bay has the appearance of a spacious lake embosomed in woods and mountains. All is stillness and beauty; and the only semblances of life are the occasional snowy seagulls skimming along the shimmery sea. It is Nature's peerless cinema, a scene of ever varying fascination. As the sun changes its position, or the clouds their hue, the landscape assumes a corresponding shade. Some writers dub Rostrevor as "the Irish Montpelier"; but the compliment is to the French beauty spot. As yet we are merely on the southern fringe of **the Kingdom of Mourne,** a unique playground for the painter, pedestrian, mountaineer, motorist, angler and golfer alike. This region, with its name derived from the *Mughdhorna* or MacMahon clan, was in the twelfth century a kingdom. Look at it on the map, and you will observe it is an elliptical area about fourteen miles long by seven miles broad, having the sea littoral between Warrenpoint and Newcastle as one of its curves and the Great Northern Railway im-

THE FAIRY GLEN, ROSTREVOR.

pinging on it at both of these extremities. It is a veritable Peak District with its countless *Slieves* (Celtic: mountains). But as none of them is over 3,000 feet no physical difficulty impedes the climber or pedestrian.

Probably the best way is to journey by the twenty-six miles coast road, via Kilkeel (*Kil* means "church," and Kil-keel "narrow church") to Newcastle returning through the mountains. Or if time is unhappily our master, then at Newcastle entrain by the Great Northern, and, down the Upper Bann Valley, reach Scarva on the main line near Portadown. The journey is of infinite delight along the coast, between the sun flecked Irish Sea and the majestic towering mountain chains.

Romance rivets Rostrevor with the joyful ringing of wedding bells. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Rose Whitechurch married Edward Trevor; so this enchanting nook twixt mountain and sea, being given as her dowry, rejoices to the fragrant memory of that blissful union "Rose Trevor". Rose Trevor's heritage is as winsome as one visualises her haunting the leafy Fairy Glen, and can we fancy her lover at her side:—

"He wanders in a happy dream
Thro' scented golden hours,
He flutes to woo a fairy love
Knee-deep in fairy flowers."

Not far from Rostrevor is the tiny hamlet of Killowen, giving its name to an English Lord Chief Justice Russell, and the Yelverton Marriage *cause celebre of* fifty years ago. Then in turn are passed Kilkeel, a quaint fishing village with rare trout stream, and Annalong where a grand valley debouches; and too soon we have rounded the southern skirts of lofty Slieve Donard (2,796 feet) into the scimitar bay of Newcastle.

Newcastle really merits a chapter for its charms. "The Mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks

on the sea." Substitute Newcastle for Marathon and you have a picture of this lovely resort, but, unlike Marathon, peace is Newcastle's note. With several excellent hotels and a host of good boarding houses, the traveller finds days at Newcastle flit fast as snow in sunshine. If he is a golf enthusiast he will be on those ideal links among the sand dunes even by moonlight. But if he enjoys golf as a pastime, rather than a passion, it will be a rare joy to dawdle, halting at every tee to gaze at the magnificent mountains. There is good bathing, and anglers—think of it—have five good trout streams within an area of five miles.

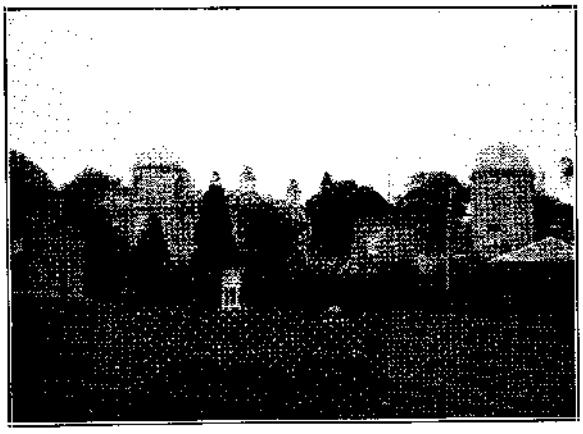
Only one road threads the **Mountains of Mourne** from Newcastle to Warrenpoint. Frankly one wants no other. It is primeval in its grandeur, this mountain pass of a score miles of surpassing splendour. Purple heather, white gurgling streams, dark hill tarns, grey granite, green ferns it is an interesting pastime to try to count how many shades of green show in the Mournes—white sheep that challenge our path, purple foxglove everywhere jostling with golden gorse. Those immaculately white thatched cottages each with its puff of lazily curling peat smoke unwilling to do more than make a filmy transverse band across the mountain slopes. Villas would be totally incongruous here in Nature's colour harmony.

You think how purple came to be regarded as the emblem of majesty when you see how fittingly it garbs these giant peaks in their regal ensemble. It may be that your journey through the Mountains of Mourne is in the first flush of autumn. Then the purple will be superseded by russet brown which will thrill you to equal ecstasy. Whatever time it be, touring amid these great giant peaks their names would occupy a page of type—you will acclaim them mountains of majesty, and admit their forms are absolutely perfect.

The temptation to leave the motor and revel in this picture is nigh irresistible. So what if we fall victims and linger by that eddying trout stream at the rose-clad Hilltown inn? Must humanity—even on holiday be a hostage to hurry? And when a fleeting foretaste of earthly bliss is offered? But we push on to dine—" and so to bed at the **excellent Great Northern Railway Hotel at Rostrevor,"** as worthy Mr. Pepys would have diaried. And if "perchance to dream"—then it will be of the Mountains of Mourne and their memories—alike mellow and majestic.

Aptly indeed does Mr. Cahal O'Byrne sing of the magnetism of the Mournes:

" Och, the pleasant hills o' Mourne
Though the world is wide between,
Sure I'd sell my heart to see them
With their glint o' gold and green."



OBSERVATORY, ARMAGH.

Armagh: Erin's Eternal City.

"Daintily flushes the apple bloom,
Against blue skies of spring;
From tower and spire in old Armagh
The distant church bells ring."

THE ever busy main highway of the Great Northern Railway runs through **Portadown**, "the Irish Crewe." Famed for its lovely roses and linen, it is the hub of Ulster's railways at which trains from Derry, Omagh, Enniskillen, Dublin, Clones and the Irish midlands come to a focus (see map). Just within fifteen minutes from Portadown, westerly on the Clones—Enniskillen nerve of this railway ganglion, is **Armagh,** the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland and a city of intense interest. Why is it so often neglected by visitors yearning to see all Ireland's varied charms? Especially too, since by merely changing trains at Portadown and booking via Clones it can be visited *en route* to Enniskillen, Sligo, Donegal, or Londonderry. Conveniently also, it makes a day's excursion from Belfast or Warrenpoint.

In the Boyne Valley the traveller envisaged the ancient pre-Christian civilisation of Ireland, with its kings and craftsmen; but at Armagh he is at the fountain head of its great early Christian culture which illuminated in its time all Europe. The pen (or the pulpit) is mightier than the sword. So the fame of St. Patrick's teaching outlasts all memories of Brian Boru, Leary and Tara's kings.

Patrick chose Armagh to be Erin's intellectual capital. His choice in preference to Tara, has three explanations. Probably Armagh's seven hills, like Rome, attracted him; for he was of Roman parentage. Here, too, in the North, Daire, king of Oriel, was a

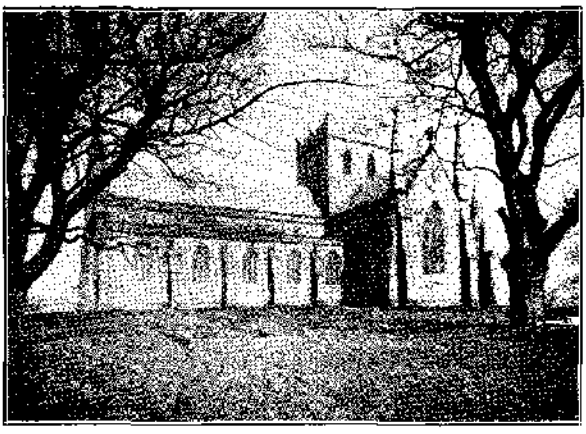
ARMAGH R. C. CATHEDRAL.

fervent Christian convert, while Leary, the High King (*Ardrigh*) was not. Then also Armagh was beside Emain Macha, the great fort (*rath*) which was the centre of Ulster in the era of heroic mythology. St. Patrick always made the Pagan and pre Celtic legends parables for his teaching.

In legend and tradition Armagh district is peerless. Indeed, without disparagement to England, it is of little less antiquity than its venerable Canterbury, and certainly outshone it in evolving world teachers.

To-day when the traveller alights on the railway platform at Armagh he is fascinated by the view, especially if the sun is shining. He has passed across the River Bann from Portadown between countless small hills clothed with apple orchards engirdling rose bedecked white cottages, evidence that in the Ulster Plantations of the seventeenth century the settlers hereabouts were mainly English, just as the small fruit bushes and middens in Antrim are the index of Scottish settlers. And, now arrived at Armagh (Ard Macha "hill of height, of Macha" an ancient heroine,) he sees the city snuggled in the narrow valleys of its seven green hills with its twin cathedrals as guardian angels on the loftiest peaks.

It is Ireland's dream city; and its motto should assuredly be *Resurgam*, with its civic crest a phœnix. Gaze on this epitome of its history and marvel:—Burnt in 670, 687, 710, 718, 839, 914, 995, 1020, 1093, 1112, 1136, 1164, 1166, 1179, 1311, 1642. Plundered to boot in 830, 850, 867, 893, 896, 919, 931, 941, 1080. Truly a remarkable series of catastrophes for any city to survive! Indeed, the historian, with an idea probably of "horrors-on-horror's head accumulate," adds "and on many occasions Armagh was consumed



ARMAGH CATHEDRAL.

by lightning." Yet, the people of Erin's Eternal City to-day retain a culture almost unique in Ireland.

Although the atmosphere of its narrow streets, its marble pavements and its Mall recalling duels, gavottes, perukes and sedans— is that of a quaint restful city still unruffled since the early Georgian era, the people of Armagh are not unmindful of its famed earlier traditions. For even Oxford and Cambridge were very minor to Armagh as the centre foremost in Western Christendom from the sixth to the ninth century.

> "So great," writes Archbishop Healy, "was the number of students flocking to Armagh from all Europe that the city came to be divided, for peace sake, we presume, into three wards, named respectively, the *Trian Mor*, the *Trian Masain*, and the *Trian*.
>
> *Saxon (Trian)* the last, taking its name from the crowd of students from Saxon-land who took up their abode therein."

And here, according to the Venerable Bede, all students were lodged free and given books and education free —though even a book then was worth, perhaps, three months labour!

Have we not a potent reminder of that golden age of learning in the priceless manuscript, the *Book of Armagh*, in Dublin University, containing even St. Patrick's autobiography, as well as in a host of similar MSS. in the Bodleian Library? In the *Book of Armagh* we have, too, the saint's strange prophecy—

> "It is Armagh that I love,
> My dear thorpe, my dear hill,
> A dun which my soul haunteth;
> Emmania, of the heroes shall be waste."

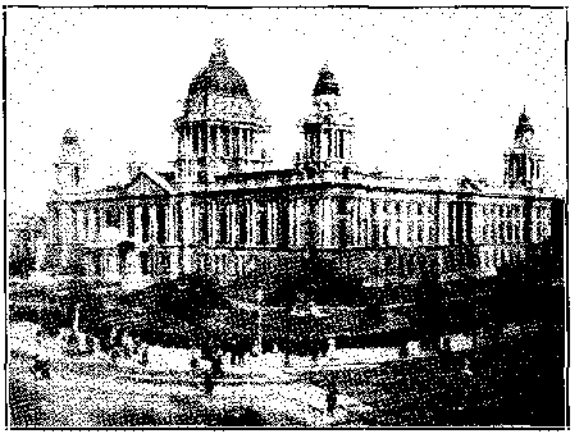
From thence, nigh 1,500 years, Armagh has been the Canterbury of Ireland. Now it is the primatial See for

both Irish States; and it is surely well that they are in unity in one respect, though—as in every other Irish city—each faith has its own cathedral.

While almost miraculously the *Book of Armagh* and the famed Bell of St. Patrick survived fire and vandalism through long warring centuries, the visitor will find little that is beyond the seventeenth century in Armagh to-day. Neither of the Cathedrals is Celtic, the Protestant having its fellow in many English cities and having been restored piecemeal from time to time. Then the Roman Catholic, with its two slenderly graceful spires is wholly modern, and purely Italian. There is satisfactory explanation in the facts that the first-named is really representative of the English race in Ireland; while, as regards the second, the penal laws had made extinct the race of great Celtic churchbuilders. Another feature also worth noting is that the Protestant Church had the financial support of wealthy landowners, the aristocrats, while the Roman Church—the costliest church within Ireland—is democratic, the sacrifice of tens of thousands of Irish people throughout the globe in love of their faith and country.

The Protestant Cathedral of St. Patrick with its grand Gothic arches, beautiful screen and statuary, offers a homely atmosphere of comfort while the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick is a vast artistic palace, with probably not a square foot of its lofty walls or great floor undecorated by mosaic or painting. Each will have its admirers, and each has its undoubted beauties. Nor must we forget how the sites for this brace of magnificent buildings were selected. The Protestant Cathedral stands on a spot where St. Patrick and his retinue saw a doe lying with her fawn. His disciples would have killed the startled animals, but trustfully the young fawn approached the saint. And touched by this confidence, he raised it in his arms. Bearing it to the brake some distance off, he let it go "where marvels have not been wanting" says the old Life of the Saint. And it has been so, for now on the spot stands the most magnificent cathedral in catholic Ireland.

The Bishop's Palace, the Cathedral Closes, the Observatory, and that wonderful Library of Irish antiquarian volumes; all will delight the visitor. He can lunch in one or other of the good old-fashioned hotels Armagh is blessed with—not Piccadilly palaces, but inns where the fare and tariff are beyond criticism. Then he must walk or bus, out to the **Navan Fort**, only about one and a half miles westerly along the Killylea Road and see this counterpart of Tara.



CITY HALL, BELFAST.

Belfast: The City of Contradictions.

IRELAND is an island of inconsistencies, the playground of paradoxes, and what place is more paradoxical than Belfast? It is the cosmopolitan city of contradictions; its anomalies baffling even its inhabitants. Ireland is agricultural—and Northern Ireland pre eminently so—yet **Belfast** is more intensely industrialised than any English or Scottish city. Its mill chimneys are thick as forest trees, and yet within its boundaries are—wonder of wonders—green parks, and even game preserves. As you enter Belfast either by sea or land contradictions confront you. Approaching Donegall Quay the signboard proclaims "Dead Slow"—and, landing, you discover a real "live wire" city. Approach by the Great Northern Railway and, though at Lisburn you see strips of the snowy linen that makes Ulster famous spread out on the grass, you glide into Belfast itself through flat green meadows where cows graze as placidly as if the city were leagues from human habitations. You begin to admire also that background of graceful green hills when suddenly you burst into a canopy of smoke amid which the City Hall's green dome sparkles like an emerald.

Belfast's name itself is a contradiction *Bel-feirsde*, "the ford of the sandbank;" but its impulsive people long ago smashed this barrier and burst their way out to the open sea. And the River Lagan reciprocated—just as the civic motto *pro tanto quid*, etc., portends—by adding Belfast's welfare. In an Inquisition MSS (1605 A.D.) it figures as "Ballycoolregalgie" but no modern Belfastman could halt to deliver even half this sesquipedalian name. Moreover, he has no passion for past things—unless it be the annual July spasm

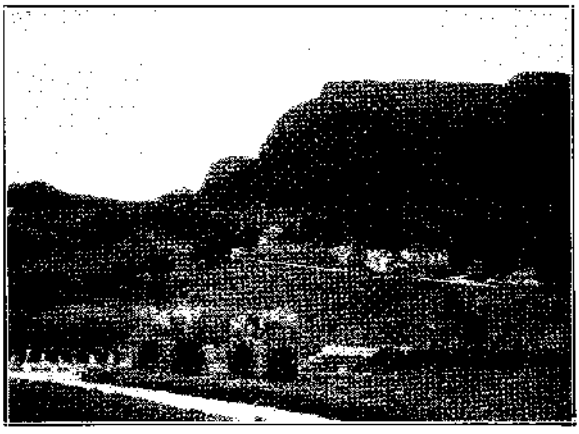
ON THE LAGAN, BELFAST.

commemorating the Battle of the Boyne. Ireland's three tenses are :—Londonderry past ; Dublin present ; and Belfast ever future. To day you will find the people of the Northern Capital perfervidly Constitutional but they were red hot Republicans in 1788, while Dublin only adopted the Republican creed in 1916.

Some Belfast citizens are so proud of their city as to resent the imputation of being Irish, and proclaim themselves " Just Ulster." Yet, Belfast's innately Irish *cead mile failte* (" a hundred thousand welcomes ") to all comers accounts for its rise to importance. Danes made Dublin ; but a man from Devon, Arthur Chichester, gave Belfast its first step-up just as his downfall gave it further impetus. That may need explanation. The Chichester family (ennobled as Donegalls) were gamblers, and to raise money had to sell their ground rights even at a loss. A big loss on a Derby caused the Earl of Donegall to sell his beautiful Ormeau Park to Belfast. Chichester and Donegall in street nomenclature still perpetuate the names of Belfast's landlords. And in recent years a descendant, Lord Shaftesbury, occupied Belfast Castle, picturesquely pitched on the slope of Cave Hill.

The Scots had some share also in Belfast's building, but let us not forget that the Scots and Irish tribes from hereabouts founded Scotland in the sixth century.

Belfast and its industries owe much to its blending of English, Scots, Germans and even Italians. Indeed, the number of American and English chain shops in Belfast indicates that the mixing still goes on unabated. And the great English banks, Insurance agencies and Railways are big partners in Belfast finance and enterprise—though nobody would deem their interest solely altruistic.



CAVEHILL FROM HAZELWOOD.

Meeting a Belfastman your first impression is that he is as boastful as a Gascon. "The Biggest shipyard! The Biggest linen mill! The Biggest distillery! The Biggest ropeworks!" That is what he will tell you—but he does not lie. And the most wonderful thing of all is that their raw material must be imported! Every crumb of coal and every inch of iron is imported for Belfast's shipbuilding and textile machinery—every fibre of hemp and jute for its ropes—every grain of barley for its whiskey. And, alas, 80 per cent. of the flax for Belfast's lovely linen is foreign. Their supreme success under such heavy handicaps shows the stuff Belfast workers are made of. Stroll around its docks and its Queen's Island and you will learn how Belfast is leagued with the world.

Is the story of Ulysses an epic to compare with how the genius of two humans—Edward Harland and Gustavus Wilhelm Wolff—metamorphosed the lushy Lagan inlet . . . Victorian Belfast's tawdry Vauxhall . . . into the most magnificent Shipbuilding plant in the universe? Voyage where you may in the seven seas the Queen's Island Liner holds supremacy.

Visit also a Belfast Linen Factory—especially its despatch room—and you realise why the outlook of this City of Contradictions is to far-off horizons rather than to the rest of Ireland. Probably 75 per cent. of its linen goes to the great World overseas.

"A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations." That, like Mr. Gradgrind, is the average Belfastman. His passion for Facts is reflected in his streets and buildings—you will realise that more emphatically if you have seen Dublin. Donegall Place and Wellington Place have some vestige of

stateliness but Royal Avenue would be pinched were it not blessed by the healthy breeze that blows down from the heathery heights of the Cave Hill—the Arthur's Seat of Belfast.

You will admit, too, that most of its buildings are utilitarian rather than aesthetic—facts again! Still there are some fine exceptions, like the City Hall, the Law Courts, the Parliament House, the Cathedral, the University, the Art Gallery, Technical College, etc. Nor must I omit a real gem of architecture, the Ulster Bank, tucked away in Waring Street—Shades of Dean Swift and "Varina" (Jane Waring)!

Yes, the Capital of Northern Ireland is paradoxical in a host of peculiarities. Its magnificent shipyard originated on a green island in the Lagan, a narrow river rising 46 miles high up in the Mourne Mountains; and on its mud these energetic Belfastmen—after buying Carrickfergus's rights—built their great city. Most paradoxical of all, perhaps, among the lively clacking of linen looms, the din of ship making, and the oppressively dour Calvinistic atmosphere was born the most famous artist of the century, Sir John Lavery, R.A., in 1856. Strangely too, that self-same year gave to Dublin the twin honour of producing the century's most famous dramatist, "G. B. S."

True, you will quest in vain for the modest house wherein the world famous Royal Academician was born. An iconoclastic Gradgrind had more utilitarian purpose than preservation for it. But the peerless gift by the artist to his native city—the Lavery Room with its 45 master creations—makes Belfast's Art Gallery and art pretensions very hopeful.

Hotel accommodation in Belfast has improved happily; but while the city bulges with cinemas, it has only one legitimate theatre. Yet Belfast should be seen, even though its citizens preserve the prerogative of both praising and criticising it. They excel in the latter. It is the most admirably placed city in the world—to get away from. In less than no time you can slip out of it and haunt a host of lovely places. Laze along the upper reaches of the Lagan, including in your ramble the Druidic Giant's Ring as old as Stonehenge and return by train from Lisburn. Go out to beautiful **Bellevue** it is that truly—and then clamber over the **Cave Hill**, and, bridging the wild mountain pass between it and Squire's Hill, continue still along the heights of Divis Mountain. At half a dozen points you can descend to convenient tram stops. Entrain seawards—via Great Northern—to Newcastle or Warrenpoint. Adventure inland—from Great Victoria Street terminus also—to Antrim (for Lough Neagh) or Armagh (Erin's Eternal City).

Interesting in its way as Belfast is, you will only see the real soul of Ireland when you turn your back on it.

ENNISKILLEN, THE ISLAND TOWN.

Enchanting Enniskillen and Erne Lakes.

" Upon thy scenes has beauty smiled, O lakes expansive, splendid!
The lovely mingles with the wild, the woods and hills are blended;
While o'er thy waves enchantment flings a light that fadeth never:
May peace expand her halcyon waves, round Erne's sweet shores for ever!"

An old metaphor compares Ireland to the human hand, each finger representing a province—Leinster, Munster, Connaught and Meath, for the latter was once a province also. And the independent stuck-out thumb is Ulster, without whose co-operation the fingers are powerless. It has happened, too, that at times Ulster has ruled the rest of Ireland.

Geographically and geologically, also, that individuality is manifest. Thus we enter Ulster from Leinster by " The Gap of the North," just south of Goraghwood (see p. 21.) on the east. And now we go westward to the corresponding " gap," affording access between Ulster and Connaught. This is at **Enniskillen,** where two of the Great Northern Railways trans-Ireland branches come to a focus, after having united at Clones (see map). Thus we may reach Enniskillen and the enchanting Erne Lakes by either branch: (1) from Dundalk (after visiting the Boyne Valley), across the Free State counties of Louth and Monaghan; or (2) from Portadown (after our tour of the Mountains of Mourne district) via Armagh, the latter—Erin's Eternal City—making an enjoyable halt by the way.

Gruff Dr. Johnson remarked that the Giant's Causeway was worth seeing—but " not worth going to see."

LOUGH ERNE.

He who travels to Enniskillen and the exquisite Erne region will have no regrets on this score. It is *en route* to Donegal, and only 3¼ hours by rail from Dublin and 2 from Armagh. Invidious comparisons maybe when superlatives are used concerning the beauties of Windermere, Loch Lomond, Switzerland, and even Killarney: yet one must ask if these places are at all superior to the Erne Lakes. Probably the inaccessibility of the Fermanagh Lakes has hidden them from the public eye, but when Ruskin, who was not addicted to superlatives applied the adjective "Exquisite" to Enniskillen and the Erne Lakes surely further comment is unnecessary.

Even apart from the Lakes, Enniskillen is a place of unique individuality; though individuality is a characteristic of most Irish beauty spots. Dublin is in a plain, Belfast is in a valley, and both Armagh and Londonderry are located on hills. But *Innis* means "island," and Enniskillen is as picturesquely placed on an island as any picture could suggest.

Look at the map and you will see how the Erne Lakes absorb in sprawling style Fermanagh's centre (*Fir-Monach*: the tribe of Monach); running north-west and south-east for, perhaps, forty miles. All this stretch is not open lake; for its middle third is the River Erne, and on the island in it (midway between the Upper and Lower Lakes), is Enniskillen. Great Britain has no town so picturesquely placed. Indeed, the only parallel in Europe is Interlaken, in Switzerland.

There is a reason for this placing of Enniskillen on its island. Geographically and strategically it is a key position commanding the ford in this short nexus of river linking the Upper and Lower Erne Lakes. And now in its modernity Enniskillen's main street is con-

nected at either end by a bridge with the mainland and the Leinster tribe of Monach has been long ago superseded by the Maguires. Enniskillen has another claim to world fame. Alone in the United Kingdom it gives its name to its two regiments, horse and foot—the gallant Inniskilling Dragoons and the Inniskilling Fusiliers.

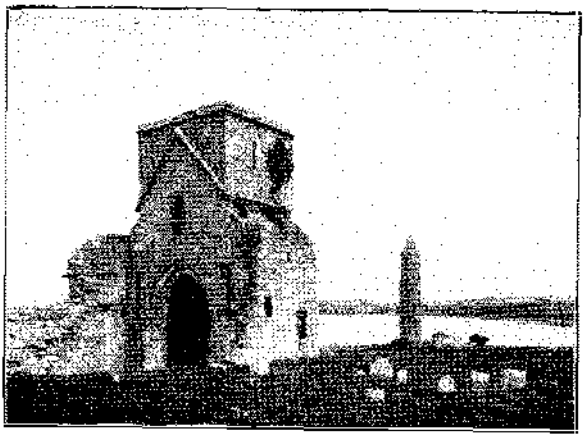
For us, the joy of this delightful town is its position, so convenient for fishing, sailing, shooting, golfing, etc. "Nothing in Europe" (wrote Harry de Windt, the famous globe trotter) "can surpass the beauty of Enniskillen and its environment."

Nature lovers say that the twelve miles Upper Lake, past Castle Coole, is the prettier, being narrower and a maze of waterways through innumerable lovely wooded green islets. The Lower Lough, however, will attract more travellers, because they can travel down it to **Belleek** and **Bundoran.** Anglers certainly will appreciate the delights of its fishing. Permission obtained by a licence from the Enniskillen Post Office, at a cost of 20s. for the season or five shillings a day will be a gilt edged investment. And at Enniskillen, at the Lough Erne Hotel, and at Belleek or Bundoran, he can find hotels superior to those of most other Irish resorts. Indeed, there is ample reason why the **Great Northern Railway Hotel** at Bundoran should be chosen as your G.H.Q., for the good railway service brings you speedily to the best areas.

May we single out just one spot of fascination where everything is lovely? What wealth of history is within so circumscribed a compass as Devenish Island, only two miles below Enniskillen? Here is a truly remarkable group of historic interest—an Abbey, an Oratory, a Cross; and then surmounting all, one of the most perfect of Irish Round Towers. Naturally the visitor will wonder what were the uses of the Irish Round Towers! And here as we see Lough Erne shimmering in the sunshine like a sheet of silver, we may snatch a moment for explanation.

Irish Round Towers.

For centuries the origin of the Round Towers has been the antiquarian's Irish Question. Were they pre Christian or were they Christian? Both schools agreed, however, that they were purely Irish institutions, and, if a few exist in Scotland, they were introduced by Columba and early Irish missionaries. The Celtic Irish prior to the victory at Clontarf in 1014 A.D. had been harassed by the Danes—the early Irish always called them "The Gauls"—who burnt their churches and pillaged their treasures. But the Irish "spoiled the Egyptians," for learning the art of building with lime and stone, they invented the Round Towers. In all of them—and especially in the splendid specimen



DEVENISH ABBEY, ROUND TOWER AND LOUGH ERNE.

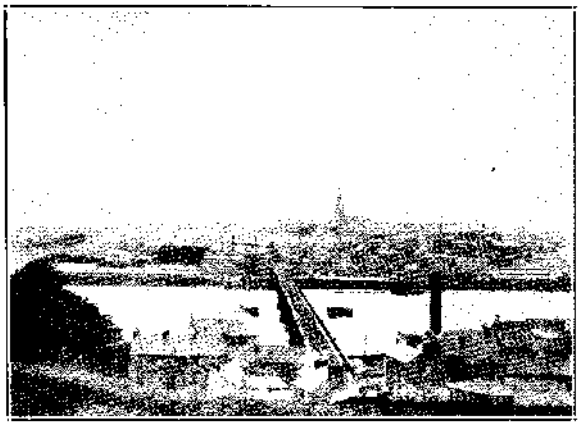
at Antrim (see page 54)—the entrance door is ten or twelve feet above ground. Recent research proves too, that these Towers were always very near a church. It may be noted that the top storey of the Tower has several windows; so through them the vigilant monk could see enemies approaching from afar, and quickly alarm his brethren.

A few minutes sufficed for the monks to gather their sacred missals and other treasures and clamber with them up a ladder which was withdrawn within the tower after the last of the community had taken refuge. Hence the Tower always provided safety for the relics and the Monks—food and water always were stored for emergency. Thus was preserved for us the Book of Kells, St. Patrick's Bell and legion other priceless objects.

To dub this lovely stretch of water—occupying the long centre third of straggling County Fermanagh—"Queen of Irish Lakes" errs not in exaggeration. In every square mile of its extent is enchanting beauty. The bays and inlets; the wooded hills on the banks; the rich demesnes with their velvety green lawns; the legion of islands with their ruins and holy memories, rare flowers and birds, combine to make the run by boat from Enniskillen to Castlecaldwell a voyage of indelible delight. Or we may branch off from Enniskillen by train to Sligo and then by coast road (18 miles) reach Bundoran.

By the train direct we fringe the Northern Erne shore, glimpsing myriad vistas of lake scenery like "Windows in heaven"—and passing Belleek (famed for its pottery) and Ballyshannon, one of the southern gates into delectable Donegal. So we arrive at Bundoran* which needs not the banal adjective "beautiful." It is a tiny patch of Italy wedged into Ireland somehow.

*Bundoran—see also page 42.



LONDONDERRY.

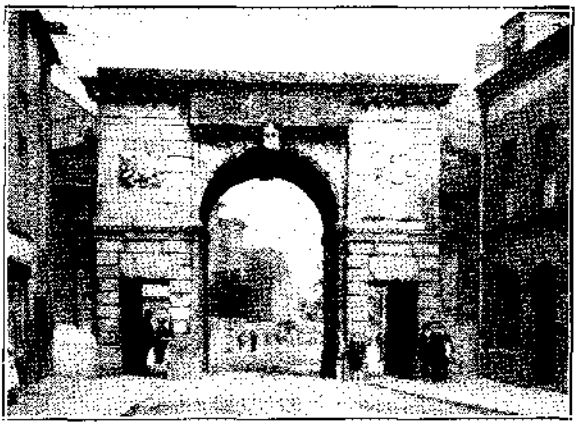
Londonderry.

"A little ancient church
Set on its narrow hill:
A city that the English built
A siege whose fame lives still."

In most towns modern industrialism and historic romance are incompatible. In most towns too the railway contact is through its ugliest aspect. But we must exempt **Londonderry** from both these generalisations. No matter how we enter it the avenue of approach is through agreeable scenery. Making our advent by the Great Northern Railway, the line for several miles borders the wide graceful sweeping river, the Foyle, so close that we see the trout leap and the sportive salmon make eddies on its dark surface.

Yet we are intrigued by two things. Why *Londonderry*, when the natives always omit the prefix word? Why also the separation of geographical Ulster, so that Donegal—actually the most northerly county in John Bull's Other Island!—is in Southern (or Free State) Ireland? That seems an Irish "bull" surely. Well, when we know the reason for London-derry we have the reason for this strange segregation. We live in an age of chain stores, and Derry being the first branch in the idea of Imperial chain enterprise—almost England's first colony—its proprietors added their name "London" on its signboard.

In 1613 a charter was granted to the citizens of London, or rather to its trade Guilds grouped as the Irish Society, whereby they became owners, rather by force than title, of much of Ulster. It was "good business" for the Londoners. So making London-



BISHOP'S GATE, LONDONDERRY.

derry their capital here, they attempted sway over the counties of Armagh, Tyrone, Cavan, Fermanagh, Derry and Donegal. These broad acres were sold by the Irish Society to settlers, while a portion was reserved for the Irish natives. Of the arable land 200,000 acres went to English and Scottish settlers, and 100,000 to the established Protestant Church. The settlers got the rich valleys, while the real owners were left the mountains. Hence Donegal became—as it still is—mainly an Irish reservation.

Although the Irish chiefs were then at variance, this dispossession naturally did not go unchallenged; so it was necessary to maintain an English armed garrison. Hence in 1619 Derry became a walled city, and in 1633 its present cathedral was erected. Now possibly Irish and British might have blended amicably in time; just as elsewhere the English through ages became more Irish than the Irish themselves. Religion, however, raised the sword of enmity. Naturally, too, when James II and William III chose Ireland to be their cockpit in the struggle for supremacy, the native Irish, as Roman Catholics, supported the former, while the English and Scottish settlers, as Protestants, backed the latter king. Yet, curiously enough, among the best mercenary troops of the Prince of Orange were his stalwart papist Brandenburgers.

In that fight for the faith, having as its protagonists father and son-in-law, Derry—through its Siege in 1689—became the great pivot. Despite starvation so stark that the garrison found sustenance by devouring vermin and hides, King James's army was held at bay for 105 days. Then relieved from sea, the emaciated Williamites sallied forth and drove their besiegers as far south as the Boyne where the culminating battle

GUILDHALL, DERRY.

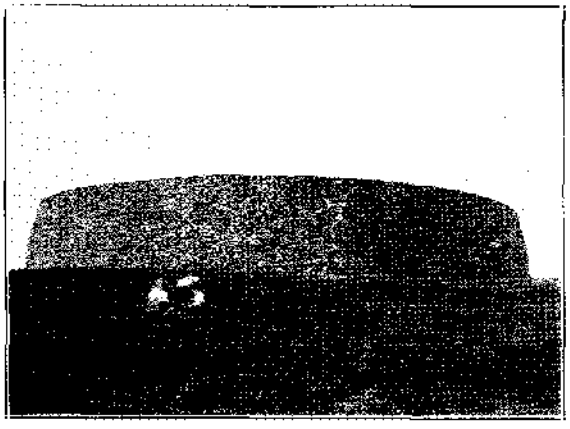
established Protestant supremacy. Both the Shutting of the Gates and the Relief are still celebrated annually in Derry. In the Cathedral also, is a host of reminders of that epic siege; and none more venerated than the hollow shell, containing proposals for submission, which was shot in. Derry as quickly sent back its shell with its significant reply: "No surrender." And it has become Ulster's slogan during the centuries since.

Yorkshire and Lancashire long ago have forgotten their historic feud, as have the factions in the American Civil War; but in Ireland, because it was a matter of faith, the enmity smouldered, fanned by the subsequent Penal Laws. Happily sensible Irish people of to-day realise the wisdom in that verse of Allingham, the Donegal poet:—

"We're one in heart, if you be Ireland's friend
Though leagues asunder our opinions tend;
There are but two great parties in the end."

Yet some good remains to Derry of "old far off unhappy things and battles long ago." Thus the perfect Walls persist—as well preserved as those of Chester—a pleasant one mile promenade by which we can walk, even drive, around the city and see its seven gates and its bastions. From them also we can see how splendidly "the Maiden City" is perched on the very top of a hill with its streets running at right angles down to the gates. This centre-town square, or Diamond, from which the leading streets radiate, is typical of all Ulster towns of the Plantation.

On the Walls also is the old gun, "Roaring Meg"—surely a sister of Edinburgh's "Mons Meg"! Prominent also is the tall Pillar, on top of which is the figure of Rev. George Walker, the cleric governor, whose orations from the pulpit and on the battlements so keenly inspired the successful resistance. He is pointing seawards, down the Foyle, as if to tell the city that from thence relief cometh sure. Ascend the Monument and you will find tenfold compensation for the climb in the wide panorama of Lough Foyle between its Donegal and Derry shores. Stroll down to the Waterside, and you will find charm in gazing up across the river at the walled city crowning the hill.



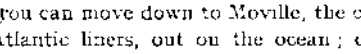
THE GRIANAN OF AILEACH, LONDONDERRY.

And just a short walk seawards brings you to where the Jacobites fixed their boom across the narrow channel. They discovered the doughty character of the Derry defenders when, through shot and shell, Captain Micaiah Browning, the heroic skipper, steered the relief ship, *Mountjoy*, to sever that formidable boom. It cost Browning his life. Yet as he gasped, "Thank God, I've only done my duty," he gloried that his sacrifice had not been in vain.

In Belfast dignity and tradition are consumed by Commercialism; but Derry—with only half its population—honourably encourages all three. Its shops are still those of good prosperous citizen merchants, instead of being merely chain store branches. Indeed, Derry has more world fame than most people imagine. Though you may not know it, probably your collar and shirt were made here. That is a romance of Derry's progress. A ready-made shirt was unknown until just a century ago. Then a Derry linen weaver, one William Scott, made the great adventure of manufacturing a dozen. He consigned them, along with his customary webs of linen, to a Glasgow draper who quickly sold them out—and called for more! Soon London too, was clamouring for Derry shirts; and so the trade grew—getting its great impetus by the invention of the sewing machine, about 1845—until to-day Derry has two dozen factories making millions of shirts and collars for big London firms who send them across the world. Derry also exports live stock, bacon, eggs, poultry and salmon in large quantities.

A restful city of sunshine, it has a surplus of sights in its close vicinity. A few miles out you may muse over the Grianan of Aileach, the seat of kings for a thousand of bygone years.

Then you can move down to Moville, the calling port of the Atlantic liners, out on the ocean; or cross to Lough Swilly, the "lake of Shadows" and laze in luxury at Fahan or Port Salon. Indeed, from Derry it is only a short run to Portrush and the famed Giant's Causeway, or the Antrim Glens.

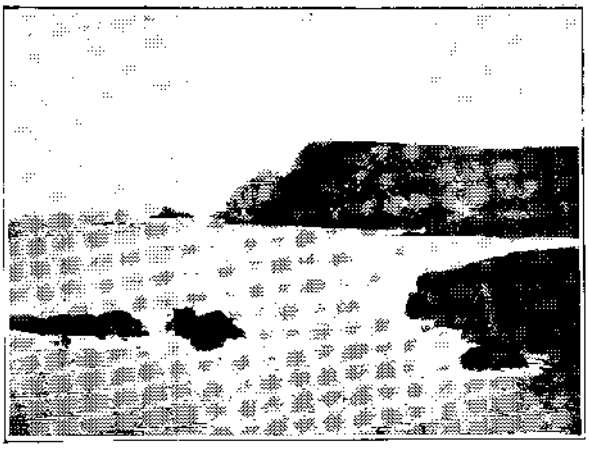


Co. Donegal.

TOURING Ireland without visiting **Donegal** is like sampling a salad without vinegar and oil. Donegal has both these elements in their most pleasing proportions—acerbity in its rugged mountain peaks and placidity in its legion of lovely lakes. The comparison of this region to a well planned salad is particularly apt; for everywhere in its 1,865 square miles, both inland and around its marvellous jig saw coast, there is an alluring harmony of colour. Everywhere too, there is some piquant attraction for each individual taste. It is a pleasure ground of magnetic charm which affords every element for the ideal holiday.

Again, "to understand affairs, study the map." Look closely at Donegal and you see a host of features marking its emphatic individuality. To start off, geographically it is Erin's most northerly county; yet politically it is in Southern (or Free State) Ireland. From the rest of John Bull's Other Island Donegal seems to stand aloof. Along that deeply indented 200 miles Coast line from Londonderry to Bundoran you will find rugged and fascinating beauty unsurpassed in the British Isles. Rocky headlands, high and wild, against which the Atlantic waves hurl themselves with Titanic grandeur, contrast with the sequestered fjords which they shelter. Nowhere else are so many beautiful watering places in such small compass, each of them a sun trap, adorned by foliage at times reminiscent of the Mediterranean.

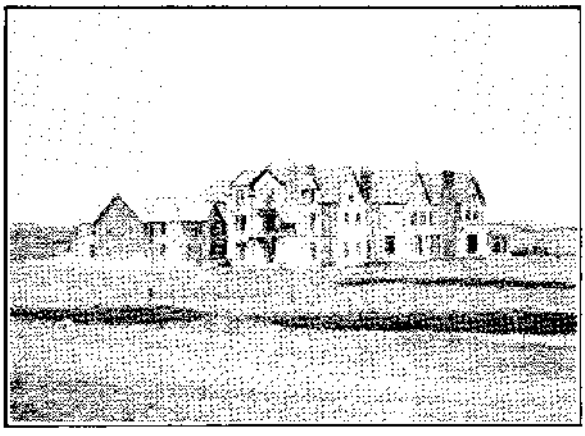
In Donegal—the western outpost of the Old World—nature is kind in summer, gloriously compensating for the Gulf Stream tempered rigours of winter. The climate may be benign, jovial, gay or lively, but it is never unpleasantly hot. The scene—Switzerland, Norway, California, Ireland—you have them all rolled into one. Here is a country that always invigorates, notable in beauty, and in its constantly changing scenes—a place for ideal recuperation! The stern grandeur of mountains, not massed in monotony but in groups, mingles with the softness of fields and hills interspersed with glens and woods; for less than half the country is under cultivation, the rest being mountain.



GLEN HEAD, CARRICK, DONEGAL.

moor or lake. Donegal is a land of clear running brooks and smiling lakes, with usually free (or almost free) fishing—at least one hundred lakes and leagues of rivers and streams—and always the surrounding sea. The people are sturdy kindly folk, always eager to make you enjoy your stay in their charming land. To the citizen of a crowded town it is as if some magician's wand wafted him into another world. And yet while affording more joys than any Continental holiday a tour in Donegal is surprisingly cheap.

Less than half a century ago, Donegal was a *terra incognita* almost inaccessible to the tourist, its only railway being the short fifteen miles stretch from Derry to Buncrana on Lough Swilly in the north. To day, however, every resort is linked up by rail. Yea, the advent of the motor coach makes it possible for the pleasure seeker to have dinner in London, and next day find himself lunching on delicious freshly caught salmon right out on the Atlantic coast at **Bundoran,** Ardara, Portnoo, **Port Salon,** or even at **Rosapenna.** Nature is still untampered with here by man's impertinence. Yet while Donegal remains happily still in its pristine prettiness, this is not to be construed as meaning that its railway and hotel amenities are primitive. Donegal in both respects sets an example which other counties in Ireland—even in England itself—could well follow. Each of the score of resorts has a good hotel where the tinned food and money-before-comfort *regime* is unknown. Sample the entertainment at the **Great Northern Hotel, Bundoran,** at Rosapenna, at Portsalon, at Carrick, or at even the more modest Portnoo Hotel, or the Lake of Shadows Hotel, Buncrana, and you will be astonished at the cuisine, the comfort, and above all the extremely



GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL, BUNDORAN.

moderate cost. Even in the smallest resort you seldom will find much to grumble at in the hotels, though they are not palatial. It is a sign of an endeavour to please that at Glenties a school for hotel service has been established; and in whatever these deft handed, artistic Donegal people take up, they display an innate talent.

It is essential that the holiday-maker should understand the railways in Donegal, and a glance at the map affords very valuable information which should not be neglected. At the outset, the Great Northern Railway line between Enniskillen and Londonderry forms practically the eastern boundary of Donegal, while its branch from Bundoran junction on the main line into Donegal Bay is the most southerly of the four parallel railway lines traversing Donegal from east to west. Now, if you travel by either of these stretches of the Great Northern, you will deduce that its engineers were rare sportsmen. Thus, for miles between Fintona Junction and Londonderry the iron road keeps strictly to the banks of splendid salmon and trout rivers—the Strule and the Mourne—while towards the west it hugs Lower Lough Erne and its river. From this latter branch, at **Ballyshannon**, you can change to the lowest point of the Donegal Railways, running along the northern shores of Donegal Bay *via* Donegal town to **Killybegs**. From Ballyshannon also you may head northwards *via* Donegal, and through the mountain pass of Barnesmore to Stranorlar, and there divert again westwards to Glenties. You have the river Finn as your companion all the way to its pretty mountain source in Lough Finn, and Glenties is the station for Portnoo, Narin, and Ardara on the Atlantic seaboard. The Donegal railway runs east from Stranorlar into Strabane, and therefrom sends out still another

ERRIGAL AND THE CLADY SALMON RIVER FROM GARDEN, GWEEDORE HOTEL.

short northerly spur to join the Londonderry and Lough Swilly line at Letterkenny. This latter railway serving the northern third of Donegal starts at **Londonderry**, having a separate station from the Great Northern but on the same side of the River Foyle. About half a dozen miles out it forks, one branch going along the easterly sands of Lough Swilly, past Fahan and Buncrana, to end in Carndonagh in Inishowen, near Malin Head, the most northerly point in Ireland. **Inishowen** is the peninsula located between Lough Foyle and Lough Swilly, and having on its easterly shores Moville and Culdaff, with Fahan and Buncrana similarly on its western littoral. The other longer branch of the Lough Swilly railway coasts around the southerly end of that inlet and then strikes out to the north-west at Letterkenny for **Creeslough** (the station for **Rosapenna** on Sheephaven). Then on through wild yet beautiful scenery around Errigal Mountain, it passes Gweedore to finish at Burtonport, facing Aran Island, and not far from Dungloe. All the terminals of these Donegal railways are connected by motor routes; so when the visitor desires to change his camp he can do so easily.

Tickets for all Donegal stations are issued by the Great Northern Railway at Dublin, Belfast, Londonderry and elsewhere.

AROUND DONEGAL BAY.

Bundoran, Sligo and Killybegs.

Donegal is a region of a thousand moods and a thousand and one charms, and you can no more exhaust it even in a month than you can empty the Atlantic of fish. If you start a holiday there you must decide

THE INCHAN, CO. DONEGAL.

one thing; are you going on and on, with a series of one night stops, or are you going to pick on a point of interest, settle there for a few days, explore the locality and then move to another central base. The latter is the better way. You see more and enjoy more by making a series of daily excursions from a central point.

In pursuance of this programme, then the Donegal Domain may be divided, as was Gaul by Cæsar, into three areas:—

(*a*) Around Donegal Bay, including Sligo.
(*b*) Central and West Donegal.
(*c*) Innishowen and North Donegal.

(*a*) Around Donegal Bay.

What more delightful base could you have for a beginning than breezy **Bundoran,** approached by rail from Enniskillen along the picturesque northern shores of Lough Erne. Immediately you alight from the train you discover that it has a charm and atmosphere entirely different from that of any other resort you have ever visited. Architecturally it is not beautiful, that long single street straggling a mile on either side of the railway terminus, flanked by hotels and boarding houses for all classes: and no two edifices alike in style or colour. The tints are as varied as an artist's palette can provide.

When in Bundoran—as everywhere else in Donegal—go with the tide. Don't fret, or worry, it will get you nowhere. For the ideal holiday put aside all routine cares as you would do a silk hat after a funeral. Nestling in its great semi amphitheatre, backed by the bold range of Donegal Mountains on the north, with greenish-grey Leitrim ridges on the south, and smiling full front out across the Atlantic to America, Bundoran

COTTAGE ISLAND, LOUGH GILL, CO. SLIGO.

at once decides the vexed question of what is the perfect holiday place.

The intensely bracing nature of the air, wafted by westerly winds over miles of ocean, is at once a tonic. Simultaneously, too, the influence of the Gulf Stream entering Donegal Bay gives a temperature much higher than that of places in the same latitude. Is it not remarkable that, although Bundoran is about three degrees further north than London, yet its mean annual temperature is that of Vienna, fully six degrees south of it? Its rainfall is only 41½ inches—so you may safely leave your Mackintosh at home.

For six miles you may ramble at will along its sea-front with sands so firm that a traction engine could traverse them. Even in the rocks, Nature has been kind, for they are flat as a dining table; and in thousands of crystal pools you will marvel at marine treasures and glories as strange as any Aladdin's palace. Stroll along the cliffs westerly to Cliffoney and Mullaghmore, a rare resort from which you can see 100 miles of coast line. Take the path to the north on the cliffs over the golf links, past the **Great Northern Railway Hotel** (you will find its accommodation and cuisine superlative) to the Fairy Bridges and lovely Finner sands where the **Erne** enters the Atlantic and you will be enchanted. There, as night approaches, you will be delighted with the golden highway over the blue sea as the sun sinks seemingly into its waters. Behind you the long line of electric lights of the town give a garland of gems to the silent mountains. And then you may finish up the day by entering one of the dance halls and seeing how these happy people enjoy life. If you wish to fish, Bundoran, with its several streams, is a paradise for

anglers. It will be something worth recalling too, if you hook a gillaroo in the nearby Lough Melvin.

Apart from Bundoran's own attractiveness, its surroundings have a host of beauty spots. You can take the Great Northern Railway's motor coach along the 18 miles coast road through Grange and Drumcliff to Sligo, and Sligo will fascinate you as it does most visitors. There is nothing decadent about this commercial capital of Connaught; it fairly burns with life and beauty, it is a town of infinite charm, and its buildings are architecturally worth seeing.

Little more than a mile above the town of **Sligo** is **Lough Gill**, a beautiful island-studded sheet of water provided with a service of motor boats. When you go there, make the boatman show you **Inishfree Island**, which will go down to history by reason of W. B. Yeats' poem:—

"I will arise and go now, and go to Inishfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee;
And live alone in the bee loud glade."

Here in Lough Gill, "by the bonnie heights of Doonie," which you should also see, is a beautiful spot where most of us will like to linger. Afterwards you can find dinner in one of Sligo's excellent hotels, and potter around the Abbey; and maybe divert to **Rosses Point.** Indeed, if you can make a few days halt in Sligo every hour will be happiness. And what better, by way of a delightful change, than to motor up to Dromahair, entrain there for Enniskillen, and so back to Bundoran.

So far we have considered only the southern half of Donegal Bay. We may go inland also, from Bundoran for a trip up Lough Erne, and there across the bay is land beckoning and easy of access. Boarding the Great Northern bus we are driven around the Erne estuary, to entrain at Ballyshannon for Killybegs. Past **Rossnowlagh,** with its hotel, golf links, and bracing three miles velvety beach, the train travels northwards to Donegal town; and it may be that time permits to visit its old Castle just beside the station. Henceforth the line skirts the northern shore of the Bay, halting at half a dozen wayside villages, each of them a nook at which to idle away a day or two. Those rushing rivers at Inver and Bruckless are noted for their salmon and trout. And so into Killybegs, 19 miles from Donegal.

Killybegs has a really magnificent natural harbour spacious enough to shelter a naval squadron. Every season over one hundred fishing boats usually mobilise in it; while the quaint little town is merry with the voices of a bevy of Scotch fisher lassies. In the electric

KILLYBEGS AND BAY.

lit factory overlooking the harbour you should see those deft fingered handsome Donegal colleens weaving rich Donegal carpets which go even to royal palaces, while cargoes of cured herring and mackerel feed the toiling masses of Germany and Russia. Thus is unpretentious pretty little Killybegs strangely linked with the great outer world. And what an out-of-the-world elysium for rest!

Killybegs has several hotels as well as golf links; and it is a convenient starting point for going further oceanwards to Fintragh, to Carrick with its majestic cliff scenery, to Glencolumbkille Glen, to Portnoo and Ardara (nine and a half miles north), from whence it is another seven miles to Glenties on the Donegal Railway, or back again to Bundoran.

At any rate, if time prevents any further explorations, you will be satisfied that in health and sightseeing your travelling expenses have been remunerative.

(*b*) Central and West Donegal.

Generalisations are peculiarly dangerous in the case of Donegal. You may be told that the best and most striking features of this region of a thousand moods are north and south, not in the central parts; yet the pilgrim who chooses to start off from Stranorlar for Glenties, combining both central and western Donegal, will not be sorry. **Stranorlar** is the junction where the Donegal lines from Strabane and Ballyshannon on the Great Northern Railway converge, and from it runs westwards a 22 miles spur, ending at **Glenties.**

The traveller coming up from Killybegs *viâ* Donegal will have plenty to admire. First, the line fringes tranquil Lough Eask reposing amidst the pleasant green slopes of Bluestack and well cultivated fields. *Eask*

GOING FOR TURF, LOUGH MELVIN ROAD, BUNDORAN.

significantly means "fish," and in its deep blue waters are also found pearls of great beauty. The castle among the woods was the residence of the late General Sir George White, of Ladysmith fame.

Quickly the scene changes as we thread the deep defile of **Barnesmore Gap** a pass so narrowed by the precipitous hills that road, rails and river form one tricolour ribbon. When the rain clouds still cling to the mountain tops, the glinting sunshine touching rock, heather, golden gorse and soft bog gives amazing harmony of subtle tints and fantastic form. If your hobby is mountaineering, alight at Barnesmore station and trekking nor'-west a tramp of less than a dozen miles will take you into Glenties. Leagued in all its length is the line from Stranorlar to **Glenties,** first with the Finn, a good angling river and very pretty; and then Lough Finn, a fine sheet of water nestling beneath the Aghla and Scraggs peak. At Glenties ("the meeting of the Glens") the railway stops; and off you motor coastwards to Ardara, Narin and Portnoo, or north to Dunglow and the Rosses, where you hit the western end of the Londonderry and Lough Swilly Railway.

No one should miss the Tuesday market day in **Ardara** (pronounced Ardarà, with accent on last syllable) where the peasantry sell their lovely hand woven tweeds, to the accompaniment of much talk in Irish, at prices half that charged by the English shops. In the thatched white cottages too, you may see the women weaving the cloth from the wool of the sheep of the surrounding hills, dyed by native lichens and berries.

You may visit also those two delightful twin resorts **Narin** and **Portnoo,** by the mouth of the Gweebara

THE LACKAGH RIVER AT LACKAGH BRIDGE NEAR ROSAPENNA.

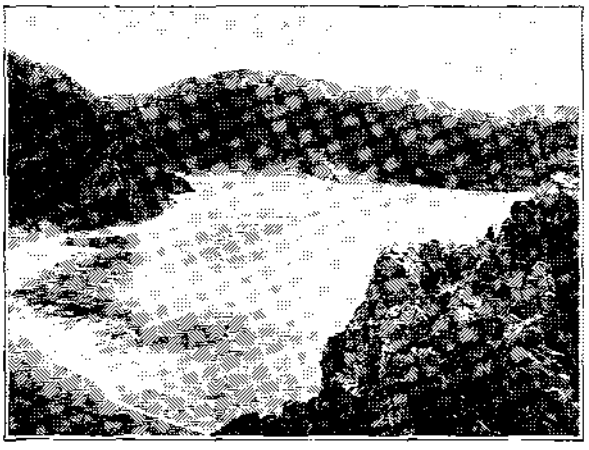
River; and the lover of all that is natural and unspoilt will rave about Portnoo, where there is a good hotel and a golf course, as well as magnificent bathing. Glenties, the nearest station, is only seven miles distant, and by a lovely road. You may safely walk it; for the Donegal air is like champagne, and a couple of miles here are easier than one elsewhere.

(c) Innishowen and Northern Donegal.

Not so long ago a holiday in Donegal was to be read about but for the ordinary citizen was almost impossible owing to lack of transport facilities. To-day a network of excellent railways supplemented by buses—for three different companies cater for this lovely county—take you within reach of everything worth seeing.

From **Strabane**, the northern terminus of the County Donegal Railway which serves the south and centre, a short ten miles branch connects with the Lough Swilly Railway at Letterkenny, at the extreme southern tip of that deep Atlantic indentation.

The traveller may find it more convenient to journey by the Great Northern line from Strabane to Londonderry, merely 25 minutes along the noble Foyle river (the confluence of the Mourne, Derg, Finn and Strule). Then at Londonderry buses convey passengers to the **Lough Swilly Terminus** lower down the river, and a few miles to the north the narrow neck of the great Innishowen peninsula is bridged, and the line forks. One long branch strikes out westwards to Letterkenny (for Portsalon), Creeslough (for Rosapenna), Dunfanaghy, Gweedore, Dungloe and Burtonport opposite the Aran Islands. Any of these may be selected as your temporary base. If you want sport, golf, shooting,



PINK CLIFFS, DONEGAL.

scenery, fishing, lazing and the best of fare, you will get your fill

Rosapenna may be reached either by rail to Falcan, then by steamer across Lough Swilly to Rathmullen, and next by a rare 20 miles' drive *via* Milford around Mulroy Bay, a stunning Atlantic protrusion more beautiful than any Norwegian fiord. Or if you alight at Creeslough station, the Rosapenna hotel bus will take you there in half an hour. Rosapenna is marvellous, with Lord Leitrim's hotel—the best of its kind in the country where cuisine, attention, cleanliness, and comfort defy criticism. Here you will have the freedom of a dozen good lakes and the Lackagh River, and after you have sampled the glorious three and a half miles circuit golf links in the most picturesque promontory in Ireland you will find other links very ordinary indeed. No wonder Tom Morris and Harry Vardon gave them such high praise.

Then, if you tire of romantic Rosapenna—you will be hard to please if you do so quickly—move over the Devil's backbone in Fanad peninsula to **Portsalon**, on Lough Swilly, and you will find its hotel (conducted by Colonel Barton) rivalling Rosapenna in amenities. At either of these hotels your bill will be much less than it would be at a second rate boarding house at Scarborough or Brighton but what a delightful difference you will find!

From Dunfanaghy you can easily get to Horn Head and have a leisured time at Portnablah. Mr. J. Humbert Craig, R.H.A., will tell you that even amid the blue and gold of the Mediterranean he longs for those wonderful varied greens, browns and purples of Portnablah. Gweedore is another excellent centre with Errigal—the highest peak of the Donegal moun-

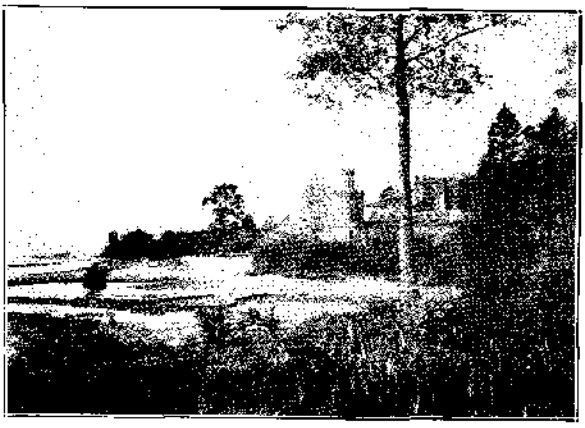
tains—looming over the comfortable hotel and quite a host of beauties in the vicinity. West of all is Burtonport in the Rosses, with its spacious harbour, and you enter what seems to be a foreign country by crossing to Aran Island.

North and South hereabouts you are in Donegal's wildest parts and yet among the kindliest people in the world. Courtesy is born with them. You will at once make friends with these lovable, unspoilt people of the soft manner. They will try to teach you to speak in their rich swift Irish, and if that be not understood, in good English with a delicious brogue. Ask the way to anywhere, and they will not be satisfied unless they go with you a mile or so along the way. And offer them payment either for refreshment, fish or service and they will scorn it. So much for the Donegal Highlands.

Look at your map and you will see how the other branch east of the Londonderry and Lough Swilly Railway serves Innishowen, the land of the Doherty's . . . . that great, lozenge-shaped peninsula, separating Lough Swilly and Lough Foyle. Out along the Foyle side you can easily get by bus to Moville, the Atlantic liner port of call (16 miles from Londonderry) and then trek due north to Greencastle, where you can look across to Portrush and the Giant's Causeway on the North Antrim coast. Taking the Lough Swilly side of Innishowen, you will rail up past Fahan where the steamer crosses to Rathmullan and down to Portsalon—to **Buncrana.** Here is as excellent a centre as is to be found in all Donegal and the homely Lake of Shadows Hotel can be recommended heartily. If you strike Buncrana in the herring season, you will find it aglow with life; for often over a hundred drifters are at its pier.

It is dreamland here by lovely Lough Swilly. Never on two successive hours or days do you catch the same magic of the reflection of the hills on its sheltered waters. A couple of good links serve those who want to golf; but those magnificent old woods, the sandy beaches, the grey rocks, the wealth of rare plants, the charm of its old glen, the paths by its two pretty rivers, its air as balmy as at Bournemouth, and the accessibility of Malin, Carndonagh, Ballyliffin sands and links, Moville, Portsalon, Fahan, the Gap of Mamore—and even a run up to Londonderry—make time fly all too fast for those who must work sometimes.

Donegal is the epitome of an unspoiled Ireland innocent of artificialities. No region in the globe is more beautifully blessed by Nature in her most critical mood. It is the land where man is free from his feudals of Convention.



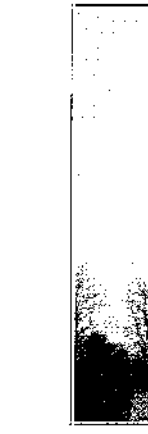
SHANE'S CASTLE, LOUGH NEAGH.

Lough Neagh and Antrim.

IRELAND, when you **go Great Northern**, is a treasure house of surprises. While we are now heading across Ulster eastwards, from **Omagh** to **Belfast**, we are actually skirting the southern and eastern shores of one of Europe's very largest lakes. Peeping out of the left side windows near the Station of Trew and Moy, and just after the train has passed **Lurgan**, we get fleeting glimpses of its sun-flecked surface.

We want to know more about **Lough Neagh** than these too brief glimpses afford. So we look at the map and get a clearer idea of its location. Strangely planted almost in the centre of Ulster, it washes the confines of five of the half-dozen counties comprising the Northern Ireland State. It is more than twenty times as large as England's Windermere and three times as large as Scotland's Loch Lomond. In Europe only Ladoga in Russia and Wener in Sweden exceed its 157 square miles.

How did it come here? There is a tall tale for which one cannot vouch; but you may wish to know it. Thousands of years ago, Finn M'Coul (the great Irish giant who made the Giant's Causeway, the Giant's Gap and other gargantuan works), was provoked to strife by an equally great English goliath. So stooping, Finn grasped a goodly sized stone and flung it at his adversary. The stone, however, falling short, dropped into the Irish Sea. There it remains as the Isle of Man. At any rate, the areas of the Manxland and Lough Neagh are alike. Another version, which you may prefer, relates to a famous Irish well which healed all those afflicted. The saint, however, enjoined those who were cured by its waters always to replace the lid



ANTRIM ROUND TOWER.

on the weil. One woman was so careless and busy gossiping that she forgot the lid, and the angry flood followed her for fourteen miles. So never since has a woman bathed or fished in Lough Neagh.

It would be unfair to say that its beauties equal those of **Lough Erne**; yet it is well worth seeing, especially as the Great Northern Railway goes to **Antrim** (by a short branch from Lisburn). Indeed, the pilgrim can take a trip on Lough Neagh by boarding the trim launch plying daily from that town.

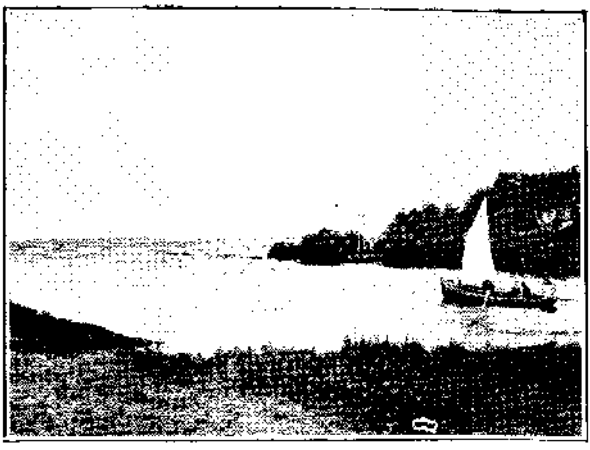
"Derry" in Irish means "a place of oaks"; and so many places still bearing this name around Lough Neagh denote that its shores must have been clothed with oak forests. From Ballinderry oak great English battleships were built in the pre-steel era. Moreover, Lough Neagh had once its own British fleet, with Antrim as its Portsmouth; and even to-day the Marquis of Donegall has the hereditary title of "Admiral of Lough Neagh." At present the Fleet consists of fishing boats catching big bulks of very tasty pollans (freshwater herrings) and eels for the English markets.

You are sure to be told that the waters of Lough Neagh possess petrifying qualities and transmute wood into stone but little credence may be given to the assertion; and yet less than fifty years ago pedlars in the Ulster markets sold what they claimed to be petrified wood, shouting, "Lough Neagh bones! Lough Neagh bones! Put in sticks and brought out stones" to be used as razor sharpeners.

Having boarded the launch, you go gliding under the highly picturesque **Shane's Castle,** with its lovely gardens available to visitors. These O'Neills are a branch from the main stock of the fighting Shane O'Neill, who gave the red hand to Ulster as its emblem.

However, although one may occasionally see the left hand featured in this connection it is well to know that the left hand never can be right. There is a legend how during a very early invasion of Ireland it was promised that he who first touched Ulster would be its owner. So O'Neill, to be sure of his acquisition when still distant from the land, cut off his left hand and threw it on to the shore.

Certainly it is a very attractive legend, but nothing more, especially since it is also told on the Rhine. As



ON LOUGH NEAGH.

a matter of fact the Dexter Dei, i.e., the right hand of God (still used by Ulster people in affirming) is the correct hand, and we have every proof of authenticity. The use of the wrong hand in regard to this crest of Ulster and of the O'Neills arose from neglect of Irish Affairs on the part of officials of the Heralds College.

Venturing out from the shore you are reminded how Moore wrote:

"On Lough Neagh's banks where the fisherman strays
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round tower of other days,
In the waves beneath him shining."

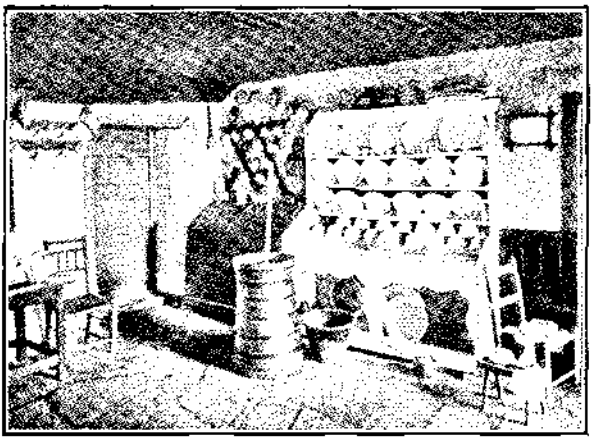
That is another of the Lough Neagh legends perpetrated by Giraldus Cambrensis, the pioneer yellow journalist as far back as 1185.

You will certainly see a splendid specimen of an **Irish round tower*** at Antrim—the natives call it "the Steeple,"—near the railway station. There is another tower to boot, on **Ram's Island,** where we ask the launch captain to land us. Here is Erin's Eden, and its Queen will proffer a refreshing cup of tea, the creamiest of butter with tempting soda bread, while the King of the Island will entertain you with stories of banshees, leprechauns, big fish and what not. If you are there in the sunshine I envy you.

"Oh, 'tis pretty to be in Ballinderry;
'Tis pretty to be in Aghalee;
But prettier still in little Ram's Island
Sitting in under the ivy tree."

So runs the century-old Irish ballad and visitors will agree. There are enchanting memories around Lough Neagh; and Antrim is a splendid centre to make one's temporary head quarters. The district, covered by motor buses from Antrim, is spotted with cosy inns, whose hosts and hostesses will make you wonder if the real savour of life does not lie in fresh,

*Round Towers see page 23.



AN ULSTER FARM KITCHEN.

homely fare rather than in the pomp and luxury of any "grand Babylon." If you are a fisherman you will never go amiss in travelling from Antrim to Magnery—on the Armagh side. Or go northwards from Antrim, where the Bann vainly tries to empty Lough Neagh into the Atlantic, and the trout at Randalstown, Toomebridge or Portglenone, and the salmon—real "whoppers" equal to any Norwegian fjord "cocks"—will fight like Pathans. An eel supper at Toome is a feast worthy of Lucullus himself.

At Randalstown also you can visit Shane's Castle Park and see the famous Old Bleach Linen Mills—a sight well worth seeing.

With a pair of stout shoes a tramp over the Derry Mountains will provide health and days to be remembered, amongst a peasantry as kindly as Heaven ever created and speaking a language still infiltrated with purer Elizabethan English words than can be found in Oxfordshire.

IRELAND CALLS YOU!

"Ireland is different; it is not a few Counties lopped off England by the Irish Sea and a few hours on a Steamer. IRELAND IS A FOREIGN COUNTRY . . . It is still a practically UNKNOWN LAND."—JOHN GIBBONS, in "Tramping Through Ireland."

AND YOU WILL COME AGAIN.