

My Own Green Erin

The Letters of "Norah" in her Tour Through Ireland

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The Jaunting Car—Scenery in Donegal—Mountain Pastures—A Visit To Glenveigh Castle

I HAVE returned to pleasant Ramelton, and will write my visit to Glenveigh Castle from here. This town will always be a place of remembrance to me on account of the Christian kindness, sympathy, encouragement and counsel which I have received in it.

It was my great good fortune to get an introduction to Mr. and Miss McConnell, a brother and sister, who are merchants in this place. They are of the stock of the Covenanters, a people who have left the stamp of their individuality on the piety of the North of Ireland. Sufferers themselves from Lord Leitrim's tyranny and greed, they sympathize with other sufferers, and sympathize with me in my work to a greater extent than any others since I left home. I can say with feeling, I was a stranger and they took me in.

I have been driven in many directions sight-seeing in their cosy little pony carriage. It is a nice little two-wheeled affair. I believe the orthodox name of it is a croydon. It carries four, who sit back to back, while the back seat turns up when not wanted. It was in quite a different trap that I rode in on my visit to Glenveigh. During my journey there we talked, my guide and I, of what constitutes a good landlord. It was a negative sort of goodness which he expected from the good landlord—"that he would not harry the tenants with vexatious office rules; that he would let them alone on their places so long as they paid their rent; that he would not raise the rent so that all grown on the land would be insufficient to pay it." Since the Land League agitation some landlords have granted a reduction of rents, and some have even given a bag of potatoes for seed as a gift to the poorer tenants.

The road to the new castle leads through scenery of grand mountain solitudes, treeless, houseless and silent. Our road wound in a serpentine fashion among the mountains. The drains that regularly score the foggy mountain sides produce a queer effect on the landscape.

As we wound along the serpentine road nearing the castle, the hills seemed to get wilder and more solemn. No trace of human habitations, no sound of human life, treeless, bare, silent mountains, wastes of black bog, rocks rising up till their solemn heads brushed the sky,—Irish giants in ragged cloaks of heather.

At last we came in sight of Loughveigh lying cradled among the rocks, and got a glimpse of the white tower of Glenveigh Castle. There is a small skirting of wood near the castle where the silver barked birch prevails from which the glen takes its name, interspersed with holly trees, which grow here in profusion, and some dark yews, prim and stately, drawn up like sentinels to guard the demesne.

No place could be imagined more utterly alone than Glenveigh Castle. The utter silence which Mr. Adair has created seems to wrap the place in an invisible cloak of awfulness that can be felt. Except a speculative rook or a solitary crane sailing solemnly toward the mountain top, I saw no sign of life in all the glen. Owing to the windings of the road it seemed quite a while after we sighted the top of the tower before we entered the avenue which sweeps round the edge of the lake shore, and finally brought us to the castle. The castle stands on a point stretching out into the lake. Opposite, on the other side of the lake, a steep, bare, dark rock rises up to the dizzy height. It is the kind of rock that makes one think of fortified castles, and cities built for defence, that ought to be perched on a summit, but Glenveigh Castle should be a lady's bower, instead of a fortalice. Behind the castle the mountain slopes are clothed with young trees. The castle itself is a very imposing building from the outside ; grand, strong, rather repellent ; inside it has a comfortless, ill-planned, unfinished appearance. The mantel-piece of white marble with the Adair arms carved on it—the bloody hand, the motto *valor an mort*, the supporters two angels—lies in the hall cracked in two. A very respectable Scotchman, a keeper, I suppose, showed me over the building. He must enjoy a very retired life there, for in all the country for miles there is not a human habitation except the police barrack that looms up like a tall ghost at the other end of the lake.

As we drove home through the mountains I noticed that Mukish wrapped herself in the misty folds of her veil. Soon after the storm rolled down the mountain sides and chased us home.

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Good-Bye To Ramelton—on Lough Swilly—A Ruined Landlord—Farm Stock Vs. Wages—
A Good Landlord—A Reminder of Canada—Moville—Port-A-Dorus Rocks—On Good
Terms with The Landlord

LEFT Ramelton at seven o'clock Monday morning, April 4th, the hoar-frost lying white on the deck of the little steamer. The cabin was black with smoke that would not consent to go in the way it should go, so one had to be content with the chill morning, the hoar frost and the deck.

We steamed up past the town of Rathmullen with the two deserted forts grinning at one another.

Two women of the small farming class were, like myself, sitting close to the machinery to get warm. They were gravely discussing the value of a wonderful goose owned by one of them. I do not think the owner of a fast horse could go into greater raptures or more minute description of his good points than these two ladies did about the goose. One declared that she had been offered eight shillings (\$2) for the goose and had refused it. This is one proof of the high figure at which all animals, birds and beasts, common to a farm are held. Although this goose was exceptionally valuable, yet a goose is worth five shillings or \$1.25.

A laborer's wages is two shillings, without food, so it would take him two and a half days' work to earn a goose, a day's work to earn a hen or a duck, fifteen days' work to earn a suckling pig, nearly four months to buy the cheapest cow ; always considering that he has food to support him while so earning. I have heard poor men blamed for not raising stock. When the price of stock is considered, and that a small field for grazing purposes is rented at £8, I confess I wonder that any poor man has a cow. If he has, butter is now thirty cents per pound in this locality, and a cow is therefore very valuable.

Before I leave bonnie Ramelton behind altogether, I must say that it has been in the past fortunate in a landlord. Old Sir Annesly Stewart, lord of this fair domain at one time, invariably advised his tenants who purposed to build houses, to secure titles first, saying, “Do not trust to me, I am an old man and will soon pass away : who knows what manner of man may succeed me ? I will give a free farm grant, equivalent to guarantee deed, I am told, to anyone wanting to build.” So the owners of houses in Ramelton pay ground rent, while at Milford, Kilmacrennan and Creaslach the strong hand has seized the tenants’ houses without compensation. It is said that the present owner of old Sir Annesly’s estate, who is not a lineal descendant, however, feels as Bunyan describes the two giants to feel, who can grin and gnash their teeth, but can do no more.

All this and more, I hear, as the sun comes up and the frost disappears, and we sail over bright waters. One might enjoy sailing over Lough Swilly the whole of a long summer day. Everything pleasant comes to an end, and we land at Fahan, and while waiting for the train my attention is drawn to the fair island of Inch, with its fields running up the mountain side, and the damp black rocks through which the railway has cut its way at Fahan. The train comes along, and we go whirling on past Inch, Burnfoot Bridge, and into Derry. A Presbyterian doctor of divinity is in our compartment, and some well-to-do farmers’ wives, and again and yet again the talk is of the land and the landlords. Instance after instance of oppression and wrong is gone over.

But Derry reached, I must say good-bye to some agreeable travelling companions, and take the mail car to Moville for a tour round Innishowen ; Innishowen, celebrated for its poteen ; Innishowen, sung about in song, told about in story.

“ God bless the dark mountains of brave Donegal,
God bless royal Aielich, the pride of them all—
She sitteth for ever a queen on her throne,
And smiles on the valleys of green Innishowen.
A race that no traitor or tyrant has known
Inhabits the valleys of green Innishowen.”

From Derry to Moville is, as usual, lovely—lovely with a loveliness of its own. Fine old trees, singly, in groups, in thick plantations ; beautiful fields ; level clipped hedges ; flowers springing everywhere, under the hedges, in little front gardens, up the banks. The land is dreadfully over-run with gentry’s residences fair enough to the eye, some of them very beautiful, but one gets to wonder, if the land is so poor that it is spueing out its inhabitants, what supports all these ?

The wide Lough Foyle is in sight of the road most of the way, and a sea bound steamer carries me away in thought to Canada. The air is nipping enough to choke sentiment in the bud. It is bitter cold, and I have the windward side of the car, and shiver at the nodding daffodils in blooming clumps at every cottage as we pass along. There are some waste unreclaimed fields, and the tide is out as we drive along, so that long stretches of bare blue mud, spotted with eruptions of sea weed, fit well with the cold wind that is enjoying a cutting sweep at us. Then we come again to trim gardens and ivy garnished walls. The road follows the curves of the Lough, and we watch the black steamers ploughing along, and the brown sailed little boats scudding before the breeze.

The Lough is on one side, and a remarkable, high steep ridge on the other, yellow with budded whins, green with creeping ivy, and up on the utmost ridge a row of plumed pines. When I noticed their tufted tops standing Out against the sky, I felt like saying, “ Hurrah !

hurrah for Canada !” the pines did look so Canadian looking. I soon was recalled to realize that I was in my own green Erin, and certainly it is with a cold breath she welcomes her child back again.

We knew we were nearing Moville ; we saw it on a distant point stretching out into the Lough. I forgot to mention that the land began to be full of castles as we drove along the road. We passed Red Castle and White Castle and when we reached Moville, Green Castle was before us a few miles further down. Further down I wished to go, for a very distant relative was expecting me there—Mr. Samuel Sloan, formerly of the Royal Artillery, who had charge of Green Castle Fort for years, but now has retired, and lives on his own property. I like people to claim kindred with me ; I like a hearty welcome, the *Cead mille failte ghud*, that takes you out of hotel life and makes you feel at home. I was so welcomed by my distant kinsman and his excellent wife that I felt very reluctant to turn out again to hotel life.

Next day after my arrival we got a car and made an excursion down along the coast to Port-a-dorus. I thought I had seen rocks before, but these rocks are a new variety to me. They occur so suddenly that they are a continual surprise. Along the coast, out in the water, they push up their backs in isolated heaps like immense hippopotami lying in the water, or petrified sharks with only a tall serrated back fin visible. There would occur a strip of bare brown sand, and outside of that row upon row of sharp, thin, jagged rocks like the jaw teeth of pre-Adamite monsters. In other places they were piled on one another in such a sudden way, grass growing in the crevices, ivy creeping over them, the likeness of broken towers and ruined battlements, that one could hardly believe but that they were piled there by some giant race.

When we had driven as far as the car could go we left car and driver, and scrambled over the rocks like goats. Rocks frowned above us, between us and the sky, rocks all round in black confusion. As we climbed from slippery rock to slippery rock, over long leathery coils of thick sea weed, like serpents, on, on through the *Dorus* to the open sea, noticing the dark passages, the gloomy caves, the recesses among the cliffs, the narrow passes, where one could turn to bay and keep off many, it was natural to think of rebels skulking here, with a price on their heads, after the '98, or of lawless people stilling illicit *poteen* to hide it from the gaugers. Sheltered by the rocks of Port-a-dorus, I could enjoy the sea air flavored with ssence of sea weed. We watched for a while the waves playing about the rocks and washing through the door in innocent gambols. This sportfulness did not impose upon me nor the rocks either, for the marks of the Atlantic in a rage were graven on their brows in baldness and in wrinkles.

Along the road as we drove back I noticed the white cottages of coast guardsmen who have married the maidens of the hills. They were there in their patches of ground, delving with the spade, scattering sea weed manure, the landlords here allowing them to gather all the sea weed that drifts to their shores. Decent looking men these, in their blue uniforms and thoughtful sea-beaten faces, with hardy little children around them, playing or helping. The rocks rise among the fields with the same startling abruptness as they do along the shore, looking still more like ruins of old castles. Round these rocks and among them, in every nook and cranny where there is a spadeful of earth, is delved carefully by these mountain husbandmen.

As I looked at the rocks and crags, and the workers among them, I could hardly help thinking they dearly earned all that grew upon them, although there would be no half-yearly rent hanging over them. In one little clearing some children were scattering manure. One, a sturdy little maiden, but a mere baby of about seven years of age, had a fork cut down to suit her size, and was handling it with infantile vigor, laying about her with great vim. It was such a comical sight that we stopped the car to watch her. As soon as she saw she was watched,

she dropped the fork and scampered off to hide. A pretty little child, hardy and healthy, and nimble as a goat.

Of course on this coast there are tall, white light houses, two of them keeping guard over the rocks. Here and there are coast guard stations, white and barrack like, only holding blue jackets instead of red or green.

The tenants along here praised their landlords. One of them, the Marquis of Donegal, was spoken of as a merciful lord all through the hard years. He had forgiven them rent which they could not pay, and lowered the rent when they did pay, returning them some of the money, and the poor people spoke of him with warm gratitude.

I notice that the people here have a good many sheep. They are not so very wretched as the mountaineers I saw in northern Donegal. Poor they must be, to dig out a living from among these rocks and keep up a lord besides, but their lord has had a more human heart toward them than other lords over whose lands I have been.

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Green-Castle—A Look at The Fort—The Old and The New—Mars in Waiting—A Kind Word for The Landlords—In Time for An Eviction—Female Land Leaguers—The “ Stupid” Irish—The Police.

WENT on an exploring expedition to the ruins of Green-Castle. One authority told me it had been the castle of the chief of the clan Doherty, once ruling lord here in the clannish times. Another equally good authority told me it was built by De Burgo in the sixteenth century to hold the natives in awe. Whoever built it, the pride of its strength and the dread of its power have passed away forever. It is a very extensive ruin and covers a large tract of ground. It looks as if three solid, high, square buildings were set, not very regularly, end to end, the outer wall of one built in a semi-circle, and towers raised at every corner and every irregularity of the wall. Of course the roof was on the floor, turrets and towers have lost part of their height and stand, rent and ragged, tottering to their fall.

A good deal is said about the Norman style of arch and the Saxon style of arch found in old buildings. I am convinced that the arches of Green-Castle, and its architecture generally, had been formed on the pattern of the rocks at Port-a-dorus and the other heaps along the coast. The same massiveness, the same wedge-like stones piled together to form arches prevail in both.

Seaward the castle sits on a steep rock, like the rock on which Quebec sits for height, but cleaner scarped, and more inaccessible I should think. To stand on the shore and look up, the castle seems perched on a dizzy height, its ruined battlements and broken towers rising up into the sky. The pretty green ivy forms a kindly hap and a garment of beauty, both for rock and ruin. Long live the ivy green.

There is a clean, smooth new fort standing beside the ruined old castle like a prosperous, solid, closely-shaven, modern gentleman beside dilapidated nobility. Its fat, broad tower looks strong enough and solid enough and grim enough for anything. Inside of the fort everything is clean, regular and orderly, as becomes a place under the care of British soldiers. The house, or quarters I suppose they should be called, are clean and bright, whitewashed (I almost said pipe-clayed), to the highest point of perfection. There are fortifications above fortifications here, and plenty of cannon pointed at an imaginary foe. There are cannon balls in scientific heaps waiting to be despatched on errands of destruction. Long may they wait.

I saw the outside of the magazine, cased over with so many feet—oh, a great number—of solid masonry, padded over that with a great many feet of earth, containing a fabulous amount of powder—tons and tons of it. Saw also the slippers which the worshippers of Mars put upon their martial feet when they enter into his temple—slippers without a suspicion of shod, hob nail or sparable, with which the heels of the worshippers of Ceres in this country are armed. If any one of these intruded on this domain sacred to Mars, he would in his indignation gift them with the feathered heels of Mercury and send them off with an abrupt message for the stars.

Had a great desire to go up to the top of the great tower and see what could be seen from it. I was informed, delicately, that in these disturbed times it was not thought best to admit strangers. The lonely martello tower on the opposite sands was pointed out to me, sitting mistress of desolations in the shadow of the rocks of MacGilligan. I was informed of the money's worth of pile work, thousands upon thousands of pounds sterling, on which this ugly and useless tower is sitting. As I walked around the outside of the fort landward and seaward, I think it quite possible to take it. I make this spiteful remark because I did not get into the tower.

On the opposite shores of the lough at the inland end of the range that rose above and behind the martello tower where it slopes down, I saw the rocky figure of a woman, gigantic, solemn, sitting with her hands on her knees looking southward. Looking for what—for the slowly approaching time of peace, plenty and prosperity, of tardy justice and kindly appreciation? The cost of tower and fort would give Innishowen a peasant proprietary, loyal, grateful and loving, that would bulwark the lough with their breasts. Burns is true—a patriotic, virtuous populace forms the best “ wall of fire around our much-loved isle.”

It is not easy to get up and leave Green-Castle, and the friends there who made me feel so pleasantly at home : but hearing of evictions that were to take place away in the interior of Innishowen, I bid a reluctant good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, at Green-Castle, and hiring a special car set off in the direction of Carndonagh. The road lies between mountains. The valley through which the road threads its way is varied enough ; in parts bog of the wildest, and barren-looking fields sloping up to as barren, rocky mountains in their tattered covering of heather, black in its wintry aspect as yet—mountain behind mountain looking over one another's shoulders ever so many deep with knitted brows, wrinkled into deep gullies. One of these mountains (Sliabh Sneach, snow mountain) deserves its name ; snowy is its cap, and snow lingers in the scarred recesses running down its shoulders. We passed fair, carefully cultured farms and farm houses, spotlessly white under the shade of trees. Other farms meeting these ran up far on the mountain side. The white houses, with which the mountain sides are plentifully dotted over, show very plainly, and are rather bare looking and unsheltered among the dark heather. There are more dwellings on the same space in Innishowen among the hills than in the parts of the Donegal mountains where I have been. The people seem better off and more contented. Many of them have a kind word for their landlords.

In no part of Innishowen that I saw is the same wretchedness and misery apparent as I saw in “ northern Donegal.” There is, there must be a less crushing set of office rules. As an instance of this, the car driver informed me that the high, utterly heath-clad mountains were allowed to the people for pasturage, with very little if anything to pay. This accounts for the number of sheep I saw trotting about with lambs at their feet, twins being the rule and even triplets far from uncommon. My informant told me that lambs in early autumn were worth from thirty-five shillings to two pounds when fit to kill. I thought this a fabulous price, but it was confirmed to me by a cattle dealer on the train from Derry to Limavady. If a small farmer had many lambs to sell, he would ave material help in making up the rent. My driver had

three acres of land ; he told me if he owned it out and out, after he got it paid for, he could lived comfortably. He had two horses and a car, and let out his car for hire. I considered that if he got much call for his car he might do that—a special car for four or five miles costing \$1.25, and if the driver is a hired man he often depends on his chance, so there must be 25 cents for him also.

It is very necessary, if one wants to see anything of the country to get off regular routes at regular times, so posting becomes a necessity.

Suddenly we became aware of a great crowd assembled at a group of small houses a little off the public road, and turned our horse's head in that direction. There were a great many cars—well there might be, for there were seventy police on the ground, under the command of a police officer named McLeod. There was an immense crowd of people, who were entirely unarmed, not even a shillelagh among them ; but if knitted brows and flashing eyes mean anything, there were men there capable, if any incident set pent-up rage free, to imitate the men of Harlech, who, with plaided breasts, encountered mail clad men. A large proportion of the crowd were women and girls, for there is a flourishing branch of the Ladies' Land League here.

The tenants to be evicted were, some of them, tenants of the Rev. William Crawford, I was told by what seemed good authority that the tenants did not owe much rent, but were pressed just now to punish them for joining the Land League. It was believed that the tenants were able to pay, but there was a strike against what they believed exorbitant rent. The evictions were to demonstrate the landlord's power to compel them to pay. There was a great crowd.

The policemen were formed in fours, and the crowd howled and hooted as they proceeded to the first house McCallion's. The policemen took up a position convenient to the house, and a few were stationed at the door. The under sheriff was on the spot.

The little cottage was neat and tidy, white-washed of course. I was not inside ; I did not like to go ; those who were said it was very clean and neat. A room with a few ornaments, a table and some chairs, and a kitchen with its dresser and table, and a few chairs and stools. The rent was £14 6s. The tenant stated that he objected to pay the rent on account of it being too high. The family were sad-looking, but were very quiet. A paper was presented to him to sign, acknowledging himself a tenant at will, and promising to give up the holding on demand ; on signing the paper he got a respite of six months.

The crowd then went to the house of James McCauley, when the same form was gone through and the same respite granted.

The next house was John Carruthers'. Here the crowd were very much excited, the women screeched, the men howled, and the poor constabulary came in for unlimited hooting.

The next place was the joint residence of Owen and Denis Quigley, joint tenants of a little patch. The cottage is in a gully on the mountain side, about a mile of crooks and turns from John Carruthers' house. The crowd was very large that was gathered round the door. As the police came up how they did howl ! How they did shout, “ Down with Harvey (the agent), and the Land League for ever.” Some of the women declared themselves willing to die for their country.

Another man was evicted, a tenant of Mr. Hector McNeil. The rent here was £22 3s. and the valuation £18 10s. Like the rest he said he could not pay it because it was too high.

At the next place a young lady Land Leaguer delivered a speech—Mary McConigle, a rather pretty young girl. Her speech was a good deal of fiery invective, withering sarcasm and chaff for the police, who winced under it, poor fellows, and would have preferred something they could defend themselves from— bayonets, for instance—to the forked lightning that shot from the tongue and eyes of this female agitator. Whatever would be the opinion of critics about it, Mary McConigle voiced the sentiments of the people and was cheered by the men and kissed by the women. There were a good many speeches made at different times.

Father Bradley, a tall, sallow young priest with a German jaw, square and strong and firm, spoke very well, swaying his hearers like oats before the wind. He praised them, he sympathized with them, he encouraged them, putting golden hopes for the future just a little way ahead of them, but through it all ran a thread of good advice to them to be self-restrained and law-abiding. I think I rather admired Father Bradley and his speech. I had a little conversation with him afterward. He said the lands were really rented too high, too high to leave for the cultivator of the soil anything but bare subsistence in the best of years ; and when bad years followed one another, or in cases of sickness coming to the head of the family, want sat down with them at once.

Mr. Cox, the representative of the Land League, was also there, and made a speech. He and some gentlemen of the press arrived in a car with tandem horses. Such grandeur impressed upon the people the belief that they were connected with law and landlords, so, inquiring the way, they found the people very simple and ignorant. When they came where roads met they were at a loss to know how to proceed, and a countryman whom they interrogated was both lame and stupid ; when he knew, however, who Mr. Cox was, he recovered the use of his limbs and brightened up in his intellect in a truly miraculous manner. There were other speeches during the forenoon of the evictions from Father O’Kane, the gentle little priest of Moville, Mr. McClinchy, the Poor Law Guardian, and others.

The greatest success of the day as to speech-making was, after all, the speech of Mary McConigle, to judge of its present effect—no one else was kissed. The gist of most of the speeches which I heard, or heard of, was, advising to hope, to firmness, to stand shoulder to shoulder, and a counsel to be law-abiding, wrapped up in a little discreet blarney.

As we drove away in the direction of Carndonagh we passed on the way a wing of the Ladies’ Land League, marching home in procession two and two. A goodly number of bare-headed sonsie lasses, wrapped in the inevitable shawl ; rather good-looking, healthy and rosy-cheeked were they, with their hair snooded back, and gathered into braids sleek and shining. Brown is the prevailing color of hair among the Irish girls in the four counties I have partly passed through. These Land League maidens reminded me of other processions of ladies which I have seen marching in the temperance cause. They were half shame-faced, half laughing, clinging to one another as if gathering their courage from numbers.

Carndonagh, which we reached at last, is another clean, excessively whitewashed little town, straggling up a side hill, with any amount of mountains looming up in the near distance.

A little after we arrived the Carndonagh contingent of the police on duty at the evictions came driving in, horses and men both having a wilted look. The drivers came in for some abuse as they took their horses out of the cars on the street. One old man could not at all express what he felt, though he tried hard to do so, and screeched himself hoarse in the attempt.

The police, as they alighted down off the cars, made for their barracks—a tall white house standing sentry at a corner. As one entered, a little child toddled out to meet him with outstretched arms. He stopped to kiss and pet the child, looking fatherly and human. I am sure the little kiss was sweet and welcome after the howls and hoots of the crowd and the sarcastic eloquence of Miss McConigle. I pity the police ; they are under orders which they have to obey. I have never heard that they have delighted in doing their odious duty harshly, and the bitter contempt of the people is, I am sure, hard to bear.

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The Peasantry—Dearth of Car Drivers— A Presbyterian Minister's Opinion of The Land Laws—Paddy's Laziness—Illicit Whiskey.

AFTER dinner at Cardonagh, went down to the establishment of Mrs. Binns, an outlying branch of the great factory of Mr. Tillie, of Derry. Saw the indoor workers, many in number and as busy as bees. Some of them were very, very young. Mrs. Binns informed me that the times were harder in this part of the country than a mere passer-by would ever suspect ; that the clothing to be worn when going out was so carefully kept, from the ambition to look decent, that they appeared respectable, while at the same time sorely pinched for food. The employment given in this factory is all that stands between many households and actual want. The machines here are not run by steam, but by foot power. I noticed weary limbs that were beating time to work ! work ! work ! Mrs. Binns, a kind motherly woman, spoke earnestly of the industry, trustworthiness, self-denial, loyal affection for parents, and general kindness that characterized the Irish peasantry.

This testimony to the qualities of the Roman Catholic peasantry has been the universal testimony of every employer who spoke to me on the subject. I have met with those who spoke of the native Irish, as they spoke of the poor of every persuasion, as lazy, shiftless and extravagant. These people talked from an outside view, and looked down from a certain height upon their poorer neighbors. Invariably I found the most favorable testimony from those who came into nearest contact with these people. As far as personal danger is concerned, having neither power nor inclination to oppress the poor of my people, I feel free to walk through the most disturbed districts as safely as in the days of Brian Boru.

To come back from that stately king down the centuries to the present time, I had intended to go from Carndonagh to Malin, and afterward to Buncrana, and from thence to Derry, having nearly gone round Innishowen. But this was not to be. Regular mail cars did not run on the days or in the direction in which I wished to go. I deliberated with myself a little, heard the comments of the people on the events of the day—the regrets that a greater force had not gathered and a greater demonstration been made. The women especially who had been forced to remain at home on the occasion of to-day regretted it very much. My car-man must return home to plough on the morrow ; could not by any means go any further with his car just at present. I do think he is afraid. Another car in this little place is not to be had in the present state of police demand, for they are going out for further evictions on the morrow.

I retained the car and driver I had brought with me, and returned to Moville. My driver, a rather timid lad, told me he would not like to drive the police to these evictions and then return after dark the same way ; he would be afraid. He would not drive the police, he said, on any account ; he thought it wrong to do so. I noticed that, on pretence of showing me more of the country, he brought me back to Moville another way. Whether he thought I was likely to be taken for Mrs. Doherty, of Redcastle, who was one of the evicting landholders at the present time, or only for a suspicious character, I cannot say.

I was very glad afterward that I had not been able to carry out my original intention of going to Malin, for some of the evictions there were of a most painful character. It was better that I was spared the sight. In the case of a Mr. Whittington, whose residence, once the finest in that locality, is now sorely dilapidated, his wife, with a new born babe in her arms, and a large family of little children around her, were evicted. Is there not something very wrong when such things can be? Of course, when the bailiff carried out the furniture to the roadside he was jeered and hooted at.

All the sympathy of the press is on the side of the landlords, and none but the very poor, who have suffered themselves, have pity, except of a very languid kind, for scenes such as this.

There are evictions and harassments flying about, as thick as a flight of sparrows through Innishowen at present.

At Moville I had the pleasure of an interview with the Rev. Mr. Bell, the Presbyterian minister of that place. He has studied the subject of the land laws in general and as they affected his own people in particular. Mr. Bell admits that there is great injustice perpetrated under the Land Law as it stands; that the Land Law of 1870 gave relief in many instances, and was intended to give more, but that numerous clauses in the bill made it possible to evade it, and it was evaded by unscrupulous men in many cases. "The necessity of a large measure of land reform, we admit," he says; "we must get this by constitutional means. Real wrongs must be redressed by agitating lawfully, persistently, continually and patiently, till they are redressed constitutionally. We must remain steadfast and never give in, but never transgress the law in any case or take it into our own hands. The Parnell agitation goes beyond this, and when they travel out of the safe path of using constitutional means, into something that leads to confiscation of property and robbery of landlords, and a concealed purpose, or only half concealed, of separation from England, we cannot follow them there."

Mr. Bell instanced many cases of gradual prosperity and attainment of wealth among his flock, but they were exceptional cases, and there were better farms in the case for one thing, and leasehold tenure for another, combining with their industry and thrift to account for the success.

I had conversation with another gentleman of this congregation, who, like many others, believed firmly in Paddy's laziness and carelessness at home. I am very tired of these statements, for any one can see the thrifty way mountain sides, scraps amid rocks, strips of land inside the railway fences, and every spade breadth is cultivated. It is not fair for a man who has means to judge a poorer man from the outside view of his case. There was a strange inconsistency in this gentleman's opinions, for while he declared laziness to be the cause of poverty and not the oppression of rent raised above value, yet when peasant proprietorship was mentioned as a remedy, he declared he would not take the farms as a gift and try to raise a living out of them.

I heard some lament the prevalence of stilling illicit whiskey in Innishowen. The excuse for doing so was to raise money for help in the prevailing poverty. They said the manufacture on the hills, whiskey being so easy to be had, nourished drinking customs among men and women alike, and what was made one way was lost one hundred-fold in another. A priest, recently deceased, a certain Father Elliott, had devoted talents of no mean order and great loving-kindness to the work of stemming this great evil. At his funeral there were between three and four thousand members of the temperance bands, which were the fruit of his labors. He died of typhus fever, and I heard his name mentioned with respectful regret by all creeds and classes.

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A Glimpse into The Past—The Derry of To-day—Purchasing Tenant Rights—Nibbling at The
Tenant Right—Instances of Hardship—“ Liberty of Contract.”

AT Merville I heard that there were some who had become peasant proprietors by purchasing out and out their holdings, and that they had bitterly repented of so doing ; for they had tied a millstone about their necks. I was advised to go to Limavady and see the Rev. Mr. Brown, who had made the purchase for these people, and knew how the bargain was turning out.

I was still at Merville. I was to return to Derry by boat, a much preferable mode of traveling to the post car. I mistook the wharf. There are two, one hid away behind some houses, one at the Coast Guard Station standing out boldly into the water. I walked over to the most conspicuous wharf and had the pleasure of hearing the starting bell ring behind me, and seeing the Derry boat glide from behind the sheltering houses and sail peacefully away up the Foyle like a black swan. Why do they paint all the steamers black in this green Erin of ours ? Well, as my belongings were on board, there was no help for it but to take a special car and go after my luggage, a long, cold drive to Derry. So much for being stupid.

I have been in Derry for some time. At different times I have tried to admire it, and it is worthy of admiration ; but some way it is a little difficult to think up thoughts as one ought to think them. Thoughts will not come to order. Besides, Derry “ is an old tale and often told.”

Still, it is an event in one's life to go round the old Derry walls. Owing to the kindness of Mr. Black, I have had that sensation. The gateways, without gates now of course, look like the arches of a bridge, and the walls like streets hung up out of the way. When one looks through a loop hole or over a parapet, there does a faint remembrance come up, like a ghost, of the stirring times that have wrapped themselves in the mist of years, and slid back into the past. I stood over the gates—this one and that one—trying to look down the Foyle toward the point where the ships lay beyond the boom, and to fancy the feelings of the stout-hearted defenders of Derry, as they watched with hungry eyes, and waited with sinking hearts but unflinching courage on the relief that the infamous Colonel Kirk kept lying, a tantalizing spectacle, inactive, making no effort of succor. But the houses are thick outside the walls, and shut up the view and choke sentiment. Of course I was in the cathedral, and looked at the rich memorial windows that let in subdued light into the religious gloom. Saw the shell which was thrown over with terms of capitulation, sitting in a socket on a pillar in the cathedral like a dove on its nest. It might tell a tale of what it saw in its flight through the air from one grim bank to the other, but it maintains a blank silence.

Of course I looked up at Walker on his monument, and went home to read Professor Witherow's book on the siege, which was kindly presented to me by Mr. Black, and to listen to people who scruple not to say that the monument, like the London monument of the great fire as described by Pope,

“ Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies.”

The moderns are plucking some of the feathers of glory from the wings fame gave to Walker. That is the way the fame of one generation is served by another.

Derry seems a very prosperous old maid, proud of her past, proud of her present. The great industry of Derry is shirt making. Was over the largest factory, that of Mr. Tillie, whose branch factory I saw at Carndonagh. This factory employs about twelve hundred hands.

These work people were more respectably dressed than any operatives I have seen in Ireland. They all wore bonnets or hats ; the mill people at Gilford and Ballymena went bareheaded or with a shawl thrown over the head. In the present woeful depression of the linen trade, it is cheering to look at this busy hive of industry. The shirts are cut out by machinery, the button holes are machine made and the machines are run by steam, a great relief to the operatives. This industry has prospered in Mr. Tillie's hands. He is also a landed proprietor. His own residence, Duncreggan, is very beautiful, and the grounds about it are laid out in fine taste.

There are now many other factories in Derry, but this is the largest. There was an effort to begin ship-building here, but it was defeated by the parsimony of the London companies, which are extensive landlords in Derry, and would not give a secure title to the necessary land ; so Belfast is the gainer and Derry the loser by so much.

Was a Sunday in Derry. She has got faithful watchmen on her spiritual walls. Visited a large living Sabbath-school in connection with Mr. Rodgers' church. Had the privilege of a class, and found that the little maidens had an appreciative knowledge of their Bibles. I hear that there is considerable religious earnestness in Derry, especially among the young men.

From Derry I ran down to Limavady to have an interview with the Rev. Mr. Brown anent the purchases made by tenants and how they were getting along afterward. Went down in the evening train. Behold, there was no room for me in the inn, and there was no other hotel in the little town. This was not so pleasant. Had a letter of introduction to a person in the town ; made a voyage of discovery ; found out his residence, and he was not at home. Obtained a guide and went to the Rev. Mr. Brown's—a good *bittie* out in the environs ; found him just stepping on a car to leave for a tenant right meeting. Got a recommendation from him to a private house where I might, could, would or should get accommodation for the night, and made an appointment with Mr. Brown for the morrow.

I may here remark that the residence of the Rev. Mr. Brown is both commodious and elegant. As a rule the ministry are comfortably and even stylishly housed in the North.

The next day had an interview with Mr. Brown, a frank, able and communicative man. Under his agency the people had bargained for a part of the Waterford property from the Marquis of that ilk. “ The Marquis was a good and generous landlord ; all his family, the Beresfords, were good landlords.” I had heard that said before. There were reasons why the Marquis was willing to sell, and the tenants were eager to buy. It was a hard pull for some of them to raise the one-third of the purchase money. They paid at the rate of thirty years' rent as purchase money. They are paying now a rent and a half yearly, but hope is in the distance and cheers them on. So if they have a millstone about their necks, as my Merville friend insinuated, it will drop off some day and leave them free for ever. Some of them have already paid the principal.

The Marquis got such a high price for his land that he only sold two-thirds of the estate, retaining the rest in his own hands, and raising the rents. Some two or three of the purchasers had a good deal of difficulty in raising their payments, but Mr. Brown has no doubt they will eventually pull through.

I heard again and again, before I met with Mr. Brown, of Limavady, that it was about thirty years since the tenants of the rich lands of the Ulster settlement began to feel the landlords nibbling at their tenant right. The needy or greedy class of landlords discovered a way to evade the Ulster custom by raising the rents in such a way as to extinguish the tenant right in many places. For instance, a tenant wished to sell his interest in a certain place. The agent attended the sale to notify parties wishing to buy that rent would be doubled to any new

tenant and there was no sale, for the place was not worth so much. The tenant's right was more than a wallowed up by the increase of rent. This was done so successfully that were it not for the Act of 1870, there would be no trace of the Ulster custom left.

It has been the custom from the plantation times to let the tenants build, clear, fence, improve, drain, on lands let low because they were bare of improvement. The difference between what the land was worth when the tenant got it, and what generations of thrifty outlay of time and moans made it was the tenant's property, and the Ulster custom allowed him to sell his right to his improvements to the highest bidder. On some lands the tenant right was much more than the rent, as it should be when it was made valuable by years and years of outlay ; but landlords, pinched for money, or greedy for money, naturally grudged that this should be, and set themselves by office rules to nip and pick the tenant right all away.

One great difference between the men of the lowland farms and the Donegal Celt of the hills is that they have felt and treasured up the remembrance of injustice since the settlement. Their lowland neighbors never began to sympathize with them until they knew how it felt themselves. In speaking of injustice and cruelty toward the hill tenants, I was often told, " Oh, these things are of the past," they occurred thirty years ago. How philosophically people can endure the miseries they do not feel. The sponge has not been created that will wipe off the Donegal mountains the record of deeds that are graven there.

To come back to tenant right, an office rule was made giving the out-going tenant three years' rent, in some cases five years' rent for his claim on the farm, and " out you go." Mr. McCausland, whose estate joins Limavady, gave three years' rent. Since the Land Act of 1870, and since the eyes of the world have been turned on the doings of Ireland, he has allowed something more for unexhausted manuring. He has also advanced money to some extent for improvements, adding five per cent., not to the loan, but to the rent, thus making the interest a perpetual charge on the property. Landlords in Donegal did the same with the money they got from Government to lend to the people—got it at one and a half per cent, from Government, re-lent it at five per cent., making the interest a perpetual rent charge.

“ When self the wavering balance shakes
'Tis rarely right adjusted.”

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