

The old man shouted for help, but there were far worse cases, and no help came. A cry then arose that the train on the other line was just due, and the way being blocked by the *débris*, another accident was imminent. A loud wail of despair issued from the poor father, as fruitlessly he strove to remove the great mass of fragments in which his daughter was entombed.

Who was this who, attracted by the doleful cry, approached to render aid?

Mr. Manley did not know at the moment. He simply saw a young and powerful man, and he clutched him by the shoulders, and then even sinking on his knees before him, the old man besought him by all he held dear, by all his hopes, of present and future, to save his child. "Save my Laura, my Laura, sir, and all I have shall be at your command!"

What a start the young man gave! One more close look into the suppliant's face, and then to work. What superhuman force was this which cast aside this huge bar and that great beam? See how the fragments fly, as though they were but pieces of a child's plaything!

To the right, to the left, the masses roll; the work is more than half done, when the cry arises that the whistle of the unstopped train on the other line is audible. Stand aside. No use working further. Death must have his additional victims. On comes the train.

Only at the last moment did Willie Stansfield succeed in claspings the frame of Laura Manley, and bearing it away.

Saved! Who could take her from him now?

FROM DERRY TO DUNGIVEN.



THE scenery of the County Derry, although not so grand as that of Donegal, has many attractions of its own for the artist. Having lately driven from Londonderry to Dungiven, a distance of fifteen miles, through a district well known to the fisherman and

sportsman, and famous in the simple romance of the people, we propose to tell the tales of adventure related to us upon the way.

Leaving Derry on a bright morning in August, we descended the steep hill of Glendermott into the fertile valley of the Faughan, a trout-stream, with a dense thicket of natural wood on either bank. Larch, birch, and hazel formed the chief growth, and here and there a spot of vivid scarlet, where the mountain ash drooped over the water. We saw gentlemen's country houses all along the way, embosomed in trees, and rich cornfields which crept to the very summits of the gentle hills.

About half-way between Derry and Dungiven, a gaunt ruin close to the high-road attracted our attention; and a question or two elicited the following curious story from the driver:—

At the beginning of this century, when paper was heavily taxed, the ruin that interested us was a paper-mill, in the hands of a family called Callaghan, consisting of a mother, four grown-up sons, and two daughters. The few neighbours who lived near knew

that the gauger had often called for the taxes due, and had been put off until a large sum of money was owed by the Callaghans. There had also been private transactions between them and this man, whose name was Joseph Latta. John, the eldest brother, had borrowed money from him; and he was about to take proceedings against the family, both for the private debt and the taxes due.

Such was the state of affairs when one day Joseph Latta was seen to enter the paper-mill, but nobody saw him leave it; and when in the course of a day or two he was missed, it crept out that several people could swear to having heard a shot fired within the building. The Callaghans were escorted to the nearest magistrate's house by a strong party of soldiers, and were strictly examined, but they swore that the gauger had left the mill alive and well; and as no trace of the missing man could be found there or in the neighbourhood, they were released. But dark suspicions hung about the place; and by degrees the family left the country, the last brother parting with the mill and emigrating to America.

John, Will, Patrick, Niel, Mary, and Jane were all gone—only the mother remained, and she removed to a cabin on the hill-side, in view of the paper-mill. Her circumstances were greatly altered, for she seemed to be forgotten by her children. For a few years remittances from America arrived for her, but as time went on these almost ceased, and her old age was spent in miserable poverty. The dwellers in all the cabins near believed that the old crone who crouched by their hearths, begging for a few potatoes or handful of oatmeal, and the privilege of warming herself at their fire, could tell a very dark story if she chose; but she was always on her guard—secret as the mysterious grave which had swallowed up Joseph Latta.

At length she lay on her death-bed, and her troubled conscience forced her to confession. She told how the gauger had come demanding the money, and how there were high words between him and John; how Patrick had shot him, and how Will had come into

the kitchen where Niel sat with her and the girls, and said, "Come, Niel, an' Jane an' Mary too; the boys wants you in the mill."

"John wanted them all—the girls and all," said the old woman, shuddering in her bed; "*he* was dying of the shot; an' they left naething to tell the story—they just ground him to bits in the paper-mill."

The river Faughan now ran to the left of the high-road, the same beautiful wood overhanging the stream, while to the left rose the hills, with the rich cornfields and snug farm-houses on their sides. We soon lost sight of the river, and the scenery became somewhat wilder. A bridge near the village of Feeny, surrounded by furze-clad knolls, is said to have been the scene of a strange adventure somewhere about the year 1730.

The whole country was held in terror by a robber named Shan Crossa, a very powerful and fearless man, who scoured the highways, "taking from the rich to give to the poor." The latter consequently always spoke well of him, and would have defended him at the risk of their lives. In Benedy, a region near Benbratten, the mountain we were approaching, Shan Crossa had a wild den or cave, to which he retreated when danger menaced him.

He had been lately guilty of several daring robberies, and his name was on every tongue, when General T—, on his way to Derry to pay the troops, stayed to rest with Colonel Kelly at Dungiven Castle. The general's escort were carousing in the kitchen, and he sat with his host over the wine. The conversation turned upon Shan Crossa's exploits, and the general said that he wished very much he could fall in with him.

"You'd find the rascal too many for you," said Colonel Kelly.

"Not I," replied the other; "I promise you the fellow should not escape *me*."

Shan happened to be in the cellar beneath the dining-room; he overheard the general's boast, and resolved to give him the privilege he wished for. He borrowed all the hats he could get for miles round, and stuck them upon the whin-bushes on the knolls surrounding the bridge at Feeny; and there he stationed himself at the hour when the general was expected to pass. Seeing the party approach Shan raised a wild shout, which was answered by three or four ragged adherents of his, whom he had hidden under the bridge. The soldiers, startled by the shouts, saw the hats on the furze-bushes, and thought they were surrounded by hordes of the savage Irish, and fled ignominiously, leaving the general in his carriage on the bridge. Shan Crossa held a pistol to his head, and threatened to fire if he did not give up the money. Thus he became possessed of the pay for the troops in Derry, and of a handsome silver-mounted fowling-piece, as well as of the general's uniform, of which he stripped him. Dressing himself in these brilliant garments, he bowed to his victim, saying, "It is apparel that makes the man," and signed to his friends to quit the horses' heads, release the postillion, and permit the crestfallen general to go on his way. Ever since the bridge where the adventure took place has been called "The General's Bridge."

Another of the stories told of this daring man is that, meeting one day a country gentleman, well known as a very skilful sportsman and accomplished athlete, Shan took a fancy to his coat, and coolly demanded it.

"All right, Shan," said Mr. S—, "I'll wrestle you for it, and the best man shall keep the coat."

They wrestled, and Mr. S—, after a long struggle, succeeded in putting Shan down.

"You're the best man of the two, sir," confessed Shan, with sincere respect.

As this gentleman's wife and a lady guest were walking near the river Owen Beg, they spoke of Shan Crossa and his exploits.

"How much I should like to see him!" said the lady.

"You might not like it as well as you think, my dear," replied her friend.

As she was speaking a man sprang over the ditch and stood before them. Taking off his hat with a low bow, he said most politely, "You wish to see Shan Crossa, ladies; here he is at your service."

They saw an active-looking, rather handsome man of middle size, dressed in the knee-breeches, long stockings, and brogues worn at that time universally by the peasantry, carrying the silver-mounted fowling-piece of which he had robbed the general.

He always wished to be on good terms with his neighbours the country gentlemen; and as he never broke into their houses or did worse than relieve them of their property on the high-road, he thought they ought to be friendly towards him. But one of them was the means of his being taken prisoner. Shan's presence of mind did not desert him even in this strait. While on his way to Derry gaol he asked the officer's permission to show the soldiers how far he could jump.

"May I tak' three leaps, your honour, just to show what I can do? It's allowed that I can leap further nor any man in Ireland."

"You may leap between the men," was the reply.

The soldiers were drawn up in two lines so extended that it was thought Shan could not possibly jump beyond them; but his first and second leaps took him far down the line, and his third carried him beyond it. He put forth his extraordinary agility and ran for his life. The broken nature of the ground and his knowledge of the country were in his favour, and he escaped. Shan Crossa's three leaps are still shown by the people. It is said that he died in bed in one of his many hiding-places.

The Glens near Dungiven excited our admiration. Each of the five wooded glens was so beautiful that we longed to explore it, but time failed. We ended by choosing the fourth, remarkable for a waterfall like that of Powerscourt in miniature, and for a gigantic perpendicular cliff, on whose summit the golden eagles used to build. Springing from rock to rock in the almost dried-up course of Owen Lair, twin-river to Owen Beg, we passed the entrances to the three first glens and turned towards the waterfall. Both Owen Beg and Owen Lair are excellent trout-streams.

LETITIA MCCLINTOCK.