

"Certainly, Edgar," replied Nelly Marston, in a somewhat prim voice. She glanced at Emmy, who suddenly felt herself reddened, and could not understand why she felt so remarkably uncomfortable. Edgar Marston had again in an intangible manner reminded her of her own lover. She hastily repressed a sigh, and turned her attention to the invalid girl who had been anxiously scanning her face.

"What do you think of him?" asked Nellie, bending forward and throwing off any semblance of disguise. "Do tell me that you think him worthy of her; that you believe it will be the most perfect thing in the world for them both."

Emmy felt herself turning stiff and cold.

"I cannot affect to misunderstand your meaning," she said, after a pause, "but as Dorothea has never discussed the subject with me, I would rather not talk of it now. Can I read to you, or do anything to amuse you?"

"One's guests do not amuse one, as a rule," said Nellie, with a petulant little frown. "It is, as a rule, the other way."

Then she smiled, tossing brightly aside her momentary ill-humour. "I forgot that you were out of the common," she said. "You are Emmy Thorn, of whom I have heard so much."

"And I never heard of you—never, until to-day," said Emmy.

Nellie laughed quite merrily.

"Oh, what a reserved Dolly she is!" she exclaimed. "Of course, you know why she could not speak of me." Then she added rapidly, "I must say one thing to you: you don't suppose that Edgar has discussed this thing with me—neither he nor Dorothea has said a word, only, of course, one sees; any one

who watches them together cannot help seeing. Is not that so?"

"I believe you are right," said Emmy, with a sigh.

"Yes, I know I am right. Now, I want to tell you about Edgar. He is the dearest fellow—a little eccentric, perhaps, and with peculiar views, but he is a genius, just as your Dolly is a genius, and they both love the same thing. To them both, art means much. You cannot imagine how changed Edgar is since he has known your friend. She has seemed to supply to him just what he always lacked; he is very uncommon, and very peculiar, and he needed sympathy, and she can supply it. Before he met her he had only me, and I am commonplace. I went to the Academy Schools, certainly, and studied art, because we are a family of artists, but I have none of the higher elements in me. I should probably have gone in for decoration, and I have no particular ambition, except, perhaps, just to please Edgar, and you know I am not beautiful. I am dark, like Edgar; but I am insignificant, and I have none of his good points. I know I must have been a wearisome sort of companion for him, although I tried my best; and I am glad, very glad that this has come to pass, and that he is likely to be abundantly satisfied."

"I know one thing that you have got," said Emmy bending forward, and taking Nelly Marston's thin little hand between her own; "you have got one rare and beautiful thing."

"I? You excite my curiosity. What can it be?"

"You are unselfish, and that is greater than beauty or genius; oh, yes, much greater—in God's sight much greater."

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

AN UNBEATEN TRACK IN DONEGAL.



HOROUGHLY done up and suffering from all-overishness, I turned in to see a friend in Victoria Street, and I told him how I felt.

"Take a prescription I will give you," he said, "and I will engage a cure inside of three days."

"Oh, yes," I said; "Boulogne, Brittany, &c., of course!"

"No such thing," he replied, "I mean a trip quite new, out of the beaten track and free from all conventional restraints. Promise obedience."

"I promise," I said.

"Then take your note-book. Route, Liverpool—Transatlantic steamer to Moville, where they take in the mails; go ashore and strike right into Innishowen."

"But," said I, "where and how am I to go from that?"

"Never mind," he replied; "'stand not upon the order of your going, but go.' It will be revealed to you then and there. Don't forget your sketch-book, and take this geological map and notes. You will see something to interest you in that way."

"We are nearing Moville, sir," said the steward the second morning after, "and I believe you are going ashore here—the shore boats will be alongside in twenty minutes."

A little later I was standing at the gangway.

"I hope, sir," said the captain, "your luggage is clear."

"Thanks," I said, "it is all here," pointing to a very small bag.

"Ah!" he said, "that is well. I landed a young couple here not long ago, and they managed, how I cannot tell, to have everything they had in the

world at the bottom of the New York luggage—of course they had to land without it, and we took it to New York, and home again, and they had to pay the freight both ways! Adieu."

A handsome pinnacle came alongside, and a voice sang out—

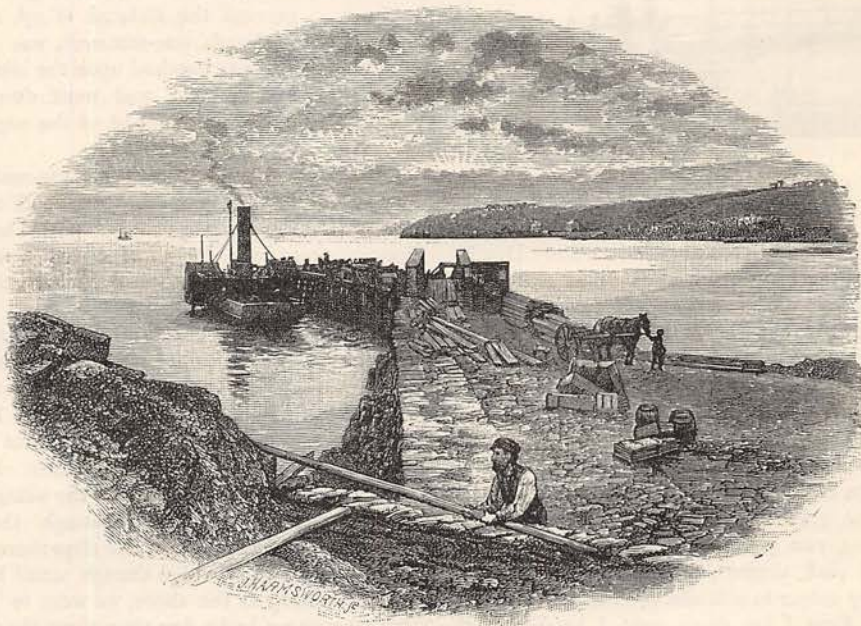
"Is Mr. — of London on board?"

"Yes," I replied, "but who on earth are you?"

"A friend of Mr. — of Victoria Street, Westminster, who wired me to take charge of you, and show you round Innishowen."

Another minute and we were sailing in a lively

At Greencastle, the tide is forced through a narrow pass for a short distance of about a quarter of a mile, and it then expands into a wide lough, and is again narrowed just before reaching Derry, where it flows up the river Foyle and to a distance of some twenty miles beyond it up the valley of the Finn. On the Derry side, opposite Greencastle, the geology is peculiar. Immediately under the Trappean hills, we have several formations thrown together from widely different parts of the geological scale, and in a short distance we pass from the Chalk to the Green Sand, and then to the New Red Sandstone, and at a step to the Old Red



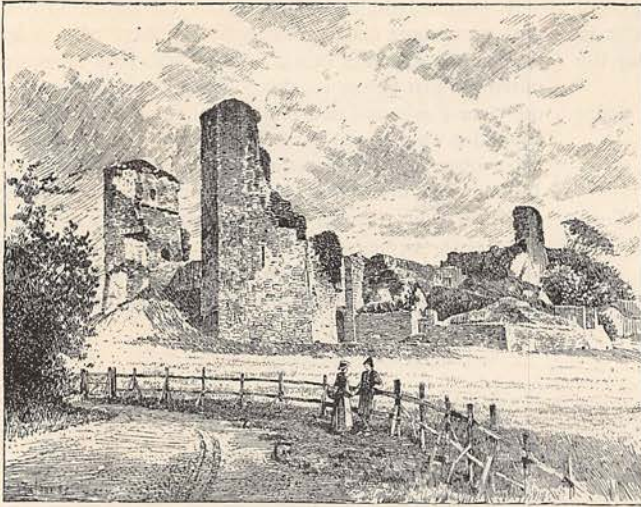
THE LANDING-PLACE, MOVILLE, LOUGH FOYLE.

(From a Photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.)

breeze along a lovely shore, high hills rising from the water's edge, on to Greencastle, where my new-found friend put me up. Moville and Greencastle, within three miles of each other, sparkle in the landscape, upon the eastern shore of what I may call the promontory of Innishowen, which on this side is bounded by Lough Foyle; they are the summer resorts of the people of the city of Londonderry, which lies about eighteen miles further up the lough. Opposite Greencastle and rising from golden sandhills are the frowning escarpments of the Trappean hills of County Derry; below us was Lough Foyle, with the steamer standing out to sea after having taken the American mails on board. Luncheon over, I felt a new man; already an air I had never breathed before was beginning to make me feel better than a day earlier I could think possible. How to squeeze into a reasonable space my experiences of the next few days is my present difficulty, and I must leave out much I fain would write.

Sandstone. Towards evening I saw a stirring scene; numerous boats—Greencastle is famous for its fishing-yawls—started out from all sides. I counted sixty within sight at one time, and they were all going out salmon-fishing upon the high sea at night. I was surprised to find that these poor toilers of the sea were obliged to pay £3 licence per annum for each boat before they were, as they expressed it, allowed to wet a net. I think that is hard. The toil is severe enough, and many of these poor men lose their lives, so dangerous is the coast.

Next morning, we went round the north coast as far as Culdaff. The coast is simply splendid; grotesque pointed rocks standing up everywhere, with a highly-coloured sea crashing amongst them; verdure of the most delicate tints, covering even the very face of many of the cliffs down to the water's edge, all combined to give an intensity of delicious colouring to the landscape. We went ashore at a little bay, called Glennagivenny, surrounded by steep and high in-



GREENCASTLE.

(From a Photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.)

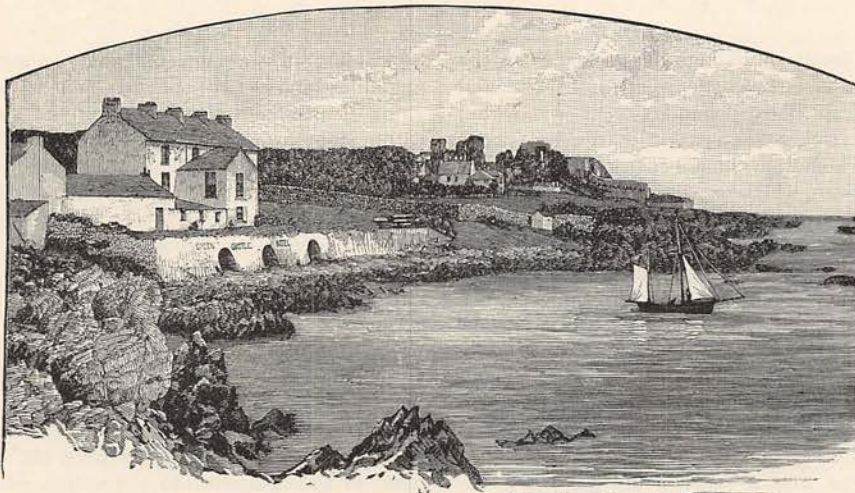
clines. A remarkable rock called "The Dutchman," which is the shape of a spear-head and some sixty feet high, stands at one end of this little bay. I never in all my experience saw such a blaze of colour as this spot gave. The almost black rock pointed up into a brilliantly blue sky; a perfectly emerald sea broke in gigantic waves around it, and dashed themselves into the whitest of foam upon pure golden sands, while from the edge of the little strand rose the high cliffs, tinted with the most delicate opalescent green hues; and, to crown the harmony of colour, two young ladies with brilliant red parasols, and pink dresses, supplied the necessary complementary colour to a landscape instinct with life and motion. First I lay down, next I smoked, and

then I sipped nectar, that is, I drank half a can of delicious buttermilk which my friend had scrambled up the face of the hill, in a broiling sun, and got at a cabin.

We slept that night at Tremone—a little farther on—at a half farmer's house, half lodging-house; the Atlantic rollers pounding themselves to diamond dust at our feet. Lying outside a bold headland, was to be seen the island of Innistrhull. It is inhabited by a primitive and most orderly people, who scarcely ever come to the mainland. They were not long ago under the ban of evictions, to aid in which process the ill-fated *Wasp*, one of Her Majesty's war-steamers, was going when she was wrecked upon the island of Tory, further west, and went down with all hands in the dead of the night, with no one left to tell why.

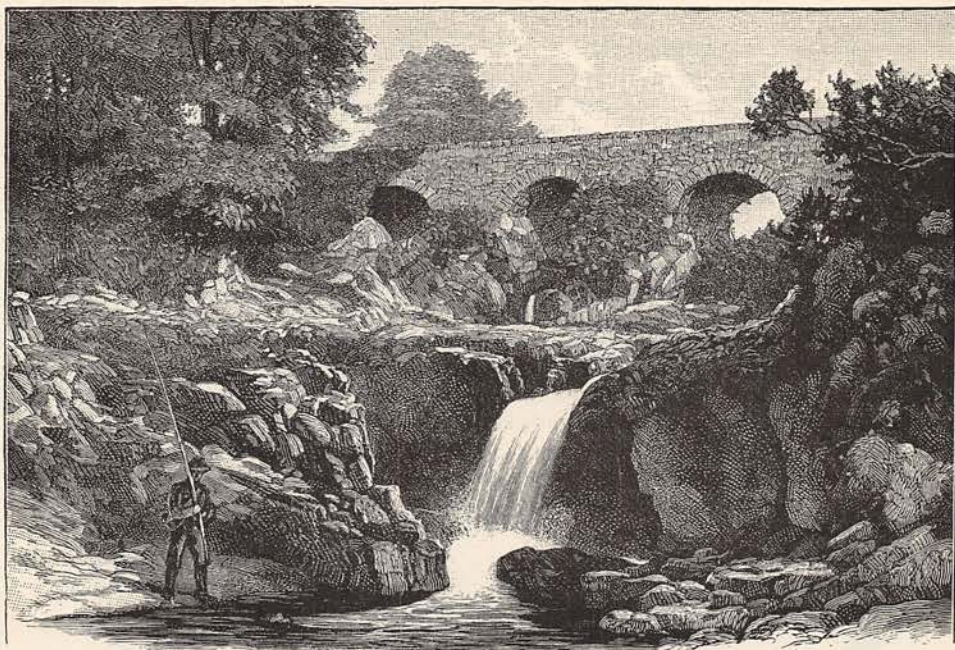
Next morning we proceeded to Culdaff. The neighbourhood abounds in rude stone crosses and Dolmens. At Boccan there is a Druidical circle, a small Stonehenge, but most of the stones have been thrown down or removed.

Here we left our boat and took to *terra firma*, on a car to Malin, a pretty village, and from this went on to Malin Head, a rock-bound coast with fine cliff scenery; it is the extreme north of Ireland, and is the estate of a Mr. Hart, who thus enjoys the position of being the northernmost landlord in Ireland! Three miles south of the village of Malin, lies the small town of Carndonagh, the principal market-place of the country; we slept there in the comfortable and well-provided though small hotel. Still wishing to keep to the shore, we went to Doagh Isle, from whence we had a fine view along the north coast.



AT GREENCASTLE.

(From a Photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.)



AT BUNCRANA.

(From a Photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.)

Tory Island, the spot where the *Wasp* was suddenly ground to pieces under the perpendicular cliffs, was a mere speck upon the horizon. This view was one of the prettiest I have ever seen. The various valleys and mountain ridges are separated from each other by considerable intervals, while the mists from the ocean, passing up the glens, brought out so many distances and headlands, that the whole seemed like a set of dissolving views and all alive.

In the distance were to be seen Errigal, the highest mountain in the county, a sharp pyramid of quartzite, with its neighbouring granite mountains.

From the old castle where we stood, there runs a range of sandhills to the westward; this fine sand is always moving under the influence of the prevailing west winds, and is ever encroaching upon the arable land, the inhabitants of which have had in recent times to fly before it, and to abandon two town-lands to its resistless devastations. Fine specimens of Eolian rocks are now being uncovered here, giving evidence that at one time, within the Recent period, the prevailing winds blew in a contrary direction to what they do now.

Fine examples of the different operations of the Glacial period are to be met with along this shore, and in all directions, and they have given rise to some scientific literature on the subject; the phenomena being often identical with those of the Isle of Bute in Scotland.

We went into several caves and got some beautiful large specimens of the *Asplenium marinum*, pendent from the joints in the roofs.

From hence we struck across the country to the south, over moor and rock. When coming to the beautiful "Meentiaghs" lake, we obtained a fine view of the high mountain of Slieve Snaghta (the White Mountain); brilliantly lighted up and rising beyond the south side of the gloomy lake, it was a most interesting object. It receives its name from the fact of the whole mountain being covered with snow, as seen from this spot, and which it retains on its summit even sometimes into the summer months. When I saw it, and sketched it, it was coloured with the beautiful bronze tints of the heather. One word on the scenery of this country: its great charm is what one misses so often in the finest Swiss scenery—namely,—its ever-varying far-away distances, the intense blue of the mountain, in shadow, contrasting with the vivid neutral orange of the illuminated portions.

From this we went to Clonmany, and then through a wild and rugged pass, the Gap of Mamore. The road passes over a high ridge of mountains, and looking back, one sees the headland of Dunaff, like a huge opal, jutting into the ocean, while he stands in the gloom of the Gap. It was a charming sight I shall never forget.

Passing through the Gap, we reached Bunrana, the terminus of the Londonderry and Lough Swilly Railway. Three-quarters of an hour brings us to Derry. Four miles from Derry there is a wonderful place—Greenan of Aileach, the ancient palace of the kings of Ulster. It is a hill of only about 800 feet high, but so advantageously situated as to command an extraordinary expanse of view. Under your feet,

Lough Swilly, or the "Lake of Shadows," runs from its mouth past you up to Letterkenny, a really beautiful lough. On your right hand, Lough Foyle is visible; on the left can be traced the valley of Mulroy Lough, though its waters cannot be seen; and beyond this the view is open right up to Errigal Mountain, near Gweedore in the north-west.

Innishowen lies under and before you. Until lately, the waters of Lough Swilly came up to within a few miles of those of the Foyle; and there is geological evidence to show that during the Glacial period the conditions were accurately described by its name—viz., "Innis Eogan," or the Island of Eogan; then it became corrupted into "Innis-Owen," and lastly "Innishowen."

To describe Derry would be beyond the limits of my space. It is a beautifully situated city, with a glorious

old cathedral, a fine river, and charming scenery all round. The city itself, with its cathedral on the summit, forms a striking view as one goes down the river to Moville, and before entering the narrows, which stretch from about a mile below the city to Culmore. Looking back at the city we see the river running through a narrow glen, at the upper end of which was placed the boom, to stop the vessels trying to relieve the city when besieged by King James. This siege fills a brilliant page in history, and I can only say to those who want more of it, *vide* Macaulay.

From Culmore the lough widens out to a great width. At the lower end lies our old friend, the Transatlantic steamer. In half an hour I am on board; and next day I am back in my chambers, thoroughly re-invigorated and fit for anything.

THE FRENCH CHARACTER, SEEN THROUGH ENGLISH SPECTACLES



COUNTRIES, like individuals, have their inner as well as their outer life. We may take in at a glance a stranger's peculiarities of features, dress, manners, and speech; but we must be for some time in his company, and observe him closely, under varying circumstances, if we would understand his character. It is the same with large communities or races of men. John Bull has al-

ways been disposed to look with suspicion upon men of other nationalities, and to measure them by a standard as narrow as his own island home. There are too many Mrs. Browns still, who "cannot abide furriners." Even travelled Englishmen—and who does not travel nowadays?—are apt to take their prejudices with them, closing their eyes to the excellencies of their neighbours, and exaggerating their faults. So it is with regard to the French. We must live among them, and mingle with them in the converse of every-day life, if we would grasp the many details which go to make up national character, and form a fair judgment upon it.

A residence of some years in Paris, and more recently in a large provincial town of France, has given the writer opportunities of doing this in a measure. He, therefore, proposes to note down a few of the impressions he has received.

The first feature in the character of the French that he would mention is not one which all are, at first,

prepared to attribute to them. It is their love of reasoning—their sternly logical mind. By this it is, of course, not meant that they always reason correctly, or that they invariably come to sound conclusions; but simply that they do reason about all matters, great or small. They are, indeed, as every one knows, a singularly impulsive and excitable people. A madman has been defined by Locke as one who reasons correctly from wrong premisses. In paroxysms of great national excitement a whole nation may go mad; but when they do so they may still reason after a fashion, though most erroneously. So it has often been with the French. In their calmer moments, however, they are extremely precise in their modes of thinking and acting. Their very language is a proof of this, and is a mirror of their minds. Those who know it best will admit that it is far more difficult than they at first supposed. The superficial smattering of it which is often acquired at school or college is easily gained, and as easily lost. But a thorough mastery of its principles and idioms, not to speak of its pronunciation, and ability to write as well as speak it correctly, are the results of long and careful study, besides constant practice. This arises chiefly from the many niceties of expression and delicate distinctions, all intended to insure accuracy. The French language is like a pure limpid stream, through which every pebble at the bottom is distinctly visible. A good French writer or speaker spares no pains to make his words the transparent, exact medium of his thoughts. Nothing loose or slipshod in composition can be tolerated. The sentences are, for the most part, short, terse, and neatly chiselled, following each other like the steps of a mathematical demonstration. There is, therefore, much less room for individual