

INTERESTING TOWNS.

Belleek and Ballyshannon Receive the Attention of Our Irish Correspondent.

The Abbey Assaroo.

HONDORAN, IRELAND.

I visited Belleek, which is the second station on the line from Bundoran, the site of the famous pottery works. This is a sure attraction for visitors on account of the famed beauty of its ware, as well as the natural beauty of the scenery in the neighborhood. The place has great attraction for anglers and boaters especially as Lough Erne is in the vicinity and is connected with Belleek by the Erne river. I was informed that no less than three hundred persons, who come here for fishing in the summer, might be found lodging in the farmers' houses along the foot of the Derry mountains. It is a sort of fishers' and tourists' paradise—a new life to the clerk or the merchant, released for a while from the smoke and din of city. I was shown through the Belleek Pottery Works by the manager (Mr. Cleary)—every department, from where the clay is prepared to where the final touch is given to this beautiful ware. This unique and world-famed Irish industry was founded in 1867 by Messrs. Armstrong of London, and McBirney of Dublin. There are about 150 persons—men and girls—employed in it. No description can give an idea of the exceeding beauty of this peculiar china-ware or "Belleek Pottery," as it is called. I can't do better than give an extract from Father Connolly's little book:

"The peculiarities of the finest Belleek ware are its tint, its lightness of body, and the ornamentation of modelling from nature. The tint is rich, delicate, cream-like, or ivory with a glittering iridescence like lustre, an idea of which we get from the changing hues of a dark blue pigeon or the crested pride of the drake. This is produced by a chemical combination. A writer in the Art Journal says: We can give no idea of the beauty of Belleek ware by engravings and written description; it must be seen to be admired and be examined to be estimated. Many ornamental subjects are modelled directly from nature; the beautiful imitations of sea shells and coral brooches appear quite natural. Subjects and figures from mythology, mermaids, dolphins, sea-horses, animals, fish, shells, plants and flowers are all modelled in the ware. In the china beautiful plaques with landscape painting will be found; many of these as well as the patterns in modelling were the designs of Mr. Armstrong, but for years this branch of the decorating department has been under the capable direction of the talented artist Mr. Sheeran, who copies into your dinner or tea service any design or landscape supplied. Belleek pottery has had the distinguished patronage of the Queen, the Prince of Wales (for whom six tons of the ware were manufactured), Prince Feck, the Duke of Abercorn, Earl Spencer, etc., and obtains a wide patronage from Britain and America. Every species of the ware from the commonest to the most artistic is here manufactured from almost exclusively Irish materials by Irish hands. A portion of the rolling Erne at the Falls, equal to nearly three hundred horse-power, is turned to mechanical use by being "chained" to turn the great pottery wheel."

Ballyshannon, is, perhaps, after Armagh and Dungannon the most ancient and historic town in Ulster. Very little, however, of its former greatness remains, save the striking beauty of the surroundings. O'Donnell's Castle, Kilbarrow Castle (the O'Clery's), and Assaroo Abbey are gone. Gone, too, are the monks, students, chiefs, and ladies bright. Naught remains, I may say, save ruins and the romantic tumbling, tossing, rolling Erne, together with the golden sands, estuary, noble bay, green hills and background of mountains. On nature's architecture the hand of Time, or John Bull has made very little impression. The noble landscape is, no doubt, much the same to-day as when Ballyshannon formed the key to Tyrconnell, and the celebrated stronghold of the O'Donnells "rolled back the tide of war." Every stone, indeed, around here, if it could speak, might tell of deeds of long ago. The view from the fine stone bridge at Ballyshannon is certainly impressive—romantic in the extreme when the September sun is seen going down in glory beneath the noble bay, casting golden shadows over the magnificent Falls, leaping into foam over some 100 feet

high of old have had for the beautiful in nature, when they selected such charming spots for their castles and abbeys. Viewing this noble scene from the Ballyshannon bridge, one is strongly impressed that this lovely spot might appropriately be called the "Golden Gate of Erin."

No wonder, then, that Fartholan was attracted hither by the grandeur of the situation. Tradition says that Fartholan, who flourished 17 centuries B.C., founded a colony on Inis Samer, a small island just in front of Ballyshannon Falls. But the great Scythian chief, perhaps disgusted with the state of the bar, sailed around to the east and settled at Howth. Here is antiquity galore. The ancient Inis Samer is now locally called the unpoetic name "Fish Island." Samer or Salmer (the morning star) was the ancient Celtic name given to the Erne lake and river.

It would be hard to imagine a more wildly romantic spot than the site of the ruined Assaroo Abbey. It was a hard October day, the winds blew sharp and clear, when I walked out from Ballyshannon. It is about a quarter of a mile to the site of the famous Cistercian Abbey. After passing a few dozen thatched cabins and turning down a lane beside Mr. Stubb's residence, I came on a secluded glen, down which the music of a dark mountain torrent is forever heard, while at the same time it turns the wheels of three or four flax and corn mills. Coming into the glen I crossed a quaint little bridge of two arches—said to be one of the oldest in Ireland—beneath which the seething current rushes down between the trees to the bay. It is a wild, stony country in every direction, while in this romantic dell are thrown together in wild confusion, mills, cabins, ruins, millstreams, leaping torrents, and ancient graveyards. Up a little on the rise are a couple of ivy-clad pieces of ancient walls—all that remains of the renowned Abbey of Assaroo—once a nursery of learning and sanctity. Beside the crumbling walls is the abbey graveyard, choked with weeds and thistles, beneath which are seen some ancient slabs, while scattered about are not a few nice Celtic crosses. At your feet are the golden sands of the Erne's estuary, while further out in Donegal Bay and directly in front are the romantic Derry mountains for a background. Truly a spot to inspire the monks of old to sing the praises of God as well as to fill the visitor of to-day with deep, silent thought! The poet Willie Allingham has sung of Abbey Assaroo:

Gray, gray is Abbey Assaroo by Ballyshannon town,  
It has neither door nor window, the walls are broken down;  
The carved stones lie scattered in briars and nettle-bed,  
The only feet are those that come at burial of the dead.  
A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the tide,  
Singing a song of ancient days in sorrow, not in pride;  
The boor-tree and the lightsome ash across the portal grow,  
And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey Assaroo.

One of the mill hands very kindly left his work to show me around. After he left me, I was in perfect solitude among the graves, save for a little brown terrier which ran up to me wagging his tail—by way of greeting.

It was so interesting that I made a second visit. This time a young farmer's son left his work and in the most kindly way escorted me around the place. I found the cottagers around here very kind and obliging. We visited Cataby, a secluded cave in a beautiful little glen overlooking the romantic torrent, in which are the marks of an altar and a holy water font hewn in the rock, where Mass used to be said in the Penal Times. Here are several other caves and subterranean passages. In the ancient grave I came on the supposed grave of the last abbot, on which is a slab which was broken and recently cemented together again. On this slab is a Latin inscription and a coat of arms. Down on the very edge of the shore is St. Patrick's or "Abbey Well" springing out of a solid rock, to which many people make devotional visits. Abbey Assaroo was most probably founded in 1184 by Flaherty O'Maldory, Lord of Tyrconnell, for the Cistercian Order. It was richly endowed with lands and a portion of the fisheries. Assaroo means the "Falls of Red Hugh," from the fact that a chief of that name was drowned here five centuries B.C.

the sea, are the ruins of Killybegs Castle—the home of the illustrious family of the O'Clerys, hereditary ollaves, or historians of Tyrconnell. It was built in the 13th or 14th century. With the fall of the friendly O'Donnell's and the "Flight of the Earls" Assaroo Abbey, Killybegs Castle, and the rest shared the same fate—they were plundered and destroyed. In the dark hour of the fortunes of their family and their country the O'Clerys remained faithful to learning and to Ireland—the time when D'Arcy Magee could say—

Darkness shrouds the Hills of Banva,  
Sorrow sits by every stream.  
We find three out of the "Four Masters"—who toiled for four long years in the classic old Franciscan Abbey, at Donegal, writing for us the great treasury of Irish history, the Annals of the Four Masters,—belonging to the O'Clery family. Now what more does a tourist want, no matter what his tastes, than he has in this magnificent field? He can find at any railway station an obliging lot of jarvies—inbued with the native comradely, Irish humor, ready to drive him anywhere, a comfortable hotel, and wild scenery, fine air, and ancient ruins scattered broadcast.

I enjoyed a short visit to Pettigo, the third or fourth railway station from Bundoran. A neat, bright, picturesque village it is, with a romantic river, in full view of Lough Erne. This is the station at which visitors for Lough Derg—the world famed St. Patrick's Purgatory, which is only four miles from Pettigo—get off. Had it not been so late in the season and the place closed up, I would have visited Lough Derg. But I hope for a better opportunity. But if I didn't see Lough Derg, I went out to see the McGrath Castle, beautifully situated amidst woods and green meadows, on the banks of Lough Erne, a mile or so from Pettigo. This classic old pile, which looks eloquent even in ruins, was built by Mylor McGrath, an apostate bishop, in 1601. Who was Mylor McGrath? His history in brief was this. The McGrath family collected the taxes for the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell. Mylor McGrath was a bright lad of promise. He was taken up and educated by the Franciscans, and was subsequently professor in the College of Bangor. Next he became Bishop of Down and Connor. There he, apostatized and was made Protestant Archbishop of Cashel by Queen Elizabeth. After his perversion he built this castle in his native place, but the people hated him so much that he couldn't live in it. To his insatiable desire for gold is described Bishop McGrath's fall.

EDMUND D. WHELAN.

ORPHANAGE FOR JAPANESE GIRLS IN TOKIO.

To the Editor:  
Dear Sir—May I ask you to be so kind as to make known the following appeal? A large orphanage for Japanese girls in Tokio has been so seriously injured by the earthquakes of the last fifteen months that very extensive repairs amounting almost to reconstruction are now required. The orphanage is maintained by voluntary contributions and is managed by Sisters of the Order of the Holy Child Jesus, on liberal principles, receiving over three hundred children of every denomination.

During the long residence of my husband as British Minister in Japan I had exceptional opportunities of watching the work, and I have seen numberless girls being saved from starvation and from degradation, and brought up to maintain themselves in honorable service or put in the way of making good marriages by this charity. I have seen girls sheltered those who had come weeping to the gates, entreating the Sisters to save them from being sold into prostitution by their remaining relatives. In spite of the many great qualities of the Japanese and the surprising progress made by the country, the fate of an orphan girl who has not the good fortune to be adopted into some family is still a very sad one. The work of saving some, at least, of these poor children is so good and useful that our countrymen and friends in Japan were always most generous in answering to my appeals on its behalf, but the need of the war, and the many subscriptions set on foot for ambulance work, have made it impossible for residents to help the orphanage as they did in former years. They are now with certain help from the British Government and the

hope to make the buildings with a view to escape that many girls will have to be turned adrift to meet a fate too sad to be described.

Any sums, however small, will be thankfully received and may be sent to Messrs. Henry S. King & Co., 45 Pall Mall, London, for the Tokio Orphanage; or to Mrs. Hugh Fraser, Villa Crawford, Sant Agnello di Sorrento; or to Mr. Arthur Tevy, Manhattan Trust Co., 21 Wall St., New York.

Accept our sincere thanks for your kindness in allowing us to make the work known through your columns.  
Yours truly,  
MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

It would doubtless be a waste of effort at this late day to fix the responsibility for the mismanagement or worse, which resulted in the shabby construction of the Lincoln monument in Illinois. During the last session of the Legislature it was brought to light that the pile reared to the memory of Illinois' greatest citizen was kept in a disgraceful condition. With a view to making it decently fitting for its purpose it was turned over to the care of the State. Now it is finally published to the world that the State can do little or nothing to make the monument presentable. It is a shabby built structure of brick, with a thin and perishable veneering of granite. Certainly the trustees ought to insist that this wretched sham be taken down. If Lincoln needs any other monument than the reverence and esteem of the people, it must be a monument worthy of the man. It must be genuine, and not a skimpy and slovenly ersatz. If the sentiment of the people to-day could be crystallized in some enduring form the pile on Abraham Lincoln's grave would be more beautiful than any known to ancient Greece. It is an insult to this sentiment and to the people who cherish it that the monument at Springfield is merely a sham imitation of enduring stone. Let the thing be razed by all means, and the sooner the better. Rather let there be no monument at all than one which insults both the dead patriot and the people who live to remember him. And the next time a monument for such a purpose is erected the people will demand that it be put up of enduring materials and for all time. It must be genuine all the way through and in form and substance worthy of its purpose.

A boor was at first only a farmer, and the present acceptance of the expression is an indication of the contempt formerly felt by city people for those residing in the country.

The word hitherto originally meant nothing more than to go before. It is used in this sense in several places in the Scriptures.

FRANK FULLAM.

formerly with E. E. Brown, has opened rooms at.....

102-103 WILDER BUILDING.

with a carefully selected stock of all the latest New York styles in Gold and Enamel Brooches and Scarf Pins, Silver and Leather Novelties, comprising a fine line of.....

CHOICE JEWELRY

All new designs made for next years trade. Our Watch Repairing and Manufacturing is done by skilled workmen who thoroughly understand their business and have been associated with me for years. Entrance on Exchange street. Take the Elevator.

A. O. H.

Secretaries ATTENTION!

We supply all the Divisions in this vicinity with our Blanks, Books, Tickets, Invitations, Badges, and in fact everything in the printing line, and why? Because first of all they are neatly printed, low in price and are delivered promptly.

- Can we not supply you? Please examine the following list of which are kept on hand ready for immediate shipment.
- App's Blanks (new form).....
- Blanks of various.....
- Blank Certificates.....
- Blank of Addresses.....
- Blank Cards (new set).....
- Notice to Applicants.....
- Investigation Notices.....
- Letter Heads (new design).....
- Envelopes.....
- Clubs Cover Des Books good for five years.....
- Fin. Sec. Quar. Reports.....
- Treas. Quar. Reports.....
- Dollar Books.....
- Receipt Books.....
- Exp. Rec. Ledger.....
- Exp. Rec. Book.....
- Exp. Rec. Book.....
- Exp. Rec. Book.....
- All kinds of Society printing.....
- Blank forms for.....
- Blank for Order Blank.....
- All orders receive prompt attention. All free communications and work made payable.

The Catholic Journal

See Them  
\$100,000  
AT RETAIL  
WHERE?  
Holiday Presents For  
Bicycles for Cash or INSTALLMENT  
Tricycles, Velocipedes, Bicycles  
Wagons, Rocking Horses  
Carriages, Sleds, Decks, Toys  
niture.  
The Only  
ester.  
FRANK  
67-69  
A. O. H. Co.