

A Pleasant Voyage On Lough Erne From Belleek to Enniskillen.

Legend of Its Origin.

ENNISKILLEN, IRELAND.

I made a call over Lough Erne from Belleek to Enniskillen. As the pretty little steamer, Belturbet, pulled away from her moorings we were up—the St. Lawrence—up the charming river Erne. At Belleek there is a romantic waterfall. Then for some five miles above it the Erne is a quiet stream enough, reposing as it were, between green meadowed banks. But the river is prolific in fish, and many a disciple of Isaac Walton might be seen whiling away the happy hours of a summer's day along its lovely emerald shores, shadowed by the Dartry mountains. On the little steamer were quite a crowd of tourists—some of them rather aristocratic-looking. There were colonels, captains and fair ladies—a military looking lot, as I learned from the drift of their conversation. One gallant veteran acted as leader—Not a party bent on storming Maguire's Castle; no, they were wooing lovely Erin and admiring her nameless charms, for now we were making headway for the Irish Lakes not Killarney but Lough Erne, more beautiful even than the former in some respects. A finer day we could scarcely have selected, which enhanced the marvellous beauty of lakes, woods, islands and mountains. I could see from the deposits upon the banks, that the river had been dredged. In a little while we passed the fine demesne and mansion of Mahonamey belonging to Mr. Johnson. Onward we sped through the fairyland of lakes, while Romeo and Juliet were going over the old story in corners of the deck—lost, not in the beautiful scenes around, but in the poetic visions of a blissful future. So it has ever been since the days of Mother Eve, and so doubtless it will ever be. The scenery of young hearts, it seems, excels Killarney's or Erne's lakes. Castle Caldwell, charmingly situated on a hill with a little church standing out, Roscora and White Island, are next passed. It may be said in passing that it is no small feat of navigation to steer the little boat without mishap, as parts of the river and lakes are very low-water at this season. We noticed several groups of picnickers, disporting on the various islands. No wonder; if these enchanting islands were near London or New York, they would be liberally swarmed with beauty and pleasure-seekers. Now Ferney Island and in a little Rough Island are passed. Here we strike the foot of the Poula Phoka (Devil's Mountain), steep and heath-clad, and then we are into the open lakes.

An English tourist in Ireland, a short time ago, asked an Irishman why the devil owned so many beautiful places in Ireland, such for instance as the Devil's Mountain, Devil's Bit, Devil's Glen in Wicklow, and the rest. He thought that between the landlords and the devil the Green Isle was pretty well eaten up. Paddy's native wit proved a little too much for the self-opinionated Englishman. "Yis," said Pat, "we admit the devil always had his eye on Oireland, but loike most of the landlords he is an absentee. He mostly has his headquarters in London!" But this is no description of charming Lough Erne.

Having shot into the lake proper, about Ferney Island; the scenery may be said to increase in varied grandeur and loveliness at every turn. On the Leitrim and Fermanagh are the steep sides of Poula Phoka with some pretty villas and homesteads nestling in a nice valley between the lake and the mountains. The colonials, majors and high-bred ladies referred to slipped us down in the little cabin or on deck, but the writer didn't join them. He was engaged drinking in the enchanting scenery of lake, wood and mountain. Owing to the charming weather the lake, which broadens as you go on, has the look of a park and estate. Here we see O'Neill's Island, fringed by a white wall of the same material appearing white against the green trees. As we get into the deep part of the lake, the water seems of a dark brown color. On the opposite shore is seen the ruins of Tully Castle. Now we pass Bon Island, five miles by one and a half the largest island in the lake. It has a fortification, a public park, and a few

islands, the most beautiful in the lake. They tell you that Lough Erne contains altogether 265 islands. What strikes one most and calls forth admiration is the vastness, grandeur and varied charms of the aquatic splendor spread out before him in lake, woods, islands, ruins and modern mansions. Here is the island of Inishmashain, treeless and green, with the ruins of an abbey, through the shattered walls of which is seen towering high an ancient Celtic Cross—looking like a monk with his arms stretched out in prayer.

Now we shoot past Ely Lodge, belonging to the Marquis of Ely, and here we seem to run into the very depths of the indescribable loveliness of the Irish Lakes. To attempt a description by word—painting of the picture one sees here would be almost to detract from its marvellous beauty. All one can do is to exclaim—Behold it! Why it is a perfect fairyland. What we have hitherto seen pales in the shade before this gorgeous panorama. Charming islands dotted with mansions, lodges, boat-houses in lovely spots disk the scene. Killarney (well, or the Swiss lakes, might be classed second to Lough Erne in some respects. At another turn of the panorama and Killarney, the beautiful residence of Col. Irvine, unfolds itself, followed by Rossfad (Col. Richardson's), and St. Angelo (Mr. Pomeroy's). Nearing Enniskillen our party of gallant tourists struck up a song, in which the war-veterans and their fair companions chorused, and which threw a romance over the scenery. Just as the strains reached over waters and woods we ran past Devenish Island—close under its famous Round Tower—the "light of other days," and we are two miles from Enniskillen. The sun was now dipping low, in a blaze of glory, behind the Fermanagh hills, where the warlike Maguire was once monarch of all he surveyed, and a little later we were at Enniskillen, our journey's end, after having traversed some of the grandest and most charming lake scenery it has been my lot to have seen. It unfolds to the artist and lover of nature an almost endless variety of romantic features, and is truly a land

Where woody glens in sweetness smile,
As echoes answer from their breast,
And lakes with many fairy isle
That in the mirror seem to rest.

A visitor would scarcely ever think of asking how Lough Erne came to exist; yet, the Irish have a legend as to its origin. This legend says, that what is now Lough Erne was in ancient times a well, walled round with a strong wall and locked by the Pagan Irish. Their priests prophesied that this mysterious well would overflow and inundate the country to the North Sea if not thus secured. But a woman going to it for water one time (oh! the women have been always getting themselves and the men, too, into trouble ever since the time of Mother Eve), and having heard her child cry, she ran away to it, and in her hurry forgot to lock the door of the well. Sure enough, away it began to flow and deluged the country all the way to Ballyshannon, drowning many people, including the unlucky woman and her whole family who forgot to close the door. And so it has remained a lake to this day, and a beautiful one at that.

Devenish Island, the most interesting spot in Lough Erne, contains about eighty acres of fertile land, is perfectly green without a tree, and like the beautiful Round Tower, rises like a cone in the center. Devenish Island is described by writers as one of the most beautiful which "gives the surface of Lough Erne." It was the seat of a 13th century conventual establishment, which existed down to the time of Elizabeth, but of all its monastic grandeur only the Round Tower and a few crumbling ruins now remain. The abbey was founded by St. Molaise, in the early part of the sixth century, who died September 13th, 655 A.D. A detailed history of this famous establishment may be procured in this article, but we will only say that the Round Tower, as it is called, is a fine specimen of the architecture of the 13th century. It is a square tower, 100 feet high, and is built of red sandstone. It is a very curious structure, and is a fine specimen of the architecture of the 13th century. It is a square tower, 100 feet high, and is built of red sandstone. It is a very curious structure, and is a fine specimen of the architecture of the 13th century.

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EDMUND B. WHEELER. THE THREE KINGS OF ORISSA.

From our Orissa-shore away they sing
To worship their King,
To Him they sought the better day
And sure a heavenly golden thing
They brought their gifts to Bethshelem town,
And in that manger out their crown.
Then spoke the first king, and he said:
"O Child, most heavenly, bright and fair!
I bring this crown to Bethshelem town
For Thee, and only Thee, to wear;
So give a heavenly crown to me
When I shall come at last to Thee!"
The second then, "I bring Thee
This royal robe, O Child," he cried,
"Of silk 'tis spun, and such as men
There is not in the world to be seen;
So in the day of doom receive
Me with a heavenly robe of glory."
The third king, with a golden ring,
"Withstand and stand," he said,
"Ancient the lord of my King;
So may their fathers' promises
To-plead for me in judgment day."
Thus spoke the three kings of Orissa.

That gave shining robes and golden things,
And now kneel I in prayer,
The cradle of the King,
His arms, and milk, and things,
To give me in the day of doom,
A heavenly gift of grace,
And in the day of doom,
To-plead for me in judgment day,
My only refuge, Lord, my King.

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AN ENGLISHMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

The Englishman's experience in Ireland, a short time ago, asked an Irishman why the devil owned so many beautiful places in Ireland, such for instance as the Devil's Mountain, Devil's Bit, Devil's Glen in Wicklow, and the rest. He thought that between the landlords and the devil the Green Isle was pretty well eaten up. Paddy's native wit proved a little too much for the self-opinionated Englishman. "Yis," said Pat, "we admit the devil always had his eye on Oireland, but loike most of the landlords he is an absentee. He mostly has his headquarters in London!" But this is no description of charming Lough Erne.

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