

Dunluce and Giant's Causeway

BY SAM HENRY



LAM DEARG ABOO



FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING
BY J. M. DOUGLAS.

PRICE 2/-

This booklet has been reprinted in 2022 by Causeway Coast and Glens Heritage Trust (CCGHT) with the kind permission of Causeway Coast and Glens Borough Council Museum Services.

Originally published in 1944, this booklet was written by local folklorist and Pensions and Excise Officer Sam Henry and is an important historical resource for the people of the Causeway Coast.

You can download this publication for free from ccght.org/resources.

The Sam Henry Collection

Sam Henry, born in Coleraine in 1878, is best known as a folklorist and recognised for his 'Songs of the People' collection that was published in the Northern Constitution newspaper between 1923 and 1939.

Sam worked as an Excise and Pension's Officer. He visited elderly people around the Causeway area and beyond, to assess if they qualified for a pension.

He combined his work with a passion for folk music and stories and, in doing so has preserved local cultural traditions that otherwise may have been lost. Sam captured people through prose, poetry, language, song and photography.

In 2011, the Sam Henry Collection was donated to Coleraine Museum. Causeway Coast and Glens Borough Council continue to utilise this vast collection to connect local communities with the heritage of Causeway Coast and Glens.

The Giant's Causeway and Causeway Coast UNESCO World Heritage Site

The Giant's Causeway and Causeway Coast World Heritage Site is located on the north coast of County Antrim and hosts spectacular geology of global importance. The Site extends for 3km and was designated in 1986 due to its important geology: including the famous hexagonal stones, layered cliffs and other features such as the onion skins.

The origins of this important place were a source of fascination for early geologists and helped to shape our understanding of earth's history. The Giant's Causeway has inspired a rich folklore which holds an iconic place in the wider history of the Causeway Coast. Sam Henry's booklet captures this by exploring the stories of Finn MacCool, Dunluce Castle and the wider area, including what is now the Causeway Coast Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty.

The Northern Ireland Community Archive

This free to access digital archive is managed and maintained by Causeway Coast and Glens Borough Council Museum Services. It contains a variety of resources including museum collections, photographs, documents, learning resources and publications, exhibitions, oral testimonies and other information from local museums, heritage organisations and community groups.

The Sam Henry Collection is available on the NI Community Archive - visit niarchive.org.



Dunluce and Giant's Causeway

A POT-POURRI OF FACTS
AND FANCIES

by

SAM HENRY

(Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland)



*When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws.*

—*Thomas Campbell.*

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THE AUTHOR AT DUNLUCE

TO THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

under whose auspices I have had the honour, the pleasure and the privilege of acting as courier and guide to the American troops who have come across the world to defend and delight in the little land which has been the "calf-ground" of more than a dozen of their Presidents and is the homeland of many of their ancestors.

The past may be forgotten but it never dies. The elements which in the most remote times have entered into a nation's composition, endure through all its history and stamp the character and genius of its people.

In these pages, view the past that formed the present and learn of the Celt who in his wanderings has always had the sunsets in his face and the dawns behind him.

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The Red Hand

The first recorded use of the Red Hand is by Nuada of the Silver Hand, first king of the Danaans, who, in a race to gain Ireland when it was to be awarded to the first pioneer who touched its soil, fearing that his brother would outstrip him, cut off his hand and threw it ashore. His doctor made him a hand of silver, and hence his name.

The O'Neills adopted the Red Hand as their symbol with the motto or slogan "Lamh Dearth Abou" (The Red Hand to Victory), and thus it became the symbol of Ulster, the patrimony of the O'Neills, figures on our banners and on the Arms of Baronets (an order created to finance by its fees the Plantation of Ulster).

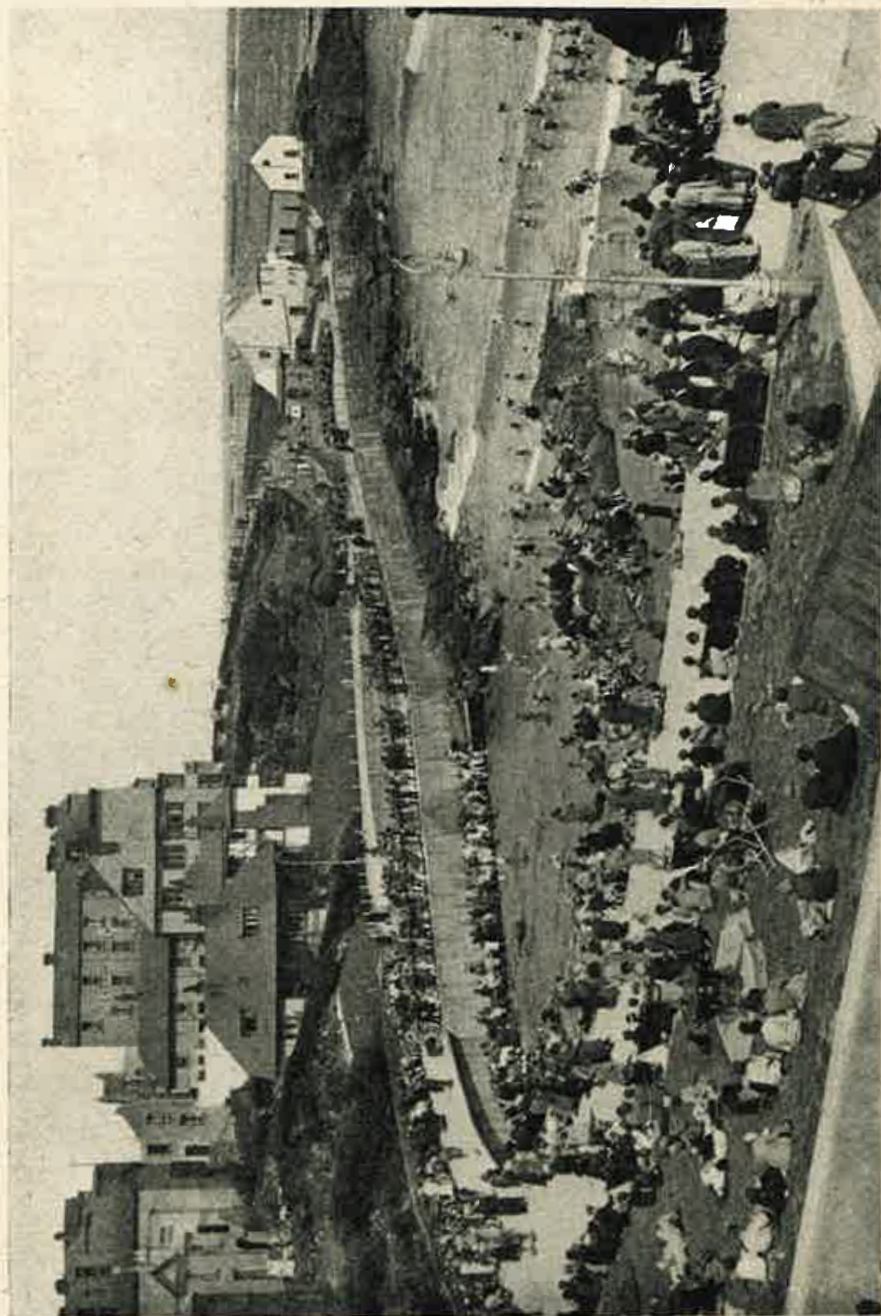
The Jews used a blue hand, as that was their sacred colour. The ruby was the sacred gem of the Egyptians but the turquoise of the Jews.

The sinister symbol of Ulster—the bloody hand—is surrounded by mystery, and its interpretation involves the folklore of many lands and races. The question as to whether the hand should be the right or the left is equivocally answered when we say it should be both!

The Red Hand dates from at least 60,000 years ago, and in the new light thrown by Sir Arthur Keith, it may be from a much older era. The first artists among the pre-historic races were the Aurignacians. In the case of Gargas in Hautes Pyrenees there are on its walls at least two hundred imprints of the human hand. These were made by sifting rouge or red ochre (red for blood, their sacred colour) over the hand held against the wall and leaving the outline of the hand, or by smearing the hand with the substance and imprinting it on the wall, and hence the imprint of a right hand would look like the left.

Curiously enough the imprints show that the hands were mutilated, mostly by cutting off the little finger but often all the fingers were missing. The operation was performed by a stone knife. There seems little doubt that the imprint so made was an act of worship at the shrine of the caveman's god, and indeed the practice is extant even to-day at Indian wayside shrines. The mutilating of the fingers was their crude way of expressing sacrifice. Australian aborigines have the same custom and babies are so mutilated to indicate the trade which they will later be taught.

The Bushmen of South Africa cut off joints of the fingers to express grief. In some churchyards (Clough, Co. Antrim, for instance), the hand, with two fingers turned down, is seen, the distinctive mark of a Bishop's grave. Can it be that the ancient savage rite has perpetuated into Christianity and that high dignitary's sacrifice of his life to the church is typified by the same sign as the men of the dawn used in their dim caves.



THE CHILDREN'S STRAND, PORTRUSH

Introductory

This little book is an attempt to reconstruct the past ; to people for the nonce the hoary pile of Dunluce ; to give the old gods an airing and to link on the arm of giants and genie. It is not a factual account, nor yet is it a bantling of my fancy. In its pages are no stories that have not come to me from sources other than my own brain. I am with the poet Campbell, when he apostrophises the rainbow—

Triumphant arch that fills the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

There is no coast line packed with more romance than the 215 miles of Northern Ireland from Derry to Carlingford, and no more concentrated wonder and romance than in the littoral from Portrush to Torr Head.

In the limited space of a book suited primarily for the pocket of the visitor, I have here tried to give a connected account of the local history, the legends and the lore of the northern Antrim seaboard—in Ossian's words—

“ A tale of the times of old.”

The stepping-off place for this land of charm and scenic beauty is Portrush. Portrush, “ the port by the headland ” —is well named. It may be thought to be but a modern congeries of boarding-houses but it is not a puppet township for its name, Portrossce, was first used A.D. 1262 and at that time its church paid £25 4s. 8d. per annum as “ Peter's Pence,” equivalent to-day to ten times that sum. It is

recorded in the Rolls of Pope Adrian the Fourth (Nicholas Breakspeare—an Englishman—A.D.1154), the Pope who gave Ireland to Henry II.

A century and a half ago, the then Earl of Antrim, the landlord, described Portrush as “nothing but a rock and some sandhills.” He did not foresee that it would become the sporting place of the jaded city throngs. Golf, rocks,



GOLF IN 1397

From a stained glass window in Gloucester Cathedral

sand and sea; these elementals make Portrush and no words are needed to extol it, nor need I expatiate on the spell of the golf ball :—

Oh, ghastly gutty, source of woe ;
 Oh, damnable delight,
 Desirable calamity,
 That fills my soul with fright ;
 Sepulchre whited, wanton decked
 With bramble, star or pimple ;
 Cursed be thy face although it wear
 The pockmark or the pimple.
 Shrined in your little sphere, you hold
 Prodigious power of evil ;
 The dumb you render eloquent ;
 The good invoke the devil ;
 You educate the meanest minds,
 To add, subtract, divide ;
 And leagued with rabbits dissolute,
 Within their holes you hide.

The presiding genius of the game must be the bogey man ! The sands of Portrush are so pure that they nourish no living thing ; no mollusc sucks its sustenance from them ; no plover leaves his footprints on the beach ; and then, the sea ! Robert Louis Stevenson said of it, " It is the greatest thing God ever made." Its attraction for us never stales. We gaze on it and fill our manhood, elevated that we are motivated by the same controlling Power than urges the great breakers endlessly onward.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more.

And mayhap, if you gaze long and long you may have glimpses that will make you less forlorn—

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

The Neptune-Vulcan Controversy

Who would think, to look on the big rectangular blocks of stone superimposed on the flat basalt opposite Lansdowne Crescent, Portrush, that round these dull masses of baked shale had raged a controversy that split the geologists into two camps—one holding that they were basalt and laid down in a prehistoric sea in stratified layers ; the others that they had been formed by fire. This cleavage of opinion began in 1752 and only ended in 1813. So high was the feeling that the difference took on a religious aspect and the Neptunists claimed that he who doubted their stratification theory did not believe in the true God, presumably believing that only the devil could have formed the rocks by fire.

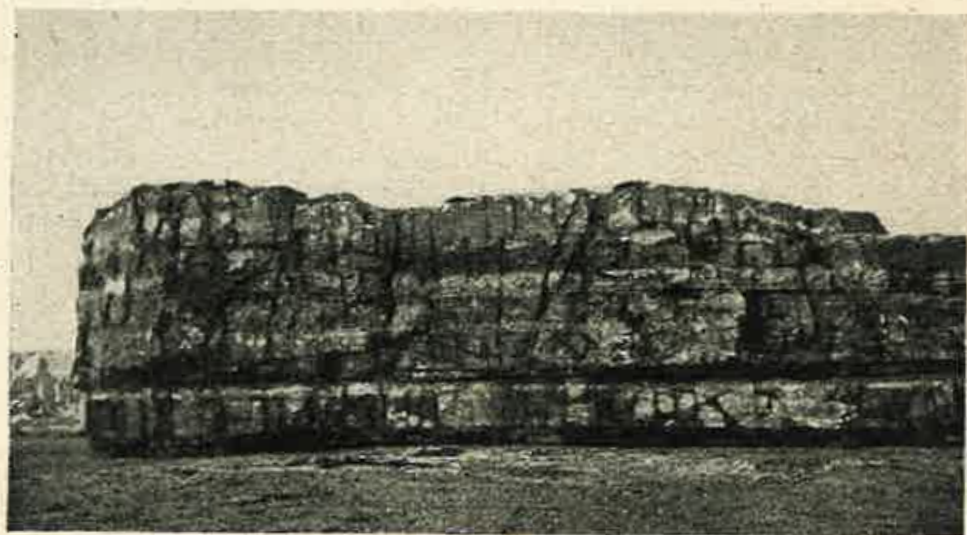
It was left to a poor French boy, Nicholas Desmarest, whose brilliant brain won him a place in the most learned circles of French science, to trace the same formation in the Auvergne Mountains where columns called Giants' Organs occur. The volcanic theory of the origin of basalt was accepted until in 1787 Professor Werner of Freiberg Academy started the stratification theory and his reputation, although he had never seen the Giant's Causeway, gained him a big following. Eventually Desmarest triumphed

and "added something for ever to what we know about the earth." Even the Rev. Dr. William Richardson and the Rev. William Hamilton, both of whom knew the North Antrim coast, differed as to the origin of the Causeway basalt. In 1813 two keen English geologists, the Rev. Wm. Conybeare and Rev. Professor Buckland, visited the scene of the controversial rocks and settled, once and for all, that the superimposed rocks at Portrush were baked shales.

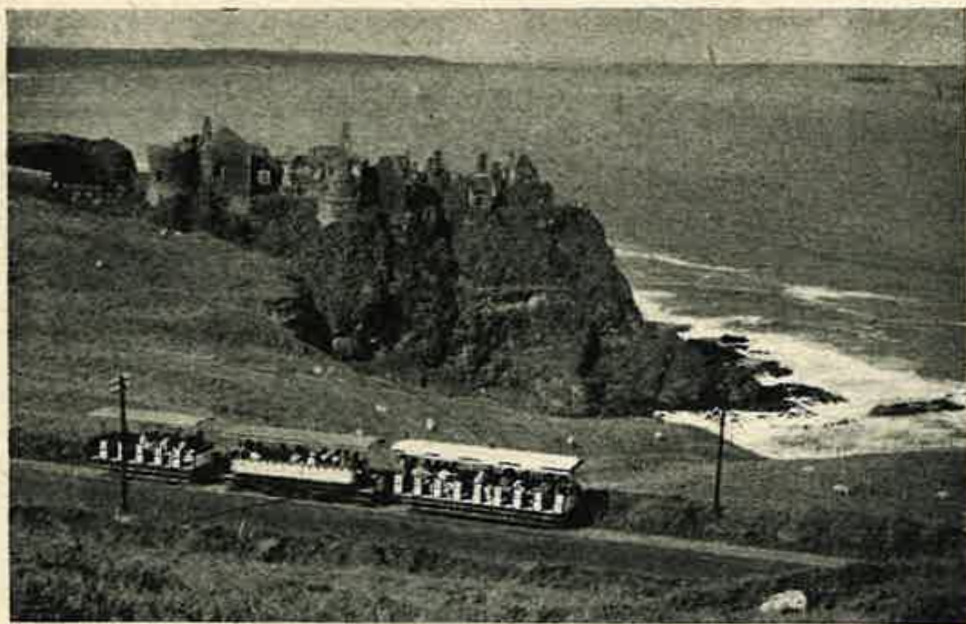
I visited the place a few days ago and it puzzled me to know how any men of common sense could have doubted that the lias shales, baked by the basalt, bearing many tracks of ammonites, could have been other than stratified rocks superimposed on a basalt bed.

It was Dr. William Hamilton's "Letters from North Antrim," that gave the Causeway its publicity. He alas, was murdered in his Rectory at Clondevadock and did not live to hear the dispute settled.

(Based on Grenville Cole's "The Changful Earth.")



STRATIFIED LIAS ROCKS, PORTRUSH



THE WORLD'S PREMIER HYDRO-ELECTRIC TRAM
(First operated 1883)

And now let us hie eastward to the sea-girt citadel of Dunluce, passing on the way the chalk cliffs of the White Rocks, the Giant's Heads, and catching far seascapes of Islay and the Bens across the intervening forty miles of sea.

Lord Antrim's Jester

The White Rocks has a romantic tale to tell of Gilbert McLoughlin, the seven feet tall jester of Lord Antrim. On a winter's day he followed the hounds on foot and was so intent on the chase that when the fox disappeared over the cliff at Portnool, Gilbert followed after to his doom

That's why the bold, white headland,
To-day bears the jester's name,
For up from Portnool Lord Antrim's fool
A mangled corpse was ta'en.

Manfully the old tram (the world's first hydro-electric tramway engineered by William Traill, C.E., in 1883) creeps o'er the hills and speeds adown the dales.

And so we arrive at Dunluce.



DUNLUCE FROM THE EAST

The Chronology of Dunluce

The first occupation of Dunluce would in all likelihood have been by a contemporary of Sovaric (after whom Dunseverick is called) in the year of the world, as computed by the ecclesiastics, 3668, i.e., 1532 B.C. Such a natural fortress could not have been overlooked. These first settlers were of the Milesian race from Iberia :—

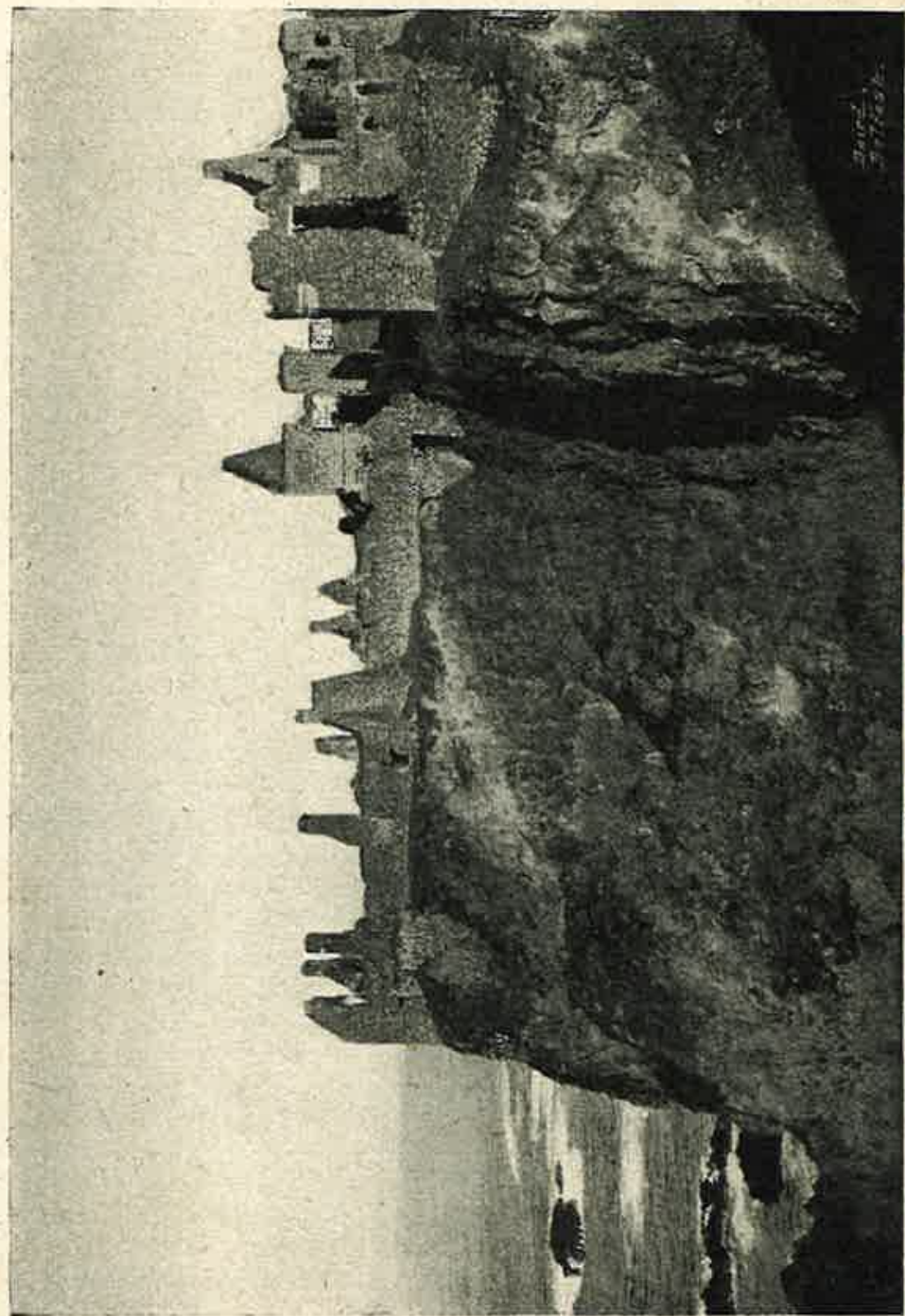
They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main,
Set sail in their good ships gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain ;
Oh, where's the isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave ?
Thus sang they as by the morning beams
They swept the Atlantic wave.

Milesius, the founder of the race was really named Golamh. He married Scots, daughter of the Pharaoh who ruled Egypt when the Israelites were in bondage there. He was 29th in descent from Japhet, son of Noah. From this line were descended the noble families of whom we are to speak.

The island fortresses around the Antrim coast were occupied by the Red Branch Knights, the King's body-guard, in the first five centuries of the Christian era. In the 6th century Dunluce was the seat of O'Flynn, Lord of Hy Tuartrie and his clan remained there until succeeded by the McQuillans about the year 1218 A.D.

The O'Flynnns

It is definitely recorded that the O'Flynnns were in Dunluce in A.D. 668 at which time Maelseachlin, son of Mulruany, hanged in chains at Dunluce, Turgesius, a Norse sea-invader. Suibhne O'Flynn was ancestor of the MacSweeneys of Donegal. Cooley (in Gaelic *Cumhaighe*—"hound of the plain") O'Flynn defeated Magnus Barefoot,



DUNLUCE FROM THE WEST

King of Norway, in 1102 in the War Hollow in the Portrush Golf Links. O'Flynn lit a fire on Mullanaturk, half a mile east of the Castle, which summoned his allies to battle.

Magnus was called Barefoot because he adopted the Highland kilt. He held a red shield inlaid with a golden lion. His coat was of red silk and his sword was named "Legbiter." He was in his fortieth year at the battle of the War Hollow.

In 1121 Cooley O'Flynn was drowned in Lough Neagh. In 1151 Culavie O'Flynn died at Dunluce. In 1153 Cooley Ulta O'Flynn gave a horse and a dress to the Abbot of Derry and his wife gave him a gold ring. In 1180 another Cooley O'Flynn was killed in a domestic quarrel with his brother.

Another very definite reference to the O'Flynnns is in the authoritative History of Ireland by Geoffrey Keating, who tells us that Maeve, daughter of O'Flynn, Lord of Dunluce, was mother of Neill Callie, King of Ulster who began to reign in A.D. 851.

The glory of the O'Flynnns set in 1218 when Murtach, Lord of Dunluce, was ejected by Thomas MacUchtry, a planter from Galloway. Tradition says that the O'Flynnns then went to Revallagh, about three miles south-east.

Gallovidians and Anglo-Normans succeeded for the next 80 years.

In 1275 the O'Flynnns wrote to Edward II clearing themselves of suspected rebellion against the English. In 1291 the family name became O'Lynn.

Shortly after the Bruce Invasion the cyclopean walls were taken down to build the Castle.

In 1368 Tavish O'Flynn died. Dunluce was untenable then. The O'Flynnns, with their aliases O'Flann, O'Lynn, MacFlynn, Lynn, all descend from the Lords of Hy Tuirtre, whose territory was named from Tort, a son of King Colla Uais (331 A.D.), a district extending northwards from the northern end of Lough Neagh. Portglenone appears to have been their Headquarters at a time (13th century) and they gradually had spread as far as Rasharkin and on to Dunluce. In 1215 Rory O'Flynn was Lord of Derlus

(probably meant for Dunluce). This line of chieftains produced a national comedian—Bryan O'Lynn, A.D. 1291, whose ridiculous doings are the subject of a folk song still sung :

Bryan O'Lynn was a gentleman born ;
He lived at a time when no clothes they were worn ;
But as fashions went out, shure Bryan walked in ;
“ Whoo ! I'll lead the fashions,” says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear ;
He got him a sheepskin to make him a pair,
With the fleshy side out and the woolly side in—
“ Whoo ! they're pleasant and cool,” says Bryan O'Lynn.

Fifty-one generations after Milesius, aforementioned, his descendant Colla Uais (meaning Colla the noble) was King of Ireland was 327 to 331 A.D. From Colla descended the O'Flynnns, the McQuillans and the McDonnells. The founder of the O'Flynnns was seventh in descent from Colla. They occupied territory extending from Lough Neagh north wards and eventually Dunluce.

The McQuillans (MacUillin)

This typically Irish clan can claim an ancestry that merges into the biblical heroes of post-Fluvium days, originating from a love affair of King David, whose son by Bathsheba, was Solomon (1033-975 B.C.)

Sixty-third generation from David was Conn of the Hundred Battles, common ancestor of the McDonnells and McQuillans, and seventh in descent from Conn was Niall of the Nine Hostages, who was Ireland's greatest king and an outstanding personality. His physique was superb ; his hair was like the primrose and his eyes like the bluebell. His father, King Eochaid (pronounced Eghy) Moyvane chose his successor from among his sons by conniving with the blacksmith. He thought it well spent wealth to test his sons' qualifications by assembling them in the smiddy (they of course being innocent of their father's intent) and by arrangement setting the thatched smiddy on fire. The boys showed their individuality in the excitement, one carrying out a hammer ; another, the

tongs, but Niall, the youngest, was brave and enterprising enough to carry out the heavy anvil ; and for this boyish feat his father rewarded him with the crown, or rather the hazel wand, for it was the sign of kingly office.

Niall was a contemporary of Saint Patrick at the end of his life. His son Owen became prince of Tyrone (Tir-Owen) and Conal, prince of Tirconaill (Donegal). His youngest son Fiacha, by his second and favourite wife, became the ancestor of the McQuillans, who were princes of Ulidia (Counties Down and Antrim) and whose chief seats were at Rathmore Moylinny near Antrim) and at Dunsliebhe (pronounced Dunlevey) one of the Mourne mountains in County Down.

The McQuillans ruled over Ulidia and Dalriada for 1,200 years, unchallenged, except for a few attempts by the Anglo-Norman lords to displace them ; but these were outworn and in 1333 the English influence ended. Indeed so greatly regarded were the McQuillans, that the De Burgos, and the De Mandevilles, Anglo-Norman lords, thought it discreet to assume the name McQuillan, a fact that greatly confuses the history of Ulster. McQuillan, known as Dunslevey, from his mountain home in the Mourne, in 1178 was King of Ulster. That the McQuillins were of blue blood is revealed in an incident which occurred at the supplanting of the McQuillans of Dunluce by the McDonnells. A servant of McDonnell complained to a humble (*sic*) member of the McQuillans, that he had not received a methur (wooden mug) of milk as part of his diet, whereas the McQuillan galloglass had. The latter retorted, "Would you, a Highland beggar, compare yourself to me or any of McQuillan's "galloglasses?" Galloglasses (or Galloglaghs) were infantry who wore a defensive coat studded with iron nails. They had iron helmets and carried swords.

The history of the McQuillans is contained in an old family manuscript in possession of a branch of the clan who in 1860 were settled in County Wexford, extracts from which I have freely used.

Last summer I had the pleasure of showing a McQuillan from Dunluce Farm, South Island of New Zealand, over his ancestors' castle.



MacQUILLAN REDIVIVUS

And walking round the old ruin of Dunluce, a thought occurred to me—"McQuillan is not here ; he is risen."

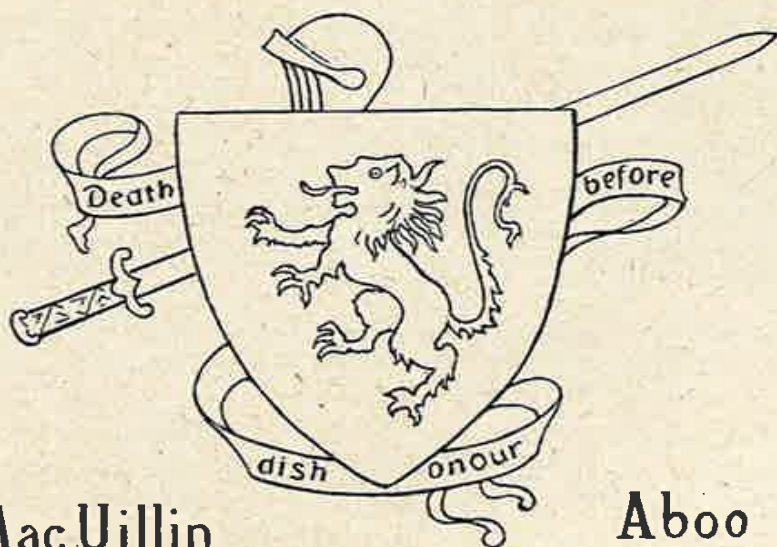
Rory Oge McQuillan, the last on the direct line, was executed at Carrickfergus in 1574. Old Edward McQuillan, who at 102 years of age, went to London to ask King James to restore the fallen fortunes of the clan, died in 1605. The first Earl of Antrim was grandson to the last McQuillan Lord of Dunluce (Edward McQuillan).

The McQuillans were descended from Fiachra, youngest and darling son of the greatest King Ireland ever had, namely Niall of the Nine Hostages, who reigned at the end of the fourth century. The McQuillans were sub-kings of Ulidia (the area covered now by counties Antrim and Down) and later their territory was restricted to Dal-riada, the north part of Antrim between Glenravel and the sea.

The McQuillans were typically Irish ; brave, generous, improvident. When they were ousted from their lands, their supplanters tried to make out that the McQuillans were English and were themselves invaders of Ireland.

The Anglo-Norman invasion never made any headway in Ulster and all planters were driven out and their power broken in 1333.

Many attempts were made to evict the McQuillans from Dunluce. A family named Bisset were in the ascendancy from 1242 to 1400. Richard the Red Earl of Ulster who died in 1326 placed John Bisset in Dunluce for a time, but it may be said that the McQuillans had unbroken sway as Irish chieftains from 400 A.D. to 1600 A.D. and definitely we read that they built Dunluce Castle about 1450, and even then they were really enlarging a previous structure. Dunluce was not the principal residence of the McQuillans until 1513, when their castle at Rathmore Moylinny near Antrim was burned by their enemy Art McHugh O'Neill. Rathmore was a wooden structure but the wild storms of Dunluce required stone walls and eight feet thick at that.



MacUillin

Aboo

MACQUILLAN ARMS: "MacQuillan to Victory"

The McQuillans were in their heyday when Coll McDonnell ingratiated himself into the soft heart of old Daniel McQuillan in 1544 and obtained his consent to marry Evelyn, a beautiful slender girl of 18, his only daughter.

The voice of scandal would have it that Evelyn was not openly married but it must be remembered that the clan custom of handfasting sanctioned, nay, even required, a year of marital companionship before a formal marriage took place.

From the marriage of Coll McDonnell and Evelyn McQuillan, was born Sorley Buie McDonnell who died in 1589 leaving a son, Sir Randal MacSorley McDonnell who became first Earl of Antrim. Natural affection for their son to his grandfather, old McQuillan, overcame the clan rivalry, and so in 1555, Sir James McDonnell, became the Lord of Dunluce, a position he relinquished in favour of his brother Sorley Buie. The McDonnells waxed mighty and continued to live in great style until in 1639 when on account of part of the castle falling into the sea, the Countess of Antrim (formerly Countess of Buckingham, nee Lady Catherine Manners) refused to live there any longer.

In 1641 the Castle was burnt both by the Rebels and by General Munro, who had been sent over from Scotland to quell the Rebellion.

At times when the evening sun is low, you may trace on the fields there the rased foundations of the houses of Dunluce town. How evanescent is man that his home may be forgotten and levelled to earth assailed with no stronger artillery than the thistledown.

Since then, like a moulting bird, the grim old ruin has been falling into decay—the venerable works casting their stones as a bird does its feathers.

Happily in 1926, the Earl of Antrim made over the romantic ruin to the Ancient Monuments Department and it is now carefully preserved and a guide supplied throughout the year. All the old magnificence has been laid bare in skeleton at any rate and imagination can easily reconstruct the glories of its past.

The Three Heads

Over the northern door on the west side of the great hall are carved in sandstone, three heads, now much weathered. Tradition says that these are effigies of Dan McQuillan (1556 A.D.) and his two sons, Garry and Owen. If the names are correct they must have been McQuillans as the family tree of the McDonnells has no such nomenclature.

If they represent McDonnells then they probably stand for Sir James and his brothers Colla-Dhu-na-gappal and Sorley Buide. Since the figures are sufficiently high to be in keeping with the McDonnell enlarged castle, it is hardly likely that they commemorate McQuillans whose main hall was only about half the height of the present ruin.

The MacDonnells

This noble family, now represented by the Earl of Antrim, has a lineage that goes back to Noah. Indeed it is said that they had a boat of their own at the time of the Flood. Their outstanding ancestors in that long pedigree begin with Breogan, 23rd in descent from Japhet, son of Noah ; 25th in descent from Japhet was Milesius (i.e. Golamh. pronounced Gollav) whose son Heremon was the founder of the McDonnell's line. 49th on the stem was Ugraine the Great, who had 25 sons ; 71st in descent from Japhet was Conn of the Hundred Battles. (It has been facetiously suggested that this is an error for Conn of the Hundred Bottles, as Bushmills was in his territory. Conn, who was the hundredth high king of Ireland, died in 157 A.D. Conn's grandson was Cormac MacArt, whose armies were commanded by Finn MacCoul who (God save the mark !) built the Giant's Causeway.

Cormac's son was Cairbre Riada, who gives his name to Dal-Riada, the territory known now as the Route. 77th in descent from Japhet was Colla Uais (Colla the noble) King of Ireland, who died in A.D. 337. He was implicated in political trouble and went to Scotland, his mother having been Princess Aileach of Galloway. The little galley ship, or lymphad, scratched on the wall on the right-hand side of the entrance passage, represents the boat

that took Colla Uais to Scotland. He returned, however, and is buried on the southern slope of Slieve Gallion, the great mountain in the south of County Londonderry.

Colla's great grandson, Erc, was the father of Fergus, the Red Branch Knight from whom the King of England descends on a female line, and the MacDonnells on the male. Erc died in 502. Fergus died in A.D. 506.

The hundredth descendant on the tree was Somerled, the shining hero of the McDonnell clan. He died in 1164 A.D. Somerled's grandson, Donald Og, i.e. Donnell, gave his name to the clan as their patronymic.

Donnell's son, John McDonnell of Islay married a daughter of Robert the Second, King of Scotland on 14th June, 1350.

John McDonnell's son, John Mor McDonnell, Lord of Dunyveg in Islay and of the Antrim Glens, married Margery Bisset, heiress of the Glens, and their great, great grandson Colla McDonnell, married Evelyn McQuillan and succeeded to Dunluce Castle. The rest of the story is told elsewhere.

The calf-ground of these Antrim McDonnells was the island of Islay, which can be seen on a clear day from Dunluce, about 40 miles across the sea in a north-easterly direction. Its white cliffs, the Mull of Oe, shine in the sun and topping the height is a great memorial erected by the United States Government to mark the loss of her brave sons who found their grave in these waters in the great war of 1914-18.

Islay

Beautiful, sorrowful,
Island of Islay,
Dreaming alone in the
Regions of mist ;
Stormswept and sunkissed,
Mysterious isle,
Islay, whose secrets
Are old beyond years :
Blue waters her laughter ;
Grey mists for her tears.

Dunluce—The Dun of the Mermaid

Dunluce ! The very name thrills the imagination. What tales its hoary walls could tell !

Even its name is wrapped in mystery. In the Taxation Roll of Pope Nicholas Breakspear (1154 A.D.) it is called Dunliffsie, which in Gaelic is Dun-libshi, "the dun of the mermaid." The mermaid was Liban, who was overwhelmed (in the first century according to tradition) by the waters of the well that formed Lough Neagh when a baby's cry called a mother who left the lid off the well. It is her sub-aqueous palace that the fisherman sees in the waves beneath him shining, as he strays by the margin of the lough. The mermaid, Liban, was a family legend of the O'Neills. She was caught in a net at Larne by St. Beoan, whose ringing of the first Christian bell restored her to human form.

That Dunluce should mean Dun-lios, the fort and the liss, as stated by some, is a contradiction of terms, for a dun was a fortress occupied by a provincial king (and every king was counted poor who had not three residences in his territory, which in days of slow transit were necessary as his domain extended as far as the modern barony), whereas a lios was the stronghold of a lesser ruler known as a "flath," the equivalent of an Earl, and how could two rulers of different status occupy one and the same place of residence ?

Maeve Roe

So much for the name, and now to elucidate some other moot points that have puzzled inquirers for ages. Who was Maeve Roe, after whom the room in the base of the south-east tower is named ? There was Maeve, a queen of the Witches, who left her traces in many places as at Maeve's Cauldron in Toneduff in the parish of Cumber Lower, and in Bovevagh, which means Maeve's hut. She was contemporary of Finn MacCoul, who chased her out of his territory. The greatest to bear the name was Maeve, Queen of Connaught, erstwhile wife of King Connor MacNessa (first century), and later of Ailill.

Some have hazarded the theory that Maeve Roe was a daughter of a MacQuillan chief, but Willie Adams, the

Portrush pilot, who wrote a generation ago, puts forward the most plausible interpretation, namely, that Maeve Roe was the Banshee of the MacQuillans. This is remarkably corroborated in the fact that the Banshee of the O'Cahans was Granie Roe and of the O'Neills, Nein Roe. Roe, meaning red-haired, reveals the superstition that red hair was accompanied by occult power, a belief that is not quite dead even to-day. The origin of the idea is due to the fact that an invading fair-haired race were dreaded by the aboriginal black-haired people.

As to the clans who have lived in Dunluce, its history is lost in the mists of time. Such a natural fortress must have appealed to the very earliest settlers and it must have been co-eval with Dunseverick, founded in 3,668 Anno Mundi, i.e., 1532 B.C.

The Banshee

The banshee, or fairy woman, literally "the woman of the hillock" from residing in the subterranean abode of the fairies, is a dread spectre that still has a strong hold on the Irish imagination :

Bring no ill-will to hinder us,
My helpless babe and me,
Dread spirit of the Blackwater,
Clan Eoghan's wild banshee.

The actual wail of the banshee has been recorded and is here printed.

THE WAIL OF THE BANSHEE

From "Ireland" by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall



Anon she pours a harrowing strain,
And then she sits all mute again ;
Now peals the wild funereal cry,
And now it sinks into a sigh.

I heard the Banshee crying
And woke in heavy fright :
I said " My Neill and Moran,
Oh, go not out to-night,
For I heard the Banshee crying,
Where the haunted hazel grows,
And 'tis evil sounds her keening
When the west wind blows."

Maeve, the Banshee of the McQuillans, was supposed to sweep her tower nightly, but since a glass window has been put in, her task is superfluous. She is now on " the dole " in a different sense.

John O'Donovan, Ireland's greatest antiquary, heard the banshee. A scientist of national repute heard the banshee in Central America at the hour at which his father had died in London.



AMERICAN VISITORS AT DUNLUCE

The Poet Speaks

Any soul that has poetic insight cannot remain unmoved amid these scenes where men and women lived out their little lives where the storm and the thunder and the heaving waves provided a background for romance.

Love and laughter filled these old halls ; sorrow and wild alarm disturbed their festivities ; soft eyes spoke love to those that spake again. Inside those walls an artistic life proceeded. We can hear the chieftain say—

Bring ye a pipe of Malvoisie ;
Bring pasties of the doe ;
And bid the heralds ready be,
And every minstrel sound his glee,
And let the drawbridge fall.

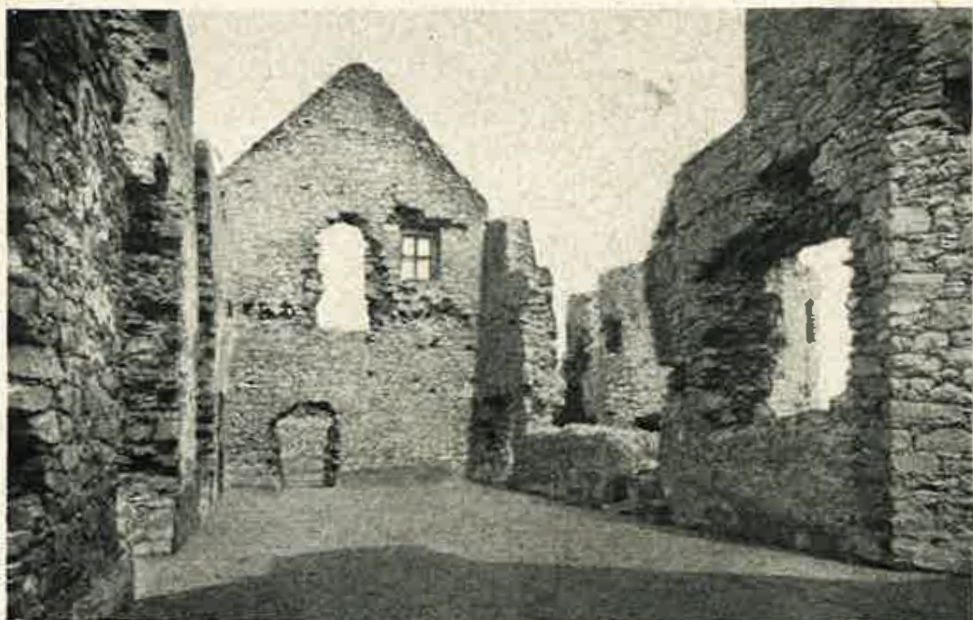
Alas ! it is now—

Deserted :

Roofless the walls and all around is dreary ;
Cold the ingleside and bare ;
Men called it home ; 'Tis now the wild bird's eyrie ;
Yet I would that I were there.

Dunluce :

To-day from all thy ruined walls,
The flowers wave flags of truce,
For Time has proved thy conqueror,
And tamed thy strength, Dunluce.
Grim fortress of the Northern sea,
Lost are thy power and pride ;
Within thy undefended walls,
The folded sheep abide.
Thou too, Dunluce, proud throne of feudal state,
Hast bowed beneath the withering arm of fate ;
For time has been when girt with martial powers ;
High waved thy banners o'er thy sea-girt towers ;



THE BANQUETING HALL, DUNLUCE

The seapink blooms upon thy turret's height ;
There the lone bird of ocean sits by night,
While far beneath thy wave-washed cavern moans,
As the sad spirit of the whirlwind groans,
And fell banshees across the lonely heath,
Shriek to the blast and pour the song of death.

Nature at Dunluce

The fascination of the bird-life of the coastal strip of the northern shore of Antrim is a joy that never fades. This is not the time nor the place to dilate on it. Suffice it to say that Dunluce Castle is now the wild bird's eyrie, the recently adopted home of the Fulmar petrel, that in 1914 and onward gradually migrated southward from St. Kilda, its nesting haunt. Its pretty affectionate way in feeding the hen bird as she sits on the nest is a delightful sight.

NATURE AT DUNLUCE



BUTTERFLY RESTING ON
THE FLOWER OF DUNLUCE

Parnassia Palustris (Linn)

PEREGRINE FALCONS



THE FULMAR PETREL
(*Fulmaris Glacialis*)

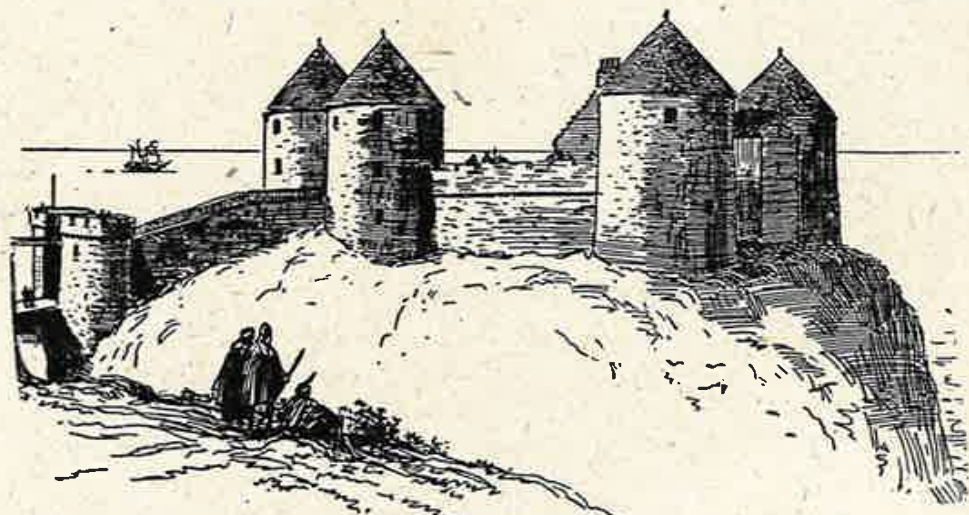


As well as the Fulmar, the Peregrine Falcon (the hawk that Sorley Boy McDonnell sent to the king as tribute) soars in the skies that o'er-arch Dunluce.

Dunluce has a flower of its own, named for the grim old castle, the Flower of Dunluce or the Grass of Parnassus.

Architecture

The architecture of Dunluce is not uniform. It evidently contains a new castle, the Elizabethan edifice superimposed by Sir James McDonnell on an old castle built by the McQuillans in the early fourteenth century which again may have been erected on the site of an existing castle of the McQuillans or the O'Flynnns. The McQuillans' main castle at Rathmore Moylinny was built of wood. They had several castles in Ulster besides those mentioned, as for example, at Loughguile ; at Dunseverick and at times Ballylough and Inishloughan (near Coleraine) and Cashlandu near Portstewart. The early part of Dunluce, of the altogether military type, with flanking towers and bastions of rough masonry may date from A.D. 1250. The latest addition is a manor house of English Elizabethan style. The castle has been compared to Dunstaffnage Castle, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles north-east of Oban, which has been assigned to the 13th or 14th century. Of that date is Maeve Roe's room in Dunluce.



DUNLUCE—MACQUILLAN CASTLE—14th CENTURY



MAEVE ROE'S TOWER, DUNLUCE

It serves no purpose to give a detailed description of the building as that is reserved for actual inspection and examination.

In its heyday it had five flanking towers and a drawbridge. Also a covered way separated the western curtain wall from an inner dividing wall.

In early days, it would seem that only the southern half of the rocky islet was built on.

The stone used is the black basalt of the district, many of them being Causeway stones of geometric form.

The mortar used is now as hard as the stone it binds. I have been asked what is the secret of such hard mortar and I have submitted the question to one of Ireland's experts on old castles. He replies—"The first essential of good mortar is clean sand and where in the world is there cleaner sand than on the shores of North Antrim ;

the second essential is a good long sowing or tempering of the mortar, the lime being run and kept in putty form until required and all free lime is slaked. It is just conceivable that the old builders added burnt clay to provide, although they did not know it, alumina, which would help the setting of the mortar away from air. Perhaps another reason for the excellence of the mortar was the slowness in building, because of which the mortar would have a chance to set in the presence of air. If the local lime is hydraulic (i.e., hardening under water) it would make a super-excellent mortar. The mixing with blood suggestion is nonsensical. Blood could not do any good in mortar though it may have been used in making earthen floors as it is to-day by the Kaffirs.

Sea sand was used sometimes but shell dust makes a poor mortar, as being all flat flakes it has too few interstices to allow the lime or cement to coat each particle.

How men built on those dizzy precipices puzzles the timid. I asked a local man if he thought the walls were plumb. He replied, "If anything they are more than plumb."

The Fabric of Dunluce

It is somewhat of a puzzle to recreate the castle as it was when lived in. Had it glass windows, for instance? It is generally believed that glass was not used in Norman castles (though in general use in 13th century churches), the windows having been closed with shutters of wood, though they may have been glazed in part or oiled linen may have been used. In clearing away the debris of Dunluce when taken over by the Northern Ireland Government in 1928, a fragment or two of glass was found. The relics found are in a showcase in Maeve's Roe's Tower. Fragments of the wood flooring of the great hall were also found. Flooring in mediaeval castles would have been flagstones where resting on earth or vaulting; otherwise of wood, probably oak. It is not likely that tessellated pavements were used in old Irish castles.

Floors were strewn with rushes or straw. Furniture was very limited. People even slept on the rushes and straw on the floors.

The first dun or fortress would have been surrounded by a cyclopean wall enclosing houses made of wood or bent willows daubed with clay to seal the interstices. Sometimes a framework of timber was erected (either sawn logs or poles of young trees). The panels of the framework would be filled with split willows (green) so as not to suck the water out of the daub or plaster too quickly.

Such must have been the first castle of the O'Flynnns at Dunluce, when they took up residence in the 7th century. Such castles were erected even up to the 10th century.

In the little chapel or oratory, the sandstone columns contribute an ecclesiastical background for worship. The sandstone was probably from Ballycastle.

New Light on Old Dunluce

What a thrill it is for the archaeologist to find something fresh in an old ruin that is hackneyed by familiarity ! Such was ours a few weeks ago when visiting Dunluce Castle. The excellent guide books, published by the Ancient Monuments Department, make us cognisant of the story of this time-old fortress and yet something has escaped the writers on the romantic history of this hoary pile.

On entering the Castle, immediately to the left is the Guard House. Varying in clan and character were the soldiers who spent their leisure time in that defence-eyrie above the stuttering sea. O'Flynnns, MacKeownns (i.e., Bissets), MacQuillans, McDonnells, in turns, over a period of half a millenium, occupied it.

Looking carefully round the Guard House, close to the steps that lead down into it, on the western side, about four feet from the floor, inscribed on a stone in the wall we see a little boat about ten inches long. How it fires the imagination.

Idly there; some soldier had carved this little galley in honour of the McDonnells and had included in its execution every detail of the famous little ship that was the symbol of that great clan—"The Lords of the Isles." In heraldry it is called a "lymphad" (from Gaelic "long," a ship and "bhata," a boat) ; provision is made for twenty-four

oars (three men were allowed for each oar) ; the yard-arm shows the sails furled ; at each end of the vessel is a figure-head of a unicorn. Our illustration is from a careful drawing by an artist who missed no detail.

But whence this little galley ? Its story is as old as time. It is one of the quarterings of the McDonnell arms and is portrayed on the shield of every branch of the great clan—the sons of Domhnuill—"the world warrior." It was even used on the seal for letters by the Lords of the Isles, and on headstones in Cushendun and Layde graveyards the galley can be seen. You may see it crudely incised in the mortar of a window arch in Duntulm Castle, Isle of Skye, the seat of Donald Gorm MacDonald.



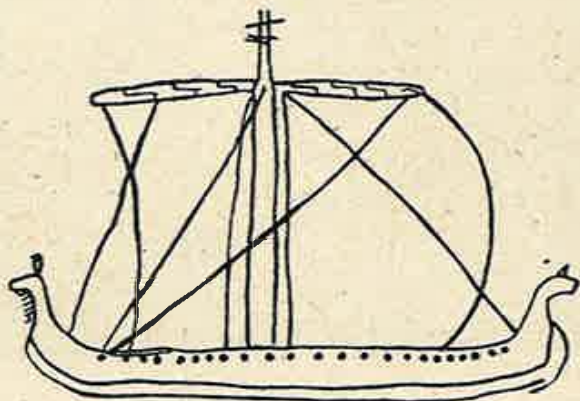
MacDONNELL ARMS

A King's Boat

Tradition in the clan claims that the galley represents that in which Colla Uais, King of Ireland (died in 337) crossed to take refuge in Scotland (his mother was from Alba, as Scotland was then called).

Donald, from whom the clan later derived its patronymic, was son of Reginald, also son of Reginald, son of Somerled, who was sixteenth in descent from Aidan, who was crowned by St. Columba in Iona in 574 A.D. Aidan was third in descent from Fergus of Dunseverick (who was crowned on the Stone of Destiny), who was fourth in descent from Colla Uais, who was grandson of Cairbre Riada, who gives his name to Dalriada. He in turn was fifth in descent from Conn of the Hundred Battles (died 157 A.D.).

Does the lineage end here? Nay, the Red Book of Clanranald takes it back to Noah! Perhaps the clan had a boat of their own at the time of the Flood and it was this little galley! Yea, even at that time the little ship had a history still more venerable. The two feet incised on the stone on which the Irish kings stood to be inaugurated, derive from the two feet of the Egyptian Deity, Osiris; a quite recent ceremony compared to the Red Hand of Ulster which goes back to the Aurignacian Artists who left the imprints in red ochre on their cave walls 25,000 years ago.



MacDONNELL GALLEY OR LYMPHAD

And the little galley ? It was the " boat of the sun " of ancient Egypt. In its crudest form it can be seen on the sculptured stones of New Grange in the Boyne Valley. It was connected with the worship of Ra (the sun god) in Egypt 6,000 years ago. It was the vessel in which the sun-god performed his journeys, in particular the journey which he made nightly to the shores of the other world, bearing with him in his barque the souls of the beatified dead. Tradition says that Pharaoh Menes came to Ireland, the Sunset Land, to see where the sun went to : that he died of a hornet's sting and is buried at Knockmany in County Tyrone.

The Unicorn

Yet the story of the galley is not ended. On the Egyptian ship is shown Ra, the god, holding a pre-Christian cross called the ankh. Such a cross is to be found in Layde Old Graveyard, just to the left on entering.

Again, at each end of the vessel is a unicorn—a fabulous animal with one horn growing from its forehead, in size, shape and colour like a white horse. It is referred to in Deut., 33-17—" His horns are like the horns of unicorns ; with them he shall push the people together to the ends of the earth." The arms of England have as supporters two unicorns, and these were adopted from the arms of Scotland. The Lords of the Isles, as the seed of Kings, incorporated the unicorn in their heraldic symbol.

It is a touching use of the little galley, that, in Iona, on the grave of Angus Og MacDonald (ally of Bruce in 1306), who married Finvola, the Gem of the Roe, is carved the ship with its sails furled—his voyage on earth being past and gone.

Love and Land

The McDonnells first obtained a foothold in Dunluce when Colla McDonnell, through his marriage in 1544 with Evelyn, daughter of Edward MacQuillan, gradually established his power there. In 1558 Sorley Boy McDonnell brother of Colla, was in possession.

The inscribed galley has every appearance of being ancient, and it is therefore reasonable to assume that the ship was carved about the middle of the sixteenth century. The architecture of the guard house is of that period, the older MacQuillan castle ruin being eastward of the entry.

The Mermaid of Dunluce

The belief in the mermaid is so strong in Celtic countries that actually in the island of Benbecula in the Hebrides, a sea-sprite, shot in the back accidentally, was accorded a public funeral, with hearse and every appurtenance of human burial. The obsequies were arranged by the factor of the island.

The belief in the mermaid is based on a deep conviction, that the soul of man or woman at death undergoes transmigration and may occupy a bird or an animal. Thus swans are believed in Donegal to house the departed spirits of maiden aunts and the silence of the swan looks like a



THE MERMAID'S CAVE

penance for earthly gossip. The hare too is feared, for, as a man said, "I never like a hare to pass me for it might be the spirit of my great-grandmother."

The basis of the mermaid is clearly the seal. Those mysterious creatures with their great brown liquid eyes, seem almost human.

Where are born the baby seals ?
In caves untrod ;
Where the shy brown mother hides,
And only God
Comes in with the moving tides.
In caves green-lit and quiet,
Sandpaved and deep,
Where the wild winds, tempest worn
Steal in to sleep ;
There the baby seals are born.

Indeed it is believed that the name Rooney means descended from a seal as also the name McCodrum. No McCodrum would shoot a seal.

The mermaid must be a seal that developed vanity for such sea-nymphs are always seen with a "comb and a glass in their hands." (See front cover.)

Would you like to know what a mermaid is like ? Here is a description of one that was caught in the Grecian Archipelago !

It has the features and complexion of a European ; eyes of a fine, light blue ; its nose small and handsome ; its mouth small ; its lips thin and the edges of them round like those of a codfish ; its teeth small, regular and white, its neck full ; its ears like those of the eel but placed like those of the human species, and behind them are gills for respiration which appear like curls. Its chief ornament is a beautiful membrane or fin, rising from the temples and gradually diminishing till it ends pyramidically, forming a foretop like that of a lady's head-dress. Its breasts are fair and full but without nipples ; its arms and hands are well-proportioned but without nails on the fingers ; its belly is round and swelling but without a navel. It is said to have an enchanting voice which it never exerts except before a storm.

Surely, dear reader, you will know a mermaid the next time you see one.

Some boys at Erris in County Mayo, who attempted to kill a seal, desisted when the old seal cried out—"Och, boys, spare your old grandfather, Darby O'Dowd."

There was a mermaid on Rathlin Island. Let old Katie Glass tell you the story :

"Did you ever see a mermaid?" I asked my old island stalwart.

"Yes," she replied. "There was one used to comb her hair on the rocks below the church across the bay. One day a Raghery man saw her and took a notion of her. He asked her to marry but she would not consent in mermaid form. 'If you take my tail off and hide it where I'll never see it again, I'll marry you,' said the sea-woman.

"He took off her tail revealing feet and legs like another woman, and they got married and lived happily until the oldest of their four children, a boy of twelve was playing one day in the barn and found his mother's tail in the rafters. He took it into the kitchen and when she saw it she went down to the shore, put on her tail, slipped into the clear-green sea water and was never seen again."

Is that only an old story of a Raghery woman? Nay, it is common to western Europe. Indeed the whole story of seals and mermaidens has a distinctly Totemistic flavour, and makes us one with the Red Indian or the Australian aborigines.

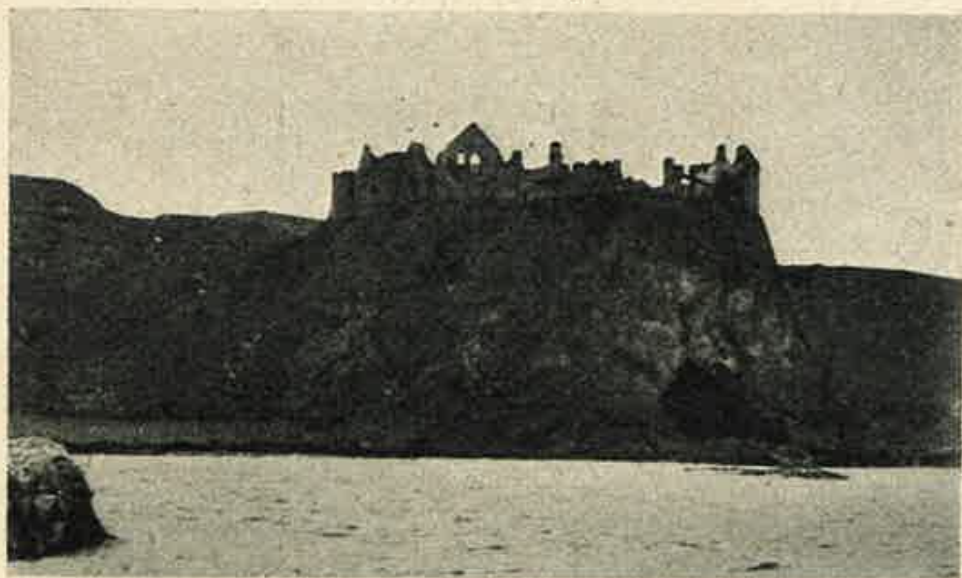
It is interesting to trace the evolution of thought and these old tales throw light on the attitude of man to his god when the world was young. An old woman in Scotland was quite proud that she was descended from a seal and told in great detail the story of her grandfather capturing, wooing and marrying a seal-maiden.

I have entitled this sketch, "The Mermaid of Dunluce," and it is high time I was telling you that story. In the days of St. Comgall of Bangor, one of his fishermen (even without coupons it was a big job feeding from three to five thousand monks in the great monastery) trawling (*sic*)

off Larne, caught in his net a creature that was neither man nor woman ; it was neither brute nor human, but a sprite.

Beoan—the fisherman-saint's name—caused a great sensation in Bangor by his catch and the wonders did not end when the creature entered the net. By the psychic power of great virtue, the sea-maiden, on first hearing a Christian bell, rung by St. Davóc, assumed human form and not only became a woman but a saint and was canonised as Saint Muirgen (a name that just means "born of the sea").

The mermaid's name was Lib in Gaelic, a word which means dripping wet. Its diminutive was Liban, as we in Ulster say, "Wee Lib," a term of pity or endearment. In the old records of Dunluce that name is given as Dun-líbshe, which in extenso is Dun-Lib-she (Dunlíbshe) the fort of the fairy Lib ("she," the termination, meaning a fairy). Those who have penetrated the recesses of the cave below Dunluce, will realise how perfect a sea-palace it would make for a mermaid. But we are not done with



SEA ENTRANCE, MERMAID'S CAVE, DUNLUCE

this lady of the depths. Geologists admit that Lough Neagh was once connected with the sea and this very mermaid, Liban, was for centuries under water in that great Lough of mysteries, and it was her palaces that Moore's Fisherman saw in the wave beneath him shining. In short, Liban has haunted our coasts since time emerged from the Ice Age. The O'Neills had their banshee, Nein Roe, and they had a private mermaid, Liban, whose story, if fully told, would hold children from their play and old men from the fireside.

Do you say that the story of the mermaid is only a yarn? If it is, how do we account for the fact that the reputed human descendants of the sulkie or the mermaid have a rough, scaly skin and a delicate membrane between fingers and toes.

If you think my story incredible, I would refer you to that classic work, "The Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts," by Patrick Kennedy, where you will find traditional tales that would have made Edgar Allan Poe green with envy.

Faded Glory

Here Erin once in feudal hour
Made foemen yield to Erin's power—
Here twanged the horn or echoing shell,
That roused the clans from brake and dell—
With lion heart and eagle eye,
Enthroned in northern majesty,
Here sat McQuillan, brave and bold,
The faithful wolf-dog of the fold.
McQuillan's gone—the eagle's fled—
McQuillan's men sleep with the dead ;
McQuillan's gone—the lion's might
Fell valiantly on *Aura's height.
Where is the harp that once was strung
Within these walls when music flung
High to the winds of Heaven, a lay
Of war and women's witchery?
'Tis gone, nor left one note behind !

* The battle of Aura was fought on 4th July, 1569.

Hark to that sound ! it was the wind ;
Methinks it breathed a pitying sigh,
Of Erin's fallen minstrelsy.
Oh, for a song of other days
To chant one requiem to the praise
Of many an island bard who sung
McQuillan's fame in native tongue.
Gnawed by the tooth of Time away,
Where'er I turn I meet decay ;
Each fretted stone and crumbling tower
Feel the destroyer's iron power,
And from their mouldering basis rent,
Rest in their own dark monument—
The wild flower nods upon the wall,
The blind bat flutters in the hall,
The beating surge with sullen roar,
Leaves dark Dunluce and flies the shore,
The silent fulmar flies on high
Where once was mirth and revelry.
Oh ! honour 'tis on thee to gaze,
Thou boast and pride of other days ;
What though no sportive sunbeams play
Around thy edifice of grey,
Nor moonlight lends a silver dress
To clothe thy naked ruggedness,
Here there are light and shade can vie
With moonlight beam or sunny dye ;
Yon bending cloud, which seems to steep
Its big tears in the briny deep,
Brings to my view the mingled gore
When rival chieftains stained thy shore ;
That howling blast which swept along,
Moans to my soul thy funeral song ;
The tumult of the restless sea,
That lash of maddened agony,
Which sends its white spray o'er thy head
As e'en it would baptize the dead !
Recalls the foeman's fruitless power
To scale thy fort or climb thy tower,
When bold defiance waved on high,
The watch-word, " Death or Victory."

Oh ! lone Dunluce ! thy requiem's sung ;
Time o'er thy roofless walls has swung
The waste of years : Oh, who can tell
Who next on thy bold rock may dwell !
Perchance some lônely bard may raise
A shelter for his blasted days
'Neath thy old walls, and as the blast
Whistles around thy towers he'll cast
An eye portentous o'er the midnight gloom,
And hear the tales of other times, the secrets of the
tomb.

—*William McComb.*



NORMAN TOWERS, DUNLUCE

The Ruined Church

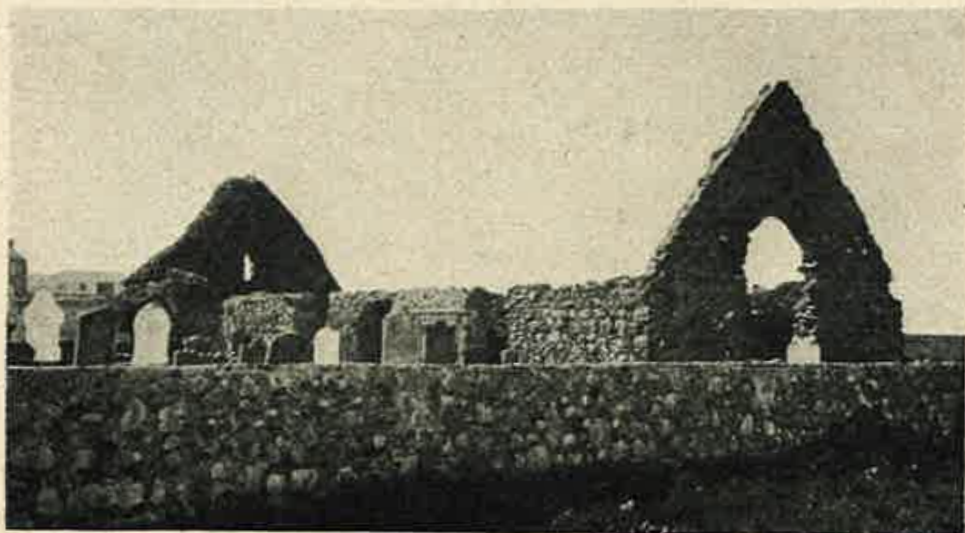
The old church of St. Cuthbert's close to Dunluce was ruinous in 1622 but repaired about 1641 and continued to be used until its use was superseded by the church of St. John the Baptist at Bushmills in 1821. The original church was probably built in A.D. 1306 by Scottish planters from Galloway who revered St. Cuthbert.

In this old graveyard are interred 260 bodies of men and officers of the galleass "Gerona" of the Spanish Armada, which suffered shipwreck in A.D. 1588.

The recumbent headstone to the children of Walter Kidd, burghess of Irvine, is dated 1630. Several of the headstones bear coats of arms, e.g., Moores, Wilsons, and others. The folk lore of the graveyard is very intriguing. Why should a white stone be left under the stone of a supported tomb; why a large shell on top?

No single object but has a story behind it, half as old as time. The shell, for example, tells of the hope of resurrection, because out of it, an apparently lifeless casing, life comes.

Amid old ruins and graves we should walk with reverence when we remember that we too "are the living monuments of the dead."



RUINS OF ST. CUTHBERT'S CHURCH, DUNLUCE

Bushmills and Portballintrae

The little river of Bush, a word that means spates and bursting torrents, has a short but impetuous course of twenty miles from Slievenanee to the northern sea. Yet, like the Thames, it is liquid history, and irrigates the heart. At Armoy, Fergus, the local chieftain, held sway, from whom the King of England is descended on the female line and the McDonnells, Lords of the Isles, on the male side. At Bushmills, on the banks of the Bush, is one of Ireland's oldest distilleries, where for 336 years whiskey (in Gaelic, *Uisge-bheatha*, pronounced Ushgay-vaha, "water of life") has been made under licence first granted to Sir Thomas Phillips, the King's Deputy in the Plantation on 20th April, 1608, and continued under various successors until to-day.

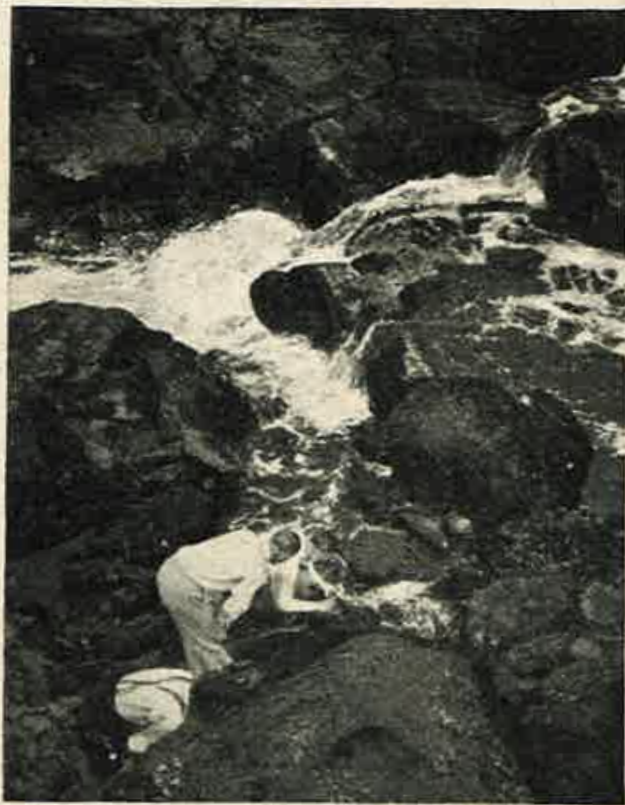
The river Bush is a splendid salmon stream, the fishing rights of which are owned by Sir Francis MacNaghten, Baronet, of Dundarave, Bushmills. The salmon hatchery



THE MILL ON THE BUSH

at Bushmills shows one a marvel of nature within arm's reach.

Bushmills, formerly Ballaghmore ("the great road" on the way from Tara to Dunseverick, known as the Mid Luachra) received its present name from three mills demised by Viscount Dunluce to John Logan on 22nd March, 1619, and in use ever since. At the waterfall on the Bush, stands



THE B.B.C. TUNES IN THE BUSH

the power house of the world's first hydro-electric tram, which astonished the world in 1883 when William Traill, C.E., carried into effect the daring conception that falling water could harness the lightning and horsed upon the sightless couriers of the air, become the new steed of man. The tram still runs, and "hastens slowly," giving time to view the matchless cliff scenery of North Antrim.

Where but in Ireland would you hear the talk and gossip of doings 2,000 years ago. Yet the Golden Age of this old land is a matter of common conversation. Finn MacCoul, the giant who built the Causeway, according to tradition, is still a national comedian with us ; and shines still, Avverguin the skilful warrior poet of the first century, the son of Ecetsalach, the old smith and brazier by the Bush in the far north. Lissanduff, with its double dun, at the mouth of the Bush, was probably that old smith's home and workshop. Avverguin lived in the first century yet we can see him in fancy from the record in the Celtic classics :

“ A beautiful active champion was at the head of this company ; he wore a blue, fine-bordered shirt next his skin, with carved and interlaced clasps of white bronze



RUNKERRY

Gaelic—Carrig-na-rone—“ the rock of the seal ”

("findrinny") and real buttons of red gold in its openings and breast. He wore above it a mottled cloak with the splendour of all the most beautiful colours." Some swank, you may say; yes, and some poet, too.

In the summer-house at Runkerry, near the Causeway, the Honourable Miss Helen MacNaghten with her own hand has carved sculptures that keep these old glimpses of a past glory from fading away. The boy Avverguin is there and a poem of his—

The Four Seasons

Spring comes first with birds and flowers,
Shine and showers and thrushes song;
Trees are greening, grain is growing,
Kine are lowing, days are long.
Summer now, warmth, sun and gladness,
Sending sadness from our lives,
Meadows wild with waving grasses,
Laugh of lasses, hum of hives.
Next the autumn, corn is yellow,
Apples mellow, berries red.
Hay is gathered, carts go rumbling,
Full the haggard, piled the shed.
Now the year grows old and older,
Cold and colder, white, forsaken,
Close our doors—no birds will sing
Until spring shall make it waken.

Avverguin became Poet Laureate of Ulster, and yet, until the age of 14 was dumb. The first words he spoke were to a servant and translated are "Does Greth like curds?" equivalent to our saying, "Would a cat lick sweet milk?" and by the way that question reveals that the Irish then were curd-eaters.

The high life in those ancient days has left its remnants. The old name of Portcammon refers to the fact that on a certain day each year the people gathered on the strand at Portballintrae and indulged in games and feasting—a custom originating in the sports organised by the chieftain to hold the good-will of the clan. A game allied to hockey, called "camán" thus gave the name Portcammon.

From the waters of the Bush emerged at dusk the Grey Man, the Neptune of the Celt.

The Grey Man

And the Prince came first to the waters pass,
And oh, he thought no ill.
When he saw, with pain, a great grey man
Come striding o'er the hill :
His cloak was the ragged thunder cloud,
And his cap the whirling snow ;
And his eyes were the lightning in the storm,
And his horn began to blow.

This " Grey Man " who was as firmly believed in by the people of Ur of the Chaldees as by the gentle Danaans who lived on the North Antrim coast, has left his trace in our place names as " Stack-an-Var Lea " (the rock stack of the Grey Man) on the west end of Rathlin Island. " Cassan-firlea," (the Grey Man's path) at Fair Head in North-East Antrim.

A similar legend was current in the time of Abraham, that the same spectre rose out of the waters of the Persian Gulf in the approaching dark of the evening, stalked along the coast and disappeared again into the waters. He was the Neptune of the Celtic people.

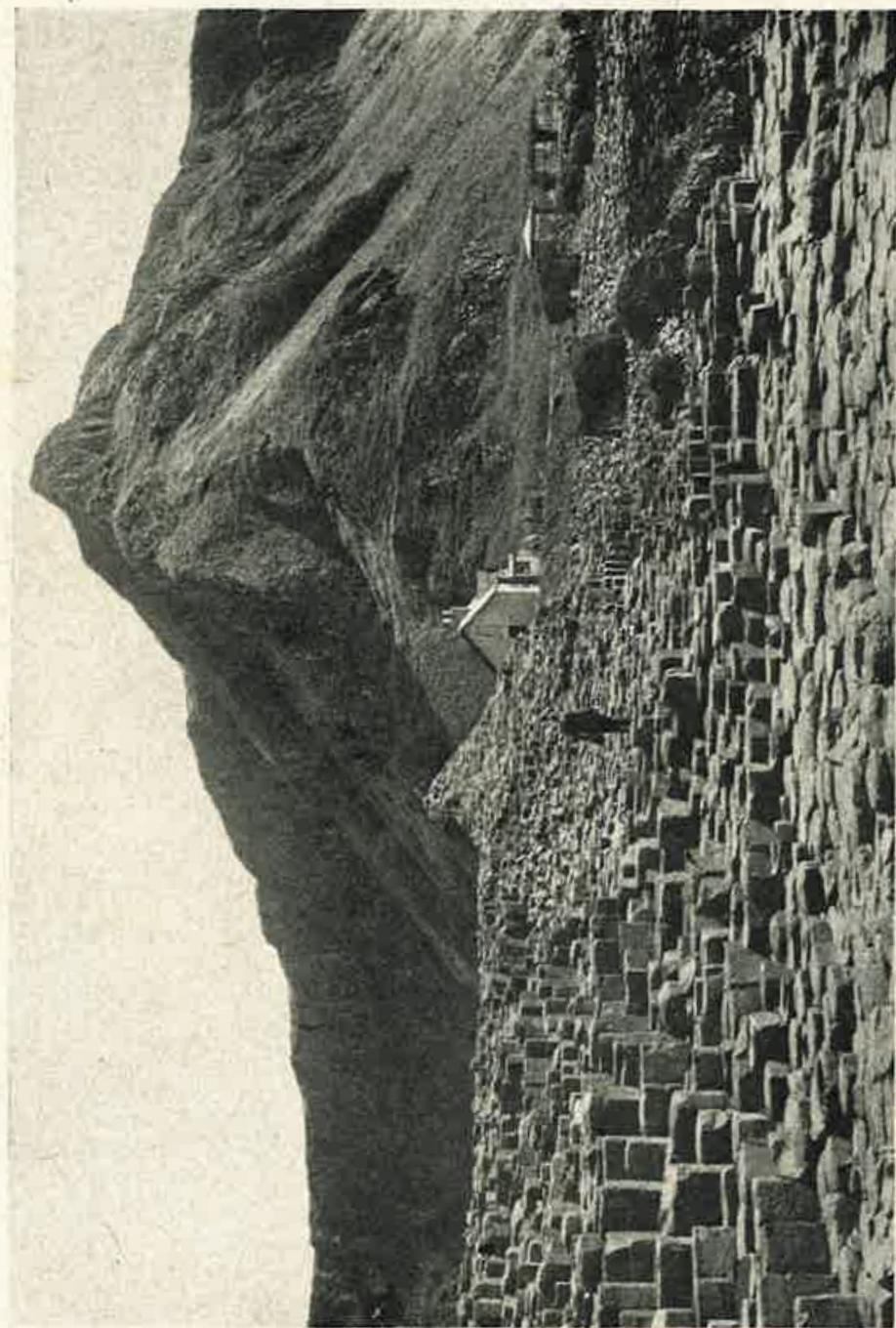


THE HARBOUR, PORTBALLINTRAIE

The walk of a mile across the Bush from Portballintrae and by the strand to Runkerry and the Causeway is one not likely to be forgotten. I have seen rainbows on the spray there that caused me to wipe my eye and look again and make sure I was not in fairyland.

Portballintrae had its hero in modern times. Neill Weir, a lobster fisher at the Port, tried to forget the water of death, whose dangers menaced the fishermen, by drinking the water of life (whiskey) too freely. One of the young ladies of Runkerry asked Neill to sign the pledge. He replied, "You might as well say that you could swim the bay as that I could keep the pledge." She made him a sporting offer and swam the bay and Neill was left high and dry on his own honour for seven years.

Portballintrae had the distinction of having been shelled, without damage, by a German submarine, in the Great War of 1914-1918. A strange development of warfare from Ecetsalach's sword!



THE GRAND CAUSEWAY

The Giant's Causeway

“Curiosity killed the cat,” as the proverb has it, but it has kept man alive. The search by man for an answer to his questionings has made him the noblest creature of God's handiwork. There is no spot where curiosity is more aroused than at the Giant's Causeway. To see it from the land-path is an inspiration, but to view it from a boat is a thrill.



THE CAUSEWAY PATH

Objects of Interest at the Causeway

Ask the guide to point out the following curious creations of nature or of the fancy :

- The Wishing Well.
- The Wishing Chair.
- The Giant's Punchbowl.
- The Giant's Granny.

Lord Antrim's Parlour.
The Keystone.
The Diamond.
The Fan.
The Giant's Coffin.
The Giant's Loom.
The Giant's Organ.
The Giant's Amphitheatre.
The Chimneys.
Port-na-Spania.
The Giant's Eyeglass.
The King and his Nobles.
Portcoon Cave for beautiful underwater colour effects.
The Camel Rock.

New angles waken afresh all the mystery and reveal anew the majesty of this freak of nature—God's unfinished symphony in stone.

Ye heights of Spania, hail ! for ever stand,
The strong terrific bulwark of the land ;
And should the invader, yet untaught, explore
Thy seas inviolate and free—once more
Let Erin's genius on thy stormy brow,
Hear the rocks crashing through the hostile prow.
Each mighty artist, from the yielding rock,
Hewed many a polished, dark, prismatic block ;
One end was modelled like the rounded bone ;
One formed a socket for its convex stone ;
Then side to side and joint to joint they bound,
Columns on columns locked and mound on mound,
Close as the golden cells which bees compose,
So close they ranged them in compacted rows,
Till rolling time beheld the fabric rise,
Span the horizon and invade the skies.
And curved concentric to the starry sphere,
Mount o'er the thunder's path, and storm's career ;
To Staffa's rock th' enormous arch they threw
And Albion trembled as the wonder grew.

It may be regarded as the scene of the labours of the giants, and in this aspect, since the introduction of radio, Finn MacCoul has been working overtime as an entertainer.

Finn the Hero

Of this hero, Saint Patrick said :—" He was a king, a seer, a poet. He was a lord with a manifold and great train. He was our magician, our knowledgeable one (he sucked his thumb to aid him in his decisions). All that he did was sweet with him. And however, ye deem my testimony of Finn excessive and although ye hold my praising overstrained, nevertheless he was three times better than all I say."

He got his first training among women. There is no wonder in that, for the pup's mother teaches it to fight. He was Nature's child ; he learnt to jump by chasing hares in a bumpy field. He could take a thorn out of his heel, when running, without stopping.

Finn MacCoul was not a creation of the imagination. He was a Celtic hero whose exploits have grown with the ages until fabulous deeds were attributed to him, among them the building of the Giant's Causeway. He was known as " the man " or " the big man " or " the grey man," and in his personality is merged the sea-deity Mananan MacLir, the storm-god of the Danaan race. In actual fact he was commander of the armies of King Cormac MacArt, grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles who reigned at the end of the third century. Conn's son, Cairbre Riada, or the long armed, gives his name to the north of Antrim district in which the Causeway is situated, namely " The Route " (a softened form of Riada).

Great as this hero was, his son Ossian, the poet, and his grandson, Oscar, carried on the fine traditions of the family, and these heroes have been the central theme of our great Celtic poets.

The transiency of man's knowledge is pitiably patent in the explanation of this cataclysm of nature. The theories of a century ago are scrapped ; the learning of even a generation ago is almost obsolete and the new knowledge of to-day is hardly formulated and not yet recorded.

Finn's End

A wit once said that "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris," and now it seems Irish heroes, when they die, go to Chicago. At any rate Finn MacCoul's death is not recorded on this side of the Atlantic. Some say he sleeps in Ireland in a magic cave but others believed that he had reached Chicago. In a recent baseball match in that porcine metropolis a press-man reported of one of the players that he delivered strokes worthy of Finn Mac Coul. There was a flutter in baseball circles; curiosity was aroused and the baseball records of half a century searched in vain for Finn, the baseball champion; but he was not found. Shure, Finn would have scorned to throw a baseball. Nothing less than a lump of a mountain would have satisfied his prowess.

Finn's Euclid

Of all the wonders of the Giant's Causeway, none is more remarkable than the principle underlying the formation of the regular rock-shapes. From a close study of the rocks it is found that in the cooling of the lava, the stress that was caused when the separated rocks were formed, lay mostly in the lines of a hexagon, i.e., a six-sided figure, and on the hexagon the whole structure is pivoted.

Thus if an eight-sided stone be observed, the surrounding adjacent stones, though irregular in themselves, always have as many sides as the total number of sides that would exist if all the stones had been hexagons in the group. In this case, eight surrounding stones added to the stone in the centre makes nine stones, and these nine will have nine times six or fifty-four sides in all.

A five-sided stone will have five plus one, or six stones with a total number of 36 sides; a seven-sided stone will have 48 sides in its group; a nine-sided stone, sixty sides, and so on.

Although the weather-worn condition of some of the stones and occasional broken edges render it difficult to verify this theory, yet where the formation is clean-cut



THE DIAMOND
(A rare four-sided form)

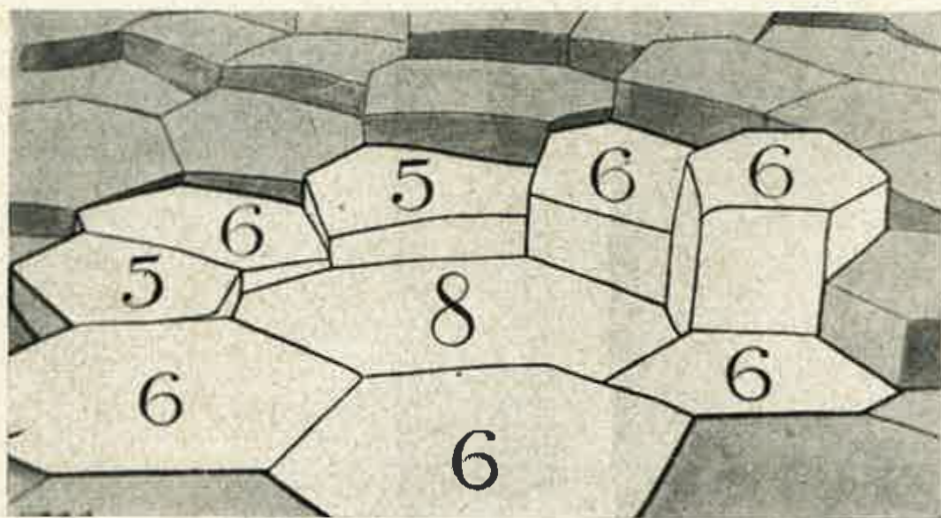


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING
FINN'S EUCLID

as round the Keystone of the Causeway, the phenomenon is patently evident.

In company with Mr. James Martin, of the Aird, the caretaker of the Causeway, the principle was tested by me and found to be borne out by fact. If Finn MacCoul made the Causeway he must have been a senior wrangler in mathematics. He at any rate was a senior wrangler in one respect, as Para Mor Buidhe MacScudion, the Scottish giant, who fought him could testify.

The Armada

Leaving aside the unsolved mysteries let us hear the grim tale of the wreck of the proud ships of Spain on this inhospitable coast.

As a lion on his prey leapt the proud Spaniard forth
To the sea-girded shores of the Queen in the North ;
He trusted in man, on the strength of his prow :
He came in his might, and where is he now ?

The sixteenth century was an epoch-making period in the world's history. Christopher Columbus, in his gallant little ship, had not only ploughed the seas and found a new world, but he had ploughed deeply into the desires of men, and Spain was not to have it all her own way. The Pope had, by an arbitrary line—the degree of longitude 370 leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands (running through Cape Farewell in Greenland and southwards)—given all west of it to Spain and all east of it to Portugal. But England's heroes—Raleigh, Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, and a legion of brave men, feared not to “sing the King of Spain's beard,” and at all hazards win for England her share in the American pie.

Causes of Conflict

Philip II., King of Spain, husband of Mary, Queen of England, was incensed and on many accounts. Henry VIII, because he could not be divorced from Catherine of Aragon, a Spanish princess, no longer recognised the supremacy of Rome, and so Philip acted for his country

and his church, when he built up a fleet that he thought could bring England to his feet.

His heart was involved because Queen Bess refused his offer of marriage and, sentimentally, he thought he had a claim on the throne of England, as his child the Infanta Isabella was a descendant of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster ; and poor Mary Queen of Scots, on the scaffold at Fotheringay, bequeathed the Crown of England to Philip. He wanted also to teach Elizabeth a lesson because she had aided and formed an alliance with the Dutch who had rebelled against him.

For all these causes, the " invincible Armada " sailed on the twelfth day of July (prophetically ominous) to retaliate for the singeing of Philip's beard by combing Elizabeth's yellow hair.

And now—

Attend all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise ;
I'll tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days ;

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

A Scottish captain, scudding up the English channel,
was the first to sight the Spanish fleet. He brought the news to Plymouth. The attack had long been anticipated. It did not upset the serenity of Sir Francis Drake—

He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls

When the great Armada came ;

But he said they must wait their turn, good souls,
and he stooped and finished the game.

Drake the Bowler

Drake, in finishing his game of bowls, was carrying out a master-stroke in strategy, for by letting the Spaniards pass and with a following wind, the great Armada was in a trap. They were confident of finding troops which lay under the command of the Duke of Parma in Flanders, but the Dutch had blockaded the embarking ports, and so the plans of Spain were foiled. The commander of the ships

of Spain was the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the richest peer in Spain but a very unwilling admiral, having tried to excuse himself by saying that he would be sea-sick !

Elizabeth, with a fine gesture, had made Lord Howard of Effingham, the Admiral-in-Chief of the British Fleet. He was a Roman Catholic, and thus it poked to the people by this appointment that country and not church was the critical issue.

Spain was educated under a cast-iron system ; England was brought up to exercise invention, freedom and enterprise. England's artillery was more powerful, and from beyond or beneath the range of the high-pitched spanish cannon, was able to keep up a running fire. It was a great fight—

Ship after ship the whole night long, their high-built galleons came ;

Ship after ship the whole night long, with battle-thunder and flame ;

Ship after ship the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame ;

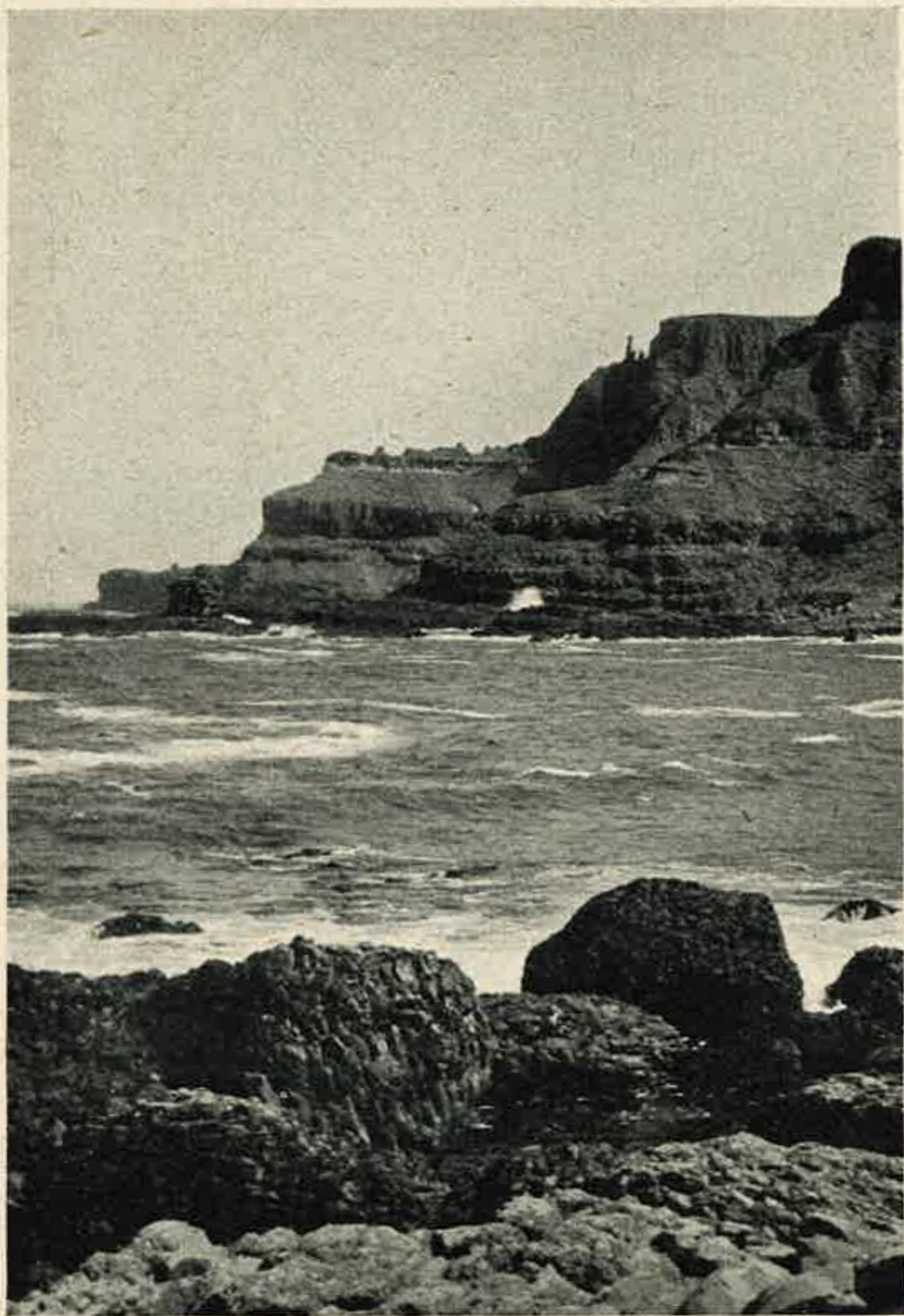
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd and so could fight us to more—

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before

The contest was not so unequal in point of the number of ships, but the tonnage of the Spanish Armada was 60,000 as against 30,000 of the English fleet. It was indeed the high, heavy, unmanageable galleons that led to the undoing of the Armada, and, of course, the winds of God were the main factor in their defeat. Queen Elizabeth struck a medal afterwards to commemorate the victory ; it had this inscription—"God blew with his winds and they were scattered."

A World's Decisive Battle

Five days of heavy fighting decided the battle, and the Spaniards scurried northwards round Shetland and Scot-



ROVERIN HEAD AND THE CHIMNEYS

land. Lórd Howard followed as far as the Firth of Forth and then desisted when he saw the Spaniards' game was up.

The noblest commander of the Spanish fleet was Alonzo de Leyva, of the " Rata Coronado " (820 tons), and with him on this ship were the flower and chivalry of Spain. When Philip heard that De Leyva was lost, he wept and said it grieved him more than the loss of his fleet.

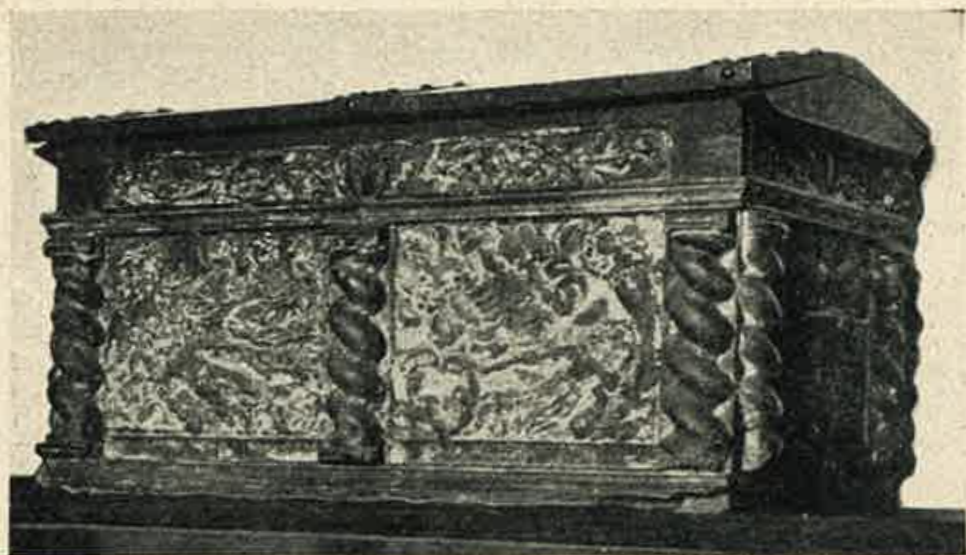
De Leyva was of the noblest family of Castile and Knight of Santiago. Never was more heroism concentrated in a fight, on both sides, than in the great sea-battle when Spain o'er-reached herself and England got her sea-legs. Leyva was in the forefront of danger, and in every fight that took place.

The Spanish ships, riddled by English shot, with opening seams, with insufficient anchors, beat homewards from Shetland by Rockall and great circle sailing, until stress of weather forced De Leyva, their leader, to anchor in Blacksod Bay. The fearful south-westerners at last drove them ashore, and lest his proud ship should be the perquisite of the native pillagers, De Leyva burnt the " Rata " and transferred to the " Girona."

On the tempestuous night of 18th October, 1588, the " Girona " struck on a rock and became a total wreck in the bay called Port-na-Spaniagh at the Giant's Causeway. Only five survivors reached the shore, and 260 were drowned.

It is locally believed that the Spaniard took the Chimney Tops for the chimneys of Dunluce Castle. Tradition also speaks of the " Girona " attacking the presumed castle of Dunluce. That is most unlikely, for Sir James MacDonnell of Dunluce proved a good friend and what purpose could have been served by a patched-up ship limping homewards after defeat opening fire on a friendly country ?

Unless indeed the shots were fired as signals of distress. (A cannon ball is said to have been found on Pleaskin headland), and one is used as a weight to control the furnace draught in Bushmills distillery.



TREASURE CHEST FROM SPANISH ARMADA

Vulcan's Smiddy

The most impressive viewpoint is looking up at Roverin Headland. It is like a snout against the sky and is the centre-piece of a scene of ultimate desolation. And what is yon ring in its nose? It is the hand rail of the path that leads round the headlands. It looks a fearful place from below, and yet to the pedestrian above it is a pleasant walk.

Roverin head is a rock sandwich, one side whinstone and the other columnar basalt. The Causeway is full of paradoxes. The rock just off the Grand Causeway has no columns at all. The operations of nature, slow as they are, have been noted in living memory. An eye in the rock cliff has much widened in the last thirty years, and Seagull Rock, near the Chimney Pots, is giving off chunks that at last will leave it level with the island it stands on.

It is remarkable that the Ordnance Map indicates the existence of a rock which stands not more than a few feet out of the water and is not as big as an ordinary barrel. It is called "The Highlandman's Bonnet," and indeed lacks but the "toorie" to make the deception complete.

It has a jaunty angle as if the Highlandman in the waves beneath were singing, "We are na fou', were're no that fou', but just a wee drap in o'or e'e." It is sometimes called the seal's head, and has a remarkable resemblance to that denizen of our rocky shores.

Nature's artistry is also shown in the Camel Rock.

High up on the shoulder of the cliff on the west side of Port-na-Spaniagh stand four rocks called the Sugar Loaves. It is told (with what veracity we leave the reader to guess and the guides to establish) that Finn MacCoul was very fond of punch, and one night when making his favourite potion, he had some sugar left over, and to keep anyone else from sharing his luxuries, Finn transformed the sugar to rock.



THE CAMEL ROCK

It may be from this story that we derive the name "rock" as a term for sugar-stick.

It is a land where nature has been tormented. Its rivers of molten rock have found a tortuous course to the sea, and great amphitheatres suggest that the one side of a volcano was blown away by a fearful explosion. Here some

mighty Krakatoas have rent the earth while embowelled fire made its fearful way to the heavens.

And all this happened 40,000,000 years ago ! How puny is man as he stands aghast at what has been ! And yet within his cubic foot of skull is a light of reason that some day will understand it all. It is now said that the Grand Causeway occupied the gorge of an ancient river so deep that the lava had time to cool symmetrically.

The Secret of the Rocks

(Specially contributed by J. K. Forbes, D.Sc., Model School, Coleraine.)

At the beginning of that stage in the earth's history, known to geologists as the Tertiary period, much of North East Ireland consisted of undulating plains of white chalk where rivers had been quietly but surely sculpturing the surface into valleys. Then came a series of volcanic disturbances punctuated by periods of quiescence. About



THE WISHING CHAIR

Miocene (mid-Tertiary) times this volcanic activity reached its phase of maximum intensity. Enormous flows of basaltic lava poured out from volcanic necks and great fissures, filling the valleys and building extensive plateaus, contemporaneous with, and similar to, though on a less grandiose scale than the lava plains of Idaho and the Columbia river basin. (It is remarkable that while the lava was poured forth the river kept on flowing). During the period of quiescence which followed the eruptions, there



COLUMNAR ROCKS, DOON POINT, RATHLIN ISLAND

flourished forests under weather conditions much warmer than those of to-day. The inter-basaltic lignite and ore beds (iron and bauxite) afford unmistakable evidence of sub-tropical climates at that time, a fact that influenced the rate of cooling of the lavas.

The thick masses of lava cooled slowly. Deeper masses gave up their heat very reluctantly, this being the nature of

basalt. Lava poured out from Vesuvius, for example, was too hot to handle even after two years from the eruption. Cracking from the undersurface upwards formed the more regular and massive columns: Every chemist knows that slow cooling is necessary for the formation of good crystals and Professor Grenville Cole, an authority on Irish geology, has asserted that basaltic columns may be evidences of crystalline forces acting on a gigantic scale.

The Giant's Causeway is the exposed part of the lower portion of a deep lava flow, which filled the bed of a pre-Tertiary river valley. Because of a gigantic fault a block of the basaltic plateau subsided. The shattered and superincumbent masses of irregular rock became an easy prey to the impetuous rage of wind and wave ; to influences both chemical and mechanical. Now there remains exposed that projection of basalt columns—the Causeway (called by the French *pave des geans*) which once stood almost as high as the encircling precipices of the steep landward plateau, which are, in fact, the face of the fault."

Columnar rocks are to be seen at Islandmore, 3 miles S.W. of Dunluce ; at Doon Point, east end of Rathlin and other localities.

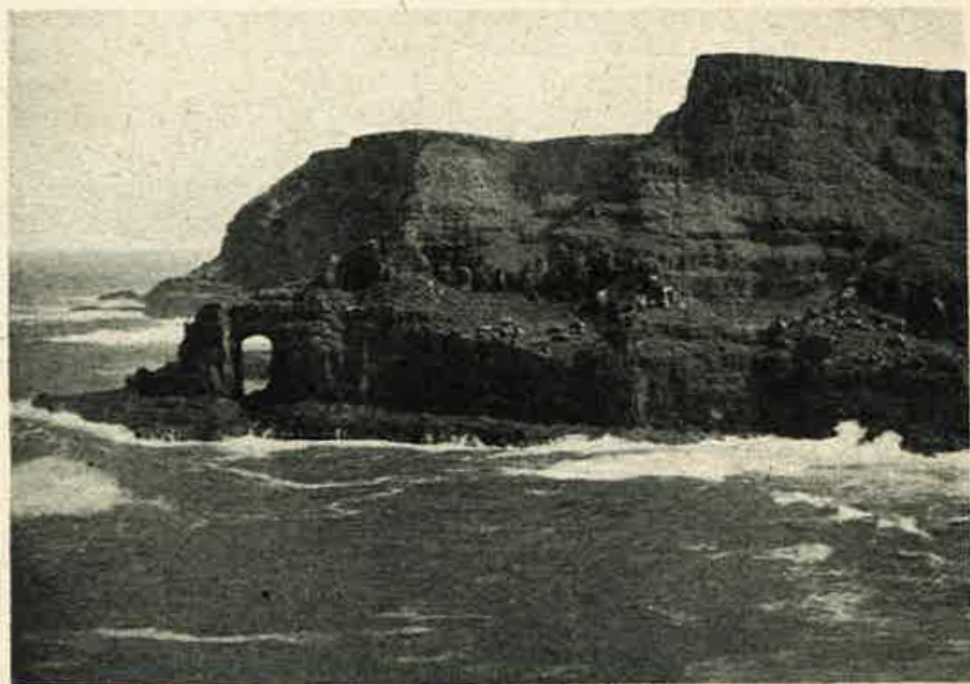
When Madame Curie extracted radium from pitchblende, she gave the geologist a new clock. The first radio-active element to be discovered was uranium. It is the heaviest metal and has a pale-bluish luminosity. Radium is a daughter-element to Uranium and from radium the gas helium is explosively emitted, leaving at last a dead metal—lead.

Radium is reduced by one half in 1,600 years, but it takes uranium 4,560 million years to undergo half reduction. Three per cent. of uranium in pitchblende turned into lead in 225 million years. Household coal on the radio-activity test must have been formed 250 million years ago.

In ordinary basalt lava like the Giant's Causeway, the radioactivity is very feeble indeed—only a tiny quantity accumulated since the rock was formed. In basalt there is not enough helium to leak but age can be measured by the quantity of uranium and thorium in the rock.

This means that the Giant's Causeway was made from 30,000,000 years ago to 80,000,000 years ago. The oldest known rocks in the world are in Manitoba and on the uranium test are two thousand million years old.

The Giant's Causeway contains 37,426 columns as follows :—Triangle, one stone ; Squares, 2 per cent. ; Pentagons, 31 per cent. ; Hexagons, 48 per cent. ; Septagons, 19 per cent. ; Octogons, $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.



THE GIANT'S EYEGLASS

Finn McCoul—The Giant who Built the Causeway

Was there ever such a person as Finn MacCoul ? Yes, there was ! If you want the evidence, consult XV of the Irish Texts Society's History of Ireland, Part 2, pages 324, 328 and 330.

Historically, this is Finn's pedigree :—Nuadh of the Silver Hand, of the Danaan race, had a granddaughter, Morna of the White Neck, who married Cumhal (i.e., Coul), son of Trenmor and from that union was born Demna, who because of his fair hair was nicknamed Fionn (Finn—) and thus we have Finn MacCoul, our hero.

It is a tendency in human nature to exaggerate that which is strikingly big and minimise that which is remarkably small. And so, Finn MacCoul, a man of greatest prowess, has by the magnifying glass of time, become a giant who could build the Causeway or excavate the land from Lough Neagh and throw it to the Irish sea where it became the Isle of Man. Finn slew the monster of Lough Neagh and the serpent of Glenarm ("Glen of the Worm") and the serpent of the singing Bann.

The interest of a figure that speaks across the ages is not so much in his individual personality but that he is the anthropomorphic reality of the ideals of the Celtic race.

Let us consider the basis on which this hero has been elevated to gianthood. These are the things that were dear to Finn :

The din of battle, the banquet's glee ;
The bay of his hounds through the rough glen ringing,
And the blackbird singing in Letterlee.

The shingle grinding along the shore,
When they dragged his war boats down to the sea ;
The dawn-wind whistling his spears among,
And the magic songs of his minstrels three.

He kept a jester, Lomna by name, and curiously enough to-day in our markets or fairs, when Finn MacCoul is mentioned, the name is greeted with a good-humoured smile. Greece may have its Hercules ; Israel its Samson ; but we have our immortal hero, Finn MacCoul.

Finn was Commander-in-Chief and Stipendiary Keeper of the Hounds (70 of them) to King Cormac MacArt (227 A.D. to 265 A.D.) and moreover he was Cormac's son-in-law twice over for he married Ailbhe and Grania, daughters of that great king. It is a wonder he faced the double event for a choice of a partner in wedlock was no

easy matter. King Cormac himself gave this advice on the matter, when asked how to tell a good wife.

“From her shape and behaviour. Do not wed the slender short girl with curling hair ; nor the stumpy stout girl ; nor the weakly tall one ; nor the black-haired ungovernable girl ; nor the sallow girl with very yellow hair ; nor the black-haired swarthy girl ; nor the slender prolific girl ; nor the ill-spoken girl of evil counsels.”

His interlocutor then queried—“Then what girl am I to wed ?” and Cormac answered, “If you can find them, the fair-haired broadshaped ones ; the pale-hued black-headed ones.”

Finn was a gay Lothario apparently, for ere he had wooed and won the daughters of King Cormac, he had courted and wed Magneis, a Norse damsel.

The tests of the Fianna (Finn's soldiers) were more severe than those of the army of to-day. Each would-be soldier had to qualify as follows :—

He had to be well-versed in twelve books of poetry.

To be himself a poet.

Buried in earth up to the middle, with a shield and hazel rod he had to defend himself against nine warriors casting spears at him and if wounded he was not accepted.

With hair woven into braids and chased through the forest by the Fianna he was discarded if overtaken or if his hair disturbed, or a dry stick crackled under his foot.

He had to be able to leap over a lath level with his chin and at full speed run under a lath level with his knee.

While running he had to be able to extract a thorn from his foot without stopping.

To accept a dowry with his wife disqualified him.

A motto of the Fianna was—A man lives after his life but not after his honour.

But there is no need to tell the exploits of Finn. Are they not related by his own son, Ossian, whose poems are to-day in the forefront of great literature—snatched from the passing hand of time by a Highland schoolmaster—James MacPherson, whom Dr. Johnson knocked down



THE HONEYCOMB, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

with the butt end of his blunderbuss, but Ossian he could not knock down.

Our national poet, Wordsworth, sings of Ossian—

Glen-Almain (in Perthshire)

In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian in the Narrow Glen
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one :
He sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death :

In Irish romance Finn is accredited with all wisdom. This he gained miraculously when a student under Finegas on the banks of the Boyne. What a lot of epoch-making events have taken place on the streams of that artery of Ireland's grazing lands. Its very name is from a queen called Boind. Cormac MacArt, Finn's father-in-law, met his death at Cletty on the banks of Boyne, from a salmon bone sticking in his throat. Finn, to guard his valuable life was born posthumously in the secret fastnesses of the Slieve Bloom mountains. The rival clan of MacMorna viewed with jealousy the lad who might succeed his father as leader of the soldiery of King Cormac. He was brought up by two aged women. In due course he went to learn poetry and science from Finegas on the Boyne.

Finegas set Finn to roast a salmon which proved by strange fortune to be the salmon of knowledge that lived on the nuts that fell in the stream from the sacred hazel tree. In handling the spit, the lad burnt his thumb and cooling it in his mouth, inadvertently bit it and ever afterwards he sucked his thumb when making decision, and I presume you, dear reader, have often done the same.

Finn MacCoul's name is found far and wide in Ireland and Scotland. The escapades of himself and his dogs, Bran, Sceolian, Conbeg and Adnuai'll will be the subject of fireside folk tales that will never die.

And now let us particularly give Finn a local habitation where he performed his most gigantic deeds, namely at the Giant's Causeway, previously called Clochanavowry

(" the stepping stones of the Fomorians "—North African sea-pirates).

Wanst Finn MacCoul, the giant, did rule and exercise authority,

Over many a 'mile av Ireland's isle wid supremest superiority ;

Chief of his band throughout the land, Finn was tall as the tallest steeple,

And his head so big wid its fiery wig was admired by all the people.

Set on shoulders great, his neck was a trate and his leg had a dale of strength in it ;

The fists he'd got were like a bushel pot and his blow had tremendous strength in it.



THE GIANTS' HEADS, WHITE ROCKS, PORTRUSH

Now Finn had a rival in Scotland to whom he determined to give " a sevendible-batin ' " and to leave that redoubtable Scot no excuse for entering the arena, on the grounds that he could not swim across, Finn built the Giant's Causeway.

Eventually the Scot arrived to fight Finn whose wife was equal to the occasion. Mrs. MacCoul pretended that the child in the cradle was hardly a year old (whereas it was Finn himself was in it). She asked the Scot to rock the cradle while she arranged hospitality which consisted of whiskey and soda bread. The soda-bread exactly covered "the griddle" on which it was baked and the unsuspecting Scot was offered the "scon" as it lay. He almost broke his teeth, remarking "Ma'am your bread's very hard." He, of course, had tried to bite the griddle and all. Now Mrs. MacCoul knew where a part of the griddle was missing and reached that edge of the scone to the "baby" and it, little darling, ate it with avidity, "herself" remarking "the bread can't be hard when the baby can eat it."

The Scotch giant was named Ben-a-donner but had an alias—Para-mor-buidhe-MacScudion. He was no match in wits for Mrs. MacCoul. He felt "the baby's" gums and the confounded little imp bit the thumb off him, whereupon he deduced that if the baby had such power, the father would be invincible and so Ben skedaddled, back by the Causeway by which he had come.

When Ben left Ireland's shore,
He troubled Finn no more,
For Mrs. MacCoul had learned him a lesson ;
'Twas afterwards said he kep' a civil tongue in his head,
For he foun' the loss of his finger distressin' !

Many feats of prodigious strength are attributed to Finn ; of throwing great boulders from hill to hill ; of conquering the forces of darkness such as slaying Abhartach, the dwarf, magician and tyrant, whom, by the way, Finn had to bury four times before he would stay down, the last interment having been head downward.

Finn was married at least four times, the most charming of his wives having been Grania, daughter of King Cormac MacArt. That independent lady at the party given to celebrate the coming nuptials, made up her mind that she would not marry Finn, who was old enough to be her father. She fell in love with Dermot, one of Finn's followers, who was very loth to oust his superior officer.

Grania made them all drunk by too frequent libations of wine and when all were asleep but Dermod, she insisted on eloping with him. It is said that she succumbed to the beauties of a "love-spot" on Dermod's shoulder. They dare not enter a house for fear of identification and so found a bed under the many dolmens which exist in Ireland. These stone tombs or capstones, erected on four upright supporting stones, are to this day known as "Dermot and Grania's beds." At last they were run to earth and Dermod was slain.

Finn's followers, when Grania submitted to become Finn's bride, in their high esteem of Dermod (one of their number in the Fianna) remarked, "A finger of the dead man would be worth twenty of her."



THE LADIES' FAN

Finn's end is shrouded in mystery. He was a broken man after his encounter with Miluachra, daughter of Cullan, the king's weapon maker. Aine and Miluachra were sisters who were both in love with Finn—any woman would have loved this superb man. Now Aine had once remarked that she would never marry a man with grey

hair. Miluachra noted in her secret heart and laid her plans accordingly. Sauntering by the little lough of Camlough on the top of Slieve Gullion in South Armagh, where she knew it was Finn's wont to meditate, she deliberately dropped her gold ring into the lake and, meeting Finn, pleaded with him to find it for her, who with Irish gallantry, undertook to search the lake. Being put under honour to perform a promise was known as "geas." Finn dived and dived, exploring every recess of the bottom of the lake, and at last retrieved the ring, handed it to Miluachra and thus released his "geas." He had found the ring but he was now an old decrepit done man with grey hair. Ah! Aine can never have him now. By magic his warriors, by Druidic aid, restored him to his wonted virility, but ever afterwards was his hair silver white. All of which is a parable that the greatest hero of Irish legendary history succumbed at last to the wiles of a woman.

The exploits of Finn fill twelve large volumes, so here this meagre outline must end.

There are men at the Causeway who can tell you they were at Finn MacCoul's funeral. At any rate about 70 years ago, some showmen came round the district, exhibiting Finn MacCoul's effigy at a shilling admission. The effigy was alleged to have been dug up from a bog but the fraud was traced to its source and as a result of an action in law by the two showmen as to division of profits, the limestone effigy was impounded by order of court and to-day it lies at Worship Street, London, where it suffered blitz.

The sculptors who made it knew what they were doing for they put six toes on each foot, a sign of supernatural power and of good luck.

Here ends my story, and I trust that these threads from Time's Loom will make a pattern that will appeal to your aesthetic taste. At least I hope the pictures I have presented will explain somewhat of the character of Ulstermen—the strong, firm men of the lava plateau.

Appendix I

CAUSEWAY PLACE-NAMES

On a recent occasion in a boat under the skilful manipulation of Alex. McMullan, whose father and grandfather were guides to Baddeley, the author of the famous Guide Book series, the writer of this article took boat at Portnabaw and from a calm sea viewed the wonders of the Causeway and heard much of its lore.

The place-names here bear evidence of great antiquity :

Portnabaw—The port of the cow (possibly the fabulous cow, the Glasgevin), an Egyptian myth.

Stookins—Little stacks of rock (stooks of flax is the same word).

Portnaganye—The port of the “stripper” (the cow had a port to herself). This does not mean the bathers’ port.

Portnoffer (originally *Portnabhearmor*)—The port of the great men, the giants.

Giant’s Causeway—In ancient days called *Clachanna-fomhaire*, the stepping stones of the Fomorians (Baltic sea pirates), pronounced Cloth-an-a-vow-ry.

Roverin—The lovers’ leap.

Portmadadh ruadh—The port of the red dog, i.e., the fox.

Portnacalye—The port of the old woman.

Portnatober—The port of the well.

Pleaskin—The dry headland.

Bin Ban na Farage—The white headland by the sea. This was Dr. Hamilton’s favourite viewpoint.

Portnatraghen—The port of lamentation ; from a moaning sound made by the wind through a fissure in the rocks. (Called by the fishermen Port an Truan).

Bengore—The peak of the giant Guthar (pronounced Gore).

Ballymacrea—McCrea’s town.

Ballymagarry—The town of the garden.

Ballyness—The town of the waterfall.

Boneyclassagh—A clachan built in a circular collection of houses.

Clooney—Meadows.

Craigaboney—The circular clachan on the rock.

Glentask—The glen of the taoiseach or chieftain.

Gortnee—The field of the champion (or hero).

Urbalreagh—A grey tail of land.

BILLY PARISH

Ardihannon (in which the Causeway stands)—The hill or height of the chieftain's residence.

Aird—High land.

Dunseverick—The dun of Sobhairce, the Milesian chieftain who settled there in 1532, B.C.

Lisnagunogue—The fort of the churns—the dairy.

Runkerry—Seal's rock.

Tonduff—Black backlands.

Appendix II

DATES TO REMEMBER

A branch of the MacQuillans migrated to Wales in the 4th century and rejoined the parent stock in Ulster in the 13th century.

In very early times a strong circular fort was built by O'Flynn on Dunmull, about 4 miles south-east of Dunluce.

William De Burgh murdered by Mandevilles in 1333 brought English influence to an end, and the titular earldom of Ulster fell to pieces.

First Earl of Antrim (McDonnell) was grandson to last Lord of Dunluce (MacQuillan).

Artillery first used against Dunluce in 1584 (Sir John Perrot). 1514,—the O'Donnells handed Dunluce to Walter McQuillan.

I stain not my finger nails (1st century lady's toilet).

De Burgos natural half brothers to William the Conqueror. Walter De Fleming, Bishop of Connor, granted lands to Bisset.

1400 Richard de Burgo put John Bisset into Dunluce in 1400; died 1333.

O'Lynn's placenames—Moneysterlin—Monaster O'Lynn . . . Loughinshollin (near Magherafelt).

1551—McQuillan's house had a ward of 40 men.
 1556—McQuillan owned Loughguile.
 Inishloughan, near Coleraine, built by de Courcy in 1197.
 McQuillans of Tuaisceart (North Antrim) in 1247.
 1515—McQuillan, Lord of Tuaisceart.
 O'Lynns, a branch of the Fir Lee.
 John McKeown of Dunluce in 1400.
 McQuillans displaced by Sorley Boy, brother of Colla.
 Wm. de Burgo assassinated 6th June, 1333.
 Mandeville = Magneville, from a place in Normandy.
 Sorley died 1590 . . . buried at Bonamairge, Ballycastle.
 Dan McQuillan took Dunluce from English in 1400. They
 had taken it from McKeown (Bisset).
 Century following murder of Wm. de Burgo (6th June,
 1333) titular earldom fell to pieces and English influences
 practically disappeared. He was murdered by Mandevilles.
 Gillaspeck, son of Colla, killed at Bullfight at Ballycastle
 given by Uncle Sorley. Gillaspeck had a son Colkitach
 born Loughlynch.

Appendix III

LEGENDARY AND HISTORICAL MISCELLANEA

The chalk had risen above the sea before the basalt was deposited.
 There is a raised beach at Portscadden, Portrush.
 Roderick O'Connor was the last king of independent Ireland
 (1167 A.D.)
 Carrickfergus Castle was built by De Courcy in 1178 A.D.
 De Courcys (now Baron Kingsale) have the privilege of
 standing with the head uncovered in presence of the
King. This was granted to him at his own request as a
 reward for winning the King's cause against a French
 champion.
 Lord Kingsale, 33rd in descent from De Courcy, to-day
 exercises the privilege.
 Merlin, a Welsh prophet (5th century) predicted that
 Ulster would be conquered by a white knight sitting on
 a horse and bearing birds on his shield. De Courcy

fulfilled the conditions and to-day Lord Kingsale has on his coat of arms "three eagles displayed and also on the crest an eagle." De Courcy was Palatine Earl of Ulster, that is, he had kingly powers in its administration.

Robert the Bruce married as his second wife, Elizabeth de Burgh, daughter of Richard De Burgh, the Red Earl of Ulster.

Finn MacCoul fought at the Kempe Stone near Dundonald. Colla Uais (322 A.D.) was really called Caireall.

Arthur's knights of the Round Table are the counterpart of the Fianna (or Finn MacCoul's soldiery).

Finn MacCoul wept twice in his life; one of the times was for his super hound, Bran, which, after chasing a deer, sped up the slope of Doonfin in Glenshesk and dropped dead at his master's feet.

Ballymagarry, built in 1664, until Glenarm Castle ready.

Three cannon and several strong chests were salvaged from the "Girona," the galleas of the Spanish Armada.

Ulster showed no acquiescence to Henry II in 1172 A.D.

Ulster was never really subjugated until the Flight of the Earls in 1607 A.D.

King John was at Carrickfergus from 20th to 28th July, 1210.

1279—John Bisset, of Greek extraction, held the Glens and Rathlin under Richard De Burgo. His ancestor was a Greek officer in the army of William (1066).

1389—Sir Hugh Bisset had two daughters, Elizabeth and Marjorie. John McDonnell of Islay married Marjorie Bisset on whom had devolved all the Bisset possessions.

King John gave Alan de Galloway and his brother Thomas de Galloway (i.e. MacUchtry) extensive lands in Dalriada. They came from Galloway.

Thomas De Galloway, i.e., MacUchtry, arrived in Derry with 76 ships to quell Ulster. He had a castle at Coleraine.

Dunluce gatehouse ascribed to Sir James McDonnell, elder brother of Sorley.

Coll McDonnell was known as Coll-dhu-na-gappal, "Dark featured Colla of the horses."

Circular towers denote Norman architecture.

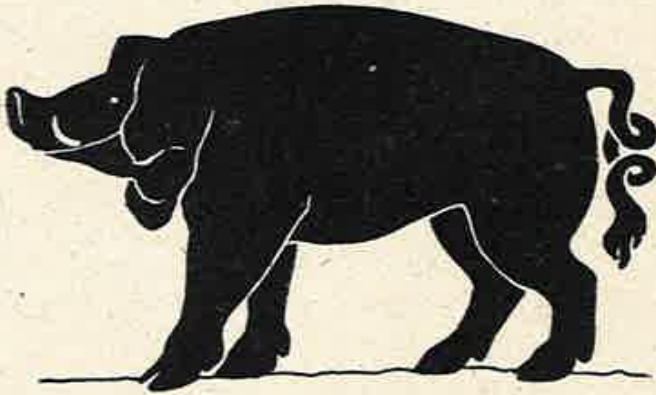
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*Go, little book ; God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayere,
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part or all.*

—Geoffrey Chaucer.

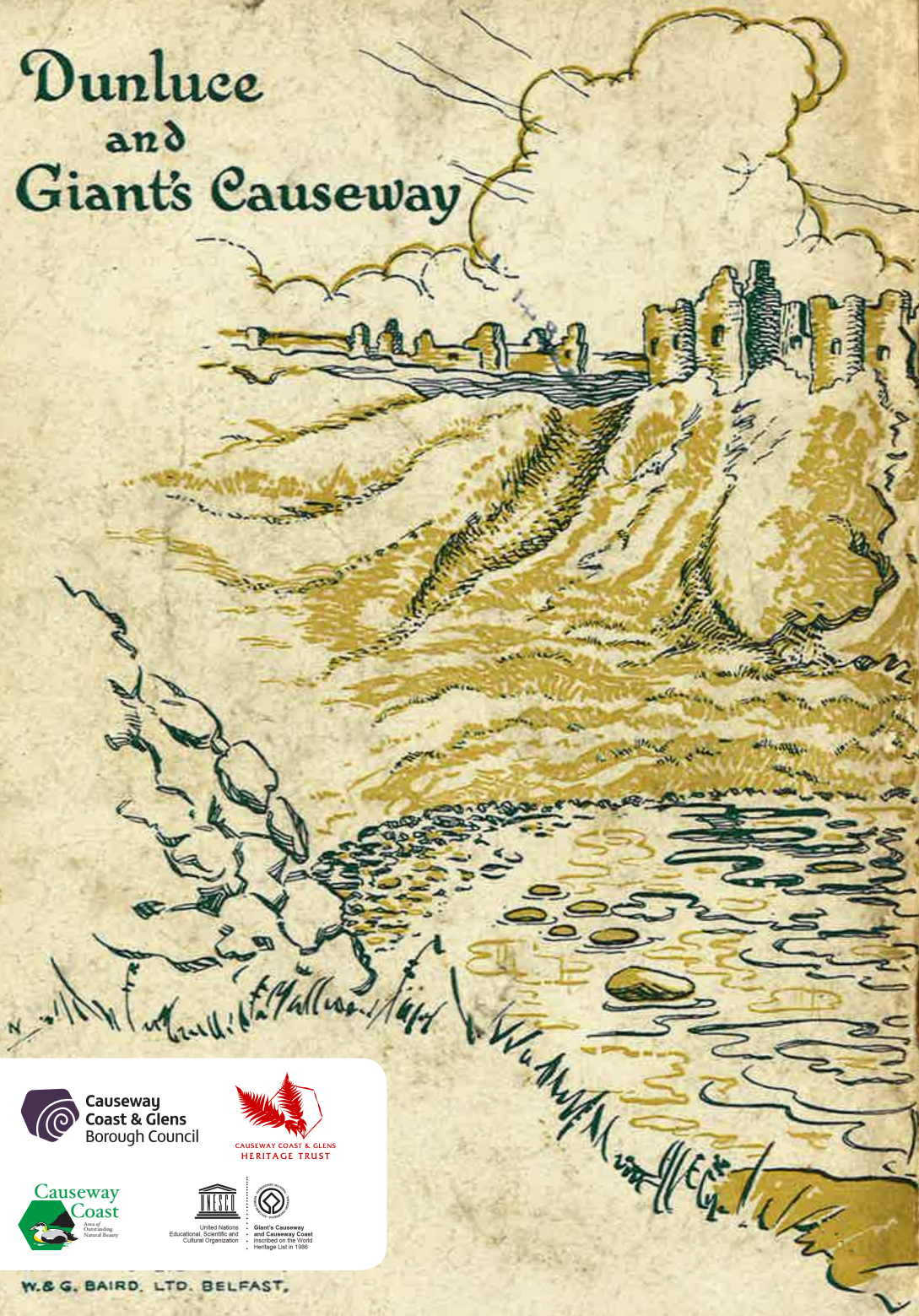


FREIA'S BOAR
The end of a twisty tale

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Dunluce and Giant's Causeway



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