

Rostrevor. Sept. 19. 1864

My dear Papa,

On Monday morning last I left for Donegal and John met me with his gig at Strabane at 3.45 p.m.; it is about an hours drive to Raphoe through a hilly but highly cultivated country.

I found Isabella and the children all well and we had Mr Weir, Head Master of Raphoe Royal School to dinner; he is a very nice gentlemanly fellow of about 40 but unfortunately quite deaf, however John and Isabella manage to converse

with him. On Tuesday morning John took me to a hill about two miles off called Mongorvy from which there is a ~~surprisingly~~ surprisingly fine panoramic view of Donegal Tyrone &c and fortunately we had a clear morning. At two, John, Isabella and I went off on his car to Conway (3 miles) to see the Hoytons and Montgomeries at Conway House. We found them all, Towage Mrs M., her son Major M., Mrs B., her three daughters and son, the latter about to enter the church, a Miss M., sister in law of S. Gordon's

and another lady whose name I did not hear. They insisted on keeping us to dinner which was not till past seven and we did not get home till past 12. Conway is a back-gate village but prettily situated in woods on the Deel Burn river, a very respectable stream. Conway House is a large mansion in tolerable repair with nice old furniture; the grounds are very extensive with a great deal of fine timber and some very nice old tree-walks. The ^{kitchen} garden is the finest one I ever saw attached to a gentleman's house. Major M.,

and Miss B., paint very well, the first
skines at landscapes and the latter
paints portraits from nature in a
style that would please G. Sharpe.

Wednesday John drove me to St.
Johnston ^(6 miles) and we took rail (6 miles)
into Derry as I wanted to see the
new bridge, which is well worth seeing
- there is a good lithograph of it in
my room. Derry has gone ahead
greatly since we were there in 1858.

That evening I visited the school at
Raphoe; the old diocesan library
in it is very curious and contains
many old manuscripts ^{not} relating to
the church. Weir and John went over
it and found

it and found many curious old books
and manuscripts. I wish you could
see it. Thursday John drove me
over in the gig to Letterkenny (12 miles
English) and then Fallon the Sub In-
-spector there, a Longford man, and
Hill the County Inspector took us
on their cars to the police barracks
at the end of Lough Neagle (12
miles Irish) where we put up the cars.
Fallon came to do the honours to us
and inspect his two stations there
and Hill came to fish; then we went
up the lough which is five miles long,
Hill hooking a trout every now
and then. The scenery is splendid

as fine lake scenery as I know of the
kind anywhere. No strangers are allowed
into the glen unless by Adair's orders
or unless known to the police. A
keeper's lodge near his house at the
end of the glen has been turned into a
barrack for seven men, two of whom
are constantly on duty at the house,
sleeping there during his absence and
going on sentry when he is there. They
look on being stationed there as a sort
of penal servitude and all the rascals
in the police of the county are sent there.
Hill and Fallon both say Adair
will be shot, but they think not in

Donegal. Fallon is one of the nicest
fellows I have met for some time, quite
the gentleman in every ^{way}; he is a
good deal older than John - unmarried.
Hill was 14 years at Rathfriland and
knows everyone in these parts; his chief
fault seems to be selfishness but he
is a pleasant fellow on the whole.
John, Fallon and I went up to Adair's
house and on coming back to the place
where Hill was fishing we all dined on
the grass, after which John and I wal-
ked back along the lake, the rest going
by boat. I see the juniper grows there
in great abundance. We had a glorious
moonlight drive back to Letterkenny -
where Hill gave us tea - his wife is

sister to Pratt, the Killkeel curate,
and she gave a package for Miss
Humington, which if the weather permits
I shall deliver personally. John
and I did not get home till one
o'clock but as it was a fine moon-
-light (full moon) night it was
pleasant enough. Friday morning

John drove me into Strabane,
and at 1.35 I reached Anagh-
-more and walked up to the cottage
to see the Nashes; on the road up
I met a farmer sort of fellow who
was going my way, and I led him
on to talk about all the people
there, gentry &c and got opinions from
him as if I knew nothing about them,
Finally

finally he got inquisitive as to how
I knew ~~the man~~ their names, and
said he thought I must have been
reared up in that country - when I
said that old Mr Euser was my
grandfather he sheered off to the
other side of the road and looked at
me as much as to say "you might"
"have told us that before".

I found the Nashes ^{both} well and an
invitation for them and me to go up
to Clawtiteew to dinner; all the Obri's
were very hospitable and wanted me
to stay the night and next day but
as I had told uncle George I would
sleep there, I walked over to Adress
after tea, slept and breakfasted there

and walked over again in the course of the morning. I found uncle G. unable to walk with his foot, but otherwise well. The place as usual. Saturday I dined at Clontarf and stayed till 2.30 when I walked into Portadown and only just caught the six train which brought me here to tea. The Abbis all seem most happy at Clontarf and the place is trim and the house nicely furnished, M^r O. as usual in high spirits; Eddie was not there, he leaves for India on the 12th Oct. His eldest daughter, now 17, is very nice and attractive, though not absolutely pretty, the little one is the prettiest

little girl I have seen this long time. Altogether they seem to be a very happy household. Croquet is their main amusement.

I have got leave till Thursday and Mamana wants me to go up to Dublin with her, so I shall go up with her on Wednesday and go on at once by the head that same evening which will bring me to Shrewsbury early on Thursday morning. Would you get me a 4th telescope penholder like the one I have, and give it to me at the train? Gallon in Grafton St is the place they are sold. Also if it is not too much

trouble would you bring Rob Roy and
Two Years before the Mast which you
will find in the small bookcase in
the drawing room, and I can get them
from you when I see you at the
Drogheda Railway Terminus?

Please send this letter on to Coulter
Down as it will cause a lot of
rewriting - I'll write it to J. P.
from Koulbridge. ~~Don't~~ say that
Mr Weir is all the better schoolmaster for
being deaf, as the boys have to "speak out"
and there can be no ~~sub~~ mumbling at
translations, John helps to examine the school
every quarter and says he never heard better
translation. John's house is a fine large
light and airy one. your affectionate son
Francis E. Prudergast.