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beholds, as if rising out of the sea, immediately below him, the crowded chimneys not of a single edifice, but of a little village; these chimneys stand upon the naked walls, and serve very much to give the ruin a more solemn appearance.

Tradition says, that an Irish chieftain, by name M'Keown, built this castle to awe the Danes and Cruthmeans, or ancient Caledonians, as well as his tumultuous neighbors, who inhabited those parts when the Brehon laws were in full force; and this, before the use of artillery, undoubtedly was an impregnable fortress; for by pulling up the drawbridge that lay across the wall above described, all access was rendered impossible.

Few persons of any taste or curiosity visit the Giant's Causeway who do not also visit the castle of Dunluce; it being on the same shore, and scarcely three miles distant. To me the former raises the most exalted thoughts of the Deity, in contemplating his magnanimity in this miracle of nature. These thoughts, however, are of a cheerful and pleasing kind, as it shows to us only at a distance some of the experiments, if I may be allowed the expression, of his greatness.

On the other hand, on looking at this decayed pile of building, I see a picture of the short-lived race of man; I see him to-day surrounded by his numerous vassals, hewing the beams, and laying the foundations of a building that he firmly believes will defy all the attacks of his enemies—to-morrow, I behold him stretched below, as lifeless as the stones that from yonder ruin crumble over his tomb: and such, say I, old grey edifice! has been the fate of thy now forgotten inhabitants. One apartment in this castle is called Mave Roe's room, and is said to be always kept clean swept by her, she being the family Banshee, who upon the death of any person belonging to an old stock or line of ancestors, was heard lamenting in the most pitiful manner, either around the dwelling of the deceased, or that of one of his near relations. This room has much the appearance of a friar's cell, and its walls are all carved over with the names of the different visitors; but old time, though slowly it still advances with his work of destruction, "nor will he cease till he tumbles from its solid bed the last fragment." The clangour of the brazen trumpet that once reverberated along these bold projecting shores, to rouse the clansmen from their distant haunts, and the manly voice that filled it, are now become mute. Yes, I say the sonorous tube, with the thundering hero around whose ample neck it was wont to hang, now lies hushed in midnight silence. Here, also, echo sleeps undisturbed, and sends to the soul such sounds as leave the mind absorbed in sorrow.

"The Hermit off, At dead of night, mid his orisons hears Aghast the voice of time departing towers Tumbling all precipate down dash'd Battling around loud thund'ring to the moon."

After M'Keown had resided for many years in this castle, he was overpowered and forced from it by the English, who, having quarrelled with him, and obtaining a passage secretly over the drawbridge, slaughtered, routed, and dispersed the entire clan in one night. Having defeated one Irish chieftain, they turned their attention to the reduction of others; but none stood their ground more firmly than old M'Quillan and his sons; they, assisted by their clans, often routed the English, and drove them into their fortress.

It was on a fine morning in autumn, just as the sun began to peep over the heights of Morven, and gild by his horizontal beams the chimneys of Dunluce; the bending ears of corn were hanging with dew, nor had the reaper seized his crooked sickle to resume the labors of the day, when young Garry M'Quillan walked some distance from his father's house, and keeping his whole attention fixed on the broad luminary of day, which was now overtopping the mountains of Scotland, that he beheld on the side of an adjacent hill a cloud of smoke issuing from the roof of a cabin. He not knowing what it might be, nor suspecting it to be anything more than the herdsman burning some hovel, lest it might become a shelter for those plunderers who come in the night season to drive off the peaceable inhabitants' cattle, directed his course to the place. Before him was a tolerably deep glen, thick with oaks, and a close brake of hazel and other brushwood, and down the bottom of this glen ran a small stream that supplied a cooling draught to the cattle, as often as they took shelter here from the heat of the meridian sun. He said to himself he would go to the spot and see what this was; perhaps it was an accident, and he thought might endanger lives, or rather it might be the work of an enemy. With his mind busied on these ideas he hurried across the glen, and imagined at the same time that he heard a number of voices very near him. He, however, took no further notice of them, but ascended the other height, where the cattle were yet in their lair, with their heads all turned toward the rising sun, busily ruminating on yesterday's provender. At this moment he beheld fire burst from the roof, and wrap the entire cabin in flame; and soon after a half-dressed female rushed from the door with a naked infant under each arm, seemingly unconscious of his presence, and having laid, or rather thrown them on the ground, made back toward the fire with all speed, her under garment blazing around her. At that instant a part of the roof fell in, and rolled a volume of sparks and flame over her and M'Quillan, who had now reached the place. She would not have perceived him, but turning round with a mother's anxiety for the two infants that lay behind her sprawling on the grass, she uttered the most heart-rending shriek imaginable, and pointing to the cottage, called aloud, "Oh! Fadie, Fadie, machree na roon, Fadie!" M'Quillan knew that some other person must be in the inside yet, and seizing a stake which lay at his foot, drove in a part of the wall, where the roof had been yet standing—as soon as the wall went in, a huge black dog, with his tail flaming like the torch of Ceres, freed himself with a spring—at his heels followed a cat, burning in like manner, and after her a pig, which was scarcely so light afoot as either of its precedents. The master followed these with a light skip, holding in his hand a black thorn staff, which was burning at one end; the first thing he did, without noticing his deliverer, was to trust the end of the staff into a waterpool, and examine it nicely after he drew it out. M'Quillan by this time was making moan for the disaster that had befallen him, but he, always regarding the stick closely, answered him by saying he believed it was not much the worse yet.

As M'Quillan saw he had delivered all the inmates of the cabin from danger, he had time leisurely to view the actions of each inhabitant upon its emerging from this second Troy. The dog threw himself on his back, and plowed along the ground, in order to free himself of the fire, then expressed his joy by whisking round the children at full speed, and afterwards stretching himself down at their back. The cat, upon her escape, perched on the top of a high stone that stood on its end in front of the dwelling, and after licking herself all over, sat down upon her tail with her mustaches singed into her face, and humming a strain of congratulation, seriously viewed the ruin. As for the pig, it dived into the pool more like an inhabitant of the watery element, and coming out altogether metamorphosed, stretched itself at full length close to the dog's back. The master of the cabin, after surveying the group as they lay mingled together on the ground, made his first apostrophe to the dog:—"Musha, poor Driver," said he, "you and I had warm ladgings this morning, but I knew there was no danger, for I sprinkled a bottle of holy water over us as the roof fell in; let me see, I think it was at Hallantide last that I got

it, and I laid it safely up behind the knee of the couple waiting for a hurry of this kind, for you know it would have been a pity to spend it on a trifling thing, don't you, jewel; and if I had flung it over the house last night, devil a stick of it would be burned yet."—"Your faith was good, poor fellow," said M'Quillan, "and so you have benefitted by it." His first care now was to convey them to another cabin across the moor, and procure clothes and some kind of nourishment for them: their persons were not much the worse of the fire, save their hair that was singed, and also the poor female's legs that were a little scorched, in consequence of her under garment being consumed. When they were a little recruited, and began to shake off the late terror in which they were, he questioned them respecting the accident that he said he feared had destroyed all their little furniture, besides endangering their lives.—"Arrah, bless you," says M'Ilvennan, this was the herdsman's name, "sure we lost nothing but two stools and a bed, as I may say, for the pat can be nathing the worse, honey."—"Well," said the other, "but is that not your all?"—"No, by my faith," said he, "I have my black thorn, and many other things; we can easily get a wisp of straw to lie on, and for stools I can cut a hassack out of the turf bank, which will do us rarely. Hushla, it's but the other day that we gat the stools, and I may safely say I never sat aisy on them yet, barring for the dacency of the thing."

"Was the disaster a matter of accident," said M'Quillan, "or can you suppose any person base enough to have been the cause of it?"—"As I was last night," said M'Ilvennan, "and a fine night it was, driving the cattle to their lair, and shifting them to a place where they might pass the night in safety, and also where the litter was deepest, for you know I always leave them at the oak bank, Driver," pointing to the dog, "had taken the one side of the hill, to collect the stragglers, and meet me at the grey stone, for this is the place we always come together. Not seeing him come up to myself in time, I think with myself that all was not right with my poor Driver; I seated myself as it might be on the stone, and by my faith a great large stone it is. But what would you have of it, when I did not see the poor fellow coming, off I sets, bug and baggage, to see what was the matter; just as I came to the Tummock, there does I see the bullock's heads appearing, but lo, behold you, devil a Driver was there. On myself goes hilly, skilly, d'ye see me, till as luck would have it, I hears my poor fellow growling and giving battle like a man. Two rascallions had taken away a bullock, and Driver was standing right before them shouting upon me, and as I am a sinner, the stones were whistling about his ears as thick as the moaty sun; spitting on my stick, and thrusting my hat down on my head that it might not fly off, I was with him in two or three spangs, and neither said good, bad nor indifferent, till I flattened the endger; with that a large doireig passed my nose and nearly took the breath from me, so we beat a parley, when Driver and I came off with the bullock, poor brute, and they went off on the other hand vowing revenge sooner or later, asthore, so that's all that I know by the frost, jewel. Yes, I had almost forgot, as they went up the bank I heard them say there were a score of them in the glen, and for all that I know, there may be as many more of them."

M'Quillan and he, after putting the mother and children to bed, walked back to the cottage, which, being composed of turf, both roof and walls were sunk down into a red mass of fire.—The day was calm and remarkably clear, which showed to their view as they lay reclined on a scrap of brown heather behind the cabin, the tranquil face of the deep.

M'Quillan was planning low to erect a new dwelling for the poor man, and also to make some provision for his family during the winter, which was now fast approaching. "But how," said he, "can we protect you from those nightly depredators, who are disturbing the peaceable inhabitants, and carrying off their cattle? There is no other effectual means of getting rid of this evil, than driving them from their holds wherever they are; and these incendiaries, who attempted such a barbarous deed last night, I take to be vagabonds of our own country employed in foraging by the garrison of Dunluce, for that castle is at present held by a strong detachment of English; these robbers are not regular soldiers, they are only strollers, such as follow every camp; I have always known an English soldier generous, humane, and brave; but I suspect they are looking for something besides cattle. All I can say, however, is, you must be on the alert for some time, and if I find that any further attempts are made, either upon you or upon any other of my father's vassals, we will summon the clans from the nine glens, and as sure as my name is Garry

\* A square lump out from a turf bank, and dried often serves for a seat.

M'Quillan, we shall give them a merry morning."

Such conversation as this spent the day imperceptibly, until the sun was going down, and the weighty clouds were verging towards the horizon; he was two or three steps on his departure, when turning to M'Ilvennan, he threw him his purse, which, though containing but a small sum, was quite sufficient for his present necessity; his wants indeed were but few, a blessing which Providence never fails to bestow on such persons as live in that humble, but commonly happy sphere of life. M'Quillan having departed, the man and his dog went to lair the cattle with much more caution and watchfulness than he ever had done before.—He was now under a kind of dread, not for his charge alone, but even for his life; and as the distance increased between him and his deliverer, he fancied that danger became proportionably more near.

As M'Quillan was crossing the glen much about the place where he passed in the morning, and meditating on the strange adventure that he had witnessed during the day, he was collared by two stout men, one of whom ordered him, in a tremendous voice to surrender.

"To whom shall I surrender," said he, "or for what? I know of no offence that I have committed, and even if I had, it will take another to extort such submission from me."

"Are you not Garry M'Quillan, son to him who has withstood the laws of the British realm so long?"

"My name is the same," said he, "and I am his son. But why should I reply to robbers?"

He was standing on low ground, and being collared by both, was exerting his whole strength against them, when, with a spring backwards, he brought them both below him. "Where are you now?" roared he aloud, and at the same time he grasped the neck of each in his ample hand; but he had better been silent, for his voice, that echoed like thunder through the glen, roused a number of others that lay concealed in the thickets, who, rushing upon him, he was overcome and bound with gads or withes twisted from the shoots of a sapling oak that grew beside the place where he lay. In vain did he demand of them to know his offence, or what they intended to do with him. He was hurried away in the deepest silence through the woods, fastnesses, and over precipices, places well-known to him in former days.

After much travel and fatigue, about dawn they arrived at the castle of Dunluce, through the portals of which shone a few beams of dim-coloured light, serving only to show the frightful chasm that environed this rocky tower.

M'Quillan was now aware that he was taken as a hostage for the conduct of his father, and also feared that he would be sent over seas, far from the green hills and pure streams of his native land. His fate as yet was uncertain, for he himself had often measured swords with the English, and even with the present governor, whose prisoner he then was.

As the party approached the castle, one of them, whose regimentals he could perceive under a great coat that he wore, put a trumpet to his mouth, (this also had been unseen by him,) and from it blew a blast, that, with its echo, seemed to fill every room in the castle; upon which, a stern-looking head, cased in steel helmet, and close to the cheek of which leaned a weighty battle-axe, called aloud from the ramparts, Garry comes? The answer was soon returned, Garry M'Quillan, which was the password that night. The grating of the massive hinges of the drawbridge was immediately heard, and poor young M'Quillan was ushered into the fortress between two files of soldiers under arms, and his big hands tied behind his back like a malefactor. The governor, a person somewhat advanced in years, was austere, rigid man, and had received his promotion chiefly for his exact discipline, and strict attention to his superior officers. When his prisoner was brought before him, he sternly demanded by what means he came there; was he still outraging the mild laws of his sovereignty, as his father and grandfather had done before him? The prisoner said that chance had thrown him into his hands, but could the bands with which he was bound speak, they could tell who was outraging the laws both of God and man.

Davers, for this was the governor's name, told him he did not wish to lose time; but asked him what terms he could bring his father to in order to obtain his liberty.

"I neither shall bring my father to terms, nor do I wish him to be on any other terms with you," said M'Quillan, "than the terms on which he is, I am your prisoner, and make your best of me."

"After a few days' close confinement, weighty irons, and a damp cell," said Davers, "you will be more amenable."

"Take care," said M'Quillan, "that you don't find me worse, I can live in the midst of