



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 19, 1873.

NO. 18

ILLUSTRIOUS SONS OF IRELAND. JUST PUBLISHED.

A New and Beautiful Engraving, "The Illustrious Sons of Ireland," from a Painting by J. Donaghy. This magnificent picture is a work of many years. It comprises the Patriots of Ireland, from Brian Boru to the present time. The grouping of the figures are so arranged and harmoniously blended as to give it that effect which is seldom got by our best artists. It embraces the following well-known portraits:— Brian Boru, Major-General Patrick Sarsfield, Oliver Plunkett, D.D., John Philpot Curran, Hugh O'Neill, Thomas Davis, Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas Moore, Archbishop MacHale, Father Mathew, Daniel O'Connell, Wolfe Tone, Edmund Burke, Robert Emmet, Richard Lalor Shiel, Henry Grattan, M.P., William Smith O'Brien, Gerald Griffin, John Mitchell, Rev. T. Burke, O.P. In the back ground of the picture may be seen Round Tower, Irish Bard, the old Irish House of Parliament, the Maid of Erin, Irish Harp, the famous Siege of Limerick, and the beautiful scenery of the Lakes of Killarney, with many emblems of Irish Antiquities. This beautiful picture is printed on heavy plate paper, 24x32 inches, and will frame 22x28 inches. Price, only \$1.00. A liberal discount will be allowed to canvassers and those purchasing in quantities. Address, D. & J. SADLER & CO., Cor. Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier Sts., Montreal. Every man who loves Ireland should possess one of these beautiful Engravings.

THE IRISH LEGEND OF M'DONNELL, AND THE NORMAN DE BORGOS. A BIOGRAPHICAL TALES. BY ARCHIBALD M'SPARRAN.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.) Aveline M'Quillan by this time had laid aside her monastic face, and entered into the spirit of the wit and diversion which her friend was dealing around with much cleverness. "I think," said she, "you were talking of a prince at the beginning of this dissertation, who, I believe, is always unhappy, unless when he is in Shane's castle. This romantic building, I know, to him is the centre of attraction, and I am very much given to believe, contains a magnet within its walls, to which all his thoughts gravitate; and what you are pleased to say regarding the beauty in the rocky tower,—at this she could not help laughing, and said, "it is only a compliment paid to the nymph of Shane's castle, and you have shoved the burden over on poor Aveline." All the ladies in company were well entertained with the conversation so equally supported on both sides; but one of them averred that what was said respecting the toast was real, and no way metamorphosed, for she had the honor to be present at the time. "Allowing all this," said Aveline, "admitting that his nobility deigned to mention the lady in the sea-beaten tower, will any of you tell me what he said of the diamond of Lough Leagh? Now, be candid, for I know 'twas on this subject, and this alone, he wished to speak." "Will you sincerely believe me," said Rose, "if I tell you? Why, he said there was a diamond in Shane's castle, he thought, but, in my opinion, it would require a world of polishing. I think he called it a diamond, or pearl, or some such thing; for you know Lough Leagh, on the banks of which my father's castle stands, has long been esteemed for its pearl shery, and very possible this is one of those rich gems which have immortalized the rivers, lakes, and cloud-capt hills of the Green Island all the world." "But," said Aveline, "as this pearl fisher knows perfectly where the treasure lies of which he is in pursuit, I am greatly astonished that he has not taken it long ere this; and as he has paid so many compliments to each other to-night, undoubtedly because no other person would, let us change the subject." "With all my heart, my dear Aveline; but have one request to ask of you, and it being moderate one, I cannot be refused, so you must promise me." "If your request be so moderate," said Aveline, "I promise I will not refuse you, my sister; but I must know what it is before I take an unqualified avowal." "Well, then," said she, "my wish is, that you put on the royal necklace of Matilda, Queen of England. This is your birth-right, and I must confess, though perhaps against my will, that you look unusually pretty to-night. Moreover, you know not but some young knight, or prince travelling in disguise, or perhaps wandering in a strange land, might knock the gate in order to solicit the shelter of your father's hospitable roof; then, I say, could you not like to appear as gay as possible before such a personage, for I have not the

least doubt of your making a complete conquest." "But I would not like to destroy his happiness altogether," said Aveline; "for you know if he has other troubles afflicting him, and those too which have driven him from his native country to seek shelter in this island, it would be cruel for two beauties armed, I may say, cap-a-pie, with the most fascinating charms, to launch forth all the artillery of the eyes, smiles, and graces, on the poor stranger, before he would be well dried from the rain.—Will these reasons suffice for a sufficient apology to you?" "No reasons," said Rose, "nor no apology will suffice; but on it must go, I shall be absolute in my orders." "Well, then," said she, "I yield; but remember, if this knight, or prince, or cavalier, or whatever I may call him, shall arrive at the castle to-night, I will rival you if I can." "Do your best," said the other, "for I think I will warm one side of his heart, unless he has lost both his eyes and his ears." So saying, she took up the necklace and placed it on her friend, who, seated in the centre of the apartment, before a large glass, blushed when she saw the royal appendage fall over her shoulders of snow, from which her neck shot up like a column of ivory. Aveline M'Quillan was possessed of native modesty, together with other perfections, which, to avoid the common hackneyed path of description, I omit mentioning; but what seemed the most captivating trait in her mien, was a solemnity of countenance which she possessed, and, indeed, it was only an index to her mind, for her heart was sincere. Rose O'Neill was sprightly, witty, and, as she saying is, had a heart as light as a feather. She was usually known by the appellation of pretty Rose of Claubuoy. They were busily engaged in sallies of this kind upon each other, not sparing the young ladies who composed part of their company, whenever it came their turn, for Aveline, when she would leave her solemnity aside, was as gay as the gayest. But one of them said she thought at that moment it was blowing a hurricane, as from the light suspended on the castle wall, she saw the sea tossed in unusual fury against the base of the rock, and heard the wind roaring like thunder over the castle.—Having called them to one of the windows which overlooked the turbid element, they were awed into a dead silence, and stood for some time contemplating this indescribable scene, when they were nearly struck blind by a flash of lightning, and that closely succeeded by a peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the very foundation of the castle. At the last shock they fled back to the fire, gathering as close around it as possible. They all began now to talk on serious subjects, and tell how the providence of God had preserved so many when in imminent danger. These relations went alternately round them, and, indeed, to a disinterested spectator, the scene would have been most amusing; for as every blast roared louder and louder over the roof of this turreted mansion, as the blue flash entered the room, for at this time they had extinguished the candles, the countenance of Aveline was become as grave and serious as that of the most venerable sage lecturing from the pulpit. "I hope," at length said she, fetching a deep sigh, "no poor wretch is so unfortunate as to be tossed at the mercy of these tempestuous billows to-night; but I know that the power of our Almighty Parent is as great on that impassioned element as on land." "Why," said Rose O'Neill, "would you not wish this knight of the lance, whom we were expecting, to be on sea at such a time? Perhaps he is at this moment guided by the light, and approaching these happy shores; but did he know of the two beauties who at present are contained within this lofty fortress, the lightning would fly harmless past him, and the thunder would roll over his head as innocuous as the western breeze." "Ah!" said Aveline, "my dear Rose, will you leave off this talk at such a time. I cannot divest myself of an overpowering dread, when I see the elements convulsed, and all nature seemingly angry with man; however, were it not for the thunder and lightning I could enjoy the agitation and tumult of ocean even with ecstasy." "There is no commotion in the elements, or any part of nature," said Rose, "but what I sincerely believe the Deity has sent for a good purpose, and whether these sweeping storms come to scour away the fetid exhalations which the warmth of summer may have collected, or whether for a punishment to man, it is our duty, you know, to submit with patience, and not sink down under that kind of slavish fear which seems to have seized you just now." "Indeed, my dear friend," said the other, "I am not arraigning Providence for the visitations of his anger; I know we are deserving

punishments much more severe than these; however, I must suppose that the same benign Being, in place of being angry with any of his creatures for dreading his displeasure, might rather approve of our conduct on such occasions." As they were unknowingly drawn into this serious conversation, the time passed imperceptibly with them, and they began to experience a kind of comfort from it, which supported them under their present fears, till, the door opening, Sir Henry John O'Neill presented himself to them, and bowing, requested the honor of their company in the great hall, "where they were assembled," he said, "in order to dance, and that I may have the advantage of any other," said he, "fair Aveline, shall I flatter myself of having you as a partner in the dance?" "I have no objection, sir," said she, "after my fear subsides, but at present cannot, and beg you will defer it for some time, or otherwise, perhaps, you will find among the ladies one more competent than I." "Whatever time is convenient for you, sweet Aveline," said he, "is both convenient and pleasing to your humble servant, nor could I think of asking another, until I shall get an utter refusal from yourself." They were glad to find an occasion of leaving the apartment, in which some short time before they had found themselves so happy; for females, although when mingled with the other sex, are the very soul and essence of company, yet alone and exposed to fear, even knowing that they are free from danger, are in themselves weak and impotent. As they entered the ball-room, which was splendidly illumined, the gentlemen rose on each side to receive them, and two harpers, with as many sets of pipes, struck up the old Kead miel a faultie, you're coming once more. The dance was supported with much animation for a considerable time, even until pretty Rose of Claubuoy, who was as sprightly as a butterfly, was perfectly fatigued; and on finishing the last set, said she would not dance any more that night with those present, "until," said she, in a low voice, to Aveline, "you tell me where your valentine is, and I will perhaps honor him on your account, but you must not be jealous."—"I have none," said Aveline. Young Sir Henry John O'Neill now asked out his fair partner, and on her appearance on the floor, all eyes were turned towards her, for the blaze of the diamonds that, surrounding her neck, fell down upon her breast, was no greater than the blaze of her countenance, knowing that all were observing her, and, as she thought, chiefly on account of the royal bequest. "I see Aveline has put on an ornament to-night, which we never could induce her to assume at any other assembly," said her father to some elderly gentlemen who sat around him. "Indeed, I cannot help smiling when I look at her, for I see she is in a kind of confusion. I assure you, when she visited at O'Connor's castle, or the seat of Sir Turlough O'Moore, I could not prevail with her, even by most sincere entreaties, that she should wear it. She told me at length, with tears in her eyes, that she would comply if I urged her, but low, said she, can I presume to put on that which was accounted an ornament to royalty?" Daniel M'Quillan was remarkably fond of his daughter, and, indeed, to any person acquainted with her, it appeared no way wonderful. The dance, which was single, served only to display her fine figure, and almost inconceivable pliability of limb; but as soon as she in decency could, she was off the floor and seated beside her friend, who complimented her by saying, she began now to fear that she must surrender the field to her; "for truly," said she, "I am half in love with you myself." "If you are," said Aveline, "I can give you good hopes, by telling you that you are without a rival, and if this bauble were taken from around my shoulders, all the fascination will immediately disappear; so as it was you invested me with this shadow of majesty against my will, and much after the manner of unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, I beg of you leave off teasing me." As one of the gentlemen had gone to the outer gate at the drawbridge, he returned and informed them that the storm at that moment was truly awful, when all, with one consent, resigning the pleasures of the ball-room for a few minutes, went to that apartment which fronts the North Atlantic, that they might enjoy the grandeur of the scene passing below, which from the light was perfectly visible. But the continued roar and braying of the billows, one thronging on the back of another, and breaking against the rock, prevented all conversation; they could only turn their eyes on the chaotic scene, and then in silence on each other, as the wind thundered round the turreted battlements. While they stood here in consternation, Sir Henry O'Neill said he thought he heard like

the distant report of artillery, a sound which was not very common to any of them; however, the use of fire-arms was making rapid advances in Ireland at this time, as well as in England and Scotland. A short time after the first they all heard a second, but were bewildered to think what it meant. Whether, said they, can it be an engagement by sea, or rather some vessel in distress; for the English, said Daniel M'Quillan, are becoming remarkably expert in the use of fire-arms. "I am persuaded," said Sir Henry O'Neill, "it is no engagement; for mankind, in place of destroying each other by sea during this hurricane, could not, in my opinion, ride those mountainous billows in safety one hour. However, as the reports are increasing in the same space of time, I am beginning now to suppose that it is not the sound of Corry Vreckon, the noise of which in spring-tides resembles thunder, and, I am sure, far exceeds the report of cannon, so I think we may conclude it is some vessel in distress; but she will not be long so, I can tell you, and the poor fellows, who, no doubt, are manfully bearing up against the turbulence of the elements that seem now at war, very possibly have still a remaining spark of hope in their bosoms, some, perhaps, thinking of their wives and children, and others of the gentle form which in their tarry arms they last encircled. Poor fellows," said he, a second time, "in pity to yourselves I could wish these ideas obliterated from your minds, and that you were perfectly sensible that a watery grave at this dreadful crisis is inevitable." Sir Henry John O'Neill, being of a feeling mind, could not be disinterested in such a time. Garry M'Quillan now called aloud, as any person who spoke was necessitated to exert his voice even to the utmost stretch, that he positively saw a light approaching in the direction in which they had heard the report of guns, and, immediately on his speaking, another was heard, the light at this time being so manifest that they could plainly discover a vessel running under the naked poles, and driven by the wind in upon a lee shore; she had not up one tack, and a few men were seen thronging about the helm. From the moment that she first saw the light from the castle, imagining that it was a beacon of safety hoisted in some secure harbor, she made directly for it, and making for it, was only hastening on destruction. She had a lantern hung at her mainmast-head, besides others at different other parts. She flew past them like a meteor, and, coming upon a shoal about half a league below the castle, was stalled between two hidden rocks, at which instant the masts went by the board, all the light disappeared. "They are gone for ever," cried all; "but let us hasten and endeavor, if we can, to save some lives, for should any of them have cast themselves into the water, endeavoring to swim, it is possible they may be driven ashore, and, through the assistance of Providence, we will attempt to save them." They now descended from the castle to the beach, and, running for some distance down the strand, then clapping close to the earth, they, after a little, saw the hulk, where she lay immovably wedged between two rocks, and not the appearance of a standing stick. They had not been long here when another small light was raised on deck, and by which latter signal they understood that the crew were safe.—Then, uniting all their voices together, they raised a shout, but received no answer from the ship, as it was impossible they could be heard for the noise of the wind and water. A large fire was in the course of a little time kindled below a high promontory, and quite opposite the vessel, so that they might see that some kind hearts were interested in their fate. A small rope was then tied round a dog's neck and, after much fighting, struggling and ineffectual endeavors, he made out the ship. A small cable was soon bound to the rope and pulled ashore, by the help of which they all landed safely, without the loss of a single man. Scarcely was there an apartment in the castle in which a fire was not kindled, and the entire crew, that consisted of some hundred Highland soldiers, brought in and supplied

with warmth, and afterwards each a glass of strong liquor, than which nothing could be better for these hardy mountaineers. M'Quillan's hospitable mansion, his table, the exertions or services of himself and family, were always ready to succor the distressed when an opportunity of this kind offered itself; and glad were they at the escape of these poor Highlanders, whom a moment before they thought consigned to oblivion. On no night in the circle of the three hundred and sixty-five could they have come in distress to the shores of Dunluce more likely to find succour and nourishment of whatsoever kind they stood in need than the present, notwithstanding that abundance was always at the table of this Irish chieftain, and an open door as an index showing the way to it. Having a hearty repast, they were taken to the barrack, and all the arms concealed, both of theirs and of M'Quillan's gallaghers, after which they were left to carouse together and drink the head miel faultie till morning. The reason of concealing the arms was to prevent danger in case they should quarrel, for in the various multitude of these hot-brained northerners, when their spirits were raised with strong liquors, nothing was more likely, the broadsword being as ready to the Highlander as the knife and fork, and no readier to him than the Irishman, nor a better wish to use it; but these weapons being laid aside, they might man and bruise each other till morning in perfect safety. Their commander, a stately young Highlander of a good department, was Sir Coll M'Donnell, from the Scottish Isles. A plaid of fine texture was gracefully cast over his left shoulder, and a national bonnet of a fabrication still as fine sat perched on his brow, and covering only a few of his dark raven locks curled into the skin, and cropped closely. On his face the first dawn of manhood was beginning to mark his sex, and promised to be no fairer than that which dignified his capital. He was also arrayed in a phibbeg, with tartan hose reaching just to the swell of a well turned limb, and exposing a knee white and firm as a rock. His finger had received a slight bruise from being on deck at the time the masts fell, and now was bleeding profusely, staining his burnished sword that hung as a finishing piece on his left side. They were all, however, busied in procuring washes, salves, and bandages for him, and the gentlemen, on binding it up, complimented him on the whiteness of his hands. "The reason of that," said he, "is because they have done so little. My hands are only those of a female, and, perhaps, when they have sustained the cause of my country, or that of my friends, seven or eight years, they will not be so bright in the color." "And yet, my young friend," said M'Quillan, "you have got a pretty sharp initiation on your commencement. May I ask where you intended to sleep to-night, about two hours back? Did you not expect strange lodgings?" "Undoubtedly," said M'Donnell, "we expected no less than to sleep with his saltwater majesty, your next neighbor; but still we did not wish to give him the trouble of accommodating so many, unless we could do no better, and yet we have thrust ourselves upon you." "Well, my friend," said M'Quillan, "it is only that you preferred our place of entertainment to the other, and doing so, we are in duty bound to support your good opinion of us." "I had always a spark of hope in my breast," said M'Donnell, "that not all the water in the Atlantic could extinguish, for I knew that He who rules both winds and waves, had only to say, Peace be still, and all commotion was at an end." "As you thought, so it happened to you; but let me unbuckle your plaid," said young Daniel M'Quillan, "it seems to be wet." As he opened a massive gold buckle, with a rich embossment, he saw the heraldry of the royal M'Donnells, raised in large characters across it; that is, a ship, a naked man, a fish, with a hawk as the crest, holding in the talons of one foot a stalk at top branching into three crosslets, with this motto in French,—"Tout jour pret."—always ready. "From seeing your coat of arms, young man," said old M'Quillan, "I scarcely need ask your family; your forefathers were sovereigns over the Scottish Isles." "My name is M'Donnell," said he, "and have the honor to be descended from the same; but we must leave sovereign thoughts aside, and think of that only which is becoming a subject." "Your remark is just," said the other; "but I must confess there is nothing gives me more exalted or happy ideas than to look back on the line of my great ancestry." "Our family," said Sir Coll, "both from thinking and acting as kings, have drawn upon themselves many and powerful enemies, whose principal wish, I believe, was not to conquer but exterminate. However, we are still able to hold a part of Scotland, notwithstanding the