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THE IRISH LEGEND OF

M'DONNELL,

THE NORMAN DE BORGOS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL TALE. BY ARCHIBALD M'SPARRAN.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

The old woman had kept conversing with the supposed fairies in the most affable manner, as she went back and forward about this exorcism, until she thought it was boiled enough; letting it cool sufficiently, and skimming the top off, so that she might have the strongest part of the decoction, then holding it in her one hand, and drawing a circle round her with the other, she heaved all in their faces; but to her utter astonishment and confusion, all remained as formerly.

Och. didn't I try all these things already,'

of ashes at them!"

with the good man in the wood, and how he mistook them for what he supposed to be fai- good night's rest to you."

At this declaration the faces around the fire all brightened up, and drawing nearer to them, asked their occupation, their destination, and, in short, opened their store, their hospitable cottage was hung round with beef, mutton and fish, all the produce of the neighboring woods

The travellers asked them were there any such things as fairies in these districts, of which they seemed so much afraid?

"Is that all you know?" said the old weman. "Have yes not heard of Evenney, in the rock, who is through the glens every night, with the quality, galloping on great black horses, formed out of benweeds? Sometimes he is seen standing on the hanging walls of Knockanbaan ould castle, sometimes on the ould church aver bye there, and at others sweeping aver our heads like wild gecse, and geegling and laughing at us."

to my great grandmother, and was taken away ther, rest her soul.

it might be, that had to luck for her bit as far as she could see, covered with an army through the world, dear; and, moreover than of soldiers, marching to the music of a pair of that, she had six small childer, and the youngest of them a clarenagh hushla machree. Ar-O'Cahan, or O'Kane, of the ould stock, the of them? who but her friend, Evenney. ould breed, the very same as Granie Ree O'Kane, of Benbraddagth, the Banshee, musha. Well, what would you have of it, she was lucken for her bit, as I was telling yes just now there avillish, and coming into a house in the bottom of Magilligan, in a could frasty marnen, with her five starving brats at her feet, and the clarenagh on her back.

"'Arrah, good marrow marnen to yes,' says

my nose.

in this house.'

says she. 'Maney Deawit fein,'† says the back again to the tip top of Benn Evenney, other; "go nees na htinna." Well to make where he keeps his eastle. What's that flew says she. 'Thank you,' says the other; and gave her and her six garlaghs as much break- and the guests were beginning to feel a little fast as they could swallow. Howanever, sir, hungry, while Knogher, rising up, filled a large she travelled on till near night, as I was saying; and as she was lucken for ladging, she thought she would call in the first house to brought down from a cross beam over the kitsee what they were about, avourneen; and the chen; but how it could be prepared in time, ould carlin says to her, 'Will you sup a noggin of brath, poor woman?' The woman's name on the fire, and when he had cleared it off the was Bridget.

"Och, I believe nat,' says she, 'for I'm somehow or other all throughother, saving your presence; but the blessing of the clargy be about ye; will ye give me the shilter of your house to-night?

"'Oh, dwowl a shilter nor shilter; faughshin,§ in the cracking of a nut, ar I'll throw yes on the dunghill.' In she comes that instant; nar a ladging she could get, high nor low. She though she would go up the mountain a bit, where one Barny Roony lived, an ould cronic of her, and may be she would get a layer; above this, with a handle fixed to it, ladging there. So she travelled on and on till was the other, which is called the runner. A night came aver her, and dwowl a bit of Barny's she could make out.

the mountain, and saw a great light at some distance; and coming up to the light, what was collected and sifted through a close sieve, it this but Evenney's castle?

"' Arrah! kead miel faultie, Bridget, come | particles being put into yeast for flummery. up and take a glaze of the fire.' There, d'ye see me, there was quality of all descriptions more than an hour and a half. The bread was dressed in green, dancing, fiddling, piping, and remarkably sweet, from the grain being toasted keeping in all the noise in the world. He in the juice; and this, with a roast haunch of brings herself up till a fine room with all the venison, and two or three methers* of good childer, and placed them beside a good fire.-In a short time two men came to the castle leading a branded cow all sparks and bogs. - very possible he often took. Thanks were They knocked her down, and in a few minutes sincerely returned by the family, in the giving had fresh griskens on the coals for her and the of which tribute, the two strangers were as said Knogher, "and bad luck to the morsel of garlaghs. She got warm water to wash her much interested as any, nor, indeed, had they good it did more than I had thrown a handful | feet, and a good feather bed. 'Now.' says he | less right. to her, 'you were in such a place to-night, The travellers, at length wiping their faces, looking far ladging, but did not get it. Did they after you any brath?'—'Yes.' 'Did you supernatural beings, that they really were not, sup them?'-'No.'-'It was good far yes; but human creatures, flesh and blood such as this is the cow that they thought they had themselves; they also explained their meeting killed. But here is a horn, take it with you, and look to-marrow what you may see; so a

"She and the childer went to bed, asthore, and slept soundly to breakfast time; but when she wakened, lo I behould you, they were lying behind a stone ditch. Well, she put her hand inte her meal-bag to see if she had the horn, board, and even their hearts to them. The and, indeed, she had it. Well, hap well, rap well, says she to herself, I'll go down and call brath pat was boiling.

"'Arrah,' says the ould woman to her, and last night?'

"Musha, no then,' says she, and with that, putting the horn to her eye, she saw in the pat the grey head of an ould man, and the tongue wallopping out at the one side of his mouth; and along the ribs she saw his legs, thighs, and arms hanging like a gallagher of harrings.

"Out she comes, for she was frightened, and settled in a little baghag down by there, and always had plenty while she kept the horn .-"And pray who is Evenney?"

She was sitting spinning one clear moonlight
"Why, he is of the family of the O'Cahans, night, far all the world such a night as this, a near friend of our own; he was full brother save us, barring there was no snow. She had put all the childer to bed on a wisp at the firewhen he was a young man, and always has a side, and was sitting spinning alone, as it might young appearance, bless you. I'll tell you a be. There was a kind of road past the door, story about him, which I have from my mo- and, lucken out, she thought she heard a great soughing coming along the way; at last, out "There was a poor woman in ould times, as she runs, and there does she see the whole road, bagpipes. A little ould man sat above them in the air, as if he was flying, and played to Tah, I forgot to tell yes that her own name was them. But who do you think was at the head

"'Arrah, musha, kead miel a faultie, Even-

ney,' said she.

"' Ramnation to you for an ould harridan, said he, 'why did you speak to me? I was going to fight the fairies of Scatland, and if we

• God bless you. God bless yourself. † Come up to the fire. § Leave that,

store; will ye help the poor woman?' and seven years' plenty; but now there will be so. Such is the natural disposition of the into the castle,

this house.'

both her eyes, and left only two red holes in may be beneficial or not; whether it may be the place where they were. He and his men consonant with all the different quirks of the other house beyand there, and going her ways, that instant took wing, the piper playing at the as she entered the door, 'Maney Deawit,' same time, and went soughing over her head the Hibernian asks not whether he be a friend a long story short, they were sitting down to past the window there? put the boult in that is of old date poculiar to them; and such was their breakfast. 'Much good may it do yes,' door."

tub with corn, and, spreading a cloth, began to clean it by fanning with a weight which he chaff, put all into the pot. This culinary article was formed with a broad bottom, which rendered it more fitting for this purpose, and being heated with a fire of timber billets, one he was pleased to say. stood beside it with an iron ladle, constantly turning, while the corn was cracking like shot; then, when it was properly toasted, taking it off, they put it through another process of fanning, to clear it of those husks which the fire had raised. After this, having brought in the querns, which consisted of a square frame, on which lay the under stone that is usually called winnowing cloth was then spread on the floor below the machine, and while one turned the "Howsomever, sir, she came near the top of handle, another poured in the grain, until it was twice put through the querns; then, being was made into cakes, the husks and coarse

The time occupied in the process was not bunnarammer, made a supper that might have see them yet. Arrah, my bennacht leat twenty done old Bryan Borohoime, and a supper, it is

They retired to a small apartment, which was warmed by the same materials that prepared their supper. In this apartment was one bed, surrounded by straw mats in place of curtains; it was a good feather bed, with the skin of a large stag stuffed with the same for a bolster. Although it had not the most superb appearance, yet they rested comfortably until the sound of the woodcutter's axe awakened them next morning. It is reasonable to think that he intended not to be so late with his faggots that night as he had been the former. and, therefore, avoid all danger in regard of

the gentry. Breakfast was prepared when they entered venison, with a store of dried salmon and white in the house; so what would yes have of it, off the kitchen. It was placed close to the fire on she comes, and just when she came in, the a low bench of timber, around which thev all seated themselves, with the most hospitable cordiality to the strangers. After it was ended, a sour ould earlin she was; 'Arrah,' says she, they set out on their journey, accompanied by 'are you here the day again? Did yes lie out their host, and a world of well-wishes and happy return from all the family, who flung the besom and all the old brogues in the cabin after them, vociferating Bannacht leat, bannacht leat, r as long as they could hear them.

"Grey morning rose in the east; a green narrow vale appeared before us, nor wanting was its winding stream."-Oss.

It was one of those foggy mornings, wherein the frost falls in a kind of misty shower. The heights of Benn Evenney were hooded in a rolling cloud; the old walls on Kneckanbaan were enveloped in the same, and Cruick na huirclet was wrapped to his base in the kindred robe. Uncapped by snow or fog, and high above them all, stood old Benn Braddagh, like a hoary sage, whose locks were turning grey, while round his stately shoulders hung a verdant robe, entwined with heath and mountain

Having bid adieu to their host, and, indeed a credulous, good-natured man he was, yet such another as we would suppose fitting to live in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, they pursued their way, being surrounded by forests, hills, or old towers.

They began to converse on the past night's entertainment, and, truly, if they had a happy

· A mether was a wooden vessel formerly used by the Irish and hewn out of one solid block. It was narrow at the month, and wide at the bottom; it was also without hoops, and might hold two

† My blessing be with you. ‡ The former name of Donald's Hill, county Derry.

dwowl a gleed was on the hearth more than on seven years' dearth, an a Mara fastic on yes. Irish, who are often betrayed into error from Have you that horn about yes, that I gave to their openness of heart and frankness of com-"'Musha, is it help you, ye lazy rullian ye, yes? You ould traitor, go slaht, musha, bad munication. Far from this characteristic is and your scroodery of lowzy childer,' said a luck to the ill-lucking breed of yes;' and with that slow, cunning, deliberating nature, which great big stokagh that was sifting mail; 'bad that he snapped the horn out of her hand, and is common in many other countries, calculating luck to the bit nor sup shall enter your wizzen putting it to his mouth, with one puff, blew out upon an act before they perform it, whether it law. If life, person, or property is in danger, or an enemy, but rushes upon his deliverance, often at the forfeiture of his own. Hospitality* gether with all his credulity, was very religious. No morning or evening passed that did not witness his private as well as his public devotions; nor did he searcely ever venture out artillery in a cavern below the fortress. They wanting his beads; but when the idea of attempted to converse, but it was in vain; witches, broonies, or fairies seized him, his therefore, removing from this appalling situafaith immediately gave way; nor could the tion, they entered the festive hall, where neither power of iron circles or handfuls of dust storm, rain, nor wind was heard. Here they support his courage in such times. He returned homeward, regretting, in his turn, the departure of his cheerful and facetious guests, at whose presence the whole cabin smiled, as

> "Arrah," said be, "if I hadn't traited them so badly at our first meeting, I would be aisy now; but they had as much right to take me for a broonie or fairie, and more, by the frast, than I had to take them; and if ever I could clap my eyes on them, bad luck to the bit myself would care, jewel; but I was draining last night af two sheep that I was running after to eatch them, as I may say, this good marning; but, lo, behould yes, one of them boults through my fingers, and leaves the tail in my hands, achree. I never dream of a sheep jumping thro' my fingers in any such fashion but I'm sure and sartin to lose some ould friend or cronic, or something of that kind, jewel. Och on, what shall I do? Arrah, just now I'm thinking on it. I believe I'll climb up on this ould hawthorn and look after them, but I'm afeard it's a gentle bush, and that would be the worst jab I met yet. I'll get up on the tap of this ould standing stone, it may do as well. Oh, hoh, hoh! manamasthee, times, say I, and a dhooragh by the hokey."

Thus O'Brady went on raving, until they were out of his hearing and seeing. As they gained the height above the glen, a flock of wild geese! went clanging over their heads, and chattering to each other, as they winged their liquid course, keeping regular order like an army of soldiers, and pointing their flight to the mountains.

It is the nature of those aquatic fowls to leave the sea at the approach of a storm, and make for some of the fresh water lakes further in the country, such as Lough Neagh, or those smaller lakes on Cookstown mountain. If the wind is against them, they usually form the van thin, and in the manner of a wedge, so that it may cut the air the better, taking the precedence alternately, the front in rank falling back to the rear and so on.

Around the sky the horizon appeared of a dusky brown, and the watery sun from behind a dark cloud proclaimed a thaw. They now came to Moycosquin, where was another monastery. The brotherhood received them kindly, and all entreated them to spend that night with them, as there was all appearance of an approaching storm; and another barrier was the river Bann, S that lay in their way, over which there was no bridge. All these objections were to no purpose.

They said there was day enough for them to arrive at their journey's end, and they would probably get a ferry-boat at Culrathain or Coleraine, and then they were within small distance of the castle of Dunluce, where their embassy ended. And so they proceeded, meeting with everything favorable until they arrived at the drawbridge, which was imme-

· There were in Hibernia many noblemen, and at the same time, of the middle order, from the kingdom of England, who left their native island, and retired thither on account either of learning divinity, or a monastic life, all whom the Scoti-Irish receiving most willingly, offered to them daily food, also books for study and professors gratuitously.

This is from the venerable Bede, born A.D. 678.

† A broonic was a spirit supposed by the Irish to lie around the fire or hearth in tarmer's houses after the family went to bed, and if a stack of oats was to be threshed, or any such task to be performed, it was only necessary to say such a thing is to be done, and it was performed in the morning. No reward was to be given, or if so, the spirit was heard to go away howling and calling, "I have got my reward," never returning to the same house again.

‡ I have often listened to the ducks, as well as geese, flying both to and from the mountains; sometimes they take the day time, sometimes the night; but in regard of the geese, the gander's voice is audibly heard above the other, as if direct-

By Ptolemy called the Vidua. Which signifies the town on the fort,

she, 'and the luck and the blessing be in your had gained the victory, there would have been night with O'Fallon, the last night was no less diately lowered, and the minstrels admitted This was a festive night with the great Mac-

Quillan, who had his friends, the O'Neills of Clanbuoy, surrounded by their clansmen, their gallow-glasses and kerns, with their bards or senachies playing in concert, while the great hall responded each note in numberless echoes, and the rusty armour suspended on the walls, the trophies of many a bloody field, rung in accordance with the general choir. The storm which threatened during the day now burst from the north in a tempestuous hurricane, driving the sea in wild commotion against the rock which supported the eastle, and shifting the spray around the loop-holes, where the two bards were enjoying the terrific scene. Some times the water appeared like a flame of fire, and every third wave broke with the report of got ten thousand welcomes, and after some refreshment and change of garments, took up

their harps and mingled in the choir.

As the minstrels always led a wandering life, in straying from one place to another, their arrival was in no way remarkable, nor did Mac-Quillan think any farther of it. They were asked by Baron O'Neill to play the old includy called, "Thro' the green valleys of Erin, which they entered upon, and performed with more than usual sweetness, the company remaining in deep silence all the while. At the end of this they were asked, would they perform an old melody called Finvola O'Cahan? Three of them commenced this, and executed it with equal judgment, singing with their harps," Farewell to the streams of the Roe."-"These are the only fragments we have remaining of the poetical pieces of poor Toal O'Cahan," said O'Neill.* "My ancestors of Tara were often entertained; with his wit, his music, and poetry. Fear Flatha, our family bard, I have heard them say, could have performed many of his pieces, and also could have related some good anecdotes concerning him.-I believe his last request was, that his remains should be brought to the old burying-place of Dungiven, and there interred."

At this moment M'Quillan's only daughter entered, a rising girl, and clothed in those modest blushes that sometimes adorn the sex at a tender age. Like the young ladies of try, she were her hair flowing over her shoulders, which added a natural sweetness to her appearance, not often found among the artificial beauties of the present day. She had received her education in a convent, which gave rather a serious cast to her manners; but if it did, it gave to her altogether a grace which nothing else could bestow. Being remarkably fond of music, particularly the harp, and being accustomed to converse with the minstrels who attended at the eastle, she acquired a just idea of that science, and was no mean performer on this, as well as on many other instruments.-She was also fond of hearing from distant countries, as well as from those parts of her own which she had not visited, and her constant interrogations to every traveller were, had they ever seen the ruins of Tara, or what sort of a place was it? A conversation was immediately entered upon between her and the two strangers respecting the family of Tyrconnell. She was acquainted with Laura O'Donnell, a young lady about her own age, who had been educated in the same convent with her. although it happened that she was daughter to that O'Donnell, who had sent her present guests as messengers on an embassy so disagreeable.

She asked them had they no word from her gentle friend to her, or could they carry a letter on returning to the country of Tyrconnell.

"Fair lady," said Tuadhar, "your name has been mentioned in our presence often with tender regard and affection, not by your female friend alone, but by all the family of O'Donnell. I have heard young Odo O'Donnell and his brethren, times without number, solicit and entreat their sister to tell them something regarding you, and this because she accustomed them, when seated around her, to listen to

. Many of the O'Neills filled the royal seat in Tara, and were called in early times Hy Nials; they were elected by casting a shoe over the head of the person about to be chosen. As proud as an O'Neill going to Tara, was a common saying.

† At the death of any great personage or hero, the chief minstrel usually tuned his harp over the grave of the deceased, and at certain wild affecting pathos, was joined by the inferior musicians. To pathos, was joined by the interior musicians. To his harp he sung the praises of the dead, and often went far beyond what he deserved. This had a powerful effect on the soldiery in stimulating them to attempt meriting an equal share of glory. This provoked Edward First to collect the bards of Wales and have them butchered, for opposing his overreaching and ambitious views, as the poet Gray

sweetly sings,—
Ruin seize thee, ruthless king, Confusion on thy banners wait, Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing, They mock the air in kile state.

in have beginning