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whatever would deny shelter to a wandering bard; that they had accustomed themselves to travel in every season, and, above all, that the business on which they were, required the utmost despatch, and, therefore, they could not comply.

seven prongs close together, and also barbed. They scrutinized the stream with great eagerness up and down, lifting their long bare legs high out of the current, lest they should disturb the fish.

Having crossed the river, and keeping the village on their left hand, they directed their course toward the slack that divides the extremity of Magilligan mountain from that romantic green hill, called the Kadey at the present day, but in earlier times Knoeknabaan.

some place, as it seemed, and following the track through the trees, took it for a guide; it made many turns and windings, sometimes keeping the bank of the stream, and at others leaving it.

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

To heighten these midnight reflections as they stood among the ruins, through the apertures of which the watery beams of the moon were shining, he touched, in melancholy strain, the Fall of the Milesians, an old melody composed by the sweet voiced Malobruhan; and raising aloft their harps, they left to the silence and stillness of the night, this time-worn edifice, watering their path with tears.

The country was mostly overgrown with wood, the roads were few, and such as they had, no better than turf or bridle roads. A bridle road was such as could only be passed by men on horseback, and not admitting any kind of car or carriage.

Now, could the piece have been well sketched, with the two reverend figures half seen among the trees, their beards of snow hanging to their girdle, I must think it would have been grand. Of this I am certain, that had the fishermen seen them, it might have spoiled their sport.

Toward the north is a lime quarry, supposed to be the whitest in Ireland; and farther to the east is a quarry of soft lime, that might almost be used for cement. Below are two large springs, whose currents united would almost turn a mill.

The man, whom we are to suppose meditating on night but wretched, fairies, and Will-o'-the-wisp, on being asked how far he had travelled, flung his burden on the ground until it almost rolled into the water.

* Daire Calgae, the ancient name of Londonderry, which signifies the oaks of Calgae, or the territory of oaks pertaining to Calgae.

Engaged in conversation of this kind, they passed imperceptibly on, until they began to think they had lost the main road, nor could they know on which hand it lay, as dusky night had almost assumed her full sovereignty over the whitened earth; brown woods and hills, smoothed with snow, so bewildered them, that they knew not which hand to turn to.

For some time before November, the salmon, wishing to deposit their spawn, leave the salt water, and seeking the fresh water streams, ascend them to the very source.

When the animals were plenty in Ireland they were, as they are in all other countries, mortal enemies to the sheep; for, not eating their satisfaction of one, or finishing up a carcass, they slaughtered and destroyed, so long as they were able, sucking the blood of each as they killed it, until they either thinned the fold, or were driven off by the force of men and dogs.

This is a deceitful kind of spirit that is always seen with a blinking dim torch, his business being to lead people astray who are travelling by night, also, to decoy them into pits and quagmires. He is much dreaded.