VOL. XIII.

THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

A TALE OF CASHEL.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XI. - THE RIDE ROOM.

As our party stood for a moment enjoying the hir prospect ere they descended from the Rock, old Bryan, having carefully hidden away his golden treasure from the eye of day, called after the young ladies, with all of whom be was fami ar from their frequent visits to the ruins—

Take care, ladies, that none of ye'd be tempted, standin' there, to take the leap that Jueen Gorinlaith did once upon a time.

Why, what leap did she take, Bryan? Well, I can't tell you that, Miss Mary! becase why, I never hard it myself, but she took a reat leap here at Cashel-maybe from the side h'the Rock, for all as I know-she must ha' been a great leaper that same Queen Gormlaith -for the ould chronicles tell that

Gormlaith took three leaps,
Which a woman shall never take [again]
A leap at Ath-cliath (Dublin) a leap at Teamhair

A leap at Caisel of the goblets over all." At this the ladies laughed, and the gentlemen

And pray, Bryan, who was this Queen Gormley " asked Mary Hennessy.

Wisha, then, Miss Mary-unless she's far pelied, it doesn't matter much who she was, for by all accounts she was no great things. They ay she was Brian Boromhe's second or third sile, and that he had to put her away clane and chiver on account of the bad life she led. Sure it's easy known she wasn't a dacent woman or it sn't lepin' she'd be, the tory, like a lump of a

gossoon, or a wild goat." 'I see you are no admirer of temale gymnasties, Bryan!' said Lord Effingham with a smile, as the young ladies walked on in silence, not caring to notice Bryan's concluding remark.

'Pm no admirer,' quoth Bryan, ' of anything laymale barrin' what's ducent and proper.'

It is hard to say what meaning the old man attached to the word gymnastics. Perhaps he understood it in the same sense as Biddy Morarty, the Pal-lane fishwoman, did O'Connell's hypothemuse or parallelogram in his memora-He mathematical scolding match with that repowned vender of other piscal edable-.

'Your honor, sir,' said Bryan, after coughing a vans once or twice to arrest attention, 'may he you'd be good enough to let me know who you are, for I'm sure it's cone of the common eart you are, anyhow?

And he stood with his hat in his hand sharp and cold as the day was.

Why, Bryan, said Miss Markham, 'I thought you know all the 'quality' for miles around .-This gentleman is the Earl of Effingham."

"The Earl of Effingham? cried Bryan in a state of Indicrous amorement, the great Eng-

'Never mind, Bryan, never mind,' said the Earl with kind condescension, 'you said nothing but what was very polite."

'Barrin' to the ould gentleman here,' and Bryan nodiced over his shoulder towards the thaplain, who was lottering a pace or two behand examining the ancient tribute-stone, with the rude sculptures thereupon. ' Now, might a body make free to ask who is he?"

On being told Bryan nodded sagaciously and emiled to himself.

'Ay, ay! I might ha' known he was some kind of a preacher—he looks for all the world as if he was fed on Lady Farnham's fat bacon!-Well, God be with your honor's lordship, anyhow; sure I often hard people say that you were a rate gentleman every inch of you, only juvenile little Johnny Horner' on the memoralarghty grand, as in coorse you quoint to benightly grand, as in coorse you ought to be. Isn't it a beautiful fine country around here, my ford? I'm sure you never seen the beat of it in England beyant.

Well, I cannot say I did, Bryan! though we highly poetical lines that followhave some ' beautiful fine countries' in England

loo, and the Earl smiled.

'You have? well, see that now; but I was there was a time, they say, when it was all as ness of Christian perfection. one as a desert.

before the country was settled.

Annals of the Four Masters. According to these (amous annulists this Gormlaith (pronounced Gurmley) was daughter of a chief of Offaly who Aulator Aulife by name. O'Donoghoe, in his 'Me commenting in their own way on the new moirs of the O'Brisns,' says that she had the great strange objects that came under their eyes.

Bounteb Brian, Borombe for a second husband, and was a large objects that came under their eyes.

At the foot of the hill the carriage was for was repudiated by that good prince for shameless

'No, my lord, I do not-I mane the days of polite offer of setting them down,' Mary and discouraged a less ardent spirit than that of Har | coldly replied: Queen Bess-that's ould Harry's daughter, your Hill. lordship knows-the Vargin Queen-ahem! as

ATHOLIC

Reformation, my lord?

'I believe not.' your lordship's while to read it, and then you'd know all about Queen Bess and her ould baste of which protruded into view from behind a shoula father, Harry the Eighth.'

'I shall certainly pay my respects to Mr. Cobbett, at the first opportunity,' said the Earl with imperturbable gravity

'Queen Elizabeth was a great benefactor to upwards in evangelical anger; 'she did more to the party in general, tripped after her friend. pacify this country than any sovereign that ever reigned in England.

Well, I declare now, said Bryan eyeing him no doubt, to exhibit his good taste. with a half coinical look, 'I declare now, if your reverence-abem !-was tellin' lies all your life. you're tellin' God's truth now-Queen Bess was the greatest hand at pacifym' Ireland that ever tried a hand at it-barrin' Oliver Cromwell !-Sure didn't Bess pacify the country abroad fornenst us there to that degree that they say there was scarce the lowin' of a cow or the voice of a these remain to attest it.' ploughman to be heard from the far end of Kerry to the gates of Cashel. Now that's what I call pacifyin', your reverence, bekase you see where seumthe people's all dead there's sure to be pace and Cashel is the quietest place in all Munster .-Oh, bedad, yis, they might all throw their caps throw Cashel in the shade. at the Vargin Queen for pacifyin'-herself and Noll, the divit's butcher !'

his hands in pious horror; of a surety the poison of the adder is on this man's hip, and the thing very great? sting of the wasp under his tongue. How he blasphemes the holy ones of God?

"I deny it, sir.' said Bryan with sharp emphasis; 'I deny that Queen Bess and Oliver Crom-

blasphemin' to say the like!'
'Oh! Popery! Popery!' grouned the chaplain, as the Earl took han by the arm, and herried him down the steep ascent; 'oh, l'opery ! and so mournful in their utter ruin and desolawhat a foul-mouthed beest thou are -yea, verily, I tion, are no whit inferior in interest even to the the beast of beasts! Aly good young lady, to Acropolis itself - or, indeed, to any ruin, or ruins Miss Markham, 'I am extremely sorry for hav- with which I am acquainted.' ing been induced to visit this Popish place, the locum tenens whereof is a most violent and rabid Panist.

Now, pray, Mr. Goodehild, do not blame me,' said Harriet with mock gravity, throwing, at the same time, a sly look at her friends; 'you Rock, which is, I admit, a very exceedingly Popish place, I warned you over and over that old Bryan would most probably try your patience. Did I not, my ford? and she turned with downcast eyes to the Earl.

. You certainly did, Miss Markham,' his lordship gravely replied; I can bear witness that you gave Mr. Goodchild four warning of what he to him just all as one as if he was only a bit of had to expect from the Hermit of the Rock. of a character --- '

'Excuse me, my ford! but his name were better Briar than Bryan-old Briar-ha! ha! ha!' The really good-natured chaplain laughed till his fat sides shook at what he considered his excellent pun, and the smile that appeared for a moment on every face he complacently accepted as the tribute of general admiration. All at tised there, pointing backwards to the Rock. once came back his usual placidity. 'You seem thoughtful, Miss Markham,' said he, the large expansion of his heart taking in at the moment all mankind, even a votary of Rome. 'Thinking, doubtless, of the woful doom that hath fallen on yonder stronghold of superstition.

· Not exactly,' said Harriet with much coolness; 'I was thinking, rather, of that celebrated

> -' sat in the corner, Enting his Christmas pie.

You cannot but remember, my dear sir, the

He put in his thumb

And took out a plumb, And said, 'What a good boy am I.''

Boin' to tell your honor's tordship that for all so How iceliably gracious the face of Johnny Hornich a country as you have before you now, and nor must have looked theu—just like yours, my the ages that look down from those shattered all the fine cattle and sheep that's a grazin' in it, dear Mr. Goodchild, under the happy conscious-

The compliment was not so graciously re-Oh, you mean, probably, the very early times ceived as it ought to have been, and the ladies mories, Mr. Goodeinid! at least what history remarked with suppressed gice that the chaplain and tradition have both preserved. That mystic moved away soon after from Miss Markham's tower may, indeed, date from pagan times and vicinity, devoting his attention to the children probably does, but all the other buildings are of who, in all the buoyant freshness of life's early purely Christian origin, save and except the died A.D. 928, and wife of a Danish king of Dublin, spring, were gambolling in advance of the party; commenting in their own way on the new and for ages long, the very princes who ruled in

in waiting, and, declining with thanks, the Earl's and a cold indeed ? from the Earl would have with a Gothic arch.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1863.

Cobbett calls her -did you ever read Cobbett's Harriet with a meaning smile as she glanced towards the clay mansion of that potent charmer, partially visible from where they stood, its low Oh well, now, see here, that's the greatest thatched roof dotted here and there with the book that ever was prented-it 'id be worth green of the darnel and the chicken-weed, while a tufted sallow projecting over the one gable der of the hill, gave it a picturesque and shady

'Fie, he! Harriet,' was the half-serious, halfplayful answer of Mary, while Bella only shook her little clenched fist at the speaker, tossed shrines.' Ireland,' said the chaplain, his short nose curling back her saucy curls, and with a smiling bow to

'What charming young ladies your friends are, Miss Markham,' said the chaplain, anxious,

'They are well enough-for Romanists,' was the arch reply.

'What a superb group of ruins!' said Lord Effingham, glancing over the bold outlines of the towering walls so stately even in decay. 'After all, the past greatness of Ireland cannot be treated as a myth, whilst such monuments as

'Pooh, pooh, my lord! what are those ruins compared with the Acropolis or the Collos-

'Or the Pyramids!' suggested the Earl by quietness-and for that very raison, the Rock of way of capping the climax, and he smiled at the eagerness with which the good man hastened to

'Or the Pyramids-precisely, my lord! or any other of the great relics of the past. But Oh, oh, oh !? said Mr. Goodchild, holding up then, how could it be expected that an insignificant little island like this should produce any-

'Well, I must say,' replied the Earl with caustic humor, 'that to be 'an insignificant island' Ireland has done wonders in the way of producing things great. Now I am decidedly of opiwell were the holy ones of God-it's you that's nion, my dear sir, that those buildings on the Rock of Cashel, so varied in their character, so massive in their construction, so romantic in their situation, so impressive in their solitary grandeur,

Harriet Markham raised her eyes to Lord Effinguam's face for one moment, and a smile of wonderful sweetness brightened her pale, spiritual features; her lips parted as though she were about to speak, but, blushing, as it were, at her own boldness, she resisted the impulse, and turnknow that so far from 'inducing' you to visit the ed her eyes again on the weird old walls now draped in the gorgeous noontide rays of the clear cold February day. . .

'I am bound to submit to your lordsbip's judgment,' said the obsequious chaplain, 'but I confess I was not prepared to hear such-such

' Such classico-heretical opinions-say on, and fear not. Well, my very dear and reverend friend, even at the risk of being set down as a You know, my dear sir, old Bryan is somewhat heretic against the received principles of taste, I am free to admit that Christian ruins are at all times more interesting to me than those which date from pagan times and were associated with nagan worship.

Pardon me, my lord, said the cuaplain, his rosy face waxing crimson red, 'I should like to know what other than pagan worship was prac-

'Nay, Mr. Goodchild,' said the Earl very gravely, with all the corruptions attributed to the Roman Church-mind I say attributed, Miss Markham-I believe it cannot be desied that she is a Christian Church?

'A Christian Church !' said Harriet, her eyes flashing with the fire of a spirit that would no longer be restrained, 'say, rather, my lord! the Christian Church. The Church that has risen like the sun over the ruins of paganism-the Church that unites all the ages and all the nations in one eternal act of homage to the Almighty Ruler of the world. Look there, my lord; and she cast a glance of withering scorn on the crest-fallen pillar of the law-church, ' you admire those ruins as noble monuments of ancient art, attesting the former greatness of a now impoverished people-but think, my lord, of walls, from the height of you pillar-tower, and the glories that gold them with everlasting fame. And the memories of Cashel are Christian meroyal palace of the Munster kings. And indeed, Cashel were consecrated bishons.'

Queen Elizabeth, or as we always call her, Bella turned off in the direction of Gallows riet Markham, but the effect was directly opposite on hers, for the bright intelligence that burn-"What! going to visit the fairy woman?' said ed within was lit at the lamp of faith, and where the honor of religion was concerned, she was all own learned description. Why, you can really life and warmth. Here her country and her draw sermons from stones, if not books from faith were both in question, and she could not running streams.' sit by a passive listener. Yet she spoke with a 'My lord,' said modesty and a womanly grace that at once disarmed angry criticism.

RONICLE.

'If your lordship has no objection,' said she, looking tunidly at the stately peer, 'I will bring from the treasure-chamber of the past, for Mr. Goodchild's edification, a very few of the Christian memories connected with yonder ruined

The Earl bowed assent. The Chaplain grouned in spirit, but seeing there was no alternative short of actual rudeness, he prepared himsell to listen, fortifying his mental position with the love that we high cherish for our own loved a pinch of 'Lundy Foot's' best.

Their little ladyships, delighted at the prospect of a story, bestowed sundry caresses on their ' dear, sweet, darling Miss Markham,' who simling on her pupils, entered at once on her

What Harriet told is known, we hope, to most of our readers, so we shall not follow her in her rapid and picturesque description of the historic glories of Cashel. She told of St. Patrick how he founded the first Christian Church on the Rock which was royal even then, and in the shade of the old pillar-tower which had in still earlier ages ' reared the sacred flame,' rose the cross crowned roof of the Christian temple. Of Angus she told, the royal convert of Patrick, with his child-like simplicity of faith and most excellent bumility; of Cormac, the king-bishop, of whom the ancient annals say that 'his loss was moureful, for he was a king, a bishop, anchorite, a scribe, and profoundly learned in the Scotte (i e., Irish) tongue.' Cormac the historian, the elegant scholar-but alas! the too-gentle and too-yielding prince, persuaded by ainhitious courtiers to enter upon the dangerous trade of war in defence of his dominions, in which bloody contest he lost his life, and Ireland, in him, one of her greatest sons. And of Flaherty his successor Harriet told who having been one of the ill-advisers of the late king, was so stricken with norrow and remorse, seeing the cycl which his counsels had mainly brought upon the land and the people, that he speedily had aside him the nutre and the crown, and retiring to an Abbey which he founded in a wild and lonely spot on a small island in a lake (now a bog), he there ended his life in the austerity of penance common in those days of faith and fervor. Af your fordship will take the trouble, said H (rrlet, to look mio Ledwich's Antiquities of Ireland' a: Manakincha, you will be repaid, I assure you, by the very interesting account he gives of the enormous labor and industry evinced by the monks in conveying the materials for their magnificent structures not only from the opposite side of the take but from a considerable distance inland, the island being then only accessible in canoes hollowed, he says, out of excavated trees. You will then, I think, admit that the monks of those medieval times could not have been so lazy wine was troving in advance as usual. as people would have us believe."

Blushing at her own earnestness Harriet stopped short, and glanced furtively at her auditors. There was a smile on Mr. Goodchild's face, a smile half benevotent, half incredulous, and he was tapping his small box with provigious energy and determination, as though the king-abbot of Monahmeh were bodily eneased therein and the punishment of his folly had devolved on the worthy chaplain. Lord Effingham's haughty tip was curled with something very like a sneer, as he

. The Abbey of Monahinch, even the rains of

which have now almost disappeared, was still in to-lerably good preservation when Dr. Ledwich wrote some sixty or seventy years since. According to that and other antiquaries, the Abbey must have been both grand and beautiful, presenting many features of extraordinary interest. It was situate on the confines of Queen's County and Tipperary, but chiefly in the latter county. There were two islands in the lake, now a bog, and on each was situated some of the monastic buildings. One was called the Men's Island, and contained an Abbey and oratory; the Women's Island contained a small Ohipel; and a locality on the firm land, exterior to the bog, contained a second Antery. Sculpture, says Ledwich, seems here to have examined her treasures. A nebule moulding afterns the outward semi-circle of the portal, a double nebule with backs the second, a chevron the third, interspersed with the triangular frette, roses, and other ornaments. It is also decorated with chalices artfally made at every section of the stone, so as to concert the junt..... By some accident ashen keys have been drapped on the walls of this building; in a number of years they have become targe trees. Their coats have in-sinuated into every crevice, burst the walls everywhere, and threaten the whole with rain.' Hence the almost total disappearance, of these interesting atructures. Ledwich further says, Adjoining the Abbey, on the north side. was the Prior a chamber, At the foot of the hill the carriage was found. A contemptuous humph' from the chaplain, which communicated with the Church by a door

I should not have thought you were so much of an antiquarian, Miss Markham. Your reference to Ledwich is quite superfluous after your

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'My lord,' said Harriet reddening to the very temples, I know it is not now the fashion for ladies to devote attention to such matters, much less to speak of them, but my father was a votary of the past, and whether it he be for good or ill to me, his only daughter, I was early imband with his passionate love for ancient lore and the glories that perish not with time. An antiquarian I am not, my lord, in the sense in which you apply the word, but simply a lover of the storied past, especially of this my native land .-You, an Englishman, can scarcely understand island of socrow;' the fond pride with which we turn ever the departed glories of the fair land, and dream

> Of chieftnins, now forgot, who beam d The foremost then in tame; Of barris, who, once immortal deem'd, New seep without a name.'

* Englishmen, late other men, the Earl replied, "can anderstand many things for which they do not g t credit. But pray, Miss Markham, is your ! ashel chronicle at an end?

I see one journey is, at all events,' rejoined the lady with a sinder of doubtful meaning. I regret to deserve Mr. Goodchild of the marryrology of Cashel-and Cashel has literally a martyrology. I am bound to crave your fordship's pardon, too'--her look was very arch just then you know you would have been much entertained by the account of the various tortures and punishments, pains and penalties inflicted on divers of the Archbishops of Cashel by act of Parliame st. . Some other time, and his fordship with an

ironical to v.

Ah I stone mat visit to Cashel, perhaps,' blandts suggested Goodchild, rubbing his fat hards in a south ecstacy at what he considered a capital lift. He, of course, interpreted Lord Ellingham's coldness according to his own wishes, and measure his unpressions of Cashel by his own. Perceips he was right, perhaps wrong.

The extrage had just turned into the long and shady avenue leading to the castle-shady even ns episcopal office and his royal state, flung from then, a not with the fresh foliage of the sycamass, for botch and the poplar, at least with the shallow or the dark-lined 'evergreen pine,' the laurer and the riop; or spruce, planted at intervals along the double row of tall shide-trees that hordered the noble avenue. All at once the little girls broke out into divers exclamations of wonder: 'Oh, do look, pipa-Miss Markham, see!

see! -oh dear! what stringe people.'

· Following the direction of their eyes, Harriet saw moving along on the sward that tringed the carriage-way on either side, two figures in whom she at once recognized Mad Mahel and Shana the Poper.

'And, dear, dear, what an ugly little dog,' cried the little Lady Ann, meaning poor Frisk, . If your lordship has no objection,' said Har-

rist, the young ladies may now have a specimen of custic mon-today. There is the famous Shaun the Piper, and if you will only have the goodness to tel: William to drive slower, I know he will 'give us a tune,' as he says himself.'

The check string was pulled accordingly, and the carriage rolled slowly along the level avenue till it came within a new yards of Shaun, when he all at once struck up 'The Wind that Shakes the Barley' with a vigor and spirit that made the horses turn up their ears and champ their bits an though they left very much inclined to try what they could do at a reel.

What barbarous music !' said Goodchild, at is only fit for savages!"

. It is good enough, surely, for ' wild Irishry,' said Harrest with a smile, then leaning her head out of the wordow, she accested the piper-Many manks, friend, tor your music. Where may you be going now?'

. Wishe, toen, I was goin' to try my luck at the Castle. I never was up there, at all, at all, and they say there's a fine dartin' lady in it atachin' o' the lord's daughters, that's a great triend entirely to the likes of us, an' mighty fond of the ould mu ic.'

" Well, that is true enough, Shaun, but the lady of whom you speak may not be at liberty to draw the likes of you,' as you say, about the house, seeing that she is only employed there."

Ou, Min Markham I do have him come oh pray do,' cried the two little girls in a breath;

papa, maya't he come; we shall be delighted. . Be delighted, then, said the Earl smiling down in the eager little faces upturned to his ;give him a general invitation, he said, address-

ing Ali-s Markhain.
Lord Effigham says you will be welcome at