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THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK. A TALE OF CASHEL.

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CHAPTER XI.—THE RIDE ROOM.

As our party stood for a moment enjoying the fair 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 he was familiar from their frequent visits to the ruins—

'No, my lord, I do not—I mane the days of Queen Elizabeth, or as we always call her, Queen Bess—that's old Harry's daughter, your lordship knows—the Vargin Queen—ahem! as Cobbett calls her—did you ever read Cobbett's Reformation, my lord?' 'I believe not.'

polite offer of 'setting them down,' Mary and Bella turned off in the direction of Gallows Hill. 'What! going to visit the fairy woman?' said Harriet with a meaning smile as she glanced towards the clay mansion of that potent charmer, partially visible from where they stood, its low thatched roof dotted here and there with the green of the dandel and the chicken-weed, while a tufted sallow projecting over the one gable which protruded into view from behind a shoulder of the hill, gave it a picturesque and shady look.

discouraged a less ardent spirit than that of Harriet Markham, but the effect was directly opposite on hers, for the bright intelligence that burned within was lit at the lamp of faith, and where the honor of religion was concerned, she was all life and warmth. Here her country and her faith were both in question, and she could not sit by a passive listener. Yet she spoke with a modesty and a womanly grace that at once disarmed angry criticism.

coldly replied: 'I should not have thought you were so much of an antiquarian, Miss Markham. Your reference to Ledwich is quite superfluous after your own learned description. Why, you can really draw sermons from stones, if not books from running streams.'

Annals of the Four Masters. According to these famous annals this Gornlaith (pronounced Gurnley) was daughter of a chief of Offaly who died A.D. 928, and wife of a Danish king of Dublin, Anlaf or Auulf by name. O'Donoghue, in his 'Memoirs of the O'Briens,' says that she had the great warrior Brian, Boromha for a second husband, and was repudiated by that good prince for shameless immorality.

At the foot of the hill the carriage was found in waiting, and, declining with thanks, the Earl's

A contemptuous 'humph' from the chaplain, and a cold 'indeed?' from the Earl would have

The Abbey of Monahinch, even the ruins of which have now almost disappeared, was still in tolerably 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 situated 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 Chapel; and a locality on the firm land, exterior to the bog, contained a second Abbey. 'Sculpture,' says Ledwich, 'seems here to have exhausted her treasures. A noble moulding adorns the outward staircase of the portal, a double volute with beads the second, a crenellon the third, interspersed with the triangular frets, rosetts, and other ornaments. It is also decorated with chaises artfully made at every section of the stone, so as to conceal the joints. . . . By some accident when keys have been dropped on the walls of this building; in a number of years they have become large trees. Their roots have insinuated into every crevice, burnt the walls everywhere, and threaten the whole with ruin.' Hence the almost total disappearance of these interesting structures. Ledwich further says, 'Adjoining the Abbey, on the north side, was the Picture-chamber, which communicated with the Church by a door with a Gothic arch.'

What barbarous music! said Goodchild, 'it is only fit for savages!' 'It is good enough, surely, for 'wild Irishry,' said Harriet with a smile, then leaning her head out of the window, she accosted the piper—'Many thanks, friends, for your music. Where may you be going now?' 'Wish, to be gone, 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 darlin' lady in it a-tachin' of the lord's daughters, that's a great friend entirely to the likes of us, an' mighty fond of the ould music.'