

"Oh! fear not for me," was the calm reply; "it is needful that some should do penance for the sins of all. I can sleep as well on the bare floor, as thou on that soft couch. Thou hast need of rest, so lay thee down at once."

Dermot was forced to obey, and wearied by the unwonted labors of the day, he was soon locked in a profound slumber. His last waking impressions were, St. Kieran on his knees before the Crucifix, with his arms folded cross-wise on his bosom, and his thin, attenuated form bowed down in solemn worship, while his face and eyes were fixed in meditation.

Next morning, when the first beams of the day-star shone in through the aperture which formed the mouth of the cave, Dermot started to his feet, forgetful for a moment as to where he was. But his recollection soon returned, for there still knelt Kieran on the very spot, and in the very attitude in which Dermot's closing eye had last beheld him.

"This, indeed, is the servant of God," said the prince within himself; "he has assuredly prayed all the night, except perchance, two or three hours given to the requirement of nature. Alas! poor! what do I, and such as I, to gain heaven?"

The Saint, having ended his devotions, arose, and extended his hand to Dermot with a cheerful smile.

"God keep thee, prince," said he; "I were well pleased if I had even a little food for thee to break thy fast. But food have I none, and even if I had, thou wouldst hardly take time to eat it; here are they who bring glad tidings. Glad in one way, he added by way of soliloquy, "but exceedingly sorrowful in another."

As the Saint spoke, a loud halloo was heard without, and anon the air was filled with cries of "God save King Dermot!"—hastily donning his garments, the young prince sallied forth, accompanied by the Saint, wondering, as he said, who they might be that had raised such a joyful clamor. He at once recognised the leader of the mounted horsemen who had gathered around the site of Kieran's oratory, supposing it intended as a temporary asylum for their prince. They were all of them trusty friends of his family, and he could no longer doubt that what they said was true. He was indeed king of Ireland.

"But how," said he, "was this brought about?—Only two days since, and Tuathal's power was firm as yonder rock—how has it been overthrown?"

"Even yesterday at noon," replied the eldest of the cavaliers, "Tuathal was lord of all Ireland—an hour after, and he lay a lifeless log amid the nobles of his court. The crotche was ringing, wild and deathlike through his halls, when we mounted our gallant steeds and flew to conduct our prince to the throne, so long usurped by the cold-blooded Maolgarb."

"But who was it that dealt the blow?" said the prince in a voice trembling with emotion. "There are not, I think, two men living who would smite the supreme monarch of Ireland, even the mighty Tuathal, in the midst of his armed legions, and that for me. I have not two such friends—say, was it Miles O'Hargadie who slew the tyrant?"

The cavaliers looked at each other in silence, and the question had to be repeated before it received an answer.

"Even so; gracious prince, it was he—thy faithful fosterer, who sacrificed his life to win empire for thee—he was worth his weight in molten gold!"

"Sacrificed?" cried Dermot, with an ashy brow and a quivering lip; "sacrificed, didst thou say, Cairbre?—did they slay Miles O'Hargadie?"

"Yes, my lord, they did. The faithful servant had contrived a plan to reach the king, causing little for his own life. Taking horse yesternight, he carried with him on a spear the heart of a dog which he had killed for that purpose, and, giving out as he went along, that it was a certain royal heart for which princely guardon was offered, he easily made his way to the presence of the king, where he stood surrounded by his nobles, and extending the heart on the point of his spear, the monarch reached out his hand to take it. The which when Miles saw, he dashed off the heart and drove his spear through the king's body, who fell down dead. Loud shouts and cries of vengeance rent the air, and on every side was thy valiant fosterer beset with swords and spears; and he fell like a stately tree cut down in the fulness of its bloom. He died as became a warrior, and his last words were, 'Do as ye list with me, Dermot is king of Ireland!'"

On hearing this, Dermot's eyes flashed fire, and his whole frame quivered with strong emotion. Regardless, or perhaps forgetful of the Saint's presence—for Kieran had slowly followed him from the cave—the fiery prince gave free passage to his thoughts.

"Now, by the sword of my father, mighty in battle," he cried, "I will this day revenge the death of my brother—for brother he was to me—or never shall my foot ascend the throne. They shall die, ay! every one of them, who had ought to do with his murder."

"Forbear, rash prince!" spoke the deep voice of Kieran from behind. "Tempt not further the fierce wrath of the living God. If thy fosterer has died in his sin, mourn rather for his poor soul, and humbled even to the dust, bethink thee of the share thou thyself hast had in this deed of blood. Fall back, warriors of Connaught, till I speak to your prince on the part of God." He was instantly obeyed.

"I ask thee, Dermot, in the name of our common Judge, didst thou not counsel this act of thy servant?—was it not done at thy bidding?"

"Nay, blessed Kieran! I swear I knew not how far his purpose reached. He did but ask the loan of my horse—the only thing I still owned—to go to Grealach-Daphiles, the which I was right loath to give, for fear of harm befalling poor Miles."

"Thou knowest, then, that the king was holding court there?"

"I did, holy father, but I dreamed not that Miles could think of such a perilous attempt." His speech was smooth and plausible, but his downcast eye and changing color belied his words. He dared not meet the searching look which he well knew was fixed upon him.

"As the Lord liveth, Dermot MacCearbhaill," said Kieran after an ominous silence, "thou art guilty of this thing. Thou hast, by the hand of thy servant, shed the blood of Tuathal, and therefore shall a judgment—yes, a heavy one—fall on thee and thine."

Power and dominion are before thee, but beyond, in the misty vale of years, lies the shadow of death and doom." The outstretched arm of the holy monk pointed, as it were, to an object seen only by himself, and his rigid features wore a look of cold severity.

Fixed and motionless as a carved block of stone, he stood the living image of inexorable justice. Dermot ventured at last to look upon the dreadful face of his judge, and the look was fatal to the obdurate pride in which he had been intrenching himself. Dropping on one knee before the Saint, he conjured him to withdraw the fearful prediction which he had just made, and that he would submit to any penalty he might impose.

"Recal my words I neither may nor can," said Kieran in a softened voice; "but go thou and do penance, even amid the splendors of a court, and it may please God to forgive thee. Depart now, for I would be alone. Thou hast been a friend to me, Dermot, and my heart is heavy on thy account; but go—a royal welcome awaits thee in thine ancestral halls."

"Before I go hence," said Dermot, standing up and reverently touching the Saint's offered hand, "suffer me to make a request. Wilt thou accept from me a gift of land?"

"Not as a blood-gilt, Dermot—it may not be."

"Not as such do I give it," said the prince with a touch of his habitual pride, "but as a token of my reverence and true friendship."

"As such I will receive it."

"Thanks, holy father, thou shalt choose for thyself."

St. Kieran pointed to the wild promontory stretching out towards them from the mainland; and Dermot promised to have a formal deed of gift made out as soon as he was settled in Tara. Summoning his followers, they all bent reverently before the Saint, who gave them his parting blessing; and then Dermot bounding lightly into the skiff which had brought his friends from the mainland, waved a last farewell to the Saint, whose solitary figure was seen standing motionless on the rock. The boat moved quickly over the narrow channel, and soon the little party leaped ashore on the mainland; whereupon Dermot, with true Celtic elasticity, slung care and remorse, if he ever had any, to the winds, and saddened only by the loss of his devoted Miles, pressed on with might and main to Tara's regal halls, where his presence was hailed with enthusiastic acclamation. Bonfires blazed on every hill; bells pealed forth their most joyous chimes, and amid a general burst of felicitation, Dermot was installed into his kingly office.

But amid all the glad festivity and uproarious joy that attended his coronation, Dermot was mindful of his promise to St. Kieran, to whom he formally granted a large tract of land, then known as Drunim-Tip-raid, but for long years after, and even till now, designated as Clonmacnoise.

The reign of Dermot was long and prosperous; for twenty years did he sway the sceptre of Ireland, and his name was honorable amongst kings and princes. But the penalty of his participated crime was still to be paid; the doom foretold by St. Kieran failed not to fall on him and his, although the Saint was spared the pain of seeing it consummated. In the fourteenth year of the reign of Dermot, as the ancient chronicles tell, Colman Mor, the eldest son of that monarch, was slain in his chariot by a prince of the Dalriads. Six years after, Dermot himself was slain, and by another Dalriadan prince. Having been a generous benefactor of Clonmacnoise, his head was buried there, while his body remained in ancient Connor.

So fell Dermot MacCearbhaill, monarch of Ireland, by the just judgment of God.

In pursuance of Dermot's munificent grant, St. Kieran commenced his abbey in the year of Our Lord 548. This place became in after times the greatest seat of learning perhaps in the British Islands.—The sons of all the Connaught nobles were sent there to be educated, and from that circumstance it was that the place derived its name of Cluan-mac-noise, or the Retreat of the sons of the nobles. Seven churches, or, as some say, nine, were built here at various times, the several founders naming them as follows: "Temple Righ, or Melaglin's church, built by O'Melaglin, king of Meath, and to this day it is the burying-place of that family; Temple O'Connor, built by O'Connor Don; Temple Kelly; Temple Finian, or McCarthy, built by McCarthy More of Munster; Temple Hurpan, or McLaffy's church; Temple Kieran; Temple Guancy; Temple Doulin, which is now the parish church, and Temple MacDermot." Here are also two of those wondrous round-towers, aptly called antiquarian puzzles. It is a scene of solemn grandeur, calculated to inspire serious and salutary thought. The stately monasteries have passed away; the college whose halls were filled with royal and noble students exists only in history; the city that sprang up around the ecclesiastical buildings has long been a city of the dead, the abode of silence and desolation; the kings, whose tombs stud the sacred precincts, are well nigh forgotten—they have hardly a place in history; but the name of Kieran still lives in the hearts of the people, and in the sacred records of the Church. His memory is as fresh in the affections of the pious children of Ireland as it was when he breathed his last in his great abbey of Clonmacnoise just seven months after its formation. Thirteen centuries have successively carried down the revered name of Kieran to the illustrious position which it still holds as next in rank to Patrick, and almost equal to Columbkille—names dear and precious to the heart of Ireland—her glory and her pride are ye; may your influence never be less amongst the people to whom ye gave life and light!

Strangely varied are the associations clustering amid the ruins of Clonmacnoise on the Shannon, as it is distinctively called. The shadows of departed ages hang dark and heavy over the classic spot, filling the mind with awe and wonder. Side by side with the hallowed ruins of the Christian fane, and the venerable fragments of what was once a Christian college, stand the weird pillar-towers looking almost as fresh as when the standard of the Cross was first raised in their shadow. All around them lie the scattered remains of strong walls and massive pillars and heavy buttresses, yet they are well nigh perfect;—all else has perished, yet they remain. Against them have the storms of ages beat in vain; generation after generation of the sons of men have passed away since they were raised on high; and, in all human probability, they are destined to remain as witnesses till the last dread trumpet sounds. It was a proud theory which ascribed their origin to the Magi of

old; yet we are none the less grateful to our great national antiquarian for having dispelled the flattering illusion:—

"The pillar-towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand By the lakes and rushing rivers and the valleys of our land; In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime, These grey old pillar-temple, these conquerors of Time.

Beside these grey old pillars, how perishing and weak The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek; "And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires— All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires.

Two favorites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile, And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle— As the breeze o'er the seas; where the balcony has its nest, Thus Time o'er Egypt's tombs, and the temples of the West.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine, And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine, And the mitre shining brighter with its diamonds than the East, And the crozier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the Priest.

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell— Where the fugitive found shelter became the hermit's cell; And Hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good, For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood.

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth impart To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the heart; While the breast needeth rest, may these grey old temples last, Bright prophet's of the future, as preachers of the past."

Such, gentle reader, is the historical foundation of that wondrous group of ecclesiastical buildings, whose ruins have evoked the admiration of all these latter ages by their magnitude and endless variety. Dear alike to the historian and the antiquary, their exhaustless wealth of antique monuments is of priceless value to all who would obtain a knowledge of Irish archaeology.

\* George Petrie, Esq., M. R. T. A.  
† D. F. McCarthy's Pillar-towers of Ireland.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ARCHDIOCESE OF ARMAGH.—On this day (23rd January) the Dean and Chapter of the Archdiocese of Armagh will be sworn into office at Armagh by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, the Lord Primate. The Chapter will consist of thirteen Clergy men, four from the conference of Dundalk, four from Dunganon, three from Dunleer, and two from the conference of Armagh.—*Newry Examiner*.

THE NEW BISHOP OF GALWAY.—The Galway Visitor contains the following:—"It was generally understood this day throughout the town that the nomination of the Very Rev. B. J. Roche, as successor to the late lamented Bishop of Galway, had received the sanction of the Holy See. We are given to understand also that the requisite Bulls are now on their way from Rome for the consecration of the very rev. gentleman as bishop of this diocese."

DEATH OF THE REV. PATRICK SHEEHY, P.P., TULLA.—We deeply regret to record the death of the above excellent and patriotic clergyman, who was admired and beloved by all who were acquainted with his virtues, his singleness of purpose, his zeal for religion, and his uniform consistent love of country. His Irish sermons were masterpieces of eloquence. He was translated to Tulla in the year 1837, and continued in the cure of that parish up to the day of his death. The state of religion—the appearance of the beautiful church, so admirably finished and ornamented, are strong evidences for his zeal for the house of the Lord, and the church of which he was so worthy a pastor.—His exertions for the advancement of Tenant Right are green in the recollection of every one. He attended, we believe no less than twenty meetings to promote the cause, and was one of the principal speakers on all occasions. During the whole time an unkind word never dropped from him; he avoided personalities most studiously, yet he never withdrew from the platform until his hearers had been fully satisfied as to the propriety of his views and the strength of his reasoning. On Thursday, 17th inst., he breathed his last, and his remains were removed to the chapel and waked the following night by his sorrowing parishioners. After the usual ceremonies, the remains of the truly revered and worthy priest were laid in their last resting-place amid the regrets and tears of thousands who attended with great devotion during the whole proceedings. May his soul rest in peace.—*Limerick Reporter*.

DEATH OF THE REV. THOMAS O'CARROLL, P.P., ABBEYSFALE.—We have deep sorrow in making the announcement of the death on Monday week last of the Rev. Thomas O'Carroll, P.P., Abbeysfales.—*Munster News*.

The Rev. James Gaughran, P.P., died at Lobinstown on the 11th ult., in the 68th year of his age, and 44th of his ministry. The deceased was 42 years parish priest of the united parishes of Syddan, Killeary, and Inismoth. His life was holy and his death edifying.

The Rev. Mr. McKeown, parish priest of Termonfechin, has been directed by Miss Chester, of Cartown, to distribute to the poor of his parish the sum of one hundred pounds, the bequest of her late father.—*Newry Examiner*.

The Rev. Mr. Conins, P.P., of Castlebar, has been for some time past engaged in collecting subscriptions for the purpose of establishing a school in his parish. The Marquis of Clanricarde has given at a nominal rate a site for the intended school, with a lease to the parish priest in being, and he has instructed Richard Carter, Esq., his land agent, to accompany this act of liberality with the donation of £20 towards the erection of a schoolhouse.—*Galway Mercury*.

A DISTINGUISHED IRISHMAN.—We mentioned a few days ago the honor conferred on the Abbe Cruice, brother of Major Cruice, staff officer of this town, in the hall of the Sorbonne, Paris. We learn from a recent number of the *Moniteur*, a French official journal, that by an imperial decree of December 29, 1855, issued at the instance of the Minister of Public Instruction and Public Works, the Abbe Cruice, Doctor of Letters and Theology, Superior of the School

of High Ecclesiastical Studies at Paris, (which school he directs with distinguished ability) and author of several works of high repute, is created a knight of the Legion of Honor.—*Clare Journal*.

The Waterford and Kilkenny Railway receipts for the half year ending the 29th December, are £8,123. During the corresponding half year of 1854 they were £6,005, being an increase of £2,118. The number of miles open is 31, and the average mileage receipts £10 per week.—*Waterford News*.

The Round Tower for the national monument to the memory of O'Connell, at the cemetery, Glasnevin, having now attained the elevation of 160 feet, the committee will be enabled to carry out the entire of Dr. Petrie's design of the Mortuary Chapel, grand cross, and round tower.

IRISH TENANT LEAGUE.—The usual weekly meeting of the Council of the Tenant League was held on Tuesday, at their rooms, 33 Bachelor's walk, for the purpose of making arrangements for the public general meeting to be held on the 29th instant. Richard Grattan, Esq., M.D., and ex-J.P., in the chair. A letter was read from the Rev. T. Mullany, P.P., of Drom, Templemore, enclosing £1 as a renewal of his subscription to the funds of the Tenant League. Mr. O'Brennan begged, with the permission of the Council, to take up the notice of motion which he had given before Christmas, relative to the placing of the Tuam declaration upon the minutes, which he would have long since done, were it not that the Christmas holidays intervened, as it was most necessary to have so important a document recorded: "Resolved—That the Tuam declaration, being so clear and powerful a document in sustinment of the policy of the Tenant League, be inserted on the minutes." Dr. Gray seconded the resolution, which was adopted.—The proposed programme for the forthcoming public meeting was discussed till a late hour, when it was found necessary to adjourn to Friday next, when it is to be brought forward for further consideration.—*Evening Post*.

AGRICULTURE.—The incipient symptoms of a good crop are visible in the healthy appearance of the young wheat. Farmers generally will in this county apportion during the present year a large breadth of ground to potato planting.—*Newry Examiner*.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ROYAL FLAX SOCIETY.—This excellent society held its annual meeting on Friday the 18th ult., at the Commercial Buildings; but, from various causes, the attendance was not as numerous as might have been expected. The report of the committee specially pointed to a decrease in the quantity of land sown with flax, a fact which the various speakers attributed to the high prices obtained, of late years, for other sorts of agricultural produce, and which naturally tended to divert the attention of farmers from the cultivation of flax.—*North-ern Whig*.

DEMAND FOR LAND.—Forty acres of land, contingent on the life of a parish priest in the county Clare, came by his death into the possession of the landlord, who is now offered 45s an acre, with £250 fine, and the land was hitherto let at 25 per cent. less.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

TENANT RIGHT.—Tenant right was well illustrated this week. Mr. William Beatty held sixteen acres at a fair rent, at will, under the Earl of Belmore, which were sold by auction on Monday last, and realised £130, about nine years purchase.—*Fermanagh Reporter*.

THE LINEN TRADE.—The linen trade has been pretty fair. White goods have been moved pretty largely; the demand for foreign markets continues very satisfactory, and if prices do not come up to the expectations of holders, the aspect of the commercial world and commercial confidence go far to make up for lighter profits. We believe that after all the certainty of good payments, mercantile integrity is the truest foundation of success in business. Brown markets were not so fully attended last week; the amount of sales, however, was large, and, on the whole, we may note a fair extent of turns-over in the public sale of linens. Handsutched flax ranges from 5s 9d to 8s per stone, and linen yarns at the present rates form a state of things which do vast ill to all connected with the trade and to none more than the factory operative.—*Banner of Ulster*.

CORN TRADE WITH RUSSIA.—The Dublin *Mercantile Advertiser* states, that a first-rate corn firm in that city is now receiving orders for the house of Brandt and Co., of St. Petersburg, for wheat, to be delivered f. o. b. on the Neva, at from 18s to 21s per quarter, which allowing for freight and insurance, would cost in an Irish port equal to about 19s per barrel.

THE ULLINGFORD WORKHOUSE FARM.—The guardians and rate-payers of Ullingford appear to have been very fortunate in the manner in which their workhouse farm has been managed, whilst the experiment in that way in the Kilkenny Union proved a failure, and the land was obliged to be got rid of as not only involving a considerable pecuniary loss to the rate-payers, but proving an intolerable nuisance to the community.—*Kilkenny Paper*.

SLIGO MARKETS.—To so great an extent have the peace rumors affected our local markets, we mention the fact that a single grain of oats has not been purchased in Sligo or neighborhood since yesterday morning, although offered at from 16s to 17s per sack of 24 stone. Our last quotations for this article was 23s. to 25s. All other descriptions of grain were affected.—*Sligo Independent*.

In Limerick, the great emporium of corn for the south of Ireland market operations, so brisk and extensive since the harvest, were virtually paralysed by the prospect of peace, and Friday morning there was a fall in prices of fully 3d per stone under the prices of Wednesday.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

The arrivals of Indian Corn into Tralee during the last week are the largest ever known for the same time since the famine years.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

DECLINE OF EMIGRATION.—The Irish western journals continue to notice a marked decline in the number of emigrants from that quarter of the kingdom. According to the *Tuam Herald*, very few as compared with former seasons, are leaving, while, on the contrary, several persons are returning home with the intention of investing the capital they have amassed abroad in industrial pursuits in the old land. The number of the latter is, no doubt, inconsiderable, but the return of those few is said to have produced a strong impression upon the public mind.

Mr. Sergeant Miller, appointed judge of the Leicester County Court, salary £2,000 a year, is a native of this town, and commenced his education at St. Jarlath's College.—*Tuam Herald*.