

O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin. What a strange medley of good and bad these O'Briens were. There was in the hall at Dromoland a rough marble table, on which their progenitors were wont to behead their refractory subjects, but this was in accordance with the spirit of the times, when, as their motto has it, '*lamb aulhir amuaktha*,' or the strongest hand uppermost."

"Here is the castle at the west end, the residence of the ancient kings, were

Stately the feast and high the cheer,
that echoed through its halls. Now let us pass out. Beneath this rough stone cross the kings of Munster were crowned. Look at all these abbeys around; there is a whole host of legends about St. Patrick, Ossian, an enchanted hall, and an enchanted lady, that decoyed people to *Tir-ne-nogue*; but I must reserve them for another time. So you see, Cashel was a place of importance in its day."

"I know you are impatient to go now, Frank," continued Father O'Donnell to him as he stood counting the chimings of a neighboring clock that struck eleven. "Well, go, child, and God bless you; and as for me, I'll return to commune with myself among these deserted halls and cloisters. It is pleasing to listen to the music and chirping of the little birds in these grey old ruins. They seem so happy amidst the surrounding desolation, none of our cares or troubles disturb their joyous existence.

These sculptured walls and architraves do not recall any feeling of the past to them. These lonely graves do not speak to them of decay, nor can they conceive the desolation of the sublime spirit that makes us shudder at death; but, then, there is hope, for angel voices above us inspire us with the belief that God shall accept our good works, and hearken to our humble prayers.

"While you are enjoying yourself, Frank, I will people these ruins with mailed warriors and ladies fair; with thronging worshipers bowing before their prelate and their king; with priests and monks around the sacred shrines, chanting God's endless praise;

"———In deep and measured flow,
Of psalmody and hymn!"

CHAPTER II.

IRISH RACES—NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

As Frank returned to the city the streets were thronged with people; conveyances, too, of all kinds dashed rapidly on. There was the coach-and-four with its liveried servants and

fair inmates; next came the tax-cart, with its dandy driver in white kids and immaculate tie; then the jaunting-car, laden with the wealthier class of farmers' sons and daughters; and lastly the Scotch car, with its rosy-cheeked laughing occupants, reclining upon trusses of hay or straw, and modestly blushing at the bantering jokes of happy swains, whose blarneyed tongues and good looks proved irresistible passports.

The hotels and shops were crowded with lounging squireens, smoking their cigars, sipping their brandy, and betting and speculating.

There were, too, plenty of wet souls fortifying themselves with spirituous comforts, and loving souls coaxing their sweethearts to take the least "tint of wine against the day; shure the dear creatures would want it."

Seldom did the old royal city of Cashel witness such a concourse of drinking jovial souls, bent on fun and enjoyment; not, perhaps, since the shouts of a quarter of a million human beings from the priest bill startled the old rock and the quiet dead therein reposing, with the glad tidings that Ireland was to be free. O'Connell said so, and the people hailed him with lusty lungs.

Strange all this time pauperism was beginning to overspread the land; the people were treading upon a mine; they rushed on with light hearts, whilst starvation was unfolding them with its sable wings.

As Frank approached the hotel, a most ludicrous scene blocked his way. There, elbowing and crushing one another, was collected a ragged group of beggars. Some of them hobbled on crutches, others on dishes, others had crying children in their arms to create sympathy.

Jarvies, too, were vigorously whipping their jaded rosinantes. "A seat, sir, only sixpence, a splendid drive, sir," shouted a squat, little fellow, with red handkerchief tied around his neck, to Frank.

"A beautiful drive, indeed; oh, musha, do you hear that; into the pond, I suppose, where you are after leaving Mrs. Parse and her family; the day is fine enuff, glory be to God, to take a swim; up here, your honor; I have got the horse," shouted the rival.

"Ay berrin' the two spavins and the blind eye" retorted the other; "begorra, sir, it will be as good as travellin' in a balloon; the beautiful way he has of dashin' you up with the hind feet,"