## VOL. XIII.

THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

A TALE OF CASHEL.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XVI .- SUNSET ON THE ROCK, AND PHIL MORAN'S STORY.

The first July sun was sinking behind the western rim of the mountains that gird the Golden Vale when the Effingham carriage was again in waiting at the foot of the Rock of Cashel whilst a liveried groom led a handsome saddlehorse to and fro, the noble animal nowise content. it would seem, with the restraint imposed on his light and agile limbs. On the Rock above the Earl, Mrs. Pakenham, Miss Markham and the children, with a widowed sister of Lord Effingham, recently arrived from England, were listening with more or less attention to some of Bryan's old-world legends. It was partly to show the antiquities on the Rock to Lady Pemberton, the Earl's sister, that the party were there on that occasion, and partly because Lord Effingham wished to pay the place another visit before he left for England, which he proposed doing in a few days. It so happened that, whilst Bryan was entertaining the party with his curious descriptions and quaint reminiscences of persons and things, another party came to claim his services as guide, and, in the new-comers, Harriet recognized with pleasure the two Mrs. Esmonds, Mary Hennessy and Bella Le Poer, with Uncle Harry and Attorney Moran as escort .-Miss Markham at once excused herself to her own party, and joined the others in their exploration of the ruins which she soon understood was proposed at this particular time for the special benefit of young Mrs. Esmond, with a view to divert her thoughts even for a while from the dreary circle to which they were now so long circumscribed.

Bryan,' said Miss Markham, smiling, 'you can continue to give your undivided attention to Lord Effingham and the ladies - I will endeavor to supply your place to that party just arrived, who are my particular friends.'

But who are they, Miss Markham?' inquired Bryan anxiously as he put up his hand to shade his failing eyes from the slanting beams of the

'On, it's the Esmonds, Bryan! and Miss Hennessy, and Miss Le Poer, and Mr. Moran. You aw some of them know the Rock almost as well as yourself, so between us we shall manage to do the honors to those who are not so familiar with the ruins.

So saying, away she went, and after her tripped the two little girls, never so happy as in her

For some time the two parties moved in different directions over the Bock, but in the Hall of the Minstrels in the old palace they chanced to meet, and as Lord Effingham was already acquainted with Miss Hennessy and Miss Le Poer -the latter of whom he took care to present to his sister and Mrs. Pakenbam as a cousin of Lady Blessington-a general introduction Iollowed, and the interchange of courteous but distant civilties being duly gone through, the company proceeded together to examine what yet remained to be seen, forming themselves naturally into such groups as taste or sympathy dictated. For some time the Earl, with Lady Pemberton on one arm and Virs. Pakenham on the other, accompanied Mr. Esmond, leaving the other ladies to the frank good offices of Phil Moran who, for some cause probably known to himself, was in extra good humor that evening, and more than ever disposed to make bimself generally agreeable. Finding that Mr. Esmond, with all his first show of brusquerie, was really a gentleman, and a man of some parts, not by any means unacquainted with the ways of their world, the two stately dowagers began after a while to unbend somewhat in his regard, and at length condescend to accept his careless invitation to go back and look at some of the sculptures in Cormac's Chapel which seemed to have escaped their aristocratic attention.

By some chance Harriet found herself alone, gazing with delight on the glorious expanse of country that stretched around and beneath her. Eastward gently sloping from the town upwards lay Gallows Hill, and Summer Hill, and green entertained by Miss Markham's account of the Killough, while farther to the east rose the lordly antiquities scattered over the wide plain before Slievenamon, and beyond it, closing in the far perspective, the undulating and softly rounded up, what a pity it is that this fine country of Tipbills of Kilkenny reposed in their summer fresh- perary, with all its beauty and fertility, and ness, tinged with the faint flush of the warm sunset. Far to the north lay the Slievebloom mountains, and nearer the shaggy outlines of the Devil's Bit Hills, their wild valleys resting in shade ;from these the eye passed on to the Keeper Mountains which look down on Limerick vales, and had just come up with his party in time to hear thence wandered afar to the Clare highlands be the Earl's observation. 'Mr. Esmond can tell youd the Upper Shannon; westward the lofty bills that cross the country from the Lower Shan- beggarmen-tall strapping fellows who patrol Rathcannon. Quietly and sternly did these latter a remarkable handsome and intelligent unable to support herself. A groan of fierce exnon stretched away north to the King's County, the country by night and by day with bag on dark conspirators proceed to the execution of young man, well dressed and altogether respect- ecration burst from the crowd in the body of the and as if springing from them in the fur south the back, and murderous designs in beart.' Appropriate the second of the

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1863.

'Pshaw, nonsense!' said Mr. Esmond. way between jest and earnest.'

Well, but you won't pretend to deny, will you? that you have been waging a sort of crusade against the men of the bag and staff ever since a memorable night when one of them saved your life.'

'And another wanted to take it. Well, I don't deny it, Phil-I mean Mr. Moran-you know I never deny the truth. But with all my crusade, as you call it, and the active exertion of the entire magistracy of the county, we have never been able to catch that atrocious criminal, Jerry Pierce.'

'No, but you caught a brace of beggarmen, and committed them as vagrants—that was doing something pro bono publico!

Lord Effingham, who had been listening attentively to this characteristic dialogue, now asked Mr. Esmond how it happened that the murderer of his nephew had so long eluded the pursuit of the law. As he spoke his eye fell on old Bryan who had thrust his face amongst the group with a look of intense anxiety on his shrivelled teatures, after satisfying himself that his niece was not within hearing, a tact which Lord Effingham had ascertained before putting the question.
'Oh, that's easily understood, my lord,' re-

plied Uncle Harry, 'it's all owing to the d-d conspiracy-I beg your pardon, ladies-that exists amongst the peasantry. A conspiracy for purposes of assassination, and also for purposes of concealment. See how things went at the time of Mr. Chadwick's murder.'

'Yet there was found a man-one of themselves,' said Moran, 'to give honest testimony against the murderer at all risks to him-

'Humph! and see what came of it-hadn't Phil Mara to be sent out of the country after the trial,-and you know yourself, Phil Moran, how it ended with his family.

'Amopos to Philip Mara,' said Lord Effingham, 'Miss Markham some weeks since gave us an interesting account of that tragical affair, in which he played so prominent a part-but she intinated, if I remember right, that the tragedy did not end with the execution of the unhappy Grace.'

The three young ladies were at this time exploring with Mrs. Esmond amongst the ruins .-

' Alas, yes! my lord, that was but the second act in a bloody four-act tragedy,-the effects of which are still felt in the country like the last throes of an earthquake. The first act was the murder of Chadwick-the second the hanging of

Grace.' ' And the others?'

'It would, perhaps, trespass too much on your lordship's patience were I to tell.'

'I should like to hear it,' said the Earl, 'if Mrs. Pakenham and you, Caroline,' to his sister, have no objection.'

' Certainly I have none,' said Lady Pemberton with a sort of incipient attempt at animation, - I should like, of all things, to hear an Irish

'And when you have heard it, my lady, you'll never want to hear another Irish story-I can tell you that?' said Mr. Esmond, as he walked away to join the younger ladies.

' Is the gentleman angry?' said Lady Pemberton looking after him with a look of languid

'Not at all, madam,' said Moran very gravely, on the contrary, he is particularly amiable just now.' The court lady raised her eyebrowsperhaps shrugged her shoulders a very little a la Française, and seating herself on a prostrate pillar, prepared to listen to the 'Irish story' to which Mrs. Pakenham could not in politeness object, so she took a seat beside her

cousin. 'The story is not long,' said Moran, 'otherwise I would not consent to inflict it on this company,' and he bowed slightly, ' under these circumstances. But to commence my story, where I infer from what your lordship said that Miss Markham ended hers, at the execution, namely, of young Grace: the feeling of execuation wherewith Mara, the informer, as they called him, was regarded by the great majority of the country people, can be best understood by the fearful revenge planned and executed under the auspices of the same dangerous association which had authorised the death of the unfortunate Mr. wealth of old renown, should yet rest under the Chadwick Enraged that Philip Mara had been sent by the Government beyond seas, where their power could not reach him, they resolved three brothers, who were all, like himself, ma-

Don't mind Moran, my lord, he is always mid- under the saving influence of religion, kept themselves carefully aloof from the demoralizing influence of the secret organisation, which like a mighty serpent had wound itself round and over the bone and sinew of the country, the stalwart laboring classes, crushing within them every higher and nobler instinct, and changing within its poisonous breath the best feelings of their nature into bitterness and gall. United they were amongst themselves, as all Christian familiesever are, and were always happiest when together; so it was that the three brothers, with a young apprentice of theirs, were returning from work one fine evening in the early autumn, little thinking of the doom that was impending over them, when, from a place of concealment where the gang had lain in wait since early morning, eight well-armed men darted on them. Quick as lightening the Maras fled, and from their perfect knowledge of the neighborhood two of them managed to escape the murderous attack, as did also the apprentice; the third brother, Daniel, frightened and bewildered, instead of trusting to his heels and his ingenuity, like his brothers, took refuge in the house of a widow close by, and the murderers forcing their way after him, killed him without remorse or pity, laughing to scorn his piteous entreaties. It may be that the delay occasioned by the murder of the unfortunate prop and stay of their old father, and the pride Daniel facilitated the escape of his two brothers, who succeeded in getting away from the coun-

'What an awful state of affairs,' said Lord Effingham, while the ladies beld up their hands and averted their heads in horror. Still they wished to hear it out, especially Lady Pember-

'You may well believe,' resumed Moran, that the news of this barbarous murder, even less justifiable than that of Mr. Chadwick, because wholly unprovoked on the part of the victim-threw the whole country into a state of the wildest excitement; proclamations were issued, offering rewards-even a sum of two thousand pounds was offered for any information that might lead to the apprehension and conviction of the murderers; still no one came forward to claim the reward-

'Why, that is precisely the case now with regard to the murder of Mr. Esmond ?' said Lord Effingham with some sternness; 'you say no throw light on that revolting crime, and, for aught we know, the murderer may be prowling round the neighborhood in wait for some other that the people do connive with these wretched criminals, and make common cause with them; how could they otherwise elude the vigilance of the police, and baffle the power of the law?"

'In the case of Mara, my lord, the non-detection of the criminals for so long a time is easily accounted for, as the misguided people made it a point of bonor to conceal those whom they looked upon as the champions of the peoples cause, and the ministers of popular justice; but as regards the murder of Mr. Esmond the case is widely different, and I know the perpetrator of that crime is as much abhorrod by the peasantry as by any class in the community. The feeling against him is strong and universal, and I can no how account for the delay in his apprehension except it be that he has managed to leave the country. Now, however, that the Solicitor General has come down to investigate the affair, something may be done to bring the assassin to justice-if he be still within reach of its arm.

The sun was just setting, and his last rays fell at the moment on the mullioned window of the cathedral, where a man's face was distinctly visible to the Earl and Mr. Moran, shaded by the peak of a cap, still broadly marked with an expression of mingled cunning and drollery that would have delighted Hogarth. The vision was but momentary, and the exclamation that hovered on the lips of the two who alone saw it, were suppressed by a mutual glance of admonition. The Earl was surprised -the attorney more than surprised, but fearing the effect on the ladies, they made no remark, and Moran reladies made their appearance once more, attended by Bryan.

'There is no knowing,' said Moran, 'how not that a young fellow named Fitzgerald, a for highway robbery, in or to save his life forfeited to the law, turned State's evidence and at once arrested, either as principals or accestheir fell purpose. The Maras were all decent, lable in appearance, with nothing in his aspect to court-house—the glow of hope died away on the ે જાતના માર્ચિક માર્ચિક પ્રતાન કર્યો હતા. - પ્રાથમ માર્ચિક માર્ચિક હતા માર્ચ કર્યા પ્રાથમ મુખ્ય માર્ચ કર્યો માર્ચિક પ્રાથમ માર્ચિક પ્રોપ્તિ કર્યો કર્યો - સ્થાપ માર્ચ કર્યું કર્યો માર્ચ માર્ચ કર્યો કર્યો માર્ચ માર્ચ માર્ચ માર્ચ માર્ચ કર્યો કર્યો કર્યો કર્યો કર્યો

respectable men, and men, moreover, who being indicate the evil qualities that had led him to the commission of such a crime. The case, as stated for the Crown by the Solicitor-General, disclosed some facts that evidently startled the prisoners; it was shown that these men, with some others, had been trought from a distance, by the friends and relatives of Grace, to do the deed, and that it was to have been done a week earlier but for some cause which kept the unconscious Maras at home from their work that day, and thus compelled their assassins to await their opportunity some days longer. It appeared that on the following Sunday, the entire band of conspirators met at the house of a farmer named Jack Keogh in the immediate vicinity of the barracks, and were there hospitably entertained. a female relative of Keogh's, who was also his housekeeper, waiting on them at table. Early next day they all proceeded to a woody hill called 'The Grove,' which overlooked the new barracks, and where arms had been secreted ready for use. Whilst lying there waiting for the time when the doomed brothers would leave off work, refreshments were brought them by the same woman who had waited on them the previous day at Jack Keoghis. Now amongst the party secreted there with such murderous intent were the two sons of Keogh, both of them fine young men in the bloom of life, the of his heart. One of them in particular, John, the elder of the two, was a man of powerful frame and unusually tall stature, with a placid, goodnatured look, and comely, well formed features. Though not so neat or trim as his brother, who was of much smaller proportions, John Keogh was a man to be singled out in a fair or market as a fine specimen

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"Of that bold pensantry—a nation's pride, Which, once destroy'd, can never be supplied."

Well! these two brothers had been arrested, with many others, for the murder of Daniel Mara, and the main point now was to procure sufficient evidence to convict them all. It is true Fitzgerald swore quite enough to hong them, and another of the band, named Ryan, had also turned King's evidence, but both being informers, or, as the people call them, 'stags,' there was still a hope cherished by the prisoners and their triends that some other evidence than theirs would be required where so many lives were at tangible evidence has as yet been obtained to indifference that the prisoners in the dock, Walsh stake. It was, therefore, with a sort of dogged and Lacy, appeared to listen to the elaborate statement of the learned counsel for the Crown, and his recapitulation of the evidence which the opportunity of popping a landlord. I see plainly two 'informers' were to give. All at once, however, Mr. Doherty paus d an instant, and then turning towards the dock, held up his hand, and men joined a name—the name of another witness -it was that of the housekeeper and relative of Jack Keogh who had brought food and drink to the murderers whilst they by in wait for their victims, and who had beard all their plans on the previous day at Keogh's house. The mention of her name had a terrible effect on the prisoners. and indeed on all the country people present; her position in the Keogh family being well known. her intimate acquaintance with all the circumstances preceding and succeeding the murder made her a most formidable witness; whilst the thought of her going against 'her people'-for, of course, the evidence that criminated Walsh and Lacy involved the conviction of the young Keoghs and many others-'curses, not loud, but deen, were heard on every side, mingled with expressions of pity for the prisoners. It was here 'oh ! vo! vo! they're done for now, anyhow; there it was 'Well, well, afther that who'll trust any one?' . Their own flesh and blood! oh wara! wirra!' Still it was hoped, and all but believed, that Kate Costelloe would not do so loul a deed, and this hope buoyed up the prisoners and their numerous friends amongst the audience, even whilst the two informers, and other witnesses of ininor details, gave their sworn testimony. At last came the moment when Kate Costelloe was called, and instantly a dead silence fell on the court—the bench—the bar-the dock-the hall-all remained in speechless, breathless suspense, for all alike felt that in all probabability the issue of the trial-the fate samed his story, just as Mr. Esmond and the not only of the prisoners in the dock, but of all who were yet to be placed in it, including, of course, the two Keoghs-all depended on the evidence of this woman. As the moments passed long the murderers might have escaped, were it slowly away, and the death-like hush continued unbroken, and no Kate Costelloe appeared, the well-known leader of the boys,' being take up hopes of the prisoners and their friends rose higher and higher; all eyes were eagerly turned on the door by which the witnesses were introgave such information relative to the murder of duced, and the intensity of suspense was becomthat he should still suffer in his nearest and Daniel Mara-in which, it appeared, he had ing painful even to those least concerned in the dearest, and swore a terrible revenge against his been a principal actor, that several persons were issue-when, all at once, the fatal door opened. and a small female figure closely veiled was seen sons by trade, and moreover, engaged as he had saries to that awful deed. The first brought to to enter, carried, as it were, by two persons who been in the erection of the fatal barracks at trial were two men named Walsh and Lacy, the supported her on either side—she was evidently

Castle-Oliver Mountains, with the magnificent Galtees standing in front of them on the great champaign country nearer to the Rock of Cashel. Dim and far were some of these mountain ranges. yet in the clear atmosphere of the summer-eve, with the rich rays shining down on them, their outlines were clearly visible to Harriet's practised eye. Nearer, in a southerly direction, and more distinctly revealed, were portions of the Knockmeledown and the Monavoilagh mountains, and then back to the base of the Ruck the admiring gaze wandered over the luxuriant plains of Tipperary with all their wealth of wood and water, fruit and blossom, dotted with towns and hamlets, with here and there spacious demesnes Castle, and the picturesque dwellings of the gen-

encircling lordly mansions, such as Effingham try. And bright through these lovely scenes wandered the silvery Suir, winding its way to the distant ocean. It was but a moment and the eye took in all this wondrous panorama of richest bloom and stateliest grandeur, and most luxuriant beauty, and a pensive shade stole over Harriet's thoughtful face as she prepared to rejoin her

ham's voice speaking near her, so near that she started, seeing which the Earl smiled, though his sinile was scarce perceptible. 'What a scene for a painter's eye!' said he glancing over the splendid panorama.

companions. She was arrested by Lord Effing-

'It is, indeed, my lord, a fair scene for painter or for poet,' Harriet replied, 'yet I was just thinking of what an Irish poet has sung of the mouraful associations that sadden our loveliest scenes,' and she repeated that verse of Moore's:

Then if, while scenes so grand, So beautiful, shine before thee, Pride for thine own dear land Should haply be stealing o'er thee, Oh! let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious-Thinking how men hath curs'd What God has made so glorious!'

'Truly it is a fair land,' said the Earl thoughtfally, ' and a fertile land, too, -strange that misery should be the lot of multitudes of its peo-

· To you, Lord Effingham,' said Harriet, with an earnestness of look and tone that surprised her auditor, 'to you, I should think the causes, or rather the cause of this so strange anomaly, might be plainly manifest-but,- she blushed -smiled at her own thought-and said in a tone of assumed levity-' but here I am talking in a way that must give your lordship a poor opinion | A shade fell on Moran's face as he replied, of my modesty-to say the least of it. But the truth is, my lord, that I am somewhat of an enthusiast in my love of this native land of mine, once so great, now so fallen-so rich in memories, so rare in beauty, so pitiable in misfortune.'

" can understand your enthusiasm,' said Lord Effingham; 'perhaps were I, like you, of Irish birth and Irish breeding, I might feel somewhat as you do.'

Harriet was silent a moment, but, as though feeling the silence awkward, she hastily resumed in a somewhat subdued tone-' There, in the vale below us, is Hore Abbey,

once a famous Dominican establishment, and a dependency of the great Abbey of Cashel, the two houses being connected, it is said, by a subterraneous passage; some miles beyond lies Holy Cross, perhaps one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical ruins in the Empire, built by Donogh O'Brien, the warlike King of Munster, for monks of the Cistercian order: beyond that again, away to the northward, on the confines of the Kings County, lies storied Toomavara, where, of old, the Knights Templars had a preceptory, the ruins of which are now barely visible-alas! the soil of Ireland is covered,

'From the centre all round to the sea,' with remains of ancient greatness, attesting her

historic fame.' Lord Effingham's answer, whatever it might have been, was prevented by the approach of Mr. Esmond and the elder ladies, obsequiously followed by Bryan.

' We were looking for you, Effingham,' said Lady Pemberton in her cold, listless tone. ' But Lord Effingham was not looking for us,'

pointedly said the Honorable Mrs. Pakenham. ' Certainly not, Mrs. Thomasme Pakenham ! said the Earl very composedly. 'I was well us. And I was about to observe when you came black cloud of murder and assassination.'

'Very true, my lord, very true,' cordially as-

sented Mr. Esmond.

'And poverty, my lord,' subjoined Moran, who you that the greatest plague of Tipperary is-

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