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## CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK. tale OF Cashel

## by mrs. J. sadier.

chapter v.-mary hennessy ha
It was drawing oowards Christmas, that is
say about the middle of December, when fo say about the ruidule of December, whien four
genllemen sat together orer their wine ia th genitemen sal toget her orer their wine ia the
comprtable duing-rnorn of an oldu-fastioned house in Friar sireet, in thie good city of Cashel. One
of these was Doctor Heanessy, the hoost of the erening the ulher two were Doctor O'Grady gray-barred man of portly presence, whose garb,
as well as his manaer, andicated the priest was, indeed, the parish priest of Cashel, and Dean, moreover, ot the archdocese. A grave times, but at heart the bindest of human belng well. To all the oppressed of the country roun Deah hiothest and proudest of their oppressors seldoon quailed before his scathing rong, and thes indomitable energy will which he delended the rights of the poor and the powerless. Far and
near he was known as the protector of the wido and the orphan, the frienu of the friendless, an the terror ofer raged in the. streets of the ol
fight hat erer
borough was suspended, at least for the lim being, by the sound of the Dean's voice, even the news of his approach. Nay, the rer
children in 'the chapel' were so struck with' awe when at the 'Catectism' on Sunday afternoo de made his appearance amonst then were ted with fear, and the vell-conned answers dred away on their lips as
alongig lie line abrupily questioning each in turat with characteristic abruptness, tapping his to boots the whle with the end of has riding. whip
Yet hoors dear he was to the hearts of bis floch Young and old, the tradutional respect still pat
to his memory, after the lapse of many years, the best and most conviacing proos. The Dea Tras not much given to what are called the pleas
ures of the alile, but he did occasionally enter ures of the table, but he did occasionally enter
tain some of has prucipal parishioners at dinner tain some of has prucipal parishioners at could, accepting they hospmatity in returi
Sich was the reuerable gentlemalus who pied the head of Dr. Heunessy's table that day, a pripilege erargwhere accorded to him, and,
deed, to hest parish priests generally, among their owa parishoners of the middle closs, espe
 bad been of the parif, had retired a little be fore, learing the gentlemun to their politic
ther wine, as Mary laughingly obsersed. ' Now, mind,' said Mary to her brother, open ing the door again for a moment, ' mind, an
don't stay long here, for, you know, the Esinond don't stay long here, for, you know, the Essuond
and Mrs. O'Grady are coming to tea. Excus me, Dean,' she added with a bright smile, ‘I fo got, tor the moment, hat you were, present-
in your hands I leare my request." The Dea mined asseut, and the rogush face ranshed from the door, the owner of it humming ' Di Tani
Palpitj' ' as she and Bella ascended ihe stars arm Palpiti
the youthg ladies 10 amuse thenselr ivals, we will return to the gentlemen in the par lor. Resuming a sabject which had been pre riously under diseussion, Dr. O'Grady said:
'It does strike me as something odd, tha Ct does strike me as something odd, that frequent occurrence in our county than, perhaps, any other in the kingdom. Can you account for it, Dean, you that knows the country so well?
'I account for it in this way,' the Dean ro phed, ' That perliaps there is no county in Tre he people in times past, and, I am sorry to say times present. The natural consequence years, into an ugly iabit or administering justuc hemselves-or what they consider justice-afte
their own wild faslion. They hare long ago ound out that the law is not for thern but thei -excuse me, Mr. Moran-and take vengeance as their motto. It is much to be deplored, unbiediy, but is not the bard-theartedness of the tuation that ho be deplored, and the bimd in All the fearful examples of swift and terribl duce them to trea: their unbappy tenauts hen in their power, with less rigorous severity. I believe you are right,Dean !'sand Dr: O'Gra ver there meren L some such miatuatio own in broad dap-light before several wituesses

$\qquad$
 sword of Danocles - ready to fall at any tho ment?" with a certan solemnity of tone that impressed inghty-or, indeed, at all-murder is always can justify it. Mr. Moran, nay 1 take the liberty of asking why you seem so unusually
grape this erening? Is there anything partiču grare this erening? Is there anything particu
lar coming off at the Sessions $10-\mathrm{morrow}$ thal 'Hear, hear!' from the two doctors, and the gaily saying, 'Cheer up, Phif! cheer up-all'

- Well, I don't know,' said Moran, significantly; ' what or who you may consider in dan-
er, Doctor, but 1 really do beltere there's som ne in danger not many miles from there. Dean ou do me nore or less than justice-I could no
I would, fix ms mind on my pros and cons in an purely professional inatter, where 'the feast command. The fact is, 1 hare been in low hake off a depression that is altogether unusual with me.'
'Nonsense, man,' cried the lively host ;
-- rou're been lislening to Mad Mabel to-day til out with it; aren't we all to be hanged - hanged
by the neck ull we're as tead as-Brian Boby the neck tull we're as dead as-Brian Bo
roimhe ! eh, Phil?' and he assumed a look of comical gravitr th
' You are an macorrigible wag, Maurice!'s said ugb as you may at the absurdity of the thing, confess poor Mabel's jabbering lias disturbed me
more than a hitle this very day.? - Why, how is that, Moran y' inquired the
Dean, more earnestly than might be expected. Moran lcoked round before he answered, Moran loked round before he answered,
see that no serramt ras in rautiug, which having dertaned, he said, I know I may speak it speak. Know, hen, all, that I much fear there
is some mischief brewing in this neighbortiood. He paused and looked froin one to the other

Sundry exclamations at surprise followed, and the Dean begged te

- I an almost astiamed to tell you,? said Phil, lowering lins roice ; and pet I will, for I reet whose prudence and discretion Ihare unbound eu failh. You must know, uen, sirs, that ony
bousekeeper, Honora Quin, is a great favorthe
with poor Mabel, who spends hours together hattering in our kitchen, and crooning her snatches of old songs. Well, to-day she came
early in the forenoon, and remained inost of the day with Honora. By some clance she foun
ber way into the diaing-room while I was a
lunch, and do as I would, I could not get rid of her. You know how lugubrious is her usual
style of talling, poor thing, and usually people syle of talking, poor thing, and usually people
do not much nind her, fortunately for themselves but to-day she let fall words again and as 'Ha, ba, ha !' laugbed Hennessy; ' well, that
is rich-Mad Mavel's words arrest a elanser's thention. After that, we need wonder at nothing, surely.
'You may laugh, Maurice Hencessy, but cannot, I assure Jou.
'Pray go on, Mr. Morat,' satd the Dean very your 2pprebension ?',
'They were these'-and Moran's roree again sank to a scarcely audible whisper-' Ould Es-
moond nuwst be shat!' 'Good God P' exclained the Dean in horror
ad amazement, while the blanched faces of the two doctars showed that the words had a tremendous meaning even on the lips of a maniac.
- These words, you will all allow, were quite sufcelent to startle any sane man having any know ledge of certain inatters,'
'Undoubtedly, Moran, undoubtedlg-but what more dill you gather from the unhappy creature's ravings?
'Not much, my dear Deapn, except that the requent mentiou of Holy Cross Abbey; and tweive o'clock at night, might lead us to suppose some connection-or give some clue to the naa-
ner iu which the unfortune girl came to bear such ner su which the unforune gir came to bear such
ominous words-if hear them she did.'.
Here the door was suddenly thrown open, and

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1863

Mary Hennessy entered, followed by Bella, boll sarching glance around the room.
'He is not here, then', sald Mary, pale a
wath, I told you so, Bella-I told you that was nothing earthly
'Why, Mary,
cried her brother ; Moran, atmost as wale yous her ?
self, fixed his eyes on her with anxious scrutiny said nothing-' who are you looking for ?'
'Harry Esmond,' said Bella, answering for her nd. "Has he not been here?"
'Why, of course not,' cried Dr. Hennessy the dence put that in your heads, you pars of
'Tell him, Bella $-I$ can't 1 ' said Mary, sinking eavily on a chair- 'Not bere? " she repeated,
not here!?" luer vorce becoming fainter and faintnot here ?'. Her vorce becoming faiuter and faint 'My dear young ladies', satd the Dean, ' win
you tell us what it is that has disturbed you you seem quite agitated.'
'It would be strange if we were bot,' sald Bella, 'considering what we have seen.'
'Well, well,' cried Hennessy, ' what did you
say? Your own shadows on the wall, I dare
Doctor, said Bella with solemn earnestof them could take the likeness of Harry Es-
${ }^{\text {'Harry }}$ Emmond! nonsense-begging your pardon, Bella - Bu: how was it, Miss Le Poer? said Dr. Harry ?' was it young Harry you saw or ond
'Young Harry. We wete sitting chatting by the fire in the drawing-room, I with my back to-
wards the door, when all at once Marg called out, I declare there's Harry! Come, come none of your tricks, now. You shan't frighten
us this tume- where's. Henrielta? lead, aud, sure enough, there stood Harry Esmond looking in at lle, door, which he helu halt-
mpen. The light of the fire slone full on his opel. The light of the fire slone full on his
face, and I thought I uerer saw him look so grare. That, however, did not surprise me,
knowing wiat perfect cominand be lias of his
features, and supposing bion bent on frightening features,
us girs.
'Did
©
© Speak, Mr. Morau! no, indeed, he did not. Mr. Hennessy burst mito a lou'l laugh. 'OI
course he did not-I know well it was a shadow ou saw. One of those dim, nacertan shadows, One of the poets-Cowper, I thank, describe them most graphically,' - and be recited, wni
Hearical enphasis, tlicse lines trom ' Whe 'Task'

## Tho ploning benrth may Entisfy awaile


Dancing uncoutbly to the quivering flame.'
'I admire your smariness, Doctor!' said Bella coldly, ' but such was not our shadow, seeing dance couthly or uncouthly-but when Mary and I ran to the door, the figure gladed away be-
core us with a slow and noiseless step, we following all the way, thll it opened the dinng room along the tall, for she would hare it that it was it was Harry himseli, playing off one of hus prac ucal jokes at our expense. But if none of you
saw lum come in here, whereas we both saw him nter the room, then the case is clear-it way
his fetch we sars, beliere it who may or may hot fetch we sas, beliere it who may or mas other gentlemer. looked at each other in silence, probabiy connecting this singular apparition with certanly very strange,' he repeated, 'but still young ladies, 1 cannot help hallug ination. Pro bably you had been talking of grave subjects, if
not of supernatural appearances -coine now, was that the case?
'I solemnly assure you it was not,' rephed the young lady, ' on the contrary, Dean, we were merry as possble, and talking of something that
made us both laugb heartily. Were we not, ${ }^{\text {Mary }}$
no use cour:e we were, mp dear; but there no use sajing any more about this affair. of $1 t$-Heurretu, especially, for I knoir it would trighten her dreadfully. The more so, on a
count of our seeing the felch after dark, which you know, is said to denote death to the person so seen. My God!' and she passed ber hand
orer ber. brow, as one who would : dispel some
The gentleme
The gentlemen were unwilling to admit, even ance ; they would fain bave laughed the girls ou of their conceit, but somehow noue of them felt


