THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

A TALE OF CASHEL.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER V. -- MARY HENNESSY HAS A VISIT AND BRYAN ANOTHER.

It was drawing towards Christmas, that is to say about the middle of December, when four gentlemen sat together over their wine in the comfortable dining-room of an old-fashioned house in Friar street, in the good city of Cashel. One of these was Doctor Hennessy, the host of the evening, the other two were Doctor O'Grady and Attorney Moran, while the fourth was a tall, gray-haired man of portly presence, whose garb, as well as his manner, indicated the priest. He was, indeed, the parish priest of Cashel, and a Dean, moreover, of the archdiocese. A grave and reverend man he was, stern enough, too, at times, but at heart the kindest of human beings, as the poor of Cashel and its vicinity knew full well. To all the oppressed of the country round Dean M'Dermott was a tower of strength, for the highest and proudest of their oppressors not seldom quailed before his scathing mony, and the indomitable energy with which he defended the fight that ever raged in the streets of the old borough was suspended, at least for the time being, by the sound of the Dean's voice, or even the news of his approach. Nay, the very children in 'the chapel' were so struck with awe when at the 'Catechism' on Sunday afternoon he made his appearance amongst them that their tongues were tied with fear, and the well-conned answers died away on their lips as he passed along the line abruptly questioning each in turn with characteristic abruptness, tapping his topboots the while with the end of his riding-whip. Yet how dear he was to the hearts of his flock, young and old, the traditional respect still paid to his memory, after the lapse of many years, is the best and most convincing proof. The Dean was not much given to what are called the pleasures of the table, but he did occasionally entertain some of his principal parishioners at dinner, and could not refuse, perhaps would not if he could, accepting their hospitality in return.

their own parishioners of the middle class, espe- He paused and looked from one to the other, cially where the guests are but few and all of as if almost uncertain whether he ought to prothe same circle, as was the case on that occa- ceed. sion. Mary Hennessy and Bella Le Poer, who had been of the party, had retired a little before, leaving the gentlemen to their politics and ran rested his opinion. their wine, as Mary laughingly observed.

'Now, mind,' said Mary to her brother, opengot, for the moment, that you were present-so in arm.

lor. Resuming a subject which had been previously under discussion, Dr. O'Grady said:

'It does strike me as something odd, that these agrarian murders, so to speak, are of more 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 replied, 'that perhaps there is no county in Ireland where so little justice has been dealt out to in times present. The natural consequence is your apprehension? that the oppressed have fallen, in the lapse of themselves—or what they consider justice—after | mond must be shot! their own wild fashion. They have long ago found out that the law is not for them but their as their motto. It is much to be deplored, undoubtedly, but is not the hard-heartedness of the ficient to startle any sane man having any knowlandlords also to be deplored, and the bind infatuation that hurries them on to their doom ?-All the fearful examples of swift and terrible more did you gather from the unhappy creature's revenge which their own eyes have seen will not ravings?

down in broad day-light before several witnesses, ominous words—if hear them she did."

'For my part,' said the host, 'I only wonder | Mary Hennessy entered, followed by Bella, both | fain have concealed one from the other. The | stingy at times, and as cross as an ould cat, savthere aren't more of the landlords shot. Upon girls strangely excited, as they threw an eager, Dean proposed that they should adjourn to the ing your presence, sir ! my word and bonor I do! and I think the 'Tips,' bloody and all as they are, are not half so bad as people make them out-if they were, do you death, I told you so, Bella-I told you that was think Will Gartland would have died in his bed ? nothing earthly. -or-others, we know have escaped so long, with so many curses hanging over them like the cried her brother; Moran, almost as pale as hersword of Damocles-ready to fall at any mo-

'Take care, Doctor, take care,' said the Dean with a certain solemnity of tone that impressed the others; 'such subjects are not to be treated lightly-or, indeed, at all-murder is always heinous in the sight of God, and no circumstances can justify it. Mr. Moran, may I take the liberty of asking why you seem so unusually grave this evening? Is there anything particular coming off at the Sessions to-morrow that you are meditating a speech-come, how is it?'

'Hear, hear!' from the two doctors, and the younger pushed the decanter towards Moran, gaily saying, 'Cheer up, Phil! cheer up-all's not lost that's in danger, you know!'

'Well, I don't know,' said Moran, significantly; 'what or who you may consider in danger, Doctor, but I really do believe there's some one in danger not many miles from here. Dean, rights of the poor and the powerless. Far and you do me more or less than justice-I could not, near he was known as the protector of the widow if I would, fix my mind on my pros and cons in and the orphan, the friend of the friendless, and any purely professional matter, where 'the feast the terror of the wicked. The fiercest faction of reason and the flow of soul' are both at my command. The fact is, I have been in low spirits all day, and cannot, for the life of me, shake off a depression that is altogether unusual with me.'

'Nonsense, man,' cried the lively host;you've been listening to Mad Mabel to-day till you're got her notions in your head-come, now, out with it; aren't we all to be hanged - hanged by the neck till we're as dead as-Brian Boroimhe! eh, Phil?' and he assumed a look of comical gravity that made every one smile, even the lawyer himself.

'You are an incorrigible wag, Maurice!' said Moran, still in the same grave tone; 'butlaugh as you may at the absurdity of the thing, I confess poor Mabel's jabbering has disturbed me more than a little this very day.

'Why, how is that, Moran?' inquired the Dean, more earnestly than might be expected.

Moran looked round before he answered, to see that no servant was in waiting, which having Such was the renerable gentleman who occu- ascertained, he said, 'I know I may speak in pied the head of Dr. Hennessy's table that day, this company with perfect safety what I have to a privilege everywhere accorded to him, and, in speak. Know, then, all, that I much fear there deed, to Irish parish priests generally, amongst is some mischief brewing in this neighborhood.

Sundry exclamations of surprise followed, and the Dean begged te know on what grounds Mo-

'I am almost ashamed to tell you,' said Phil, lowering his voice; and yet I will, for I feel ing the door again for a moment, 'mind, and anxious to impart my harassing thoughts to those don't stay long here, for, you know, the Esmonds in whose prudence and discretion I have unboundand Mrs. O'Grady are coming to tea. Excuse ed faith. You must know, then, sirs, that my me, Dean,' she added with a bright smile, 'I for | housekeeper, Honora Quin, is a great favorite with poor Mabel, who spends hours together in your bands I leave my request.' The Dean chattering in our kitchen, and crooning her smiled assent, and the roguish face vanished from snatches of old songs. Well, to-day she came the door, the owner of it humming 'Di Tanti early in the forenoon, and remained most of the Palpiti' as she and Bella ascended the stairs arm | day with Honora. By some chance she found her way into the dining-room while I was at Leaving the young ladies to amuse themselves | lunch, and do as I would, I could not get rid of in the drawing room, pending the expected ar- her. You know how lugubrious is her usual rivals, we will return to the gentlemen in the par- style of talking, poor thing, and usually people do not much mind her, fortunately for themselves but to-day she let fall words again and again which could not fail to arrest my attention.

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Hennessy; 'well, that is rich-Mad Mabel's words arrest a lawyer's attention. After that, we need wonder at noth-

ing, surely.'
'You may laugh, Maurice Hennessy, but I

cannot, I assure you. 'Pray go on, Mr. Moran,' said the Dean very the people in times past, and, I am sorry to say, gravely- what were the words that excited

'They were these'-and Moran's voice again years, into an ugly habit or administering justice sank to a scarcely audible whisper- Ould Es-

'Good God ! exclaimed the Dean in horror and amazement, while the blanched faces of the oppressors - therefore, they fling it to the winds two doctors showed that the words had a tre--excuse me, Mr. Moran-and take vengeance mendous meaning even on the lips of a maniac. These words, you will all allow, were quite suf-

> ledge of certain matters.3 'Undoubtedly, Moran, undoubtedly-but what

when in their power, with less rigorous severity. frequent mention of Holy Cross Abbey, and hideous dream. ' Not much, my dear Dean, except that the 'I believe you are right, Dean !' said Dr. O'Gra- twelve o'clock at night, might lead us to suppose dy; 'if there weren't some such infatuation some connection-or give some clue to the manover them, surely the fate, of Chadwick, shot, ner in which the unfortune girl came to hear such

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searching glance around the room.

'He is not here, then,' said Mary, pale as

'Why, Mary, what's the matter with you?' self, fixed his eyes on her with auxious scrutiny, but said nothing—' who are you looking for ?'
'Harry Esmond,' said Bella, answering for her

friend. 'Has he not been here?'

'Why, of course not,' cried Dr. Hennessy, with a very poor attempt at cheerfulness; ' what the deuce put that in your heads, you pair of have him up stairs for the evening?" goslings?

'Tell him, Bella-I can't !' said Mary, sinking heavily on a chair- 'Not here !' she repeated, inner man. How lucky it was that he came just ' not here !". her voice becoming fainter and fainter; 'well, that is something strange.'

'My dear young ladies,' said the Dean, 'will you tell us what it is that has disturbed you you seem quite agitated.'

'It would be strange if we were not,' said Bella, 'considering what we have seen.' 'Well, well,' cried Hennessy, 'what did you

see? Your own shadows on the wall, I dare 'No, Doctor,' said Bella with solemn earnestness, 'it was not our own shadows-except either

of them could take the likeness of Harry Es-'Harry Esmond! nonsense-begging your

pardon, Bella---' But how was it, Miss Le Poer?' said Dr.

O'Grady, ' was it young Harry you saw or old Harry ?

'Young Harry. We were sitting chatting by the fire in the drawing-room, I with my back towards the door, when all at once Mary called all in glow after his evening ride through the True for your reverence-where would they out, 'I declare there's Harry! Come, come, frosty air, and his brown silken hair, slightly dis- go to?' said a deep voice so close to the horse's none of your tricks, now. You shan't frighten ordered, was carelessly thrown back from off side that the priest started. The might was us this time-where's Henrietta?' I turned my head, and, sure enough, there stood Harry Esmond looking in at the door, which he held haltopen. The light of the fire shone full on his well formed withal and firmly set, whilst the steps. face, and I thought I never saw him look so face, decidedly handsome, after the Saxon rather grave. That, however, did not surprise me, knowing what perfect command he has of his features, and supposing him bent on frightening

us girls.' 'Did he not speak ?'

'Speak, Mr. Moran! no, indeed, he did not.' course he did not-I know well it was a shadow you saw. One of those dim, nacertain shadows, which are only seen by fire-light. Ha, ha, ha! One of the poets—Cowper, I think, describes them most graphically,'—and be recited, with theatrical emphasis, those lines from 'The Task': | bably hearing the gentlemen in the hall.

'But we perhaps The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits

Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.' 'I admire your smartness, Doctor!' said Bella coldly, 'but such was not our shadow, seeing that it was not uplifted to the ceiling,' no did it dance couldly or uncouthly-but when Mary and I ran to the door, the figure glided away before us with a slow and noiseless step, we following all the way, till it opened the dining-room door and walked in. I had to support Mary along the hall, for she would have it that it was Harry's Fetch we saw, whilst I maintained that it was Harry himself, playing off one of his practical jokes at our expense. But if none of you saw him come in here, whereas we both saw him enter the room, then the case is clear-it was his fetch we saw, believe it who may or may

not! 'It is very strange,' said the Dean, whilst the other gentlemen looked at each other in silence, probably connecting this singular apparition with the dark revealings of Mabel's madness. 'It is certainly very strange,' he repeated, 'but still, young ladies, I cannot help thinking that it might be the effect of some mental hallucination. Probably you had been talking of grave subjects, if not of supernatural appearances -come now, was Mary Hennessy's hand be missed the brilliant that the case ?'

'I solemnly assure you it was not,' replied the young lady, 'on the contrary, Dean, we were as merry as possible, and talking of something that well? he asked. made us both laugh heartily. Were we not. Mary?

'Of course we were, my dear; but there is no use saying any more about this affair. I of it-Henrietta, especially, for I know it would fied. frighten her dreadfully. The more so, on account of our seeing the fetch after dark, which, you know, is said to denote death to the person so seen. My God!' and she passed her hand over her brow, as one who would dispel some

The gentlemen were unwilling to admit, even tacitly, the supernatural character of the appearance; they would fain have laughed the girls out of their conceit, but somehow none of them felt day I'd forget you, anyhow. But to tell you He knocked at the door, and Bryan himself ং মনুমানীকৈ, এটা হৈছিল এক জিলা জিলাকৈ চুল্ল কৰা মিলাকৈ কিন্তিৰ সকলা কিন্তুৰ কৰিছিল। এক চুলুক্ত জিলাক কৰিছিল হৈছিল। কৰিছিল কৰিছিল কৰিছিল জন্ম কৰিছিল।

drawing-room with the ladies, a motion which was eagerly adopted. Moran drew Mary's arm under his, and Hennessy, bowing with mock ceremony to Bella, asked with a dandified lisp if he might be allowed the unparalleled honor of escorting her up stairs.

RONICLE.

'Just for this once,' said the saucy girl with an air of haughty condescension.

'Well this once is all I ask-now,' said the merry doctor, 'but-hillo! there's music-Shaun the piper, as I live never came piper in better time. What say you, fair ladies! shall we not

'Of course we will, Maurice,' said his sister, after he has had some needful comfort for the

'And how soon he let you know of his arrival,' When the venerable clergyman mounted his said Morgan. 'The jolly old dog! what a horse at the door, Dr. Hennessy, from the steps, budget of fun he is, to be sure—and what fun he called ont Safe home, Dean, God be with can squeze out of those pipes of his. There's you! And the Dean answered, 'Your wish is 'The Rocky Road to Dublin' for us-won't we a good one, Doctor, and I thank you! fare you trip it on the light fantastic toe by and by-that | well!' is with the Dean's permission."

'My permission would not be wanting, Mr. Moran, were I here, but the fact is, I must be at home before your dancing will be likely to commence. I have something to do this even-

ing that cannot be deferred.'

Moran looked anxiously in his face; so did Dr. O'Grady, and a meaning glance was exchanged between the three. Nothing more was said, however, and just at that moment a loud miserable but. All was dark and silent as the knock at the hall-door announced the arrival of grave. the expected visitors. A moment and the full, rich voice of Harry Esmond sounded cheerily in thalf aloud; 'can they have left here? And yet the hall, in cordial greeting. His fine face was where would they go to?' ordered, was carelessly thrown back from off side that the priest started. The might was one temple, leaving the outline of his head and pitch dark, rendering objects invisible at any disface clearly confined. It was a fine head, not tance, and a thin cont of snow lay on the ground exactly indicative of the highest intelligence, but sufficient to hide the sound of approaching footthan the Celtic type, was expressive of everything frank, monly and generous. He was tall -that is to say, rather above the middle height, the one o' me knows a thing about them - its with a figure uniting strength and grace to a de- like they took to the road, at last, the crathurs

gree rarely seen. Whom have you here, Maurice ?' said Esmond help they got now and then from one and an-Mr. Hennessy burst into a low! laugh. 'Of as he hang his coat in the hall. 'I am delighted other.' to see, or rather to hear, that you have Shaun the piper for one individual. How the fellow does bang off that merriest of tunes!' meaning "The Wind that Shakes the Barley, which me well, anyhow; sure it was yourself that Shaun was then giving out in glorious style, pro-

> 'That's so like you, Harry,' said his friend, catching, as he always did, the gushing gaiety that came spontaneously from Esmond's heart. You asked me a question, and rambled on to does, it's ould Bryan Cullan-Bryney the Rock, something else without waiting for an answer.-We have only Moran and O'Grady, and Miss Le Poer-that is for the evening-the Dean Bryan's little place -- it's only a step from dined with us, but I am sorry to say he cannot here.' remain much longer. He has some business to attend to at home. Your aunt and uncle are coming, though, and my flame, of course.'

'Your flame-I should like to know who that is—eli, Maurice?"

'Why, Aunt Vinegar, to be sure-I beg a thousand a year-I mean Aunt Winifred.

'Well, well, mocking's catching, my fine fellow; you'll have a flame some of these days, am to see you on a fool's errand!

take my word for it, cool as you are now.' 'And pray how cool is that, Master Wiseacre ?

'A few degrees above Zero anyhow.'

They entered the drawing-room, at one door, as pretty Mrs. Esmond, with Mary and Bella, entered at another. It was hard for the girls to look at Harry Esmond with anything like composure, remembering what they had seen, yet they managed to conceal their feelings tolerably well on the whole. Yet when Esmond took sinile that had often cheered his heart, and start- a window, and it so happened that, approaching ing he looked in her face.

Mary -Mary Hennessy are you quite, quite

'Quite, quite well !' she answered forcing a

Harry shook his head-took her two hands in his-and looked at her more earnestly, then should not like either Harry or Henrietta to hear sighed and turned away, evidently not satis-

> Before the elder Esmonds made their appearance, the Dean retired, much to the regret of the company, after exchanging a few pleasant words with Shaun who was by that time installed and she seems quite at home. Surely the old on the wide lobby near the drawing-room man cannot know he may, though, for he is a

When are you coming to our house, Shaun? Wisha, long life to your reverence, it's an ill strange! W

· Pool, pool, man; never mind Mrs. Dwyer -when she's out of humor, laugh her into it and as to the stinginess,' he laughed good naturedly, 'we can easily manage that. Be sure you come, now, before you leave the neighborhood, for I want to hear some of the old airs that no one in Tipperary can play like you.

Glory to you, Father McDermot; its myself'il give you the best in the pipes. I'd be over, your reverence, some day this week, God willing, an' I'll make a day of it when I do go, if it was only to spite Mrs. Dwyer.' So saying, Shaun struck up 'The Priest in His Boots' as the Dean descended the staus with his host, and the other gentlemen clapped their hands, crying, Bravo! Shaun, bravo! that was well-timed, anylow!

It was not homeward the Dean turned his horse's head; following Friar street a little farther, he turned off in the direction of the Rockgate, and rode slowly along carefully noting the cabins on either side, till at last, seeming to have found the one he wanted, he stopped at the door and without alighting, knocked several times with the butt end of his whip. No sound came from within, no light was seen to glimmer in the

. This is strange!' said the Dean to himself

But they are gone-that is clear,' said the Dean, 'perhaps you can tell where to?'

· Is it me, your reverence? oh, bad cess to -sure it's starvin' they wor here, for all the

And pray who are you that seem to know so much about their affar s?

Oh begorra, your reverence ought to know christened me.'

. Yes, but that don't answer my question as to who you are?

· Does anybody hereabouts know where they are gone to ! Well, your reverence, if anybody you know-himself and themselves were as great as pickpockets. I'll show your reverence

. If you don't tell me this instant who you are, said the Dean sternly, 'I'll lay my whip over your shoulders. What's your name, I say, and where do you live? As for Bryan's nottage, I can find it out myself."

Well, in regard to the whip, now, I'd be sorry to put your reverence to so much trouble, so I'll be bidding you good night, an' it's sorry I

What do you mean, you rascal?' said the Dean, waxing wroth, and carrying out his threat at the same time, as he thought. But his whip only fell on empty space, and a low mocking laugh sounded in his ears as if from the rear of one of the adjacent cabins.

Muttering to himself 'What a change tyrannical oppression will make in a man or a people!' the Dean took his horse by the bridle and went straight to Bryan's cottage, which was only a few yards distant. A light was dimly visible through the solitary pane of glass that served for the door, the Dean cast a glance on the interior. What was it that fixed his eye, and made him look long and earnestly? The only figure visible was that of Cauth, who sat sewing near the stand that held the 'rosm-slut,'-as the peasantry call the resin candle. Bryan, if there at all, was concealed by the jamb-wall.

A thrill of some strange emotion passed through the stalwart frame of the priest as he gazed on that shrivelled hag, for such she seemed, and he said to himself: 'Merciful Providence! how came she in Bryan's cottage?singular man in his way, and might do such a thing. Well, unless be speaks of it himself, I -you're forgetting us altogether these times. will not, that is certain! But it is very, very

would alone be a sufficient warning to them. Here the door was suddenly thrown open, and disposed to laugh, though even that they would the truth, your reverence, Mrs Dwyer is mighty, came to open it. Great was the old man's sur-

Politicants of the consistent and burge