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ROSE TYRRELL.

A TALE OF FRUSTRATED REVENGE.

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CHAPTER IV.

In our last chapter we broke the thread of the story with a short episode. Our reader will find, however, that it will serve him materially in understanding the desperate malignity in the subsequent conduct of Jonas. That villain when he left the garden gate of the Tyrrel Cottage, left it with a heart as bitterly hostile to the family as to any of the rest of the villagers who had never shown him a courtesy.

The scene which had passed between him and Rose in the little arbor, rankled like poison in his bosom, and all along the way to the lighthouse, he kept muttering to himself the menacing words with which he had left the maiden.— 'Ah! I will take care of that.'

He now stood at a loophole in the tower looking out over the dark mass of waters, that raged and beat against the base of his rocky mansion, as if it would sweep it from its foundations. His prediction about the weather had been verified, for his sailor's craft had perceived the threatenings of the storm in the summer sky, long before the simple villagers had any intimation of it.— Had a less intelligent mind than Rose's heard it, Jonas might have received the credit of raising the infernal clangor that now raged, for his own evil purpose, certainly it served his design as well as if he had possessed the power of doing so. A loud laugh broke from his lips as he turned away his head from the little window. It was a hideous sound, something between a hiss and a hoarse croak.

'Ha! ha! ha!' he chuckled, 'how the little doll face will be disappointed. I wonder how she will like my joke. Ha! ha! ha! it is so good to think of it, may be the little mix is dreaming of 'my Walter,' now, while I am waiting up to receive him. Ha! ha! ha! to see it one would say I thought more of him than she does. Ha! if she could see the meeting I am preparing for them she would wish she had never joked with Jonas.'

As the recollection of his contemptuous refusal recurred to him, the half satirical look disappeared, and the face settled into one of the bitterest hatred. He went back to his post at the window, and with shaded eye, gazed once more long and eagerly out in the darkness. He could see to a long distance by the reflection of the beacon above him upon the water, and this night it burned with unusual brilliancy. His anxiety, however, was not rewarded by what he wished for. Not a speck could be seen upon the waves as far as the eye could pierce; and looking at the sea lashed into fury, one would have deemed it almost madness to trust the strongest bark on its bosom. But Jonas seemed to have a premonition like that of the weather that what he was looking for was sure to arrive. Going to a closet in one corner he took out of it a telescope, richly mounted, but the mountings of which had been tarnished in many parts, as if from want of care. Certainly it was no suitable appurtenance for the chamber in which it was found, and wherever Jonas got possession of it, we may fairly presume it was no part of the lighthouse equipment when the situation there changed hands. Opening it carefully, he sat down on a stool, and screwing off the glasses, commenced rubbing them with his coat sleeve.

'A very pretty piece,' he soliloquized, 'and one I've no doubt that the owner prized highly till I made prize of it along with the other valuables in the yacht. I remember that was a rich haul. We had to throw the poor gentleman overboard, it was so hard to get him to part with them.'

'Ha! what was that,' said he, starting from his seat, and involuntarily thrusting the glass behind him. 'I thought I heard a foot on the stairs. It must have been the wind. Ha! ha! Jonas, said he, trying to laugh off the very uncomfortable feeling the noise, whatever it was, had caused him, 'and one would think you had never been from shore, to let a gust of wind unsettle you that way,' and he went over and put a black bottle to his lips—two or three minutes elapsing before he withdrew it.

This seemed to restore him, for in a second all trace of his recent emotion disappeared, and his face resumed its old look of malignity.— Hastily screwing the glasses on the tube, he put it back in its place, and took down another in an old leather casing from a shelf.

'Ah, that fits handier,' he said, and his rough fingers seemed evidently to feel themselves more at home on the leather than they did on the costly curving. 'I must put that other thing away,' he continued. 'It may tell tales on me yet. And yet who comes up here but myself?'

Something seemed to startle him again, for he stopped and glowered round the room with a

fierce look, and then seeing nothing to justify his fears, went on. 'It must be worth a hundred pounds, and it was because it was so valuable I was going to use it, for it would match well with the rich revenge I am going to have.'

Whatever had changed his whim with regard to the telescope, it was apparent he had not changed his malicious intention. That gleamed out as fiendishly as ever from his ugly countenance. Again he went to the window and looked out, but still with the same disappointed anxious air. Placing the telescope to his eye, he swept it round several times in the direction in which he seemed to expect what he was looking for.

Several times he repeated this action, each time dropping the glass with a half muttered curse at his continued ill luck.

'What if he should not be coming after all,' said he, the thought seeming to strike him for the first time. 'By Jove,' he cried, walking across the floor rapidly as the irritating notion took deeper hold 'I would give fifty pounds to have him under my eye now.'

'But the fellow will come,' he ejaculated again after a pause, in which he seemed to have been mentally arguing the question with himself. 'He has been always punctual to the day, fellows in his state never break their promises, the adulated fools. Aye, he may as well come, for if I have waited and watched in vain this night, it will be only to meet him somewhere else, and make the thing surer.'

It was strange, almost unaccountable, the sudden desperate hatred excited in his heart against Walter McEvoy. Could it be that he had ever received any offence at the hands of the man, or that he classed him in the category of the rest of the villagers between whom and himself there was a social gulf that had never been passed by either. But Walter had been away most of the time, and knew nothing more of the village likes and dislikes than what he heard of them. It was not certain even that he shared the resentment which his father naturally felt against the man 'who had come in between him and his daily bread,' to use the old man's expression. Nothing but Rose's conduct then could account for this sudden resolve of his to take the life of one who had never offended him. He felt that the loss of Walter would be a keener agony to her than any personal revenge he might take on herself.

A flash of lightning gleamed through the window. It seemed to have revealed something to the villain, short as it was, for he waited eagerly for another flash in an attitude of the most intense expectation. It came in a few minutes, and what he saw by it appeared to satisfy him, for the dark scowl disappeared from his brow, and a look of gratified malice succeeded.

'Coming at last,' he said, 'I would know that craft in a thousand. It's a good sailor that holds the helm there, but his skill will avail him nothing to-night,' and he looked up at the beacon. 'But I must be making ready.'

Taking down an old can, he proceeded to replenish the lamp with oil although it had received a fresh supply on that evening. He then raised up the wick with the point of an old scissors, trimming it with the same instrument.— The flame leaped up with increased brilliancy at this, and cast a still brighter reflection out over the water. This was evidently what he wanted, for taking his old telescope in hand, Jonas drew over a stool to the window, and prepared for the look-out. The vessel that he got a glimpse of by the aid of the lightning could now be seen pretty distinctly with the glass about three miles distant hugging the rocky shore with almost dangerous familiarity, and riding the waves like an inhabitant of the deep.

The coast as it came near the village was full of small indentations that looked like an entrance to a harbor, and the deception was only apparent when the vessel came abreast of the supposed passage. It was then seen that the water entered but a few rods within, and it could be seen chafing and foaming against the rugged walls as if fighting for an outlet.

Had a small vessel entered any of these unconsciously on this night a few minutes would have sufficed to dash it to pieces. The real harbor had much the same appearance as the rest, only it was a little larger, but this was its only advantage, for the passage within was a most perilous one. It was on this account that the lighthouse had been stationed at it, as much to distinguish the genuine harbor from the mock ones as to enable the vessel to take its way safely through the intricate channel.

As the little coaster referred to came more directly under the rays of the beacon two figures on its deck became perceptible. The one who had hold of the helm, and who took the duty it seemed of guiding the vessel, was a man about forty, stout, and weather-beaten about the face. He was evidently the captain and crew in one person. His companion was a young man of about twenty years, with his face half concealed

under a thick bearskin cap, though not so much but one could perceive that he had a manly handsome countenance. Although not clad in the garb of a sailor, neither the stormy elements overlaid nor the raging waves around him seemed to produce in him any timidity. Whatever concern he showed could be easily accounted for as he was rapidly nearing the spot where all he held dear on earth were gathered. Of course it was no one else but Walter. Occasionally he threw out a few questions to the man at the helm, but his thoughts seemed to be intent upon one object, and after a few words of interrogatory and answer, he always returned to silence. In fact, there was not much room for a long conversation, for they were now approaching the inlet, and the helmsman began to put on a deeper look of solicitude at the coming danger.

All this time Jonas was watching the coaster through the glass, and even his unnatural malice could not repress nautical exclamations of delight at the way the vessel was managed.

'By the Bay of Biscay, but she rides it well! There! she mounted that wave like a feather. I thought it would have swept her deck. By—I wish it had, it would have saved some trouble. That's the young chap, I suppose, at the gunwale. He faces it bravely, but I reckon he'll have worse than that to face in a few minutes.'

They were now at the edge of the inlet. The entrance was clearly and distinctly defined from the lighthouse. Two or three masses of white foam were also perceptible further in the passage. These were the hidden shoals through which the vessel had to warily pass before it reached the securer channel within.

Jonas watched it breathlessly as the little craft flew round into the rocky opening. Each moment seemed an hour to him till it should reach the belt of hidden rocks, for that was the point he designated as most suitable for his murderous purpose. The agitation of his mind was perceptible in every feature, in every fibre of his frame. He had thrown away the glass, and now stood gazing out at his doomed victims with the naked eye, which seemed to gloat over the wreck of the unfortunate craft, as if it had been already made. The perspiration stood upon his brow in large drops, and trickled down his seamed face unnoticed. There was a sort of devilish phrenzy in his eyes that showed the fiery working of the soul within, and as the moment of his revenge drew near, the villain fairly trembled with excitement.

Two minutes more and the vessel would be treading its devious path through the hidden rocks. Jonas could see Walter draw closer to his companion, and see the old man tighten his grip on the wheel; could see the ship quiver as it touched the boiling eddy, and then springing forward to where the lamp was looking with a beaming, benign eye upon the voyagers, he extinguished the light in an instant.

A loud shriek broke through the chamber at the same moment, and as Jonas turned round, terror stricken at the sound, a figure in white stood before him with both arms outstretched, with one hand pointing at the lamp and at him with the other.

At this apparition the guilty wretch seemed to be transfixed with horror. Happening, as it did, when his mind was almost beyond the control of reason, it is no wonder if it should have sent that faculty flying from its seat. With the yell of a demon he rushed to the door, and down the stairs, and far out into the dismal night, till the eye could no longer discern him—a raging maniac.

CHAPTER V.

The morning broke with a more beautiful and innocent aspect, as if entirely unconscious of the terrible tragedy that had been going on the night before. A perfect calm was spread over the whole scene where lately such a riotous tumult raged; and the air fell upon the cheek with as balmy a breath as if it had not been bellying through the night like all bedlam. The sea, too, had the same assumed look of innocence and patted the rocks gently with its waves, as if to soothe their fretted nature at being lashed so unmercifully during the tempest.

Only in one place was there any commotion—that was the village; there all was excitement, hurry, and confusion. People hurrying to and fro from house to house, proclaimed the occurrence of something extraordinary, and the anxious faces at door and window everywhere one passed told that it was something in which all took no little interest.

Two persons are approaching each other on the principal road of the village. The one is a dapper little fellow of fifty years, perhaps, if we judge by his hair, which is long and white, but not more than half that if we only take his light, springing step and good-humored face as an index. He carries a cane more for dignity's sake than any actual need of it, and at present he has it stuck under arm, as if it was an incumbrance to carry it in the ordinary way.

The other individual is old Mr. Tyrrell, and it is plain that he partakes of the general feeling, for anxiety is written in every feature.

'Why, what's this I hear?' said the little man as the two men met, 'Rose not to be found! Tell me all about it here till I get a breath or two, for I've been walking as if for a wager all the way,' and the little man pulled out his handkerchief and commenced mopping his face vigorously.

'Well, I don't know what to think of it, your Reverence. You see, the girl was in the greatest trouble all last night about Walter coming home, and we all sat up long after bedtime watching for him. This morning when her mother went up to her room to see how she was, there was nothing to be seen of her. The lamp was burning in her little oratory, as if she had left before daylight, and her cloak was gone.'

'But what on earth could have brought her out on such a night?' said the little man, who was no other than old Father Hanlon.

'I can't say, indeed,' replied Rose's father, 'except that the poor girl's mind was turned with the terrible night, and thinking of the lad's being exposed to it.'

'Oh, tut!' said the clergyman, 'I could hardly believe that. I know Rose as well as I know myself, and that she would never give way to so weak a feeling. It must be something else.'

'What! you don't think she could be taken away by any one, do you?' said Mr. Tyrrell, eagerly.

'No, no,' said the other; 'but there's something queer about it you'll find, depend upon it. But where are you going?'

'I was just going up to your Reverence's to tell you about it and get your advice.'

'Well, you see, I am informed before hand, and now my advice is that you go home as fast as you can, and ten to one you'll find her there before you.'

'Well but Father, we looked?'

'There was no occasion for looking at all,' said the Priest, interrupting him. 'Rose took a notion in her head to go out this morning before the rest of you were up. Probably she went as soon as the storm stopped, and that was long before daylight. She has finished her walk by this time, and that's the whole mystery. I see nothing extraordinary about it now that I look at it calmly.'

'Indeed, I hope that your reverence's words may be true, for I've had more uneasiness this morning than I ever had before in my life.'

'Well, come along and you'll see what a prophet I am.'

As they drew near the Tyrrel Cottage, there seemed to be considerable stir going on within and neighbors going in and out, or stopping to talk hurriedly at the door, proving that the priest's prophecy was either true, or that something was the matter beyond the event of the morning.

As they entered the house the first thing that met their eyes was a man wrapped up in blankets, and with his head bound in flannel, sitting, or rather reclining in a large arm chair before the fire. His feet were in a bath of hot water, and as Mr. Tyrrell and the priest entered, some one was just holding a hot stimulant of a stronger nature to the lips of the invalid, for such he appeared.

'What's all this?' said Mr. Tyrrell.

'Where's Rose?' asked the priest.

The woman that was holding the glass nodded to Mr. Tyrrell, and making a bow to the clergyman, pointed up stairs in answer to the latter's question.

'Why, Walter, poor fellow, what's the matter with you? What has happened?' said Mr. Tyrrell, going over to the figure in flannel, and putting his hand on his forehead, over which there strayed a few damp locks of chestnut hair.

A smile struggled to the face of the youth, and he made an ineffectual effort to speak, but it was evident he was not able.

Mr. Tyrrell then looked at the woman inquiringly.

'The poor fellow has had a narrow escape for his life,' said she, in answer to the ocular question. 'They found him down on the shore among the rocks, where the vessel, I suppose, was shipwrecked. It's a wonder to me he ever came to at all for there wasn't a spark of life in the poor lad when they found him, and, dear knows, what do you think, with poor Miss Rose hanging over him as if he was a corpse.'

At these words, the thought of his daughter that had been banished for a moment by the sight of her affianced in such a condition recurred to him forcibly, and he made a step forward toward the stairs, when just then the priest appeared at the bottom.

'How is she?' said he anxiously. 'Is she sitting up?'

'Well, no,' said the little man. 'I think she has been up long enough by what I hear to keep

her lying for a fortnight. Did you hear where she was?'

'Yes, this good woman has just been telling me that they found her kneeling beside Walter on the shore, where she thought that he was dead.'

'Ah! is that all?' said the priest. 'Well, you'll hear the rest when Rose is able to tell you, or the old woman will give you an outline of it when you go up. And now let us look at the shipwrecked passenger.'

The woman retired from her charge as the priest advanced, and took the hand of the young man.

'Why, this is not the hand of a dead man,' said he, looking round jocosely. 'Who told me there was a corpse in the kitchen. It will be a queer wake you'll be having over this same corpse in a couple of weeks, when no one will be allowed to kiss it but one.'

'What do think, Walter? What will it be? A wake or a wedding?' and he gave a quizzical look at the youth, and rattled his snuff-box.

A faint color suffused the face of the reclining figure, and a smile of pleasure loitered upon his features at the words. Another would not have ventured to say them, either for fear of taking the freedom, or from a notion that a long face and a doleful phraseology should always be the attributes of a sick room. But the priest understood human nature better than this, and being a privileged character, whatever he said was always taken as proper. Besides, he knew from experience that there was nothing like keeping up one's spirits, no matter what happens.

What he had said, little as it was, had changed the whole aspect of everything. The neighbors who had gathered in to hear the gossip, or give their assistance, laughed at the good little man's joke, but their mirth was quiet and respectful, different from what it would have been had one of their own class uttered it. Mr. Tyrrell himself, smiled at the priest's odd way of comforting, and a more agreeable and healthy air seemed to pervade the room generally. This was the effect the good man intended to produce, for he knew there was nothing more likely to keep the young man from recovering as to have gloomy and compassionate looks about him.

As he said himself, laughing was a complaint no one ever died with yet, but he couldn't say as much for the opposite.

The very next day, as if in honor to his method of treatment, the invalid was out of the blankets, and though still pale and weak from the recent accident, able to go about the garden, where he was every moment drawing in fresh strength and health from the sea air and the old familiar surrounding he saw about him.

Poor Rose was not so easily convalescent.— The exposure of that dreadful night had brought on a slow fever, from which it was several weeks before she recovered. Then it took a few more to bring the blush back to her cheek, and to chase the dullness of disease from her eyes, by which time Rose Tyrrell was able to appear in the village just as fresh and as rosy, and lively, as if she never had a day's sickness in her life.— We will not say what hand Walter had in restoring her so soon. At all events, the greater part of the day while she was unable to be up, was spent by him near her bedside. His stories of what he had seen in distant lands kept her mind from brooding on the late painful events in her own life, and often his picture of their own prospects for the future, kept her in a delicious state of dreamy expectancy that did more than medicine to bring her back to health.

She, too, had told him all she had suffered on his account that night, and while he learned to look on her as a heroine, many were his threats against the villain Jonas, should he ever have an opportunity of meeting him.

That unfortunate man had never been seen since the night of the shipwreck, and although he had been searched for in every direction, no trace of him was visible. The news of his diabolical crime, from Rose's narration, had spread quickly over the village, and far beyond it, and while the simple people shuddered at the tale, they mingled their horror with a little pride at having been right in their suspicions of the wretch. Mr. Tyrrell, the only champion, Jonas ever had, was silent about it for many a day, perhaps for the very reason that the rest of his neighbors could find nothing else to talk about.

One evening Rose and Walter went out for a walk as was their regular custom now since both were getting better. As it was still some time before supper hour, they bent their steps towards the sea shore. This time, however, they took a different route from any other. Their path lay through a wild and rugged dell through which a pure spring of water trickled along to the sea.— The descent into it was easy, and as their steps moved mechanically together, their thoughts seemed to be in just as perfect unison. So engrossed were they, in fact, with themselves, that they had not noticed the change in the atmos-