

## The Rector's Daughter.

## CHAPTER I.

The rapid shade of an October evening, borrowing deeper gloom from the wilderness of the adjacent Tipperary mountains, was falling over the lonely town of Clogheen, within whose classic precincts took place that important meeting between Sergeant Snop and Paddy Carey, which has been recorded immortally in song. Forty years ago, (of which period we are about to write,) when roads were not as good, travellers as adventurous, and markets as abundant as at present Clogheen was a smart, or, as the *Itinerary* of that day has it, "a thriving place with a decent church," boasting a comfortable inn and several hucksters' shops, where every variety of merchandise, from brandy and linen to hand-saws and halfpenny whistles.

In a double-countered shop, (for the appliances for the inward creature were sold on one side, and those for the outward man at another,) in one of the handsomest houses of the town—where a double story, slated roof and a sign-board with a red splash in the middle, and the characters "General Hutchinson," underneath, was the standard of excellence—on the evening in question stood Curly Cahill, spirit retailer, and, according to the sign-board just quoted,—"dealer in soft goods, butter, leather, iron, eggs, and tobacco," busily engaged in serving a customer.

Beautifully, Miss, said Curly a dapper middle-aged worthy, his short black hair combed slick over his low forehead, with a face half smooth, half smirking, and—for the little fellow pretended to no small degree of sanctimony—his person dressed neatly in black, as closely as possible to resemble the fashion just imported by the new *Cofuther* from Maynooth.

Beautifully, Miss, said Curly, fit for any lady from this to Knocklilly, let alone for servants' wear, an' only tenpence-half penny a yard. It's giving it away I am.

It does not seem a very good colour, said the purchaser in a musical voice.

Is it the colour? Take your hand over it, astore, said the dextrous merchant; a bleaching ground would look yellow an' that purty hand to the fore. An' here, Padeen, bring a candle—an' turn out them dogs, you sir, an' bould the half dure, till Miss Tyrell sees the goods—Now, Miss, he said, when the light was brought and his beauteous obeyed, clapping his hand in fond emphasis on the bale as he unrolled it wider along the counter, there's an article—that I may be happy if I'd wish finer for my windin' sheet; only to be sure, a body would like that to be linen, an' go to the grave decent. Yew! what need you be so very particular for servants?

I really do not like the calico, Mr. Cahill, hesitated the lady, and, papa—

You don't see it, Miss interrupted Curly;—push back them darlin' locks of yours that's sweepin' the counter, and I'll be bound the goods'll be at the Glebe afore an hour; and as he spoke he playfully, but with great respect and tender fingers, lifted aside some of the masses of golden hair that dropped above, and as he truly insinuated, in some measure overshadowed the good quality of his merchandise.

Curly, you are a sad old flatterer, said the young lady, and she impatiently raised her head, and shaking back its weight of ringlets, exposed a fair high forehead and beautifully oval face to view. I find it always difficult to deal with you; however, she added with a smile, the better way, perhaps, is to send up the whole piece to the Glebe to-morrow, and I shall then be able to judge of it.

Ah, then, that I may be soon sellin' you weddin' sheets, Miss Katey, said the successful shop keeper, as he rolled up the bale and pushed it to the end of the counter; and, he added in a very different tone, modulated to the lowest key of suppleness and deference, shure that 'ould be to-morrow, if you take my advice, an' were kind an' three hearted to the one you know—

Yes, indeed, half ironically half regretfully murmured the young lady, as she drew down her veil and prepared to depart, but was stayed by a prognostication from Curly, who pledged nothing less than his hand an' word to her, that she'd break the heart of the anonymous individual staid to, afore long, if she didn't take care!

"Twas when the men we goin' to work at broad daylight this mornin', Miss, I hear him in the next room to me, at 'quip to bed after sittin' up the night readin' them books an' songs, an' things, that you'd deludid' the poor fellow's senses with—ache—

Oh! that reminds me, said the warden, producing a small volume from the folds of her cloak; I will just leave this book with my compliments. He is, of course, she carelessly observed, not now at home?

Just took a short stick in his hand an' went out for a solitary walk by himself, poor fellow, down by the Shuire. 'Tis the only time of the day he likes for walkin'.

The time of the night, you mean, Curly,

said the girl, with a laugh, glad to shake off a certain air of embarrassment she felt by affected gaiety. Tell him he should keep better hours; though upon my word, as she prepared to face the darkening twilight, I don't set him a very good example myself.—Good evening.

The best of evenin's to you, a cushla, said Mr. Cahill, as he bolted the shop-door after her. The tribe-deavourin' parson's daughter, he muttered, as he turned in and prepared to roll up his goods to be forwarded to the Glebe next morning; an' for all she's a darlin' herself, and a blessin' to every one that's about her—but her murderin' father! Here, Padeen!—Padeen, I say.

Kate Tyrell was the spoiled child of an indulgent parent. Her father, the Rev. Edward Tyrell, was rector of the parish in which our story lies. A man whose disposition, naturally soft and affectionate, had in the course of years, become sharp and irritable, from the long series of petty vexations he had been subjected to in his efforts to collect the unsatisfactory revenues of his incumbency, from as ingeniously obstinate a set of parishioners as were to be found in the most litigation-loving island in the world. The district of country, too, in which Mr. Tyrell's lot had fallen, although sufficiently fertile and wealthy, was, of all others, from its situation at the foot of the high and sterile tract of the Kilworth mountains, (then the favourite resort of highwaymen and fugitives from the law,) with the gloomy range of the Gaultees to the north, and on its southern edge the long and lonely Comeragh hills, that divided it from Waterford the most unfavourable to passing a life of quiet plenty and security. When to this it is added, that from the scanty number of gentry the Government of the day deemed it prudent to entrust with the commission of the peace, in self-defence he was obliged to be a magistrate, an office which not unfrequently compelled him to be complainant, counsel, and convicting justice in his own cause, some idea may be formed of the difficulties and vexations the Vicar of Clogheen had to encounter in the collection of those tithes from which his income was principally derived. Notwithstanding, during twenty or five and twenty years of his incumbency, if his temper did not progress towards improvement his fortune did. By an ample dowry received with his wife, and exact economy and prudence, he had been enabled, from time to time, to make a considerable purchase in land; until at length Mr. Tyrell was accounted if not the most popular, at least one of the most prosperous clergymen from Dummaway to the Devil's Bit. He had become a widower early in life, and around his daughter Katey, the sole offspring of his marriage, those sympathies and affections which were denied vent in every other quarter, were concentrated in a lavish and inexhaustible flood. A few years of mother's superintendence—some attempts at home education, (for he would not trust her from his sight,) in the shape of a little petticoated rebel, who would be taught nothing, and a sickly governess who had nothing to teach—girlhood of romance reading, riding rough shod with her cousin, Lysaght Osborne, and rambling among the peasantry—and we have the result of the clergyman's fondness and folly in the wild, lively blue-eyed maiden of nineteen, now wending her way along the dim and elm-darkened road leading from the town of Clogheen to her father's mansion, nearly a mile away. Even in the early part of an autumn evening few persons were desirous of travelling alone in that neighbourhood; but Katey trod her path in perfect security. Wayward and innocent, however, as she was, Katey, on the evening in question, had not, without a motive, dispensed with the companionship of the staid female domestic who usually attends young ladies in Ireland when they are necessitated to go out shopping after dinner by themselves. It might be for this reason, that she hastened home; and with more anxiety than usual, alighting at her father's door, she found that she was not alone.

Half way upon the road, where a stile opened into the adjacent fields, a man suddenly appeared, and, coming forward, walked for some paces in silence by her side, as though awaiting some recognition before he ventured to address her. He was of middle stature—his figure was entirely concealed in the thick ample wrappings of a long, dark riding coat, (or *bang-up*, as it was called,) common to that country; his step was firm, and its very sound, quick and decided, so different from the shambling pace of the peasant told that whatever he might be, he did not belong to that condition. As Miss Tyrell showed no symptom of surprise or alarm, it is possible his appearance was not entirely unlooked for. She likewise, however, forbore to speak, and the stranger at length was obliged to commence the conversation—turning back, at the same time, the high collar by which his face was muffled, and exhibiting features so extremely dark that he would have been deemed repulsive, had

they not been finely formed, and enlivened by the tall light of manhood, which however, some feeling of deep interest, or passion, seemed at the present to overcloud.

"The hour is come that we have so often talked of," he said, in a low tone. "I have no time to waste, Katey—are you ready?"

"Then you were right in your conjecture," said Miss Tyrell, with an unembarrassed air: "your retreat is discovered."

"At least it can no longer shelter me.—News arrived to-day that the soul of this ill-starred enterprize Emmett—has perished by legal murder in Dublin. The gibbet awaits all those of his followers who may be arrested. Certain intelligence has reached me that my assumed name and character are no longer of avail—the local authorities are aware of my real offences. If I do not instantly escape, before the coming midnight I shall be a prisoner."

"I expected this," said Katey, half musingly, "it could not be otherwise; you yourself anticipated it. And yet I have been to Cahill's," she added, looking down, "to—leave a book, for I was anxious, and he seems to know nothing of your danger."

I have only just learned it myself, and have hastened to seek you; the mine at our feet is about to be sprung, and—

So ends your life of ignoble disguise and mine of duplicity. We should both be thankful. One of us at least—thankful as the wrecked seaman, when the plank he clings to splits and sinks him within sight of shore. But time presses; I have come to test the truth of your character. Once more—are you ready?"

I am indeed—ready to part this instant. I knew it should be so; it was a pleasure to have known you, but I am resigned—ready. Fly! O lose not a single moment: the moon is rising. Farewell, and fly!

Not without you! Girl, you affect to misunderstand me; or have you forgotten those promises of friendship and faith, even to death, that you have made me so often and so lately?

Promises—faith? cried his startled companion;—even admitting those playful assurances of a wild, country girl's friendship, were a complot, could you be cruel enough to insist upon my fulfilling it in this desperate hour?"

"Then all the interest you have expressed hitherto in my fate, pursued the stranger, 'the sympathy you have led me to think you felt for one, suffering as I have suffered in the cause of my unhappy country—the hopes excited in this heart when, as I pictured a delightful life passed with you, and love, and freedom, beyond the Atlantic, you listened on, with a consenting smile—all this was but pastime for your vacant hours!'"

"It was wrong, I know," replied Katey yielding; "yet heaven knows it was no pastime. I found you in concealment—a fugitive—hunted, you told me, by the laws for your exertions in the cause of a country I have been taught by you to deem mis-governed; I saw you superior to all those around you; you complained of cheerlessness and solitude, of ill health—I brought you books, music, all that I could judge likely to lighten your hours, and dearly am I punished for it."

"Would that it had continued so," he said, in a voice of sadness; "a few months more, and my memory will be to you as the nameless gravestone, telling alone that it hides the dead—Cruel, but beloved, farewell!" and he turned to depart.

"Yet stay," said Katey, hurriedly. "Why not let me tell my father of this business—I mean of your story—that I know it all, and entreat of him, as I have often urged you to let me do, to interest himself with government, and procure your pardon, which he can readily obtain? I will go this instant."

"And give me up to justice—for such, I assure you, will be the result of an appeal to your father."

"You wrong him, believe me. He is perhaps stern and vindictive in his feelings towards those whom he considers instrumental in keeping alive a spirit of animosity and disturbance among the people; but you know not," she said with a smile, "how all-powerful is my influence with him. Yes, even at the risks of his displeasure—for he little dreams I am acquainted with you, I will tell him your sad story—there is nothing in it a brave or noble man should be afraid of. I will go to him this moment," and she moved on.

"Impossible!—you are mad. The very fact of your having known and befriended me in this clandestine way, will incense your friends. I shall be arrested, and you will accuse yourself for life as my destroyer. No, dear girl," he continued, in a softer yet not less eager tone, as he placed his arm round

her, "why not yield to the impulses of your own high, disinterested spirit, and fly with me, as I have so often implored you? Be mine first in the sight of man and heaven, and then plead for me afterwards with your father!"

"I dare not—it would break his heart—my own is breaking fast already," and she trembled from head to foot in her attempt to subdue the sobbing of her bosom.

"And this is the energy, the firm-mindedness, you have so often boasted of? You have it in your power this instant to raise me to happiness, health, and safety; and, forgetful it has the charm you threw across my path which has kept me near you until the blood-hounds have run me to bay, you doom me to despair and death. I see you have made your decision—hear mine. Life since I knew you has no value in my eyes if unshared by you. Exile from you would be worse than death. Here, then, I will await the pursuers. Never will I leave, with life, the mountains that surround you."

"Oh!—no!—no! Heaven forbid your blood should be shed on my account! Fly, I implore you, before it is too late."

"Never! I will sell my life dearly, but my grave at least shall be where you can sometimes visit and remember."

"Unkind, dark, inhuman man! was it all my fault? My poor Father, what will he say? give me at least a day or two to think!"

"It is now of no use, the night has half-past, my doom is fixed."

"No! again no! you will drive me mad! Oh fly, fly, but this once, and I will, at least I promise—I must see him—my father—before—fly now and return, and I will do all you desire—only, save your life at once!"

The man replied not for some minutes, he then resumed—"I have here that copy of the Gospels you gave me—will you swear on that gift that when we next meet you will be prepared to share life, be it happiness or horror, with me?"

"Yes, I do—I will—any thing, but fly and save yourself!"

"Swear then," he said, as with one arm around her he prepared with the other to place the sacred Book upon her lips, when at that very moment an aspersure of cold water was dashed with such ample profusion in the impassioned face of the pair as to cause them to spring asunder with a start that had very nearly as much the character of discomfort as alarm.

"Hell and—half-exclaimed the man, as he tore open his coat and grasped one of several pistols it now appeared he was armed with.

"Oh, no, no, no!" said a voice, following up the exclamation with a blessing, cut short, however, by the Stranger's clenching the throat of the pious intruder, and dragging forward from beneath the trees which had hitherto overshadowed their way a little bundle of some dark coloured cloth, unadorned by a straw bonnet, so battered in its outlines that to fix it there it must have been flattened down with no ordinary emphasis, and from beneath which guttural shrieks now arose, whose extent of volume was out of all proportion to the diminutive object from which they proceeded.

"Hold! let go, for goodness sake!" cried Miss Tyrell, "it is only poor Sally—the tin, the Holy-Water woman."

"A—A—! my windpipe!" cried the Bundle, as soon as that interesting organ had been extricated. "A—Miss Katey, take the bush-blunder out of his hand fore he blows my brains out," and the shrieks were renewed with more vociferation than before.

"She will raise the country. I must stop her, were I to kill her," said the stranger furiously.

"No, no, dear friend, she is a deaf, harmless thing—hush! I hear steps—Oh, in mercy fly!"

"Not without your promise," he said doggedly.

"I am ready, I promise—next time we meet; now farewell and away," said Katey, while she waved one hand to the departing fugitive as he dashed through the thicket, and placed the other on the roaring mouth of the creature at her side, whose terrors seemed under considerable self-control for they at once subsided.

"Mother of Grace, pray for us now an at the hour of our death, Amen!" murmured the Bundle, as it righted itself, and assumed the appearance of a withered and ancient little woman, who in flinging back her dark blue cloak to adjust herself, exhibited a small scarecrow frame, round which was hung, until its shape became orbicular, every variety of feminine attire, from the petticoat, under, upper, and quilted, through the higher gradations of gown, apron, Spencer, jacket, pelisse, handkerchief, and shawl. A broad leathern strap was buckled round her waist, from which on one side hung a rosary or string of large beads, to the other was fastened a canteen or tin can without a cover, containing a large supply of holy water, procured from the neighbouring chapels on Sundays. She bore in her hand literally nothing but (as they would say in Ireland) her first

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which was of immense size, and of whose convenience for the purposes of aspergation, Katey and her friend had just been afforded such convincing proof.

Footsteps now approached rapidly, and Miss Tyrell, holding Sally-the-tin by the arm turned towards home. She was shortly encountered by a lively voiced gentlemanly young man, who saluted her in an affectionate tone with "Katey, pet, what an earth has kept you out so late. Hello! Sally, I bar that! he exclaimed, adroitly slipping aside, and escaping and showery blessing which, despite the lesson just bestowed upon her, this incorrigible lady of the Tin had (as was wont with all she met) discharged at him.

"But did I not hear some one," he continued, "screaming violently as I came up?"

"Yes, Lysaght," said Miss Tyrell, "this stupid, deal old creature here, who is a torment to all who meet her, with her benedictions and holy water, suddenly threw some of the contents of her tin (as she always does when saluting a person) on a Stranger, a man she happened to be passing close to, which so irritated him that he has given her a proper fright."

"I could chide you soundly, dear Katey, for such late scampers as those; but you take my hints—well, don't be cross, and have it all your own way if you like," said the young man, interrupting himself, dejectedly.

"I am very cross to-night, Lysaght, so don't talk. But here we are, and I am glad of it," and Katey knocked impatiently and loudly at the door of their home. "Now don't go away sulky, there's a good boy," she cried after her cousin, who turned towards the stables; "and Lysaght, I have done the roses for Lightfoot's headstall, which you asked me to make, though I said I wouldn't— you have them in the morning."

Sleepless and miserable to Katey Tyrell was the night that followed her interview with the Stranger. The fearful and critical position in which she was placed caused her, for the first time in her life, to go through a rigid course of self-examination, the result of which but added to her alarm and anxiety.

For some months past the person she had just parted from had been a sojourner in lodgings at Cahill's under circumstances of great privacy—rarely venturing out during the day, and in the evening only with secrecy and caution. As that remote country, ill-supplied at the period with police, (and even those of the most "ancient and quiet" description,) and wholly inaccessible to bailiffs and all other functionaries attendant on county sheriffs, was deemed peculiarly favourable as quarters for that class of magnanimous men whose expenditure threatens to exceed their incomes, to the detriment of their tailor, and their own personal convenience, it was soon whispered, and as quickly believed, that the resident at Cahill's was one of that generous brotherhood, or in other words, was "a gentleman on his keeping."

In her visits to the shop, which from her side, though innocent life, were frequent, Katey had several times encountered him as he sauntered in and out. An intimacy sprang up. There was a frankness and a half military air in his deportment that interested her. He had evidently seen much of the world and society, his conversation was lively and varied, his knowledge and accomplishments, to the so-called country girl, seemed extensive, and round all circled a halo of mystery, not the least of those attractions for Katey, whose passion for riding to the Kilfane hounds had just been succeeded by stronger one for Mrs. Fadeliffe and romances. Their daily interviews improved to evening rambles, the interchange of notes, supplies of books and flowers upon one side, an avowal of love and tales of lofty but luckless patriotism on the other. To the object of his passion along did the stranger confide his story. Fascinated by the principles of freedom with which France had lately inoculated mankind, and maddened by the miseries of ill-government under his own green Island groined, he had engaged, full of hope and high aspirations, in the enterprise for the recovery of her national dependence, which terminated in the martyrdom of as noble and pure-spirited a being as sleeps buried and unhonoured in "the cross ways of fame"—ROBERT EMMETT. The Stranger had been dispatched, he said, to the south to forward the movement of his party in that quarter, when their central Power, in the capital prematurely exploded, carrying dismay and destruction to every remote region of the confederacy. Then his name—the name of Fergus Hewitt, citizen of the new Western Republic, and major of the brigade—was one of the first upon the list of the proscribed; a reward was offered for his head; and it was while lurking a hunted man, amid the fastnesses of Tipperary, that he wooed and ventured to win the heart and hand of the heiress of Clogheen.

Such was the tale along whose vicissitudes the fair girl to whom it was imparted now glanced with a bewildered mind. The interview just terminated will have given the reader some idea of the unsettled state of her [Continued on next Page.]