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THE DAUGHTER OF TYRCONNELL. A TALE OF THE REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST.

BY MRS. J. SADLER.

When Mary came in sight of the little book-stall, where she expected to find her friends, her heart throbbed audibly against her bosom. The small fabric rested in deep shade—not a glimpse of light was visible, and though she could not have wished it otherwise, she began to fear, though she knew not why. When, however, in answer to her low tap, the door was opened, and she entered the little back room, her fears were dispelled, and she deemed her trials well nigh past, for she found her friend Arabella and also the Spaniard attired for the journey. But her trials were not yet past, for Hereford too was of the party, looking so sad and so dispirited, that Mary could have wept for very sympathy. The cheerful salutation of the Spaniard, and the soft 'welcome' of Arabella were but little heeded, for Mary saw but the marquis, pale and sorrowful, and her own heart shared his feelings but too well. Going up to him at once, she placed her hand within his, and said in a low voice—'Alfred! why are you here?—why have you subjected yourself, and I will add, me, too, to another and a greater trial? Alas! I would that you had not come hither.' A silent pressure of her hand was the only answer. Hereford could not speak without betraying the excessive emotion of his soul, and that he chose not to do.

Don Pedro took upon himself the direction of all the arrangements for the journey, and informed Mary that her cousins were already on board a ship a good way down the river. 'She is, however, to lie to,' said he, 'until we come, and as the wind seems freshening just now, the captain must needs be impatient, so that we had better hasten our departure.' Mary replied in a faint voice that she was ready to set out on the instant, while Hereford smote his forehead with his hand as he turned away, muttering—'Happy, thrice happy Pedro, to journey in such company.' Mezara appeared not to notice the exclamation, but offered his arm to Mary. The latter arose, and drawing her thick veil around her face, bade a kind farewell to Hester and her good husband, leaving a friendly and respectful message for the priest, whose ministry had so often consoled and strengthened her, and then taking the offered arm of Don Pedro, they left the house. Hereford had nothing for it but to follow with Arabella, while Mary's attendant kept as near as possible to her mistress. In silence and without molestation they reached the ferry, where a boat awaited their coming, the rowers being two of Hereford's most trusted and tried domestics. When Pedro would have handed Mary into the boat, she turned her head wistfully, and the marquis coming eagerly forward, seized her hand, exclaiming, 'One moment—oh, yet one moment!' Whatever might have been the jealous promptings of Mezara's heart, he was too noble to give way to them, besides he really loved the high-souled young Englishman, and could not but pity his disappointed love.

'Mary!' whispered Hereford, as he drew her a few paces from the river's edge—'Mary, is it, indeed, true that we part here? Alas! the living throbbing anguish of my heart too surely proves to me that I do not dream—that it is reality—cold and stern. And yet, dear one, though my bleeding heart would fain accuse you of cruelty, my reason acquits you of the charge, and my unhappy fate condemns me to admire you—nay, love you all the more for that high heroism of virtue—of Christian virtue, which is far, far beyond my own reach. Even now I would retreat—I would kneel here on the cold dewy earth to entreat a revocal of you hard sentence, but that I know—and bitterly feel—that being founded on supernatural motives, it may not be recalled. Oh, Mary, God who seeth the secrets of all hearts knoweth and seeth that losing you is to me worse than death itself. Can it—can it be that I shall see you no more—do we indeed part now?'

Although herself little less afflicted, Mary strove to throw a certain firmness into her voice as she replied, 'Part! yes, Alfred, we are about to part—but oh, in mercy, good heaven, grant that we may meet in a happier world—grant that it be not forever!' Involuntary her voice rose as she concluded, and a deep murmur from the water seemed to echo the last words. 'Forever!' repeated Hereford mournfully, 'forever,' and wringing her hand he wildly exclaimed, 'and I dare not venture to press her even once to this bursting heart! Oh, misery! what a fate is mine!' At that moment Don Pedro came forward, reminding Mary that the night was waning fast—he would have taken her hand to lead her away, but Hereford, dashing in between them, threw his arm around her slender form and almost carried her to the water's edge, there as he lifted her into the boat, surely even she could

not resent it as too great a liberty that he held her for one instant to his heart. 'Forever,' he murmured again in her ear, then withdrew his arm and rushed away. Even his friend was at the moment forgotten, and the generous-hearted Pedro had to follow him several yards to obtain a parting shake-hands.

The boat pushed off, but Mary still sat alone where Hereford had placed her in the boat—she purposely kept aloof from the others till she should have attained some degree of composure, while they delicately abstained from intruding on her sorrow. Folding her mantle around her, the sorrowing girl wept for some time unrestrained as busy memory conjured up all that she resigned in Hereford. In him were united almost all the qualities of mind and heart which she could have desired in a husband, together with personal attractions which rendered him at court 'the cynosure of neighboring eyes'—and then how truly and fervently he loved her! Alas! for Mary's heart, the burden of her sorrow would have been intolerable had it not been lightened by the consciousness of having discharged her duty. After a short indulgence of this natural sorrow she endeavored to make it an acceptable offering to God, and the effort was blessed,—she speedily learned to mourn for Hereford's blighted affection rather than her own.

In the course of an hour Mary was seated on board the ship between her two cousins, apparently engrossed by their affectionate details of various events which had occurred in Ireland, and especially in Tyrconnell, within the past few years. They were fine, high-spirited young men although both looked pale and haggard, O'Rourke more especially, and Mary's heart swelled with gratitude to Heaven, that they had been wrested from the pangs of the oppressor. They, on their part, seemed as though they could never weary of gazing on their beautiful cousin, nor of pouring out before her the lively gratitude which filled their hearts. To Don Pedro, too, they were profuse in their acknowledgments, and Mary's heart swelled as the words rose to her lips—'There is yet another to whom ye owe your warmest thanks, but he is far away!' She repressed the words with a heavy sigh, and turned to converse with Arabella.

A few days more and Mary O'Donnell was folded in the arms of her brother—his voice welcomed her to Brussels, and he it was who presented her to Isabella. That princess, who was the avowed protectress of all persecuted Catholics, came whence they might, was well prepared to receive the noble girl, and greeted her with almost maternal tenderness, congratulating her on the distinguished triumph she had attained.—Mary seized the first opportunity of presenting her cousins to the Infanta, who expressed herself much pleased with their manners and appearance although she could only converse with them by Tyrconnell's interpretation. Arabella, too, was in turn presented, and when the princess had kindly welcomed each she turned again to Don Pedro, who was well known to her, observing in Spanish, 'After all, Signor Mezara, this is the most pleasing part of our duty—in fact the power of consoling the afflicted, and of extending protection to the oppressed of every land, is the true balm for the numerous cares and trials of a sovereign.'

Henceforward Mary O'Donnell was the favored attendant of the Spanish princess, who took pleasure in publicly testifying her unqualified admiration of the firmness and devotion displayed by one so young. Again Mary had become the darling of the court, but neither the homage of the courtiers nor the favor of the sovereign was half so precious in her eyes as the approval of her brother, in whose affection she found a pure and unalloyed solace for all the sorrows she had known. In truth, Mary had much cause to be proud of her brother, for when all the young nobles of the court were assembled, not one, even of the stately Spaniards, had a man so high and noble as the landless Lord of Tyrconnell. Yet Hugh was gentle as a child in the hands of those he loved, and Mary was not slow in acquiring a powerful influence over his mind. The truth was that the earl regarded his sister with veneration as well as love, while Mary, as she marked the play of his fine features, and the perfect symmetry of his noble form, could well imagine that such might their father have been—then when she saw the exquisite tenderness of his nature, and his unaffected piety, she would exclaim within her own soul, in pious gratitude, 'Yes, he is the worthy son of Roderick O'Donnell, and doth truly inherit the endearing virtues of our mother!'

The story of Mary's heroism was quickly spread abroad throughout Europe, and addresses of encouragement and congratulation were sent her from all the Catholic courts. At Rome her almost unprecedented conduct excited so much admiration that Urban the Eighth, who then filled the Pontifical Chair, wrote her a letter with his own hand, expressing his entire approval of the course she had so consistently followed, and

thanking her in the name and on behalf of the Universal Church for her undeviating fidelity under such grievous temptations. The Pontiff concluded by giving her his paternal blessing, having previously congratulated her on her safe arrival at the hospitable and religious court of the Infanta.

This letter was indeed consoling to Mary's heart, the wounds of which had been a few days before torn open again by a letter which James had addressed to Isabella, reproaching her with having given shelter to a runaway girl, whom he described as the most ungrateful and the most perverse of all human beings, charging her, amongst other delinquencies, with having cruelly and unfeelingly deserted her aged grandmother, who had been truly a mother to her. He wound up by demanding that she should be sent back, as being a royal ward. To this precious epistle Isabella returned a brief and almost contemptuous answer, intimating in few words that she entirely approved of the course adopted by the young princess of Tyrconnell, and was happy that she had chosen her court as an asylum from religious persecution. To his modest request the Infanta gave a stern denial, adding, for the comfort of her brother sovereign, that the brother of Mary—the young Earl of Tyrconnell—was also her guest, and would remain so till a change suited his convenience. This answer James was obliged to pocket in silence, for neither Isabella nor her young protegee was troubled by him again.

But amid all the praises which were so lavishly bestowed on Mary, still and ever she said within herself—'Alas! they know not the real sacrifice which I have made—they know not the nature or extent of the greatest of all the temptations which assailed me.' She, however, studiously avoided speaking of Hereford even to those who had known him, and this very silence gave Don Pedro cause to hope that she was endeavoring to forget all of the past in which his English friend was concerned. Gradually he made Tyrconnell acquainted with his passion, and had the satisfaction of seeing that the prospect of such a union gave Hugh the most lively pleasure. Never dreaming that his sister had already bestowed her love on one who every way deserved it, he entered heart and soul into the views of his friend, and at every opportunity spoke to Mary on the subject. This was a fresh trial to Mary, yet it was long before she could determine to confess to her brother the hoarded secret of her heart.

One day when they were all on their way to visit a celebrated convent in the neighborhood of Brussels, O'Rourke and O'Donnell being of the party, Arabella incautiously said to the latter—'Know ye that ye are not solely indebted for your escape to those here present? Next to Don Pedro ye owe gratitude to a young English nobleman—a firm friend of the Lady Mary.'—An eager inquiry from O'Donnell brought out from Don Pedro an account of the whole affair, in which he generously gave the chief part of the whole affair to Hereford. Mary turned aside to conceal her features from observation, and Tyrconnell expressed a wish to know more of this noble Saxon. Mezara then related the origin of his acquaintance with Hereford, and told all that he himself knew of that nobleman's family and connexions. Hugh had evidently been prepossessed in Hereford's favor, but when, in the course of his narrative, Don Pedro stated that he had been an aspirant for the Lady Mary's hand, and gave Tyrconnell to understand that he was the identical lord pitched upon by the king to be her husband, an entire revolution took place in the earl's mind, and he angrily exclaimed—'Ha, ha, with all his nobleness, this English churl coveted the dowry of my sister, and did conceive a loving regard for the broad domains of Kildare—out upon him; let him marry my grandmother an' he likes it, no Englishman shall wed a daughter or sister of Tyrconnell!'

'Nay, nay, friend Hugh,' interposed Mezara, with a warmth that did him honor, 'thou dost not know Hereford or thou wouldst have a different opinion. I tell thee that he is one of the noblest, and best, and bravest of men, and Hugh O'Donnell, he is not unworthy of even thy sister, all peerless as she is both in beauty and in virtue. Nay, nay, I cannot hear Hereford so lightly spoken of—were he a Catholic, even I could scarcely desire to see them separated.' This latter exclamation seemed rather a soliloquy, for he spoke in an under tone.

Hugh was about to speak with restored calmness when Mary, leaning across in the carriage laid a hand on Pedro's arm, and said, while her cheek glowed with unwonted color, and her deep blue eyes sparkled with a brighter lustre, 'Thanks, Mezara, thanks—thou hast done what Alfred would have done in thine absence, and ye have truly congenial souls.' The flush passed instantly away from her face, and the unusual animation from her eyes, and drawing her veil closely around her face, she spoke not again during the ride, while Hugh and Pedro exchanged a mean-

ing glance, and they, too, sank into silent reflection, leaving the conversation to Arabella and the two young lords.

On reaching the convent the party scattered themselves around the buildings, examining them in their architectural details, and Hugh O'Donnell found himself alone with his sister under the shade of a projecting piazza. Suddenly he stopped and looked inquiringly into Mary's face.

'Now tell me, my sweet sister, without fear or restraint, do you love this Saxon? Within the last hour the vivid hopes which I had cherished for my friend have been considerably diminished, and I have learned to fear that an unhappy affection lies hidden within your heart. Speak to me, then, with the confidence due to a brother, and to a brother who loves you as he does his own soul.' There was a touching earnestness in the young man's tone which Mary could not resist, and she told, in faltering accents the story of her ill-starred love, concluding, however, with an assurance that she now considered it her sacred duty to overcome that hopeless passion. Tyrconnell eagerly caught at this.

'Then I may still hope for Mezara—may I not, Mary?'

'Alas! no, my brother,' said Mary, with mournful emphasis, 'I have loved Lord Hereford as I never can love mortal man, and since conscience forbade me to become his wife, that heart, of which perhaps too much was given to him, must now revert exclusively to that God who deserves and who demands our entire affection. Let this terminate the subject of Mezara's suit—but oh! tell him, Hugh—tell him that were my heart free to choose, on him would my choice fall. He knows, I am sure he does, that Hereford's love was not unrequited, but glance as lightly as may be over this weakness of mine—I have no fears in committing the matter to the tenderest and kindest of brothers.' Hugh had barely time to murmur his assent when some of the others made their appearance, and the conversation became general.

Ere many months had passed Mary O'Donnell made her final renunciation of the world, and consecrated herself entirely to God by entering a convent. Her brother, though he regretted her decision, was much too pious to seek to change it, and he therefore yielded his consent with a tolerable grace. Mary's resolution had been long taken, but she deferred making her vows until she had succeeded in tearing from her heart the love which had been so closely entwined around it, being of opinion that it is but a criminal mockery to take monastic vows while the heart and soul are filled with human affection. At length she found rest and solace after all her trials and all her sorrows; in the bosom of religion her life flowed calmly away into the deep ocean of eternity, and her earth-weary soul was lost in the divine essence of seraphic love.

THE END.

ADDRESS TO THE RIGHT REV. DR. MORIARTY.

On Wednesday evening a deputation, representing the feelings of respect and affection which the Catholic gentry, merchants, and traders of Tralee entertain for their excellent bishop, proceeded to Killarney, and presented to his lordship the address, which, with his singularly eloquent reply, we subjoin.

At one o'clock his lordship received the deputation at his new palace, adjoining the cathedral, and commanding a view of the numerous architectural gems which surround that noble building, as it were the centre-stone of a great ring set in diamonds.

The following were the gentlemen of the deputation:—Messrs. Henry Donovan, Chairman of the Tralee Town Commissioners; William J. Nelligan, M. J. Power, M. R. Reidy, P. Hayes, M. D. Lyons, Crosbie O'Callaghan, and D. M. Hennessy.

The following clergymen attended his Lordship, as a mark of respect to the deputation, into the object of whose mission they entered with a warm interest:—Rev. William Horgan, Adm., Killarney; Rev. A. S. Griffin, C.C., Killarney; Rev. Dr. O'Connor, C.C., Killarney; and the good Abbot of the Presentation Monastery, Killarney, the Rev. A. L. Gaynor.

Mr. Donovan—We have been deputed, my Lord, on the part of the Catholics of Tralee, to convey their unaltered regard for your person and reverence for your sacred office. The address, which it is my high privilege to read for your Lordship, contains but a portion of the names of those who wished to convey to your Lordship the expression of those feelings, the parchment on which they are engrossed being insufficient to hold the entire list, which shall, however, be sent to your Lordship. A glance at those names, however, will show your Lordship that they fairly represent the bone and sinew, and the public virtues of the Catholics of Tralee. Mr. Donovan then proceeded to read the following address:—
To the Right Rev. David Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry.
My Lord—On behalf of the Roman Catholic

inhabitants of Tralee, we beg leave most respectfully to approach your Lordship with sentiments of deep veneration for the sacred office you fill, and profound respect for your person and character. We feel deeply pained at the unseemly and disrespectful clamor with which your Lordship's speech at the late county meeting was received, and feel it a duty we owe to your Lordship and to ourselves to remove from this community the obloquy which has been in consequence cast upon it, and to disavow all participation in or countenance of such conduct by the great majority of the meeting. We beg most decidedly to assure your lordship that the conduct we reprobate emanated not from the well-judging and sensible portion of the meeting, but from a minority, composed of the violent and unreflecting, who appeared to consider that clamor and disrespectful interruptions were their only mode of argument against views from which they desired to dissent. We need scarcely remind your lordship that it is easy for a few unreasoning and ill-judging persons to interfere with and mar the harmony or efficiency of a public meeting, and we deeply regret that at the late meeting your lordship should have been subjected to insult by a minority composed of such persons. We feel satisfied your lordship will remember that the chief part of the uproar and confusion at the late meeting proceeded from the gallery, where some very young persons were assembled, and who are, generally speaking, when under the influence of excited feelings, easily misled. Nevertheless, we feel that a great indignity has been put upon your lordship, and, at the same time, that we desire to vindicate the character of the great majority of the people of our town from any connection with, or participation in, the conduct of those who evinced such disrespect, we most respectfully and sincerely apologise for the insult offered to your lordship. In conclusion, we beg to express our high respect for, and appreciation of, your lordship's private and public character—our gratitude for the signal services rendered by you to religion since your acceptance of the See of Kerry—our attachment to the sacred office you so worthily fill—to express a hope that what has occurred may be forgotten—and that the paternal and kindly relations which have hitherto so happily existed between your lordship and the people of Tralee may long continue. Wishing your lordship a long and happy life, we remain your lordship's most devoted children.

(Here follow the names.)

REPLY.

My Dear Friends—If I had doubted for a moment the kind dispositions in my regard of the people of Tralee, or if there had been the least change in those relations, filial and paternal, which have existed between us since the commencement of my episcopacy, I should feel in receiving and answering your address very deep emotion. But, as I needed no assurance to convince me of their unaltered affection and of their sincere respect for my episcopal office, I consider that on the present occasion we are discharging a duty which we owe, not to each other, but to the public outside this diocese, who might misjudge the import of the scene to which your address refers. On that occasion I could not feel the least movement of anger towards those who had offended. The freedom of expression allowed at our public meetings is one of our most cherished liberties, and if it sometimes degenerate into licence, it were childish in the aggrieved to complain or feel resentment. We cannot expect that amongst masses of people, of whom some are uneducated, all will be found to observe the strict rules of decorum. These rules are sometimes violated in the highest assemblies of the state, and history records some violation of them even in the most venerable assemblies of the Church. If on the part of a few individuals there was premeditated malice, I can assure them that my heart was more quick to pardon than they were to offend. Though nearing the close of half a century of life, I have rarely had opportunities of practising that forgiveness of injury of which I must so often preach. Of the wrong recently done me I have made but one record, by placing the offenders on the list of those of whom I shall make every morning in prayer and in the Holy Sacrifice a most special remembrance. But if I was not angry I was sorrowful. I grieved because I saw the people of Tralee accused before the Catholic world of irreverence and disregard of ecclesiastical authority, and of complicity with a few who were guilty of a deliberately organised resistance to my pastoral teaching. I grieved because I saw them accused before the whole civilised world of ingratitude to those who led them in the day of their starvation, and of having, almost alone in this land, replied by a surly snarl and a vulgar howl, to the meek but imperative demand of Christian charity. This address, signed by almost every Catholic householder of Tralee, and which would have been as cheerfully signed by every Protestant of the town if my office had not given it a specially religious character—will, I trust, satisfy the world that the people of Tralee are not