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FATHER CONNELL; A TALE.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

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CHAPTER XXXII.-(Continued.)

Helen stood apart from the woman, vaguely staring at her, her head creet, her features and her whole air stern, for one so young. She dropped her eyes quickly upon the ground, and her face changed into a thoughtful expression, though a stern one still.

"And if this be true," she at first asked her-self, "for what have I braved my father's anger and my father's curse? If this be true, on what kind of man have I bestowed my heart's love, and to what kind of man have I vowed a marriage vow? But can it be true ?"

Another short pause of thought, and she addressed the potato-beggar.

"Your name is-1 forget if you told it me before ; but what is your name ?"

"Nelly Carty, Miss."

"You live in the town yonder?"

Nelly assented, describing, with some vanity, her independent holding of Gallows Green. Helen shuddered for an instant, at the thought of her husband ever forming an improper counexion, with the daughter of such a woman.

"How do you know that Mr. Fennell and your daughter are acquainted in the way you

say ?" "How do I know? Didn't I see them together? Didn't I hear them talking together ? Didu't I hear their kiss? An' don't I remimber what the love is between two young people ?"

Nelly Carty alluded to the night of the fire in Nick M'Grath's house, when Edmund and the beggar-girl had an interview in Joan Flaherty's hut, which she had imperfectly witnessed over the cross wall of her dwelling. "And you solemnly assure me of this?"

"I'll swear it afore the priest for you; an' more betoken, if you go this moment to the same priest that I am now thinking of, you'll hear more of my daughter, Mary Carty

"What! Does she live under Father Connell's roof?"

"An' she does so," answered Nelly Carty. "Hearkee, Miss. Didn't you happen to come across her, or see her, whin you went there, wid Masther Fennell, lote yesterday evening ?"

Helen started, as she recollected the stealthy witness of her marriage, of whom she had caught only a vague glimpse in the darksomeness of the little hall; and she was now shocked and terrified, upon grounds distinct from her apprehensions of Edmund Fennell's un-

you ought not to stand in the way between home to your father, you say. I'm glad to round her neck, and to pet her, and to rason how and why; but I am sure you will believe hear it; for listen, Miss. Mary Carty isn't wid her, afore I could get her to stop cryin', your old priest's word, when he tells you as going home to her father this night; an' yet, sir." Miss, for as proud as you stand there afore me, hearkee to the word more I have to say-the man that is your father is Mary Carty's

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father." Helen turned, in utter astonishment, to question the woman; but she had fled. Availing so go out to her, Peggy, and tell her I want to his poor young wife, would be; oh, yes, my herself of some way, near at hand, of which her, the poor child; and, Peggy, as soon as child, a betrayal of that secret would indeed Helen was ignorant, but with which she was well acquainted, Nelly Carty had quite disap- in the parlor, Peggy; I want to say something take my word for it now, Mary? You take peared. The lonely girl looked round, in every direction, with a strong impulse to follow her; but, recollecting that her father must now long turned in a moment with her young charge; have expected her at home, she checked the impuse, and hastened towards the house.

The determination to which she had come, she soon put into execution after her arrival at home. Certain that Edmund Fennell must have complied with her entreaties, on the previous night, to return to Dublin, she now wrote him a short note, directed to his address, in that city :--

"Ensure-The instant you receive this, I conjure you by your declared love for me—and what is more -by my sincere love for you-to come back imme-diately, and remove from my mind, doubts, sprung up since our parting-the only doubts which, if you cannot explain them away-must over taske me miserable at the thought of being " YOUR WIFK."

And this note she gave in charge to Tom Naddy, peremptorily commanding him to put it vigorously. it in the post-office of the town, two miles off, that very night; and, indeed, Tom was not faithless to his trust.

Helen sat for some time, with as good a face as she could wear, in her father's presence .-Both then retired for the night.

And thus ended the second night of Helen's noncymoon.

But the punishment of disobedience and indiscretion was not yet over.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

On re-entering his house, after seeing the young husband and wife beyond the threshold of his outside door, upon the evening of the unhappy marriage, Father Connell, still very saddened and meditative, again sat down in his little parlor. Mrs. Molloy could hear him sigh, and even groan, very often. His thoughts tried to occupy themselves with the new misfortune-for in his estimation, misfortune it was

ng; namely, the witnessing of the marriage of or to spy; but it is wrong to talk of not stay Edmund and Helen, by Mary Cooney. His ing in the house, Mary. And tell me, my displeasure was high against his housekeeper. for having suffered the poor girl to leave her bedroom on the occasion. As to Mary, he feared much from her, on account of the unlucky circumstance. So he sat a considerable time, revolving what was best to be done, and

"A little, sir. I had the world an' all of Neddy Fennell an' Mary Carty. You're goin' throuble, trying to coax her wid my two arms should be made acquainted with the reasons,

> " And is she in bed yet, Peggy?" "No, sir."

"Then, Peggy, the best thing you can do, I believe, is to send her here to me till I speak a word to her too-don't you think so, Peggy? you come back here with her, you needn't stay | make them very, very wretched. And you to her alone."

The housekeeper accordingly withdrew; reushered her barely inside the parlor door, and and closed it on her, shutting herself out.

Mary performed her little drop-curtsy, on the spot where she was, and then stood stock, still, her arms hanging by her sides, her head and eyes cast down, her face very pale, and a wretched expression about her compressed lips -the expression of a kind of resigned despair, which on the features of one so young and so handsome, it was miserable to see.

After gazing a moment at her, the old priest silently held out both his hands to the poor girl. She caught the motion by a sudden glonce upwards; let fall her eyes again on the ground, again made her simple curtsy, and advanced to his side. He closed his hands upon one of hers, and over, and over again, pressed

"Well, well, my child; well, well. It can't be undone now, and I see you are sorry for it; there now, there. It was a very wrong thing indeed to do; in this house, my pet, my business is often of a secret nature, which ought not to be pried into, or spied into; but there now, there; I am sure you meant no harm.'

He released her hand ; she slided, without word, to the back of the old arm-chair, and there remained still. In a little time--" I didn't come to spy, or to pry, sir," she said timidly, and in a whisper.

"And why did you come at all, then, my poor child ?'

" To look at him, sir-to look at him once agen, an' he such a long while away from me I didn't know what he was in the house foroch, och, I didn't! Och, it I did sure I could never stay in the house."

"And I believe you, my child, I believe -that had happened under his roof that even- you; I believe that you did not come to pry,

hearken to one word more that I have to say Is the poor young thing quicter now, Mrs. breathless interest. "Why so, sir? How, to you; maybe you'd hear another rason why Molloy?"

EAitness,

"It is unnecessary, my poor child, that you much-I am sure you will, Mary; and when he repeats to you, that if the unfortunate marriage you were an eye-witness to this evening, should become known, for the present at least, the world hardly ever saw a more unhappy young pair than your friend Mr. Fennell, and

my word for it, my good girl?" "I do, I do, sir," she replied, in a trembling voice. "I do, I do, sir-the poor young cratures! An' is that the way that the sorrow comes upon them in their early day? An' is that all that the love can do for them? Bud, sir." she went on, after a moment's pause, "sure there's one comfort for them, anyhow. Sure their sacret can never be broke through, sir-never, never, sir? There's only one that you could have a fear ov breakin' through id, sir-an' sure she's too good a woman, an' she loves an' she fears God an' you, sir, too well to do id-isn't she, sir ? Doesn't she, sir ?" demanded poor Mary, now very eagerly.

Father Connell was suddenly and deeply af-fected. It was plain to him that so remotely did she put herself out of the question of betrayal of the secret, Mary did not even dream that any one could suspect her of the act .---And now he would not proceed a step farther to blow a doubt of herself over the unsullied mirror of her own mind. Besides it would have been unnecessary to do so. Perfectly and thoroughly satisfied he was, that Edmund Fennell's secret marriage would never be disulged to a human being by Mary Cooney.

And yet, he asked himself, is there not some human temptation to make her act differently ? Would every one feel as free as this poor child does, on the occasion, of jealousy, and the sins it whispers us to commit? He put back his hand to her, over his chair; she laid hers in it, and he continued aloud :----

" Now, may the Lord bless you, my child;" but recollecting that he must answer her ques tions as to Mrs. Molloy's trustworthiness, he added-" No, no, my child ; I have the fullest faith in Mrs. Molloy, and I put my entire contidence in her. No, no, my child, you are right, very right. She wouldn't do such a thing, I do believe, for the whole wide world,"

"Thank God !" said Mary, heaving a long, long sigh, but not a very unhappy one.

Cooney began to pluck away the two weeds in the flower-bed, to the right hand side of the

NO. 22.

"summer-house," and after them, a good many more that, the truth to tell, were to be found throughout the little garden. Then she went into the house to wash the garden clay from her hands, that she might assist Mrs. Molloy in the discharge of some housewifery dutics, which for many months she had been accustomed to undertake. Breakfast followed ; then household affairs again ; after which she made her best attempts at dressing for all day, and finally, taking her work-basket, containing the priest's surplice and her lesson-books for Mick Dempsey, went out into the little arbor, sat down in it, and began plying her needle, and coming her tasks alternately-indeed, often doing both things together.

The following day, and very nearly at the same hour, she was once more at work and at study in the willow arbor. It was about three o'clock. Father Connell was cut. She heard a loud knocking at the door of the yard, which reverberated through the stillness of the little solitude all around her. She started and looked straight down the garden walk, and through its wooden railing into the yard. A young lady, richly and fashionably dressed, and of noble carriage, Mary thought, and scemingly much interested about something, crossed the yard from the entrance door, speaking with Mrs. Molloy. Her own maid-servant followed her. They stopped before the little gate in carnest conversation. Mrs. Molloy pointed up the garden to the arbor; the lady, turning her head in the direction, immediately entered the garden, and advanced rapidly and alone towards Mary.

At the first glance Mary recognised Edmund Fennoll's wife ; and if the poor beggargirl had thought her hadsome, and stately, and grand, upon the occasion of her private marriage, when she saw her in neglected attire, and pale, and depressed, and drooping, much, much higher was her present estimate of the personal pretensions of this young lady; for now her eyes were flashing, her cheeks and lips rosy red; her air animated and dignified, though, indeed, with a little dash of hauteur about it and as to her dress, Mary deemed she had never seen one so costly. To tell the truth, in anticipation of this very visit to Mary, Helen Fennell had put on her gayest out-of-door finery, and in every respect decorated her person, so as to produce an overawing effect upon her poor rival.

Her first look at Mary, when half way up the garden path to the little arbor, greatly interested her. She saw a lovely young creature, of about her own age, clad from head to foot in habits of very humble material, but neat and spotless as a quaker's, and withal, fitting Mary elegantly, though not modishly. They were of a cut of Mary's own invention, but Helen thought it worthy of suggesting the fashion to a young countess on her wedding-day. She drew near her, and looked closer. She noticed the flowers at Mary's waist, and the simple one set among her golden ringlets, under the snow-white border of her modest little cap. Again she looked, and still more wistfully; and started back at the likeness of herself, that now appeared before her. She remembered the old beggar-woman's words, and believed, indeed, that it was a sister she looked upon. The two young women stood face to face, together. Mary had arisen, holding her work in her hand, and though she at first trembled a little, the weakness was soon either controlled by her self-possession, or absorbed in the admiration and awe with which she regarded her visiter. She made as profound a curtsy as she knew how to perform, and stood upright and still, her eyes fixed on those of Helen, which, in their turn, after she had saluted Mary more graciously than she thought she should have done, sent back the poor girl's gaze with interest. And thus they remained for some little time, attentively studying each other. "How do you do, my dear ?" Helen began. at length. "Will you allow me to rest myself" in this nice little summer-house, for a few minutes, until Father Connell comes home?" Mary grew paler than she had been, at the sound of Helen's voice, but she answered her without stammering, and with a natural ease, and affability, which ought to be called politeness "Why I do declare," continued Helen, sitting down, "'tis quite a nice little place altogether. And who keeps the garden so neatly, my dear ?--pray isn't your name Mary-Mary Carty, I think ?" "Mary Cooncy, my lady, kindly at your service."

worthiness.

Was the wretched woman before her-horrible to think !---but was the wretched woman before her acquainted, through her daughter, with the deadly secret of her private mar-

riage? "How do you know," she resumed, "that I was at Father Connell's last night? Did this daughter of yours tell you so ?'

"Why, thin, no, Miss Helen M'Noary, she did not tell me so. She tells me nothin'. She can tell me nothin'. We don't spake a word wid one another. The ould priest would not let us; for he has made Mary Carty a good girl, an' he knows well that her mother is not a good woman; and so he wouldn't let the wicked mother come near the innocent child."

This was a relief. If Helen's rival were so carefully cherished in all good ways by so good a man, as Helen knew Father Connell to be. and protected against this woman, who called herself her mother, how could she be evil or bad? Or how could Edmund Fennell and she obtain opportunities for such an interview as the potato-beggar reported herself to have witnessed? This was a relief, if it were true. But, on the authority of such a person, was it the very rare occurrence of her self-humiliated, true? And was anything that had been utter-ed by that person true? There was a conflicting incoherence in everything she had heard, and yet a plausibility which, irritated Helen.

"Woman," she cried out, after a harrassing pause, "you must belie Mr. Fennell; he cannot be what you describe him to me.'

"And what is that?" asked the beggar

angrily. "He is not-oh, I know he is not-such a

"I called the young man by no such name, Miss. But I have my fears for the future,' -answered the beggar-woman, again fiercely a little bed had been put up for Mary-but, as showing her former energy. "An' I only say what I said afore. Let him or let her that would hindher them from being lawfully maried take care what they do."

And this was another blessed relief to Helen. She saw plainly, from the woman's present meaning, that it was impossible her marriage could be known to her. But still her mind was greatly tormented. She paused for another moment, and took her resolution to escape from all her uncertainty; and then said-

"Well! Good evening; and don't speak loud or hold me by my dress, as you have done before ; I am not afraid of you, woman-letme go on my way, to my father's house ; good-night."

finally summoned Mrs. Molloy to his presence. Mrs. Molloy knew what she was called in for; she also knew, in her heart, of what a dangerous negligence she had been guilty, and was really sorry for the crime; but not quite

so much so as she pretended to be. For she head upon her breast, holding upon her forefinger her stiff check upron to her eyes, and ut-

tering the little and broken sobs, which would intimate the gradual dying away of a great storm of grief. Not more than twice in her life before had she deemed it necessary to become so utterly afflicted; indeed, as may be called to mind, it was far from being her usual method of cluding her master's wrath; at present, however, she feared more than ever she had done the priest's displeasure, and hence tearful, and contrite air.

At the very first sight of her repentant sorrow, Father Connell, as she had anticipated would be the case, half forgave her her offence. He addressed her, however, very gravely.

"I thought, Mrs. Molloy, I had laid my strict commands on you, to keep that poor child out of the way, during what was going the way to love him, my child." on here, this evening ?"

First suffering to escape her many of the little sniflling sobs, just spoken of, the housekeeper assured the priest, that she thought she door-for in Mrs. Molloy's sleeping chamber, it would appear, she really had not done so, and "sure that was her only fault; sure his reverence knew, as well as she did, that no creature alive could be more careful than she was, ever

and always; only that the lock of that misfortunate door, ever since the day it was nailed on, had a fashion of-"

Father Connell interrupted her - "Mrs. Molloy, can you tell me if the poor child fully understood what was going on? or that she had been long enough in the hall to understand it ?'

Mrs. Molloy was quite sure that she did, and that she had.

" That is unfortunate, Mrs. Molloy, that is "The good-night to you, thin, Miss; but very, very unfortunate; very unfortunate for lawful wife, would thereby suffer great misery?" though you're not afraid of me, maybe you'd us all, to say nothing of the affliction to herself. "No, sir—bud would they?" usked Mary in

child. How did you come to learn that Mr. Fennell was here at all ?"

"I heard the sound of his voice, sir, into Mrs. Molloy's bedroom, through the hall, and through the kitchen-an' if twenty halls and kitchens were between me an' the sound of his voice, och, wouldn't I hear it ? wouldn't I ?" "Well, I am glad to see you so grateful. Mary; it is a very good thing, my child, to be

grateful to our benefactors." "It is, sir; I know it is. Bud, och, sir, there's more than that in id. Afther all that entered the parlor, hanging down her huge is come an' gone, I love him in the heart vet, sir; och, I do-I do love him in the heart." " To be sure, my child, to be sure you do :

you love him with a grateful love, which is due to the first friend you ever knew; and with a sisterly love, which you felt you owed to him for the brotherly love he promised you, the last time he went to see you on the Green; and also, for his love to you since, in giving me the means, under God, of keeping you in this poor house, Mary; for a poor house it is, child, un less when it is helped by a good, rich person like him; and you owe him the love, too, my child, for enabling me to have you here, and make a good Christian of you, and a good little girl of you, and to keep you from Darby Cooney; and a good girl you have become, my poor child, a very good girl; and so, all that is right, Mary, right and proper, and like a good Christian, and I told you all along, that was

"I know, sir, I know; bud what's the use ov hidm' it frum you, of all the people on the face ov the earth? For all the rasons that you laid down, sir, I love him, an' I thank him; I had turned the key in the lock of their bedroom | don't forget a single thing that ever he done for me, from the very first hour we came across each other. While he was the tendher-hearted little boy, that shared his own little breakfast wid me, an' I hungry an' wantin' it sorely; an' that pelted down Darby Cooney for me ;-och, no, I remember id all; all that he has done fur me, up to this very day. An' fur all that, I love him ! Och, sir, she was a beautiful crature, an' a grand crature, an' a stately crature, that you married him to here, this evenin'wasn't she, sir ?"

"Hush, Mary! hush, my child. You had no right to know anything of that; and you have no right ever to speak of it, ever to say a word about it. Do you know, Mary, that if that marriage was spoken of, out of this house. he and the poor young lady, that is now his "No, sir-bud would they ?" asked Mary in

And now, come round here, to me, my good child, and my very good child, for your to-night's blessing."

She did so, meekly and gracefully kneeling on one knee, and bowing her forehead, on her small clasped hands. The priest raised one of his a little above her head, and prayed down, in a more lengthened prayer than usual, the blessing, and the grace, and the help of her God, upon the young sufferer.

" And now again, Mary, I have one word to say to you, before you go to bed ; you are get-ting very lazy, Mary, my child-oh ay, you may stare at me, with your mouth wide open -but I tell you you are, Mary ;" the old man laughed; "there's the flower-bed, at the righthand side of the summer-house, and I saw two weeds in it to-day; worse than that; there's my grand new surplice, that I would let no one but yourself put the nice work on-and it's not finished yet. And Mick Dempsey tells me, that he was obliged to take back the last book he lent you-the wonderful life and history of Robinson Crusoe, he says-because you road it too often, and didn't pay attention enough to your lessons for him. And now, you are a lazy little Mary-aren't you ? So, go along to your bed now, you little hussey, and if ever I have to make a complaint of you again, I'lloh, you can't think how I'll punish you, Mary.' He shook and pressed her hand, and to the affectionate and benign expression that broke through laughter, from his old handsome blue eyes, Mary, before she left the parlor, smiled respondingly, with a relieved heart; and she had scarcely gone, when a loud and quick knocking sounded at the outer door of his little premisses. His mind misgiving him as to whom the late visitor might be, he hastened in answer to the summons himself. His misgiving was right. It was Edmund Fennell, who came to consult with him upon Helen's advice and entreaties, that he should return immediately to Dublin. Not wishing Edmund again to go into his house that evening, Father Connell led him into the little garden, and there, walking up and down, they continued their conference. The old priest, pausing often, and asking many questions, at length decided that, under all the circumstances, Helen's advice was a good one, and ought to be followed .-Edmund promised to follow it, now coupled as it was with that of his old and most revered friend; in agitated and deep affliction, and in tears, he promised; and so he and Father Connell parted. And he kopt his promise.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The next morning, at break of day, Mary

"May I make so free as to call you Mary?" ".Och, ay, an' a thousand times welcome."

"Well, I was going to ask you who does the work of the garden."

"We all do id between us, my lady; first, there's an ould lame gardener, that comes to prune the trees, an' to nail them up, an' do the heavy diggin' fur the vegetable beds; an' afther that, the priest himself, an' his housekeeper, an' his boy, an' myself, we do what we can, in turn, my lady."

"And what is your part of the work, Mary ?"