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NO. 8.

BOOKS FOR AUGUST.

THE OLD GOD. A narrative for the People. Translated from the German by Very Rev. T. Noethen.....	75
DRAMAS: THE WITCH OF ROSENBERG. THE HIDDEN GEM. By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman.....	1 50
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THE LAST OF THE CATHOLIC O'MALLEYS.

A TALE. BY M. TAUNTON.

CHAPTER I.

In three days time they began their journey home, resting on the way each night of the four days it took them to complete it, for they only went on for two or three hours each day. At last, what an inexpressible relief it was for Grace to come to the end of the journey, and to settle in his own pretty room her dear son, for whom she had prepared it, with such different hopes to those which she now entertained.

Edward had been very curious about the brothers and sisters he was to see, but his mother persuaded him to wait until the day after his arrival before she brought them in to see him. The children were also most anxious and desirous to have a peep at the "new brother mamma had brought back to them," and impatient for their turns to be taken into his room.

Mrs. Noel had a consultation of doctors, as advised by her regular attendant, a few days after her return home; nor was she surprised to hear that the ball had so injured the lung that it was only astonishing that he had not at once succumbed; nor unprepared for the announcement that a few weeks was all they could promise her of his life, and that short space, only likely because of the fine season and the great care they knew that he would receive from her. With what an atmosphere of love was the poor youth surrounded! His mother had a sofa bedstead put into his room so that she was always with him.

She engaged a lady companion who should take her place with the children and in the house-keeping, so as to be able to devote herself to the invalid. And how kind every one was to Edward! It was the great treat for the children to be allowed, one at a time, to sit with brother Edward on the days when he could bear to speak to them. When they returned from their walks, they were sure to bring in a sweet wild nosegay for his room, because he had said that he loved the wild flowers better than garden flowers.

Six weeks after his arrival his mother had the joy of telling him that the Admiralty had awarded him as large a reward as a colonel would receive, for his gallantry, and that he would be entitled to receive a life pension for his wound! The boy was truly gratified; tears of joy coursed down his cheeks; he whispered to his mother, "I shall never want the money: still I should like to have it, to buy something for you and the children, as a remembrance. What shall it be, mother?"

With a choking sensation Grace tried to answer, but she could only get out these words, "I will think about it." When he returned to the subject, she said, "I should like to have your portrait, Edward," and so it was arranged. An artist friend was invited down to Heath Cottage, who stayed as long as it was necessary to complete the picture; for you may be certain that there were many days, the poor invalid could not bear even half an hour's sitting. They arranged him in his easy chair, with a

small table before him, on which Grace slipped the bullet (which she had always carried in her pocket), a union-jack rested against his chair; his naval cap in his hand, resting on his knee. Altogether it made a very interesting picture, although a sad one, because of his haggard countenance and wan expression; however, they had never seen any other, and to them the likeness was very valuable and dear. "You will tell little Robert all about me, won't you, mother, when he grows up, and make him a sailor for my sake? I should like to think that he would take my place."

CHAPTER LI.

They were about this time cheered by a letter from Captain Noel, who hoped by the autumn to be home again. He spoke of how he supposed and hoped that they were enjoying Edward's visit. He expected to find him quite strong, and able to get to sea again.

How mournful all these hopes seemed to Grace as she read the words! nor did she let Edward know what his stepfather said about him: he could not have borne it.

You must not, however, suppose that Edward was resigned to death; it was not so. Grace had taken every opportunity that presented itself to elevate her son's mind, by the consideration of the bright exchange that awaited him, if God in His mercy received him to His heavenly kingdom; and she taught him to rely on the precious death of his Redeemer as his guerdon of pardon for the sins he might in his ignorance of right and wrong have committed. The poor youth's favorite prayer was "the sins and ignorance of my youth do not remember."

At times she painted to him in glowing colors the bliss of heaven. "Ah Edward!" she would say, "I am the one to be pitied, who have to remain behind, still to fight and struggle for the crown," so that at last he used to say, as if impatient to be gone, "Do you think that it will be to-day, mother?" and look disappointed if she "thought that he was better—stronger to-day."

Nor must you suppose that she neglected the holy ministrations of her pastor for her dying child; by no means. He had as much comfort in that respect as she could procure for him. There was no difficulty, being so near London, in obtaining the comfort of the attendance of a priest; for all the ambassadors had their chapels and a regular staff of priests attached to them. So the Rev. T. Green paid frequent visits; and if Edward seemed more weak than usual, he would remain, and sleep at the cottage.

CHAPTER LII.

In this way the summer passed into autumn, and still Edward lingered. Have you, reader, ever watched a lingering consumption? I have and know what a mournful watch it is. You cannot help longing for the release of the beloved object of your care, and yet, oh! how you dread it!

One very sultry evening Edward was lying perfectly exhausted by the heat, opposite the window which was thrown open. He could see the setting sun, and his eye rested on it, and he whispered in so low a tone that his mother could barely catch the words, "Mother, I go rejoicing; don't grieve." He gave her one tender, very tender look, and closed his eyes without one struggle. He was gone.

She could hardly realize it; so gently, so quickly had the spirit departed. And Grace! she felt no violent emotion. All seemed so peaceful, so subdued within her, that she told me afterwards that she felt full of wonderment rather than sorrow. She gave no sign; she called no one to her; she felt as if afraid any one should interrupt the holy calm which seemed to unite her and her child. She remained on her knees holding her boy's hand in her's without moving, fearing, as it were, to awaken him; and I am sure, had she had the choice put before her she would not have done so.

In this position Maruth found her when she came to bring in their usual tea.

"Sure, mam, you know what's happened?" said her maid, when she perceived the state of the case. "Master Edward has gone home, mam, God rest his dear soul!"

"Yes, Maruth," was all she answered, and she let her faithful friend lead her out of the room, and lay her down on the couch in the drawing-room; and it was only when her children came in, sent by nurse to "comfort mamma in her trouble," that Grace realized that the eldest of them, her first-born, was now really taken away from their midst. Do not say taken from you, poor mother; he is gone, but only to wait for you; a little time and you will go to him. He will be ready to welcome you. He is not taken; I could almost say he went, for you know how willing he was to go to his eternal rest.

CHAPTER LIII.

He had been buried but a week when one evening Mrs. Noel and Miss Davis had drawn their chairs to the table to read and work, as

was their habit for an hour or two before bedtime, and just settled themselves in their places when they heard the gate dividing the garden from the street click.

"Who can that be?" said Miss Davis. "It is nine o'clock, and we are not often troubled with callers at such an hour." But Mrs. Noel did not answer; her heart, as it were, stopped beating; she fancied that she knew the footsteps.

Captain Noel did not perceive the black in which the two ladies were dressed (gentlemen are not often unobtrusive in such matters.)—So when he could find words he said, "Well, how are the children? Where is Edward?" Then, not receiving an answer, and Grace, unable to speak, pointing to her dress, the truth struck him, and he exclaimed, "Good gracious, my poor wife! and when was it? But no; you shall not tell me now all about it," said he, folding her again in his arms, "not until you are more composed."

"Robert, did you not get my letter, telling you the opinion of Dr. —?"

"No; I have had no letters for the last three months, because we have been cruising about, I suppose, and then letters are so often lost. Now take me to see the children."

Robert, who was second on the list for his flag, now remained at home for three years.

It was a great boon to Grace to have him for so long a time, for the elder children were growing up and requiring schooling; and the mother was thankful that the father was there to help her in the choice of a good school for the eldest son. But, I really believe that all this time I have never mentioned that very important point, to lady readers, at least, namely, the names of our heroine's children! So allow me to introduce Master Charles, called after Captain Noel's father, Ellen, the eldest daughter, and Sarah the second. The youngest child she had then was a boy named Robert. I need not say why that name was chosen! This youngest was the pet in the family; and although two younger girls were in time added to the family circle, he never lost his place as prime favorite, not only with his parents but even with his brothers and sisters! he was always the one most loved, even when separate cares and interests had divided this once happy family when grown up; as must always be in this work-a-day world! But to return to my description of Grace's children; ere long another girl was born, and honored by being given the name of her mother.

They were a fine, healthy family, rejoicing in good dispositions, and promising a fair share of talent, especially the eldest son, for whom great hopes of a successful career were indulged in by his fond and admiring parents.

CHAPTER LIV.

As I before said, Captain Noel was second on the list for Admiral when he came home from the coast of Italy. At the end of three years he received his promotion and orders to hoist his flag on board the "Vigo," in order to go to St. Helena to relieve Admiral * * *, who was stationed there guarding Bonaparte. I need not describe the parting—there have been too many of them in Grace's married life to render it necessary—suffice it to say, that Robert left his sister Agnes with his wife this time, for his mother had died during his recent stay at Blackheath; and his sister having given up, or rather let Beechwood Lodge, made her home with her sister-in-law in the new and larger house she now occupied.

Right well and prudently did Grace manage her family during the four years that Robert was absent; and receiving instructions from her husband, she arranged for Charles to prepare for the profession he had chosen—namely, the bar—and sent Robert to the school his brother has just left. The three girls were educated at home by a governess, with the assistance of masters; and baby, who was born a few weeks after the Admiral left home, was mamma's care and delight; she was named Elizabeth, after a favorite aunt in the Noel family.

CHAPTER LV.

But now, all the world were agog! Every one was talking of the death of Napoleon.—What a change it made in all military and naval affairs! On all sides Mrs. Noel was greeted with, "You will soon have the Admiral home." How anxiously she watched the newspapers for tidings! At length, she ascertained at the Admiralty that all ships sent to guard Bonaparte were ordered home. What joy! What suspense! How heavy the time hung upon her hands! for a full year passed, ere she once more welcomed her husband home, and had the joy of presenting to him, not only the little stranger, but his daughters grown up into blooming lady-like young women.

"How old you make me feel," cried the delighted father; "and yet when I look at your dear mother, she still looks so young and lovely, I begin to think that I cannot be so old after all."

Robert's wanderings were over; he thought that he had done enough for his country, and his country had done well by him; so he sent in his application for retirement, backed by testimonials of having seen good service in all the stirring times of the long war.

CHAPTER LVI.

I must now ask you to guess how the next ten or twelve years passed with my heroine and her family, only giving you a slight summary. Charles is beginning his way at the bar; Robert has chosen his father's profession, and is now a lieutenant; Ellen and Sarah are well married.

Grace and Elizabeth in their turn have grown up; but there is no talk of their leaving the paternal roof; they are the great pleasure and delight of their parents; and Aunt Agnes is their dearest friend.

In this space of time politics have also undergone vast changes. Catholic Emancipation has been carried; George the Fourth has passed away; so has William, our Sailor King; and our present gracious Sovereign has come to the throne.

In one of the early years of her reign the Act for Settling the Encumbered Estates in Ireland was passed, and one of the first to come under its cognizance was the far-famed Mallerina.

You may be sure that Mrs. Noel (for she is now too old for me to still call her Grace) was deeply interested in hearing this news; but more interested in reality than she dreamt of.

She received a letter from her cousin one day, (John O'Shawnessy), begging her to come over to Ireland with as little delay as possible, as he had an important communication to make to her in connection with the Mallerina Estates, and which would require her personal attendance. Of course she started at once for Dublin, and then received the following statement:

"Your grandfather bought of the Joyces, on Lough Derryclare, an island, on which he built a house, laid out grounds, and used it as a summer residence for fishing. That property did not belong to the entailed Mallerina Estates, so when your father was about to marry he made a deed of gift of that island and its appurtenances to Ann Lynch, who afterwards became his wife. That property had no business to have gone with the Mallerina Estate; as your mother's heir, it is yours, and the Mallerina Estate is indebted to you all the revenue that you ought to have been enjoying these past years; in fact, ever since your father gave up the estate."

"He did not give them up, John, they were taken from him."

"True for you; I mean the same thing; but how was it that he allowed this to go with the rest?"

"You must remember, John, how little my poor father understood business; how determined he was at first to recover his estate, and not to submit to such unjust robbery. In thinking of the larger loss so overlooked the minor, and then, before he could well recover his presence of mind to look into his affairs, you know how he died, literally of a broken heart. My mother, without doubt, was ignorant of her claim, and supposed all went alike that belonged to them."

"It is a lovely little spot, I can tell you, Grace," said John O'Shawnessy. "Tom O'Malley and his daughter were very fond of it; they called it 'Peace Island.' It was well cared for, and Miss O'Malley laid out a pretty garden all round the house, besides adding greatly to the building."

"I remember it well," replied Mrs. Noel: "It is a beautifully wooded spot. The house is a stone one, and quite hidden by the trees. I have often rowed round it when I was staying with the O'Donnells on Lough Ina."

"I wish you would run down with me and see it," said John O'Shawnessy.

"So I will; but will write for the Admiral, who would like to accompany us."

CHAPTER LVII.

Robert soon arrived, and then they all started for "Peace Island."

Nor were they disappointed! Nature had, indeed, done much for it, and so had art in the hands of Miss O'Malley.

"I have already sent in your claim," remarked John O'Shawnessy; "and there is not a shadow of a doubt but that it will be acknowledged. So now, let me know what you mean to do with it?"

"Do with it!" said Grace, "why do it up beautifully! and come and enjoy it every summer whilst we can; and, perhaps, when the two girls are married, Robert and I may come and live here—who knows?"

They parted! O'Shawnessy to go back to Dublin,—the Admiral and Mrs. Noel to go and visit the O'Donnells.

What pleasure had Grace in showing the scenes of her early life to her husband. Pointing out now this locality—now that other, until she had made him acquainted with the spots so

endeared to her by memory. And Robert, he was enchanted with the scenery that surrounded their new home.

The Bold Pins, twelve in number, surrounding the Lake, with the sunlight playing about their solemn heads, and shining into their dark purple depths, enlivened by the scarlet petticoat of the peasant, climbing their lofty and steep sides after the cattle!

In the distance rose Coolnacartan, the name of the mountain which indicated, as it were, the beginning of the Lake Country.

Having remained at Clifden as long as necessary to make excursions in its neighborhood to Ballynahinch, where stood an old castle belonging to the O'Malleys, also Dangan, the old feudal residence of the family, and the one in which her father was born, Grace and her husband proceeded to Kylemore and Leauane.

The beauty of the scenery along the Killery Mountains presents the most enchanting of all the neighborhood, so that it is difficult to tear oneself from it. They continued their course, sometimes by car, sometimes by boat, until they reached Sligo Bay, and thence to Waterdale.

CHAPTER LVIII.

You may imagine the warm welcome that awaited them from the O'Donnells, with whom they discussed their new acquisition.

After remaining a week at Waterdale, Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell accompanied them to "Peace Island," to see what alterations and improvements were required, and which Mr. O'Donnell undertook to see completed, so that they might in the autumn come down to their island home.

As they stood on the lawn in front of the house, Grace said—

"Oh, my dear friends, how strikingly are the words of the Almighty fulfilled! He said that He would visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations; and see, in this Mallerina, how fully he has carried out His word! Robin committed the dreadful sin of selling his soul for this estate. He inflicted this foul wrong on his benefactor! His son so dissipated the fortune that his extravagance and recklessness became a by-word. Thus Robin's grandson had but the name of the estate—there was so little property left. His great-granddaughter, the sole survivor of that family, met with an untimely end, perishing at sea. Good and amiable as she was, the innocent suffered for the guilty. She was the last of the fourth generation."

"True for you, Grace," said Mr. O'Donnell, "the family have passed away. You are the last of the Catholic O'Malleys!"

THE END.

FATHER BURKE.

His Funeral Oration on O'Connell.

From advanced sheets of the volume of Father Burke's Sermons and Lectures, now going through the press, we (*Irish American*) are enabled to present our readers, this week, with Father Burke's beautiful "Funeral Oration on O'Connell." On the occasion of the removal of the remains of "The Liberator" to their final resting-place in Glasnevin, beneath the Round Tower and Sepulchre, which a grateful country raised to her best and noblest son, this oration was delivered, under an improvised canopy, before an audience of fifty thousand persons. Many who heard Father Burke, that day, are now, like himself, in America, and will be glad to see his words in print; while to the thousands of readers to whom they will be entirely new, the present publication will be one of the most interesting of the great preacher's discourses:—

"Wisdom conducted the just man through the right ways, and showed him the kingdom of God, made him honorable in his labors, and accomplished his works. She kept him safe from his enemies, and gave him a strong conflict, that he might overcome; and in bondage she left him not till she brought him the sceptre of the kingdom, and power against those that oppressed him, and gave him everlasting glory."—Wisdom x.

These striking words of the inspired writer tell us the glorious history of a great man of old, the father and founder of a great people. They also point out the true source of his greatness, and the secret of his success. He was a just man, and the spirit of wisdom was upon him. He was led by this spirit through the right ways—that is to say, the ways of truth and justice, the straightforward paths of reason and obedience; and the ends of his ways, the object ever before his eyes, was the "kingdom of God," the independence, the glory, the spiritual freedom of the children of his race. A high and holy object was this, a grand and a noble purpose, which wisdom held out to him as the aim of his life and the crown of his days. And as the end for which a man labors determines all things, either unto shame or unto glory; so he, who labored for so great an end, "the kingdom of God," was made "honorable in his labors;" and the source of this honor was also the secret of success, for he