

## ATHOLIC HRONICLE.

# MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1871.

## NORA BRADY'S VOW.

VOL. XXI.

BY MRS. ANNA II. DORSEY.

### CHAPTER IX.-(Continued.)

It was growing toward noon; and, calling Desmond, who was trying to decipher an inscription on an old tomb. they started homeward. They had not gone far when they saw Dennis Byrne coming toward them. Mrs. Halloran instantly apprehended a visit from her cousin, Donald More ; but, to her great relief. Dennis informed her that Major O'Grady from Glendariff had come over to spend the He was her husband's best friend; and day. He was her husband's best friend; and heard her whispers stealing, just as they did [I'm not kept waiting." she thought instantly that he had perhaps re-that day. If I had lived, my cursed pride [I'm not kept waiting." ceived later intelligence from him than she had. and quickened her pace.

"I am glad to see you, madam," said the soul, I'm delighted to see the roses blooming on your checks this fine morning ; and Master Desmond, too. Faith, madam. you'll have a grown-up son before you know where you are."

welcome. But allow me to offer you some refreshments," said Mrs. Halloran.

did you hear from 'Halloran?'

"About two weeks ago."

story, major, but Nora has laid us all under a well."

" That's fine news altogether. Nora Brady's a noble creature, and deserves just such a husband as that find fellow Dennis Byrne will make her. In France they would be pensioned by government for their fidelity. I was afraid the little girl's death would be a heavy blow to the poor wretch's soul for the first time; for he John.

"It was," said Mrs. Halloran, while her eyes overflowed

"Well, it's natural, I suppose, for people to grieve; but I don't think it's right. No one could do for that gentle, little lamb what her Father in heaven will do. Just think of her being an angel! Why, by this and that, I think it's glorious,---too glorious a thing to shed tears about." And, by way of illustrating his precept, the major shed tears himself. "How are our friends around-the old a pause ; for she dared trust herself no further on this theme.

and told me in plain language that I was un- Snow. I declare to man I didn't intend the laste welcome, and that she scorned me too much harm in the world, only you stood in the way to receive the slightest favor or kindness from of it, an' caught it. Come into the kitchen.

Inc

were sweet and trusting ones. I have never room and be sated, and have some refresh-forgotten that moment. That bright little face ments."

has come to me in my dreams, and stood out would have helped me through; but I am dying; and though I don't believe in the fables of Christianity, and am not actuated by any major, meeting her at the door: "upon my noble moral motive in the act, I wish to be forgotten entirely-to have my memory blotted away from the earth-rather than have the curses of generations spit on my grave for what men consider a criminal injustice. I therefore "I am glad to see you, major: you are truly have left to you, as the best and oldest friend of Mary Halloran and her son, to hold in trust for them until Desmond is of age, the estates "Thank you heartily for the welcome, but of Glendariff, with all lands, properties, and the refreshments I decline, if you please. I moneys appertaining thereto. The documents breakfasted at a late hour in the valley, and do are all legally drawn up, and we only awaited not wish to spoil my appetite for dinner. When your coming to sign them. Call Lawyer Dunshane in,' he said to a gentleman who was in the room. 'A glass of water, major: I am "And how was he?" sinking very fast.' And gad, madam, he got I had been ill, but was quite recovered. so white, and gasped so, that I thought he'd and thinks that but for the nursing and care of be off before he got the papers signed; but he Nora Brady he must have died. It's a long railied, and when they all came up, the lawyer, the attorney, and the apothecary, with the paheavy debt of gratitude,-tiod bless her! and pers, he was able to write his name as steadily the end of it is that John is well and doing as he ever did in his life, -- then watched us as we signed ours. I said but little, egad ; for, altogether, it put me out of breath. I was dumbfounded, nonplussed to an entirety. I assure you, and so rejoiced that I was afraid I might say or do something unbecoming the occasion. Then, I declare to you, I thought of was so calm and deliberate, and talked away so

evenly, that I didn't see why I should bother about it, if he didn't.

"'Mr. More,' I said, 'you have done an act which God and man will approve. I thought, sir, the old honorable blood in your veins was only under an eclipse; and I'm glad from my soul, sir, far the sake of the royal and henorable name you bear, that you have wiped this stigma away. But, sir, you will be in a few hours before the face of an almighty and terrible God, who will judge you not as man neighborhood ?" inquired Mrs. Halloran, after judges. Let me beseech you, then, to make your peace with Him while you may." "'Do you remember where I was educated, major?' he said, with a ghastly smile of deri-sion. 'There, sir, is the apostle of my creed.' And I followed the glance of his eye, and saw on the mantel-piece a marble bust of Voltaire, whose sardonic countenance, in which was blended the scorn of Lucifer and the leer of Belial, could only find its likeness in the lowest cell of perdition.

me. It cut deep, sir; it stung me almost to Ellen, an' hear what I've got to tell you; an' frenzy. But the child turned her angel face bedad, if you don't fly up the chimbly I shall wasted hand to welcome me. And her words my niglect, sir; but walk into the drawin'-

" No, I thank you, Byrne. I'm going over from the twilight beside me; it has pursued to the old cloisters for a little while. I shall me everywhere, and down in my heart I have be ready for dinner when I get back. See that

The major wished to visit the "little lady's" grave; for he, in common with all who had ever known her, loved the strange, old-timed little one; he wished also to look at that tombstone, made of the finest Italian marble, and carved by a master hand, which had cost almost it weight in gold, and whose history he alone knew, and had sworn to a dying man never to reveal, lest it should be torn away and east in scorn from the sacred spot where he had planted it.

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In a few weeks Mary Halloran and Desmond, with Dennis to protect them, were on their way to Boston, where a fair and beautiful home and loving and friendly hearts awaited their coming. In one of the state-rooms of the ship so carefully guarded that Mrs. Halloran herself kept the key, was a large case, so heavy that it took six stout sailors to lift it in. Deunis Byrne had given out mysterious hints about its containing the old silver, gold, and jewels of the family, and the tars troubled themselves about it, except to say, every now and then. that it was a wonder to see a lady, who had such piles of gold and silver, look so miserable and pale as Mrs. Halloran did. The captain was in the secret ; for the freight of that mys terious case had added one hundred and fifty pounds to the profits of the voyage. It was a shell within a shell. The outer one was of oak, banded with iron; within was another of lead, which contained one of rosewood, which was once a living, breathing, loving child. It was the body of little Gracie, which her father had directed to be brought to him, that it might be laid where he could sometimes go and weep beside it. In the hold of the ship, with their other effects, were the marble head and footstone, carefully packed and stowed away.

Nora Brady's vow was not broken. She accomplished much toward its fulfilment; and God, blessing her earnest endeavor, provided for the rest. Her day-dreams turned to real, substantial things; she saw those she loved, reunited and happy,-which was reward enough she thought. But the most acceptable and beautiful virtue of the human heart, after charity, is gratitude; and it is one which God sees fit, in His divine providence, to reward many times, even on earth. In the course of a year Nora saw another little Gracie lying on Mary Halloran's breast; she saw Dennis set up in a thriving business by Mr. Halloran, who. in the receipt of abundant supplies from Ire-"'You jest, Mr. More. I will not believe land, was enabled to establish him on a capital basis, which gave him an opportunity to develop his resources and capacities for business without embarrassment; and, as the year closed in. Nora became the wife of her long-tried and faithful lover. She drew two hundred dollars. all that was left of Mr. Mallow's gift, and furnished neatly and substantially a small house. where she lived in happiness and comfort,content with her station, and serving God with a cheerful and willing heart. And, after years had passed away and Nora's children gathered around her, they removed to a larger and handsomer house,-a house which we have been in before, but which, with its modern repairs and elegant improvements, we can scarcely recog- ful, one face strongly interested me. It was nize. Mr. Mallow had claimed the promise she made him when she refused to be his wife. not only for himself but for Mrs. Sydney, who, old and infirm, could no longer help herself .--With Nora Byrne they found a safe and happy asylum for their declining days; and it is said that, after applying a portion of his wealth to the establishment of a "poor man's bank," Mr. Mallow intended to divide the rest between Nora's children. Need we say that the bond between the Hallorans and the Byrnes grew stronger with time, and that the troubled days of the past were often spoken of between them with deep emotion? When the anniversary of He was already to conduct, gratis, the defen-Gracie's death. or rather her birth into immor-ces of poor wretches similarly situated, and he This was a good beg Gracie's death, or rather her birth into immortal life, came round, it was Mr. Halloran's way to gather Nora's children and his own and take them out to the little grave; and, while they wreathed the tomb and grave with flowers, he would tell them, in tender yet cheerful accents, the brief but beautiful history of her life, and stalled as housekceper at Glendariff to take care of and show the place: for it had become a place of pilgrimage for strangers,-indeed, for all who had heard its history and who how Nora prospers, go to the large and sub- character-nay, better still, there was a good | Lord Lieutenant, could be rapidly approached,

fied. But I am dying, and cannot say all that ( 'I believe now, your honor, that the divil's stantial new warehouse on the right hand side chance of snatching him from the gallows, I wish. A few months ago I saw Mary, and out of me intirely,'' he said, quietly; 'an' I of — dock, and ask the portly, prosperous even though he must leave his native land for-I saw her child, the only thing on earth that I beg your honor's pardon for cutting up such a merchant within, how he gets on. You can ever. He had been forced to accompany the loved, dying. Mary was haughty and agitated, shindy; but I couldn't help it. There, Mr. casily find the place; for over the door is writ- others upon their fatal sortie-had never been ten, in large black letters. Byrne & Co.; and the Co. is good Thomas McGinnis.

Witness,

Desmond is of age, and has gone to take possession of his estate. There was, at first, a formidable array of objections interposed by toward me, and smiled while she held out her be glad. Major O'Grady, be plased to excuse the ever-active and argus-eyed government officials regarding the matter, and the affair was carried before the courts, and referred finally to the decision of the Lord Lientedant, who, being more liberal than his predecessor, and wishing to conciliate the Catholic gentry and people of Ireland, allowed the young heir to enter on the full possession of his estate, its

immunities and priviliges. While the affair was pending, he was the guest of Major All was soon over-and over to my affliction O'Grady, whose beautiful daughter Florence, it is whispered, will, in a year or so, be mistress of Glendariff.

Influential friends at home, who had never ceased to interest themselves to obtain permission for John Halloran to return to Ireland, at which would have embarrassed and annoyed did he protest, with the energy of a man pleadhim on all occasions when he might have aided his countrymen, at least by his advice, and promise, against their evidence : in vain did events would have been construed into treason, were found guilty in common : but his fate that he rejected it with indignation, and behalf. A good citizen, whose position and influence rank high,-prosperous and honored,his adopted country feels proud of his virtues and talents, and respects the Faith which he illustrates so nobly in his life,

The widow Blake was not forgotten by our exiles in their prosperity, but received kindly and generous aid from them in her undertakings, which led to substantial comfort.--for which she never ceased to thank God, and always referred to the night Mr. Halloran fell insensible on her steps, as the most fortunate day of her life.

And when, in the quiet twilight hour, John Halloran and his wife often talked, in low, tender tones, over the troubled past, they never failed to refer to Nora Brady's Vow as the cause of their restored happiness.

Norg-In alluding to the outbreak of '18, I deem t proper, as nearly all the participators in it are living, to state that John Halleran is a PURELY FIC-TITIOUS PERSONAGE, and the event and its results are only introduced to throw oilt, in stronger relief, the virtues of Nora Brady's character, who is a real and living person, and only one of a thousand of her class, whose sacrifices for the well-being of friends at home are noble and heroic. Many cases of the kind have come under my own eye,-two in my own family,-which are as descrying of immortality as were the acts of the brave daughter of the exiles of Siberia. A. H. D.

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"out" before -and had not pulled a trigger or raised a hand against the police; his more guilty associates supported, or else did not contravene his statement. So, confident that the police would also bear him out at the critical moment, I took notes of his defence for my friend the attorney, and passed on to other cells, but of the results of my continued investigations I will not speak.

The sagacious attorney was right. By twelve o'clock next day four of the men, including my favorite client, were placed at the bar of their country ; three others were too ill of their wounds to be at present produced. and almost consternation. Instead of swearing that the young man had been comparatively forbearing during the battle outside the gentleman's house, the police, one and all, from some strange mistake-for surely they thought they were in the right, distinctly deposed that length met with a questionable success; but his was the hand which shew one of their the pardom was so transmeled with conditions force, and badly wounded another. In vain ing for dear, dear life, in all its array of happy which the slightest public interest in passing his fellow prisoners support him: he and they was the terrific one-of him the example was sought his friends, as they honored him. never to be made; and while the other men were to make another attempt of the kind in his be- only sentenced to transportation for life, he was doomed to hang by the neek within forty-eight hours, and his body given for dissection.

As the judge ushered in the last words of the sentence, a shrick, I shall never forget ita woman's shrick-and a young woman's too, pierced up to the roof of the silent court-house, and then I heard a heavy fall. The young culprit had been swaying from side to side, during his sentence : at the soul-shrilling sound he started into upright and perfect energy : his hands which had clapsed the bar of the dock, were clapped together with a loud noise ; the blood mounted to his forchead ; his lips parted wildly, and, having almost shouted out-" Moya! it's she! I knew she'd be here !" he suddenly made a spring to clear the back of the dock-obviously no impulse to escape dictated the action; he wanted to raise Moya-his betrothed Moya-from the floor of the court-house, and clasp her in his armsand that was all. And, doubtless, in his vigorous and thrice-nerved strength, he must have succeeded in his wild attempt, but that the sleeve of one arm, and the hand of another became impaled on the sharp iron spikes which surmounted the formidable barrier before him. Thus eruelly impeded, however, he was casily secured, and instantly let down through a trapdoor in the bottom of the dock, to his "condemned cell," continuing till his voice was lost in the depths beneath us, to call out, " Moya, cushla-ma-chree, Moya !" I hastened, with many others, into the body of the court, and there learned from her father and mother, and other friends, the connexion between her and the sentenced lad. They were to have been married at Easter. This did not lesson my interest in him-my party of police. They had attacked only the attorney joined me, and we spoke of all possible purpose of rifling it of arms-had been re- after Moya's parents had forced her out of the -married. We thought of hearing what the wounded policeman might say. But he was fourteen mon cars of the country-some of them were miles distant, where the affray had occurred, and, even though his evidence might be favorable, we knew we must be prepared to forward it to Dublin, as the judge would leave our town that day. We set to work, however, mounted two good horses, and within three hours learned from the lips of the wounded man that the Rockite who had fired at him was an would have it, full of goodness and gentleness. elderly and ill-favored man. It was our next His clear blue eye too was neither sulky, nor business to convey our new evidence into the savage, nor reckless, but seemed only to ex- town; we did so, in a carriage borrowed from press great awe of his situation, unless when, the person whose house had been attacked. from some sudden mental recurrence to him- He was confronted with all the prisoners; we perhaps it quailed or became suffused with cautioned him to say nothing that might give tears. I involuntarily followed the melancholy a false hope to the object of our interest; but, procession towards the jail, thinking of that after leaving the cell, he persisted in exculpatyoung man. After all the prisoners had been ing him from having killed his comrade or ushered into their new abode, a popular anti-tithe attorney whom I knew, accosted me. the real culprit among those who had not yet ces of poor wretches similarly situated, and he This was a good beginning. An affidavit told me his intention of going into the jail was soon prepared, which the policeman signed. that moment, to try and collect materials for A few minutes afterwards the attorney, helped saving their lives, at least, of some of the new in his expenses for the road by some friends. comers. I expressed a wish to assist him in myself among the number, started for Dublin, his task : he readily consented, observing that as fast as four horses could gallop. Ten as the unfortunate men would certainly be put hours, out of the forty-eight allowed to the on their trials next day, no offer of aid, in condemned to prepare for death, had already their favor, was to be disregarded; so we en- elapsed. Our good attorney must now do the best he could within thirty-seven hours-it was It fell to my lot to visit the cell, among fearful not to have an hour to spare-to calothers, of the lad who had so much interested | culate time when it would just be merging me. His assertions, supported, or not con- into eternity. But we had good hopes. If tradicted by most of his band, seemed to argue | horses did not fuil on the road, going and re-

"Around Glendariff? Pretty well, -- at least all that you are interested about; and those who knew I was coming sent a thousand messages of love and condolence, which you must receive on my credit, dear lady, for I have forgotten them all.

"I am glad to be remembered," said Mrs. Halloran, smiling.

"I forgot them because I had other and more important affairs to think over and talk over when I saw you ; and-hang it all, it's no use to be beating around the bush any longer. of an immortal soul,-opinions so daring and I came on business which I don't know how to perilous, in a moment like this." let out for the life of me. I'm the very worst diplomat in the world. I don't know how it my honor, his reverence over there at Kildare will affect you; but tell me, do you ever go off couldn't preach a better sermon. But have into hysterics, or faintings, or the like? for I done. Like an Epicurean have I lived; and

powers of endurance for any such demonstrations, major. But I feel excessively anxious began to toss, and writhe, and utter such peals to hear what this matter is, which you have so of frantic laughter that I slipped from the room. strangely preluded."

" Dead !"

"Yes. He was thrown from his horse one night, coming from Kildare, and was so injured that he died in a few days.'

"Then let all animosities be buried with him. We shall tread lightly over his ashes; and may God forgive him, even as I do !" said Mrs. Halloran, feeling much shocked at the news.

"He sent for me, and I was about declining the invitation,-for I despised the fellow most heartily, and expected no good from him,--when something impelled me to go; and go I did. I saw that he was hastening at a rapid out and tell the news to the rascal.' pace to answer to a just Judge for the deeds done in the body: so I softened a little, and spoke to him like a Christian.

"'I thank you for coming' he said, in a husky voice, after I had taken my seat by the a hearty huzza, that the old major had much bedside. 'You are the friend of those to whom I wish to make restitution. I mean John Halloran's family. Mary was my first love: negro coachman heartily joined, without com-I had hoped to win her; but she preferred an- prehending in the least what possessed him.other, and from that day I lived only for re- At last he stopped, and wiping the perspiration venge. I hated John Halloran. But time from his heated face, seized Ellen and kissed grows short. You all know the events which her, shook hands with the major, and flew at dared to go to the verge of treason and do honor have transpired within the last year or two, and the grinning negro, whom he sprawled on the to John Halloran. And if you wish to know that I had not formed a wrong opinion of his turning, and if the judge, and, after him, the how my revenge has been attained and grati- grass. 

that you really entertain opinious so unworthy

"'Have you been tonsured, major? Upon tell you plainly, if you should give ever so small a shrick, I should be off like a rocket." "I believe I have grown too strong in my up, quick! Never mind the cobwebs on their necks,-the black brave fellows.' Then he They told me that at the last, when the terrors "Well, it's no more nor less than this : your and bitterness of death seized him, the most cousin, Donald More,-hold on, now,-the frightful visions haunted him; but at length, base scoundrel, is dead." died. Such was the death of an infidel."

"This news is horrible, major," said Mrs. Halloran, who was leaning back, very pale, in her chair. "Oh, the loss of a soul is a most terrible consideration! Poor, miserable Donald ! Why did you forsake God and scorn the truth in your early manhood? Dear, sir, I feel much overcome. Will you allow me to re-tire for a little while?"

"Yes: go, my dear child and lie down; and don't forget that Glendariff is once more yours. And if you should hear Dennis Byrne give a yell, don't be alarmed ; for I'm going to step

Dennis didn't exactly yell; he only sprang some four or five feet up in the air, and danced a jig, interspersed with such a variety of remarkable pironettes, and at short intervals such ado to keep himself from falling down with of its holy passing away. Ellen remained at laughter at his antics, in which Ellen and the home, and, at Mrs. Halloran's request, was in-At last he stopped, and wiping the perspiration 

#### THE END.

### A PEASANT GIRL'S LOVE.

#### BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

The country assizes had commenced in my native town, when a new batch of Irish tithe arrangers were brought in prisoners by a strong previous evening a gentleman's house, for the efforts to obtain a commutation of sentence, pulsed by the police, who, aware of their in- court house, on the way to their home, retentions, lay in ambush for them, and lives jecting all entreaties to be led into the jail, and were lost on both sides. I was idling on one

of the bridges, when they passed by the jail, bound with ropes and with buckles to the comwounded too, a brow, or hand, or clothing giving vivid evidences of the fact.

But, although the general impression made by the whole of the wretched groups was painthat of a young man, not more than nineteen or twenty; his features were comely, and, I

tered the jail together.