

# The Catholic Journal

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## Carroll O'Donoghue

### A Tale of Irish Struggles of 1886 and Recent Times

by CHRISTINE FABER

#### Chapter XV

##### Captain Crawford's Valet

Continued from last week

A sickening sensation passed over the young captain; he remembered the ancient and picturesque building which had attracted his attention on the occasion of his first visit to Dr. O'Donoghue, and his inquiry about it, which had elicited such a pathetic response from Clara O'Donoghue. He saw again the lonely, unprotected girls, their humble little abode within sight of their former elegant home, and he looked at the flashy, vulgar Carter, the would-be possessor of the ancient homestead; it was with difficulty he restrained himself from spurning the fellow.

"Go," he said, his voice slightly quivering with the scorn he could not entirely repress, "and treat with Lord Heathcote for your promised reward. He bade me assure you that he would make good his word on the conclusion of the trials; and I wish you"—despite his effort to the contrary, all the contempt which he felt for the mercenary became manifest, not alone in his voice, but in the flashing scorn of his look—"all the happiness which is the recompense of a traitor."

Without farther adieu he walked to an inner room, taking with him the paper Carter had brought and closing the door between them.

Carter became purple with rage; it required a mighty effort to restrain himself from giving loud and profane vent to his violent passion. He waited, however, till he had reached the street, and was striding rapidly toward his daily rendezvous. Then he muttered:

"I shall make him pay dear yet for his treatment of me this day; I could have whispered something to him that would have made him civil at once; but it wasn't the time, nor it won't be the time till Carroll O'Donoghue is disposed of."

#### Chapter XVI

##### Shaun Objects to Dublin.

There was unusual excitement in Captain Crawford's apartments that officer in expostulation, entreaty, reprimand, reproach, menace, almost in a breath, and Tighe a Vohr in whines, and wails, and supplications, and ludicrous apostrophes,—the latter delivered in comical asides to imaginary listeners—could all be heard distinctly in the passage leading to the rooms, and Captain Dennier, on his way thither, paused in astonishment at the up roar which greeted him. When he entered Tighe was on his knees, surrounded by hat boxes, opened valises—the contents of which were indiscriminately mingled with those of a dressing-case lying inverted near—numerous boots and shoes, a full military equipment, together with every possession, private and personal, of the gallant captain. He seemed to be endeavoring to arrange them as commodities are placed in a fair, and the captain, in despair as to how his packing should ever be done in time for a hasty departure, was striding up and down the room in anger, while at the same time he was forced to be amused at the comical appearance of his valet, and more than all, by the ludicrous observations of the latter. Tighe's absurd remarks were intended to mollify the officer's temper, and to apologize for Tighe's natural awkwardness and blunders; and they were so extremely ludicrous that the captain found it impossible to be seriously indignant.

"Sure you could me to pack up," pursued Tighe, putting the box of blacking with ferocious haste into the dressing case, and placing on top of it indiscriminately brushes, combs, collars, and cuffs, all that he could crowd into the spaces without regard to adaptation or neatness; and as his master was at the further end of the room, the performance passed

unobserved. "An' in Ireland, here," he continued, working for dear life, "we pack up be putting everything in the middle o' the flure, jist to see what we've got, an' afther that it's easier to stow them into the holes an' corners, an'—"

He was interrupted by Captain Dennier's entrance. "What do you think of it?" asked Captain Crawford coming to meet him, and pointing to the box of blacking. Tighe, who pretended to be too busy even to lift his eyes to the new-comer. "That's the way he's doing my packing," continued the officer, "after leaving me in a pretty lurch beside; what do you think—"

"An' it wouldn't," spoke up Tighe from the depths of a valise; "Shaun'd be dead in a wake—"

"I told you he was a specimen," laughed Captain Crawford, though he was really annoyed at Tighe's determined refusal to accompany him; "and now I am in a pretty fix; I shall be obliged to take some raw recruit who will not know the first thing about his duties, and a fine mess I shall be in."

"How would this suit?" said Captain Dennier, abruptly, as he conceived a plan for helping his friend, "to exchange valets?—mine understand his business perfectly, and will, I think, at my desire readily transfer his services to you for a while, after when you shall have been suited, he can return to me, and I shall try to provide another place for Tighe here."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Crawford; "how bright of you to think of it; but are you sure that you will suffer no inconvenience by Tighe's blunders?"

Tighe a Vohr ventured to look up; a glance assured him that there was no danger of the recognition he feared, and growing bold from that fact, he rose, and stood with a half-confident, half, injured air before Captain Crawford: "May I spake a word to yer honor?"

"Considering that you have been speaking to me all the afternoon without soliciting permission, I do not see what is to hinder you now," was the laughing reply.

"Well, thin, Captain Crawford, afther sarvin' you as faithful as a mesel' an' Shaun done, I ax you natural wit and humor, suggested if it's fair or honorable to give me a character loike that? If I divert his master or from remembering why didn't you kapebering the paper which had been me blunderin' to yersel', for it given into his charge. But at the was out o' pure good nature that very moment of departure, when I blundered. It's a thrue sayin' that there's little gratitude in the world." He turned away as if he were too much hurt to say more.

It would hardly have been in human nature not to have laughed at Tighe a Vohr then—his appearance, his manner, the tone in which he had spoken, were all so irresistibly droll; and even Captain Dennier, little inclined as he felt to mirth, joined in his friend's spontaneous burst of merriment. The latter said, as he shook and smoothed them out, after which the locks had to be long and carefully tried, all of which Tighe's unintermittently employed to divert his master or from remembering why didn't you kapebering the paper which had been me blunderin' to yersel', for it given into his charge. But at the was out o' pure good nature that very moment of departure, when I blundered. It's a thrue sayin' that there's little gratitude in the world." He turned away as if he were too much hurt to say more.

"It will not do you any harm," Tighe will find your new master a very lenient one."

Tighe had resumed his packing. Both officers walked to a recess formed by one of the windows, and Captain Dennier began dealing in a very low voice the commission intrusted to him by Lord Heathcote, and which he was to transfer to Captain Crawford for final delivery in Dublin. Though Tighe strained his organs of hearing, he could only distinguish unconnected words; he fancied he heard the name of Carter, and directly he saw Captain Dennier pass to the hand of his friend an envelope out of which the latter took a carefully folded paper. He opened and perused it, then replaced it in its cover. Tighe, with his wonted sharpness, made a shrewd and lucky guess as to what might be the contents of the document. "Oh, all ye howly saints that's mentioned every day in the calendar," he mentally prayed, "help me now—help me to get hold o' that paper!"

The conference of the captains ended, Dennier left the apartment to send his own valet to facilitate Tighe's awkward packing, and

Crawford, divesting himself of his coat and boots, threw himself upon the bed for a brief slumber preparatory to his sudden and unwished-for journey. Tighe's eyes grew in size and shone like stars. He had seen his master deposit the envelope containing the all-important paper in some pocket about him, but whether in the inner breast pocket of his coat, or a recess closer to his person, he was unable to tell. With many a fervent mental prayer, and with noiseless motion, that he might not disturb the now sound sleeping officer, he seized the envelope and conveyed it to the inner room. He knew that he should recognize the envelope from its very heartiest of adieu, not however without a dash of pathos, that he, attended by Shaun, saw the officer finally depart.

(To be continued)

## Our Martyr Bishop in the Philippines.

Mgr. Joseph Freri, Director General of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, has received the following interesting letter from Archbishop Harty of Manila:

"I have just returned from Jaro, where I spent one month arranging the affairs of the late Bishop Rooker. The good Bishop labored like an apostle amidst privations and under conditions calculated to try the soul of a saint. His residence being in ruins since the revolution of 1899, he lived for four years in one small room in the parochial residence of Jaro. May he rest in peace."

"I have forwarded your check to Father Verbrugge, Superior of the Mill Hill Fathers. These priests are working with zeal and with much success. They are in deepest poverty, yet I have never heard them complain."

"Permit me to thank you and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for the valuable help you are giving to the Church in these islands."

## Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday January 5—Gospel, St. Matt. 11, 13-18—St. Telephorus, pope and martyr.  
Monday 6—The Epiphany of Our Lord.  
Tuesday 7—St. Lucian, martyr.  
Wednesday 8—St. Severinus, archbishop and confessor.  
Thursday 9—St. Julian and Basilissa, martyrs.  
Friday 10—St. Agathe, pope and martyr.  
Saturday 11—St. Hyginus, pope and martyr.

### Danville.

Sunday is the regular communion Sunday for the Catechists of the Sacred Heart. Also the regular school support collection Sunday.  
On New Year's Day Masses were at 8 and 10 a. m.

On Christmas Day the midnight and 10:30 a. m. Masses were celebrated at Danville, the 8 o'clock Mass in Groveland. Excellent sermons were preached by Rev. Father Dunn at all the Masses. The choir, under the direction of the organist, rendered special Christmas music. The altars were made beautiful with choice flowers and Christmas greens and for the first time were used the beautiful altar cards, donated by the Rosary, Altar and Scapular Society.

Rev. Father Dunn was unusually pleased with the very generous Christmas collection.  
The parochial schools will reopen after the Christmas vacation Jan. 5th.

Edw. Eschrich of Canisius College, Buffalo, was at the home of his parents for the holiday vacation.

Miss Grace M. Brogan of the Canisius High School faculty and Edw. E. Brogan of the Albany Law School were guests at the family home holiday week.

Miss Cecelia Rohrer of Cuba High School spent vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Rohrer.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Blum and family spent the holidays with Mrs. Blum's parents in Towanda.

Mrs. Mary J. Mannin is in Niagara Falls, guest of Mrs. Thos. O'Meara.

Miss Anna Breen of Rochester is the guest of the Misses Dougherty holiday week.

The Celtic Club meets with Miss Katherine A. Driscoll Friday evening, Jan. 10, 8 o'clock for study. Charles the First. Roll call is followed by quotations. All who are interested are invited to attend the meeting.

## Around the Globe

### Catholic News From Many Places

Rev. Alexander Nathaniel S. J., for the last ten years superior of a band of Holy Missionaries in the West, died last week in Cleveland.

The unveiling of the statue of St. Doane in Newark, N. J., originally set for December 1st, has been postponed to January 1st.

Very Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, P. O. Kilmacdonagh, County Wick, one of the most prominent in the Archdiocese of Dublin, died the other day. Archdeacon of Kilmacdonagh, Fr. O'Reilly's lot was a most arduous one. He was the prisoner of the Phoenix Park massacre, and him fell the sad task of paying them to the police.

The authorities of the University of Nancy, France, have ordered an alleged miracle, which has occurred in the village of Brin recently, to be investigated by the local authorities. The image under the statue of the candles moved.

On December 5, Francis Xavier, a member of the Society of Jesus, died in the ruins since the revolution of 1899, he lived for four years in one small room in the parochial residence of Jaro. May he rest in peace."

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Rev. James J. O'Connell, St. Ignace, who is said to have more temperate than any other priest in the city since the days of the Revolution, died on December 17.

By the will of the late Joseph Schaefer, various educational and charitable institutions have been bequeathed to the church, valued at \$40,000.

Monday, Jan. 6, twenty African-American parishes of the Archdiocese of New York, observed the feast of St. John the Evangelist.

Rev. Albert Knapp, O. P., one of the most distinguished members of the Dominican order, who has been transferred to the Holy See, is an Englishman, and formerly a minister of the Church of England for the diocese of which he at first thought to study. Later he decided to enter the medical profession, and went to France to prosecute his studies. While assisting in the hospital he was impressed by the devotion and charity of the Sisters, and this led him to investigate the claims of the Catholic Church. The result was his conversion, and he then, deciding to become a priest, joined the Dominican order.

The Fatcan Sisters of St. Francis have opened a home for Polish working girls in Buffalo.

A special despatch from Albany, Ill., to the Baltimore "Sun" of December 18 says: At the command of Bishop Ryan, twenty-five priests and nearly twenty laymen are en route to the Philippines to assist in the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.