

The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

Nineteenth Year, No. 49.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday July 10, 1908.

\$1.00 Per Year, 3c Per Copy

Carroll O'Donoghue

A Tale of Irish Struggles
of 1886 and Recent Times

by CHRISTINE FABER

Chapter XXXIV.

Rick's Discovery.

Continued from last week

She was aroused at last by Rick's return, and a faint smile somewhat brightened her features when he announced that he had secured their home. She departed with him, heavily veiled as she had been on her entrance, and giving to Andy Hoolahan, as she passed out, the same gentle, well-bred courtesy which had so charmed him before. They turned into one of the cross streets of the town, and suddenly there sprung from an open doorway of one of the old houses they were passing Shaun, who never forgot a friend; he jumped about Nora with every sign of extravagant delight. Her heart bounded with joy; the sight of the sagacious animal so closely connected, through his faithful master, with him who held her dearest affections, was like a gleam of sunshine to one who had been kept long in the dark, and she put out both hands to caress the dog, feeling that his master must be somewhere near. She was right. Tighe appeared in a moment, emerging from the hall, of the house in which was situated Corny O'Toole's bachelor apartment. He jumped back at least a pace with astonishment when he recognized Nora. She had thrown up her veil, and now stood with hand extended to Tighe a Vohr.

"I couldn't believe me siven sines that it was you, Miss McCarthy!" he said half apologetically, and venturing to clasp her hand gently for a moment, while his eyes turned with new wonder to her companion. "And Rick o' the Hills!" he continued; "it bates me comprehension intirely; what in the world are ye both doin' here in Tralee, an' where's the rest o' thim—Father Meagher an' Miss O'Donoghue? sure you wouldn't be thraivein' widout thim!"

"Yes, Tighe, for I am no longer Nora McCarthy, but Nora Sullivan; and this is my father," she drew Rick forward as she spoke. He held his head down and seemed unwilling to respond to her effort to draw him to Tighe, while her sudden color was the only sign of her own emotion.

Tighe a Vohr's eyes became so large that they seemed to have grown to twice their size; even his mouth was partially open to express his astonishment, and his whole face and attitude were so ludicrously indicative of terrified wonder, that under other circumstances Nora could not have refrained from laughing; now, however, her heart was too full of sorrow. "Rick o' the Hills yer father!" he repeated; "faith the world must be turning upside down!" and he actually looked about him, as if expecting to see the sky coming downward, and the earth upheaving beneath his feet. "Does Father Meagher know?" he asked, after a moment's pause, during which he dubiously viewed Rick, "an' does Miss O'Donoghue, an' the young master—?"

"All," interrupted Nora, quickly, "all, except Carroll." The sudden anguish in her voice, telling as it did how much it cost her to utter that name, caused even Rick to glance furtively at her, and somehow, inexplicable to himself, the expression in her face smote him to the heart; perchance it revealed to him a fact with previously he had but imperfectly known, or lightly considered. Nora continued "Father Meagher will tell him when he sees him."

Tighe turned away for an instant; with his wonted keen intuition he had divined the case, the bitter sacrifice, the noble heart of the unhappy girl, and he had turned to hide his emotion. At length he faced Rick. "Let me say a word to you. The world has never given you and gazed. much else than the could should—er—mebbe if it did different, you wouldn't be the poor cray-thur you are. I always thought an' said that there was good in you if it was only touched, an' believe it shtill; how ad' iver God's been good to you, to give you an angel loike this, an' oh, Rick, be good to her, an' be careful o' her, an' for her sake leave offyer hard ways, an' yer wandherin' way o' livin'!"

The world has never given you and gazed. much else than the could should—er—mebbe if it did different, you wouldn't be the poor cray-thur you are. I always thought an' said that there was good in you if it was only touched, an' believe it shtill; how ad' iver God's been good to you, to give you an angel loike this, an' oh, Rick, be good to her, an' be careful o' her, an' for her sake leave offyer hard ways, an' yer wandherin' way o' livin'!"

There was such true, homely sympathy in the tones, and such honest kindness in the clear, earnest eyes, so different from many of the tones and looks the poor wretch was wont to meet, that his heart was suddenly and mysteriously touched. He caught Tighe a Vohr's extended hand, and bowed his head over it a moment when he realized it and glistened upon it a large, warm tear.

"And you, Tighe, what are you doing here?" questioned Nora kindly, as Tighe a Vohr was about to depart.

"At the ould trade,—mesel an' Shaun gintleman's sarvints to Captain Dennier in the barracks." And shaking hands with them both he departed, turning into a secluded street that he might have a chance to relieve his feelings by a few remarks to his faithful companion. "The loike o' that, Shaun, bates Ban-nagher, an' they say Bannagher bate the divil. Rick o' the Hills her father! sure it's enough to make a man swear the moon his med o' grane chase, an' the world was hung on an' illphant's back, to believe the loicke o' that! faith, I can't reconcile mesel to it at all—thim two, that are as onloike ache other as the grizzly bears that Tom Connolly spakes o' havin' seen in Ameriky, an' Tighe experienced his usual difficulty in finding a simile, but he thought of one at last: "an' a noightgale; thim two to be such close blood relations. Oh, but Providence must be given to playin' divartin' tricks with the loike o' that! An' the young master—it'll break his young master's heart, I'm moody glad I'm not the one that's to tell him, an' I hope Father Meagher will have sinse enough not to tell him ayther. He has enough to bear widout addin' insult to injury in that way." And feeling somewhat relieved, Tighe turned back into the more crowded thoroughfare, in order to pursue his way to the barracks.

Rick and Nora had arrived at the home of which the former spoke—it consisted of plainly furnished, but comfortable apartments in Mrs. Murphy's neat little two-story house; and Murphy herself, stout and good-natured looking, was present to assure Nora that she would want for nothing in the way of simple comfort. Nora responded to the assurance in her gentle, winning way, at the same time kindly signifying her desire to be left alone with her father.

"Do you like it?" asked Rick, in a despondent tone, as if he knew and feared what her answer will be. She surprised him by her cheerful reply.

"Certainly I do; it is quiet and plain—just what I should choose, and I think Father Meagher and Clare will be well pleased when I describe it to them."

Already she had doffed her cloak and bonnet, and was moving in her graceful way through the apartments, altering the stiff arrangement of the simple furniture, and giving fresh and pretty touches to the few ornaments, consisting of a couple of vases containing artificial flowers on the mantel, and a pair of fancy baskets of shells dependent in the windows. There were three rooms—two sleeping chambers, adjoining each other, and opening into a large sitting-room. The furniture in the sleeping apartments was as plain as that in the other room, but it was spotlessly clean, and Nora returned from it quite satisfied. Rick sat gazing at her with a sort of stupid wonder; her beautiful presence, his comfortable surroundings, the thought that they were all his, was like a dream, and he dreaded some rough awakening; he would not disturb it by a motion, so he said a word to you.

"It will do nicely," she continued; "and after a little, when I have learned to earn more than will suffice for our support, per-an' said that there was good in you if it was only touched, an' believe it shtill; how ad' iver God's been good to you, to give you an angel loike this, an' oh, Rick, be good to her, an' be careful o' her, an' for her sake leave offyer hard ways, an' yer wandherin' way o' livin'!"

The rude and sudden awakening through the form of the miserable listener. "For our support!" he repeated, rousing himself to an erect attitude; "do you mean to say that you would work to support me?"

"Why not?" She came and sat beside him; "are you not my father? and you are old and worn; you are too weak to labor. I told you I would repay your affection, and I shall keep my word. I am not to be outdone by your love for me through all those years, and if I am not permitted to give you affection for the length of time that you bestowed it upon me at least I shall try to make up for it by the intensity of my final regard."

She had learned control at last: all Rick's penetrating gaze could not discover a trace of the agony during which her heart was torn as she spoke. Rick arose; he could no longer endure his own wild emotions, and he paced the room with downcast head and moody face. Nora watched him; she had even learned that hard task, and she gulped down with a prayer every feeling of aversion which rose, as her eyes rested upon the wretched-looking being whom she called father. His mental distress appeared to increase; the contortion of his features, the clinching of his hands, painfully indicated it. She went to his side, and put her hand on his arm. He shook it off, and started back as if her touch had stung him. Then seeing her onloike ache other as the grizzly bears that Tom Connolly spakes o' havin' seen in Ameriky, an' Tighe experienced his usual difficulty in finding a simile, but he thought of one at last: "an' a noightgale; thim two to be such close blood relations. Oh, but Providence must be given to playin' divartin' tricks with the loike o' that! An' the young master—it'll break his young master's heart, I'm moody glad I'm not the one that's to tell him, an' I hope Father Meagher will have sinse enough not to tell him ayther. He has enough to bear widout addin' insult to injury in that way." And feeling somewhat relieved, Tighe turned back into the more crowded thoroughfare, in order to pursue his way to the barracks.

Rick and Nora had arrived at the home of which the former spoke—it consisted of plainly furnished, but comfortable apartments in Mrs. Murphy's neat little two-story house; and Murphy herself, stout and good-natured looking, was present to assure Nora that she would want for nothing in the way of simple comfort. Nora responded to the assurance in her gentle, winning way, at the same time kindly signifying her desire to be left alone with her father.

other source; will you promise, no matter what comes, that you'll never betray me, Tighe?" And Rick looked appealingly into the wondering eyes bent upon him.

Around the Globe

Catholic News From Many Places.

Canada and Newfoundland will have a joint representative at the Hague tribunal to settle the Atlantic fisheries dispute with the United States, in the person of Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. He is a loyal and devout Catholic.

Bishop Curtis, of Baltimore, recently dedicated the Church of St. Francis de Sales on the side of Old Queen's chapel, near Washington. The old chapel was built in 1730 and was destroyed during the Civil war by the New York Garibaldi Guards. The new chapel, which is near Langdon, D. C., is a brick structure of pleasing design.

The oldest French priest is Canon Gadenne. Born in 1806, he has attained the age of 102 years, and has no infirmities. He still celebrates mass every day. The aged Canon has 156 nephews and nieces and great-nephews and great-nieces.

After being stowed away in the office of the governor's secretary for the past six years, the oil portrait of Governor James Sullivan, the only Irish governor of Massachusetts boasts of, will be soon restored by Acting Governor Draper to its proper place in the Senate reading room.

Cardinal Gibbons will celebrate June 30 his forty-seventh anniversary as a priest and his twenty-second year as a Cardinal. While the Cardinal is nearing his seventy-fourth birthday, which will be reached July 23, he is still hale and hearty, and soon expects to visit London and Rome.

In St. Peter Claver's Church, Baltimore, on a recent Sunday, three colored priests officiated at Solemn High Mass. They are Rev. John Henry Dorsey, of St. Joseph's College, Montgomery, Ala.; Rev. Randolph Uncles; Epiphany College, Walbrook, Baltimore, and Rev. John Planter, of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington.

Following the footsteps of their former rector, Rev. Dr. William Mc Garvey, and his three assistants, about forty of the 350 members of St. Elizabeth's Protestant Episcopal church of Philadelphia, are now under instruction in various Catholic churches in that city with a view of changing their faith. Most of them have gone to Epiphany church, with which Rev. Alvah W. Doran, formerly an Episcopal minister and now a priest, is connected.

Dr. J. Frank Crouch, professor of therapeutics at the Baltimore Medical College, has been made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great by Pope Pius X.—Cardinal Gibbons officiated at the ceremony of investiture, which took place at the Passionist Monastery in Baltimore a few days ago.

News had reached Rome of the death of Father Lorenzo Caratelli, who filled the office of Prefect Apostolic of Constantinople for the space of five years.

Pere Louis Copere, procurator general of the Marist Fathers, has been nominated consulor to Propaganda.

On June 28 Father Tasso, of the Priests of the Mission, will be consecrated as Bishop of Aosta by Cardinal Merry del Val.

News From Ireland

Antrim.

The late Mrs. Mary Anne Halliday, of Arundel terrace Newcastle, whose estate has been proved at £4,679 has left it, safe for a few bequests, to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast.

A sad fatality occurred at Belfast on May 29, when a boy named Arthur Lavelly died in the Royal Hospital as the result of an accident on the previous Tuesday evening at the Workshops for the Blind. Deceased went to the workshops to lead a blind man home and while waiting upon him, climbed up to one of the rollers and accidentally slipped. One of his legs was severely scalded. He was removed to the hospital, where he died.

Armagh.

James Irvin, Scotch street, Armagh, has been appointed a magistrate for the County.

On May 24th, at her residence, No. 7 Edward street, Armagh, Mary, relict of the late Edward Warmoll, Armagh, in her 83d year.

In boardroom of Lurgan Workhouse, on May 25, Mr. Francis T. Sweeney, one of the Local Government Board inspectors, opened an inquiry into the propriety of his confirming a scheme for the erection of fifty-one laborers' cottages in the Moira Rural District, at an estimated cost of £ 12,217.

Cavan.

The death of Thomas Young, Gartaneane, Bailleboirc, occurred on May 23, at the advanced age of 88 years.

Most Rev. Dr. Gaughan attended at Kingscourt on May 20th, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of children from Kingscourt, Muff and Corlea.

Derry.

Prior to his departure from Derry, J. F. Banyng, B. A., who has for some time past been connected with one of the local newspapers, was made the recipient of a beautiful silver-mounted silk umbrella.

Married.—April 27, at St. Columba's Hall Chapel, by Rev. F. McGeown, Margaret (Maggie) eldest daughter of the late John McClenaghan, cattle-dealer, Ballybofey, County Donegal, to Andrew, third son of the late Matthew McCloskey, spirit merchant, Kildarra Terrace, Derry.

A pretty ceremony took place in the Convent of Mercy, Pump street, Derry, on May 30, when Miss Annie O'Donnell, Glenties, second cousin of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, made her final vows. The ceremony was carried out by the Most Rev. Dr. McHugh, Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by the Rev. W. B. McFeely, Adm., St. Eugene's Derry.

Donegal.

The Donegal County Committee of Agriculture announce that they are offering prizes amounting to £167 in value to growers of flax in the coming season.

Mr. Cunningham, engaged as mechanical engineer at Inver Creamery, Co. Donegal, while cleaning the machinery recently slipped from a stool, and falling on a milk-tank, fractured four of his ribs.

A quantity of Danish butter, which was found in Drimmeson bog by Mr. P. McFadden, is presently exhibited in his premises in Cashel. The find is encased in an oaken vessel, supposed to be in the cask for hundreds of years, at a distance of ten feet from the surface of the bog. This is Mr. McFadden's second find, the other being a wooden sword found in the same bog and supposed to be of anti-deluvian antiquity and formed out of solid black bog oak with ornamental carvings and oval handle.

Down.

The Warrenpoint Urban Council has purchased the local gas works for £2,125.

John Fletcher, merchant, Glaskehill, Loughbrickland, has been appointed a magistrate for County Down and will sit at Ban-

bridge. The members of the Loughinisland (Down) Branch of the United Irish League have sent £7 to the Irish Parliamentary Party Fund.

The formal opening of the Warrenpoint Baths took place on the 8th of June. The opening ceremony was performed by Captain Hall.

Fermanagh.

A small farm of land of about 16 Irish acres was sold at Linaskea recently for the sum of £450. The farm belonged to Mr. Gabriel Montgomery.

For some time past workmen have been engaged in erecting poles along the Main street, Enniskillen, in connection with the telephone system. Enniskillen seems to be progressing.

The greatest measure of success attended the efforts of the Enniskillen Gaelic Dramatic Club in the triple bill which they presented in the Town Hall on Friday night, May 22. The hall was filled in every part, and the three little plays kept the house in roars of laughter for two hours and a half.

Monaghan.

Miss McNally, of the Workhouse, Monaghan, has been appointed Matron of that institution.

A number of the Catholic ladies of Clones, with the Children of Mary Sodality, attached to the Convent of St. Louis, are presenting His Holiness, the Pope, on the occasion of his jubilee, with two beautiful chalices of Celtic design and Irish workmanship, which are being executed by a eminent Dublin firm, and will be exhibited next week in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Clones.

Tyrone.

The estimated cost of the New-Laborer's cottage scheme by the Omagh Rural Council amounts to £35,105.

While engaged in turf-cutting operations at Claragh, near Five-miletown, on May 23, last, a few men unearthed a large tub, containing about a hundred weight of butter, which was in an excellent state of preservation.

There is at present at the farm of John Boyle, Carrahfad, Five-miletown, a gosling with no less than four legs. The "quadruped," is attracting a great deal of attention, and many have come long distances to see it.

The hands to the number of about forty—30 men and 10 women—employed on the Tyrone side of Maghera by the Irish Peat Development Co., Co. Armagh, have struck for an addition 7d. per day, as they consider 12s. weekly too small.

Clare.

Died.—May 23, Mrs. Budget O'Toole, New street, Killaloe, May 24, Henry Sullivan, Upper Jail street, Ennis, aged 5 years.—May 27, Miss M. A. Downes, Jailstreet, Ennis.—May 17, Mrs. O'Hara, Kiltannon, Tulla.—May 20.—Mrs. Michael McKeogh, Ballyvally, Killaloe.

While a number of young children were playing close to Merchant's Quay, Kiltush, on May 29, a young lad named John Sheehan, Poundstreet, accidentally fell into the water which was, at the time, at high tide. A man named Brazil, who was close by, heard cries of help, and immediately rushed to the scene and without divesting himself of his clothing jumped into the water and safety brought the young lad to shore.

Cork.

Christopher Hemsworth, T.C., Cork, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for that city.

A deputation representing his late parishioners at Cloyne, in the diocese of Cork, Cloyne and Ross, has presented an address to the Rev. Dean Fleming, who has been appointed to Cork.

Kerry.

The death of Rev. P. Dillon, P. P. Duagh, occurred recently at the Mercy Hospital, Cork. Father Dillon was one of the most respected and beloved priests in County Kerry.