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Carroll O'Donoghue

A Tale of Irish Struggles of 1898 and Recent Times by CHRISTINE FABER

Chapter XLVII Cruel Treachery

Continued from last week

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury: You ask me if I have anything to say. In the face of the conviction which has just been returned, of what use, in your judgment, would be anything I could say? And yet, do not construe my remarks into a semblance of a wish to retract from sentiments which have been sworn as mine—into any desire to have my sentence lighter than the court will adjudge. I am proud to stand here as the avowed friend of Ireland, and I am not afraid to denounce that system which makes as its base of operations in treason trials the information of perjured traitors. To yonder man"—his voice, increasing startlingly in tone, reached to the extreme ends of the crowded space, and his arm, outstretched, pointed in scathing denunciation of Morty Carter.—"I owe my present conviction, as my sworn bosom friend, he extorted my tenderest affection, and he has revealed here to exemplify in his own person how fiendish can be the heart of a traitor. But he has only harmed my poor perishable body—my soul he cannot touch, and that, my lord, and gentlemen of the jury, is guilty of no crime to your government beyond love for a country which centuries of oppression has only more endeared to the hearts of her unthralled sons. I have done!" His hands fell to his sides, his head dropped forward, and all the marks of premature age, and suffering returned which had been so manifest on his entrance to the court-room.

The sentence was passed—it was the extreme penalty of the law, and the execution was announced to take place on a date which left little more than the interval of a month.

"Come home," whispered Nora to Rick, "quick, or I shall faint by the way!"

He half carried her out, being obliged to support her tottering steps even on the street.

Father Meagher was obliged to shake Clara slightly in order to rouse her; she seemed to have sunk into some horrible lethargy, and Dennier, observing the anxious effort of the priest, could control himself no longer. He forced his way to them, and begged to be allowed to render some assistance. The clergyman gave him a grateful look, and Clara, awakened at last to all the horror of the recent moments, burst into wild sobbing.

The prisoner, in the act of being hurried to his cell, caught the sound, and turned his face for a moment in the direction; the next instant he had disappeared with his guard.

Dennier, under the influence of feelings bitter, and yet in a measure also sweet, from the fact that he could be of some service to her who had grown to be the constant object of his thoughts, flew to give an order for a carriage. He met Tighe, and giving him the commission, returned. A number of respectful sympathizers had gathered about the priest, and his companion, and the latter, after the first burst of her wild grief, shrunk from the notice of which she was the interesting object. She pulled down her veil, stifled her sobs, and seizing Father Meagher's hand, whispered to him to go; but Dennier begged them to wait the arrival of the carriage which he had ventured to order.

Tighe speedily returned to say that the carriage waited, and the clergyman found an opportunity of speaking briefly to the faithful fellow about Nora, and of requesting him to try to discover her whereabouts.

As the three took their seats in the vehicle, Dennier said: "Permit me, reverend sir, to insist that you

shall partake of my hospitality to-day." And the priest found it useless to attempt to decline the invitation. They were driven rapidly to the hotel, but Clara seemed to take no note of what passed; every thought was concentrated upon that dreadful sentence, and she answered Father Meagher's inquiries in a wild, vacant way that alarmed the clergyman, and caused an expression of intense concern to come into the face of Dennier. She tasted nothing of the repast that was ordered, and she listened like one in a dream while the priest and his young entertainer sadly discussed Carroll's unhappy case.

The young man, unfettered now by the trammels of a repulsive duty, could give unchecked expression to ideas and sentiments which stamped him as Irish in feeling as the most loyal of Ireland's devoted sons. The clergyman was more than ever charmed with the frank, ardent young fellow, and he found himself giving involuntary vent to his anxiety about Nora. He told of the sacrifice which she had made of herself for her wretched father, and the cheeks of the manly listener flushed with admiration of the noble girl.

"Allow me, also, reverend sir," he said, "to unite my efforts with those that may be made by the faithful Tighe to find the young lady."

Father Meagher bowed his grateful acceptance, saying, after a brief pause: "I am confident that Tighe will succeed, for he knows every haunt, and he is familiar with the person, and the character of this man who is called Rick of the Hills. I think he can hardly fail in his search."

Clara, at the mention of Nora's name, aroused for a moment from her melancholy lethargy, but the next instant she was as abstracted as before, nor did she again show any emotion until when ready for departure, Dennier stood bidding her adieu.

"Miss O'Donoghue," he said, his deep voice penetrating for the first time that day with something of its olden power through the horror of her thoughts, "once you asked a favor which I could not grant without violating my duty,—now I proffer to you my assistance, a similar boon. All my influence with the governor of the jail shall be used in your brother's behalf; I think I can promise that you shall be admitted to him to-morrow, and after that very frequently; no effort on my part shall be spared to serve you and yours."

She was herself at last; she bent over the hand he extended, and her burning tears, bringing relief to her aching heart and whirling brain, gushed wildly forth. Ah! for that one moment in which he felt that he was entirely forgiven, in which hope whispered that the future might win for him a return of his regard, young Dennier would have cheerfully taken his place in the dock beside Carroll O'Donoghue.

Having promised to telegraph the time which the governor might appoint for their first visit to the poor condemned, the final adieu was taken, and Father Meagher and Clara were driven in the carriage, again provided by Dennier's careful forethought to take the mail-car for Dhrommacol.

Chapter XLVIII Sacrifice Bearing Fruit

Hurried steps had pursued Nora and Rick when they so hastily left the court-room that morning—steps which speedily overtook the pair, while at the same time a voice that was full of wonder and pain cried: "Nora!"

Both turned to behold Father O'Connor. The sight of him, connected as he was with all that was dearest to her, and dear himself, because of his own inestimable qualities and companionship when they were children together, opened the flood-gates of her already overcharged emotions—she wept with all the abandon of a broken heart. Passers by were attracted, and most of them stood to watch the strange scene, made up of a weeping lady, a young

man, and beside them a queer, ill-dressed, awkward-looking man. "Come home with us," gasped Nora, seizing the clergyman's arm; "we cannot speak here!" He obeyed, walking beside her while Rick, considerably abashed, walked behind them. The residents of the squalid quarter who chanced to be about gazed with reverential wonder at the young priest, as he accompanied the painfully contrasted pair to their humble abode.

"Do you know—have you heard?" said Nora, looking in a wild way from one to the other of her companions, when the three were within the little sitting-room, and the door securely shut on all prying eyes.

Father O'Connor seemed to understand her. "Yes," he answered, "I know what you mean. Father Meagher wrote to me the strange history of Rick here being your father, and how you had renounced us all. My duties prevented me from going to Dhrommacol, and they have been so pressing as to keep me from Carroll's trial until to-day. I only arrived in time to hear the verdict and the sentence."

"The sentence!" the crushing weight of all that was contained in those two dreadful words fell on the agonized heart of the wretched girl. Her brain whirled, and feeling that consciousness was about to forsake her, she stepped forward to save herself from falling; but it was a useless precaution, and, before either of her companions could interpose a hand to prevent, she had dropped insensible at their feet.

Scalding tears fell from Rick's eyes on the white, upturned face of the girl, and with Father O'Connor's assistance, placed her upon a lounge.

"Has she no female friend whom you can summon?" asked the priest.

Rick thought of good-natured Mrs. Murphy, and mentioned her.

"Summon her," said the priest; "I shall watch until you return, and he began to apply such simple restoratives as were at hand. She recovered before Rick's return, and the sight of the young clergyman's pale face with its deep, soft brown eyes bent so pitifully upon her, brought back all the agony of the past few hours.

"Oh, father!" she said, striving to sit up, but falling in the effort from weakness, and clasping her hands tightly over her eyes, as if to shut out some dreadful scene.

"My poor, poor child!"

It was all in the way of earthly comfort that he, though deeply affected, could say—her worldly future appeared so bleak and desolate. He resumed, after the silence of a moment: "Father Meagher and Clara—why were they not with you in the court-room, or had you parted from them before I saw you?"

It was evident that he did not know how Nora had concealed herself from her friends. The good pastor of Dhrommacol had not had time to communicate that fact in addition to the other news, and the young priest did not dream that Nora had not alone withdrawn from the protection of Father Meagher, but that she had also renounced all communication with the friends of her childhood. Now, however, he speedily won all the facts from her, and he stood a little appalled at the extent of the sacrifice she had deemed it her duty to make. He attempted to combat her resolution, pleading the affection of Clara, and her plighted troth to Carroll.

He tried to evade her by answering: "I shall not see them for a week or more, owing to duties which require my immediate return, and which will detain me at home for that period. Then I shall return here, in order to make an effort to see Carroll." (To be continued)

Five Minute Sermon

The Coin of Tribute.

If Jesus Christ declared it to be lawful to pay tribute to the Romans, He would have made Himself odious to the Jews, and most odious to followers of the Gaulonite, the leader of those zealots who afterward caused so much misery to unfortunate Jerusalem. And if, on the contrary, He declared it unlawful to pay the tribute, He would have provoked the anger and invited the vengeance of Caesar; and the smutty and persecution of Herod, a great partisan of the emperor. He therefore said to them: "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

We see and admire a divine prudence in this reply of Jesus Christ; for by this answer, and without offending one party or the other, He taught the obedience due to those in authority, and enlightened the conscience of the Jews, by calming the opposition of the one and the scruples of the other.

Therefore we should learn from this Gospel in the first place, not to try to deceive our neighbor by feigned praise and adulation, as we do in our day; for many of us should not put our trust in praises of men. We should not give our opinion too rashly; not offend the opinion of others and enforce our own; and lastly, we should show ourselves obedient subjects of authority and sincere worshippers of our God.

Obituary.

The November subscription will be taken up next Sunday.

Nearly 1400 people approached the sacrament at the Forty Hours last week. It is hoped that the practice of frequent Communion recommended by Our Holy Father will become more general.

Prayers were offered for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Michael McManis of Victor, last Sunday.

Baptized—Philip Scardil.

Buried—Helen Van Troost.

Requiem High Masses this week for Ambrose Hogan, Ann Quigley, Father Clark and John Hession.

Father Dougherty was the recipient on the occasion of his 21st anniversary of a beautiful parlor rug from his cousins and a handsome umbrella from the Socialists. The children of the school made a special effort to pay for the new altar rail. In one room they collected twenty one half dollars and in another each pupil contributed twenty one cents. There is a balance of about \$100 due on the railing which cost \$480.00.

Barnes, N. Y.

The funeral of Charles Spitzer was held from his parents home in Union St., last Friday morning with services at St. Alphonsus church at 9:30 o'clock. The requiem high mass was read by Rev. Herbert Regenbogen. The floral tributes were beautiful. The bearers were Raymond and Walter Yantch, Charles Weaver, George Sternal, Harmon Linnenbach and Harry Lampert.

The of Elizabeth A. Farrell was held Saturday morning from the Holy Family church at 9:30 o'clock. Rev. P. J. McCardle read the requiem mass. The bearers were William Finn, E. Flannigan, Michael Kelly, Joseph Byron, Jas. McGuire and Michael Burke.

The Willing Workers will hold a social party for the benefit of the Auburn Orphan Asylum next Tuesday afternoon. Also one on Wednesday evening, Nov. 14th, in the old St. Mary's Temperance Rooms, Exchange St.

First Thursday of each month regular business meeting night of Auburn Council, Knights of Columbus.

Around the Globe

News From Ireland

Catholic News From Many Places

Boston College has 700 students, twice the number registered last year.

A new home for Catholic deaf-mutes, which will accommodate 500 children and will cost \$100,000 is to be erected at Fortish and Belmont avenues, Chicago.

Last Saturday morning the Catholic Total Abstinence societies of Scranton and vicinity held a monster parade, which brought to the city thousands of visitors. In the afternoon a picnic was held.

Thirty years ago, when the first Catholic parish was established in New Bedford, Mass., there were 200 families and one church. Now there are five churches, two convents, three schools, 3,000 families and 19,000 souls.

The 100,000 members of the Holy Name societies of the diocese of Newark, N. J., are to make war on theaters which give indecent shows. With an immense force working in common the doom of the dirty play should soon be sounded.

At St. Mary Star of Sea Church, Baltimore, the late Father Boland had been scheduled to preach during the Forty Hours. When the time came, Father Whelan, the pastor, said he would let the empty pulpit preach, and instead of a sermon the congregation recited the rosary and the litany of the Saints for the repose of the soul of Father Boland.

Rabbi Dr. Solomon, a convert, is giving a mission to Jews in Pittsburg, with the approval of Bishop Casarin. Rabbi Solomon, who has become a member of the Pittsburg Apostolate, conducts his meetings in the open air when the weather permits.

The Baltimore Mirror, it is stated, is about to resume publication. A new company consisting of Cardinal Gibbons and prominent priests of the archdiocese has been formed, and the paper will appear under their management. Rev. C. F. Thomas, S. T. L., pastor of St. Ann's Church, has been asked to fill the editor's chair.

"Rome" reports that the Holy Father kept Archbishop Farley a long time closeted in his private library on the occasion of the Archbishop's final illness. Afterwards, when Major Farley presented his secretary and a party of friends the Pope gave a public proof of his well-known affection for the New York prelate by throwing his arms around the Archbishop's shoulder and kissing him affectionately in farewell.

Cardinal Gibbons is always as well-known as the Pope. Mr. David Eastman, the famous art connoisseur, who has just returned from his twenty-sixth visit to the Old World. "He is the best known of the cardinals, and on my trip I heard many accounts of the distinguished cardinal. Those who met him in Europe praised his kindness and his ability were commended for his short stay in Switzerland. While he was in London he was easily the most prominent figure in the recent assemblage of nobles of his Church."

At the September meeting of the Particular Council of the Vincent de Paul Society, of Philadelphia, the report of the winter outing committee for the season of 1906 showed that commencing June 27, and ending on Sept. 5—ten weeks—1,068 boys, girls, ranging in age from six to twelve years, and representing thirty-seven parishes or parishes, were sent to the new summer home of the society at Kennedy Pa., completed this year and already through the efforts of the finance committee free from debt.

Clark

An accident of a distressing nature occurred at Startz Sept. 127 by which a young man named Richard Thornton lost his right arm. It appears that the unfortunate youth was attempting to thrashing machine when his hand became entangled in the machinery and was terribly mangled.

Clark

Married on Sept. 28th, at St. Charles, Colliere, Dr. W. Lawrence Barrett, son of Richard Barrett, of Youngal, to Kate Mahoney, daughter of Patrick Mahoney, of Cottagen.

Very Rev. John Canon Lynch, parish priest of Kinross, passed his reward on Sept. 15, after a long career in the sacred Ministry of thirty-six years, for over forty of which he labored with zeal and earnestness for the salvation of souls.

Death of a young man, suffering from a long illness, to live a life of companionship.

Henry

William McElroy, has been appointed Pastor of St. Joseph's, of Littleton, Colorado.

Died, Sept. 27, Miss Josephine Brennan, the daughter of James Brennan, of the Shubertons, Kansas. She was 21 years of age. Her father, Dr. Brennan, was a physician, and she was a student in the University of Kansas. She was a devoted daughter and a most accomplished scholar.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Driscoll, Bishop of Lincoln, in a letter to the Lincoln Press, has expressed his bearing as an Irish, disapproving and unbecoming, and in opposition to the young men of his diocese refrain from encouraging the practice.

Died, Oct. 1, Mrs. Mary Ann O'Connell, widow of John O'Connell, of the city of New York. She was 82 years of age. She was a devoted wife and mother, and a most accomplished scholar. She was a student in the University of New York, and she was a devoted daughter and a most accomplished scholar.

Wheatland

The Rev. Andrew Conroy, of Wheatland, has been appointed Pastor of St. Joseph's, of Littleton, Colorado. He is a devoted pastor and a most accomplished scholar. He is a student in the University of New York, and he is a devoted daughter and a most accomplished scholar.

Clarksburg

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