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Carroll O'Donoghue

A Tale of Irish Struggles of 1886 and Recent Times by CHRISTINE FABER

Continued from last week

Chapter LVII The Return To Droghmacol.

All were to dine in the little pastoral residence, and Clare, when the joyful excitement was somewhat subdued, stole into the kitchen to assist Moira. Norma would have followed, but Carroll intercepted her, insisting that she should repair to the study to listen to some communication from him. She entered reluctantly, and he, closing the door, leaned against it with folded arms.

"Now, Marie, I insist upon a straightforward answer. We have both gone through too much trouble with our happiness longer. In a fortnight work will begin upon the estate, and the dear old home will be speedily renovated. When that is done, will you become my wife?"

She did not speak, instead her bosom heaved, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Answer me, Marie," he said in an alarmed tone. "Surely there is nothing now to prevent?"

She answered slowly: "I would not have your wife one who is stained with the disgrace of her mother."

"Is that all?" he exclaimed joyfully. "Marie, did you think this heart of mine could give you up for anything in the world? It is you I want—you, as you are, with your own pure heart and noble mind, regardless of what those may have been from whom you have sprung; further, I deem the innocence of your mother to be firmly established. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes,"—placing her hands voluntarily in his—"but I have a request to make."

"Speak, dearest; it is granted before you utter it."

"That you defer our wedding."

His face fell, he had not dreamed that such was to be the purport of her boon.

"There is no need for haste," she said, "wait, and busy yourself with the improvements you have planned on the estate. I have a hope that something will happen to convince Lord Heathcote of my mother's innocence, and I would bring to the altar with you a name as unstained as your own is."

It was useless for him to remonstrate or entreat, the utmost to which she would yield was not to delay the wedding longer than a year.

"And in the meantime," he asked, "what will you do?"

"Continue to live here with Father Meagher and Moira; I thought of going to Father O'Connor, now that he is really my brother, you know"—speaking playfully,—but "his reverence, in answer to the letter which I wrote him to that effect, disapproves of the plan—he says it is better to let his parishioners remain ignorant of his changed identity especially as Lord Heathcote could not be quite convinced that he was his son. So as I could not go to him known as his sister, why, I shall remain as I am, and he will be still plain, humble Father O'Connor."

Carroll shook his head. "Clare and I shall remove to the old home as soon as it is prepared, and your home shall be with us, as it always has been."

"No, no, Carroll, you must let me have my own way in this matter, and after, when Providence deigns to permit our union, I shall be as obedient, as even you can wish me to be."

He was forced to be satisfied. That very afternoon Carroll, accompanied by Father Meagher, sought for a cottage which might form a temporary home for Rick and his family, and one was secured not a great distance from the little pastoral residence.

Thither, after an interval of two days, during which Carroll had repaired and neatly furnished, the little family removed.

Sullivan had grown alarmingly weak" even more so when he learned from Father Meagher—the latter being obliged to tell him because of Rick's own earnest questions—that, had he reached Dublin in time to give his evidence to Lord Heathcote, the latter might have been convinced of the innocence of his wife.

"I shall endeavor to get to London," he said. "I shall compel his lordship to believe me."

But the priest well knew that his journey would be sooner to the bourn beyond the grave than the one he contemplated. And so it proved to be. From the moment he entered the pretty little cottage he was scarcely able to leave his bed; everybody vied with Cathleen in ministering to him—even the neighbors, who could not cease to wonder at the strange fact of Rick's new daughter, as they called Cathleen; but, next to Cathleen's own tender hand, Rick liked to have Tighe's Vohr about him; the simple fellow, gentle and kind as a woman, had won the poor sick man's heart, and to Tighe, when Rick's strength would permit, he loved to talk of all the recent strange events, and to deplore his absence from Dublin at a time when his evidence might have done so much. In that way Tighe learned all about Lord Heathcote's refusal to make any public acknowledgment of his children, owing to Carter's denial of his guilt at the past, and with his natural shrewdness, he divined the cause of Dennier's (or Berkeley's) absence, and on the day on which he was thus enlightened by his reflections, he vented his feelings to Shaun, when the two were out on the country road.

"So, it's that old baste o' Carter that's the manes o' 'kapin' Miss O'Donoghue in' that noble-hearted Englishman apart—it's a wonder the 'loighzin' o' Heaven doesn't strike the old varabone an' make him confound how an' live, it's a long time that has no turn, an' mark me words for it, Shaun, but he'll be ketchin' ed in a noose o' his own makin' yet!"

Chapter LVIII
Convicted At Last.

Carter was in his old room in Tralee, a bottle and glass on the table before which he sat, and his bloated face and blood-shot eyes betraying how deep had been his potation.

"They thought to snare me," but I carried the day by my courage. It's a wonder they didn't have Rick of the Hills to face me—and if they did, it would have been the same, for I'd pretend to put the lies down his throat. They snatched the game from me—they felled me of my revenge—but I'll give them a parting blow before I leave! I'll wait awhile yet, and I'll find some opportunity of abducting that pretty Marie, and if I don't, I'll put a bullet through Carroll O'Donoghue's heart—that will give his dainty affianced a life-long grief. It is time Thade was here, looking at his watch; and then he helped himself to another glass of the liquor. At that instant there was a knock at the door, and before Carter could respond, Thade entered. "Well, will you be ready to start this evening?" said Carter.

"Aye," answered Thade.

"And mind you do your business better than you did before—sending me reports that everything was quiet, and the pastor of the parish at that very time thinking of starting for Dublin!"

"Well, how was I to know that?" said Thade surlily; "didn't I watch, an' as soon as I saw myself an' Miss O'Donoghue, an' Tighe's Vohr follyin' them, didn't I write to tell you so? but you were away when the letter came, an' I wonderin' that you give me no answer, naythar to that nor to another that I sent, came up here mesel', to find that you had gone to Dublin. It's you that had a right to send me word, an' not kavin' me in the loike o' that suspicion!"

"Well, I suppose I had," said Carter, considerably mollified, "but I didn't expect to be gone long, and I wouldn't have been, either, only they showed me some

attention in Dublin Castle, telling me that Lord Heathcote was too ill to see me for a few days, but that he wished everything to be done for my comfort."

"Faix, Mr. Carter, but you must be a great man, intirely to be received at Dublin Castle, that way!"

"May be I am, Thade; and may be, if you serve me well, there's no knowing what I'll do for you."

"The devil's fear o' me, Mr. Carter; I'll serve you as if you were my own brother!"

"Very well, then, Thade; and here are the funds you will need"—bouncing out a couple of pound notes; "and help yourself to a drink before we part."

Thade, with every sign of delight, obeyed the invitation, drinking to Carter's health and success, and at length, having safely put away his money, he departed.

Every day or two Carter received plainly-written, but badly-spelled letters, and for a fortnight after Thade's departure they contained no news further than that Mr. O'Donoghue and his sister, with the young lady now known throughout Droghmacol as Miss Berkeley, were residing with Father Meagher; that improvements were being made rapidly on the O'Donoghue estate, and while every body seemed to be anticipating the speedy marriage of Mr. O'Donoghue and Miss Berkeley, no one seemed to know the precise date of the expected event; the letters also stated how Rick of the Hills, in a dying condition, lived in a cottage, near the pastoral residence, with a young woman said to be his daughter. And Carter brood the misgives again and again, and said to himself:

"I'll wait awhile longer; I'll wait until the full tide happens sets in upon them—until both of their hearts are bursting with joy—and then I'll strike! He'll ground his teeth with avayg' feeling."

One day a letter came to him stating that Carroll O'Donoghue and his sister had gone to reside in their old home, and that Miss Berkeley did not accompany them—that it was even reported how her marriage had been postponed for a year, for some unknown reason, and that she would continue to live in the pastoral residence.

"Now is my time!" said Carter glowingly, and that evening saw him on his way to Droghmacol.

Rick of the Hills was dying; about his bed were gathered all those he so loved to see—Cathleen, his own tender Cathleen, on one side of him, Marie on the other; Clare, with affectionate Bartley, and Mrs. Kelly, the woman whom Rick loved for her kindness to his child, and Carroll, and Tighe, all kneeling about his bed. Father Meagher, who had already administered the last rites, stood close to the dying man, often replacing the crucifix which fell from his clammy hand. He was perfectly conscious, and he turned to them frequently with such an exquisite smile that it seemed to transfigure his countenance, murmuring: "It is so sweet to be forgiven!"

But his lips closed, at last to open no more, and the cold dew of death, and the ashen color of his face, proclaimed that his soul had fled. Then Cathleen's wild grief burst forth:

"My poor penitent father!" she said throwing herself upon his body, and pressing to her own the clammy face.

Brief as the time was during which she had known him, she had discovered all the depths of that touching love for herself, and his gentleness and patience during his illness, together with his contrition for the past, which was so constant and so sincere, had won all the affection of her gentle nature.

They would not leave her, and she could not be persuaded to be removed from his lifeless body; it was decided that all should remain in the little cottage until morning—it was now an hour past midnight; and Tighe volunteered to go on any immediate errands which might be required.

(To be continued.)

News From Ireland

Queens.

The death of Rev. Canon Pennefather, who was rector of KiltConnell for the last 39 years, took place on January 14th and he was interred in Kiltedmond beside his wife, the late Mrs. Pennefather. Canon Pennefather was well known for his kindly disposition and his charity towards the poor of the neighborhood.

John Cunningham, for many years foreman at Mullingar railway station, has been transferred on promotion to Ballinasloe, Co. Galway.

A very interesting ceremony took place at Pobur Chapel on Jan. 20. This was the marriage of Patrick Daly, Moostown, and Maggie, eldest daughter of Mr. James Savage, of Bobur.

The members of the Mullingar Catholic Commercial Club have, through their secretary, Mr. Wm. Barry, forwarded to the treasurer of the fund in aid of the sufferers in the recent bog slide in Galway, the sum of £115-6d subscribed by them.

The members of the Kilmuckridge (Co. Wexford) branch of the Gaelic League have presented a dressing-case, writing desk, and pipe to Mr. P. P. Remond, as a tribute of their esteem on his departing from amongst them. Several members spoke in high terms of his efforts in support of the Gaelic League, and Mr. Remond returned thanks for the compliment.

The magnificent stained glass window purchased by the priest and people of the parish of Wicklow to commemorate the memory of the late pastor, Rev. Thomas Carberry, P. P., was put in position in the parish church on Jan. 18. The window is a fine piece of art, and will be a lasting tribute to the memory of a devoted priest and a true friend of the flock whose spiritual and temporal interests he had so much at heart.

The resignation is announced of the senior Irish Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Bishop of Galway and Kilmacduagh, and his acceptance at Rome is notified.

At the last meeting of the Gleemanaddy Guardians' deputation of between 30 and 40 tenants attended from the Pollock estate to demand the resignation of Mr. William Naughton as a result of his action in connection with the sale of the Pollock property.

Measa, P. Flynn, J. P.; P. J. Camdon, and J. Hunt were appointed by the Curlew-co-Shannon Branch of the League to attend the National Convention in Dublin.

A cattle drive took place off the lands of Cartown, on Jan. 20. The Cartown ranch is about a mile from Carrick-on-Shannon, and contains 20 acres. The Resident Magistrate's residence is built on the centre of the farm.

The cattle were found near Aughacabel.

Miss B. Weir, of Ballybeg, who was evicted from her home in the Jackson property, Carrigrohane, Ballina, 19 years ago, has been reinstated, and granted a sum of £55 to stock the land, and make repairs to the house.

The very Rev. Canon Lyons, P. P., presided at a meeting held in the Town Hall, Castlebar, Jan. 18, under the auspices of the Gaelic League, to demand that Irish should be made compulsory for matriculation in the National University.

James Kieley, an enterprising Boyle business man, was married to Miss Shannon, Ballinacorney, Boyle, on Jan. 21st. The marriage ceremony was performed in St. Joseph's Church, Boyle, by the Very Rev. Canon Coyne, P. P. Mr. Michael Kieley, Keenak, Co. Sligo, acted as best man, and Miss Shannon, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid.

Sligo. Alderman Higgins has been selected as Mayor of Sligo for coming year.

Rev. Father O'Hairns has been appointed chaplain of Sligo Co. Infirmary in room of Rev. Dr. Hurley who resigned.

At a committee meeting of the Sligo Harbour Commissioners held on Jan. 21, a certificate was issued for £1 from the Royal Humane Society were presented to Patrick MacMorrow, of South Galloway Hill, Sligo, for his bravery in jumping into the tide and rescuing a man named Henry, who fell over the Sligo quay on the night of December 21.

There was a heavy fall of snow in Belfast on the morning of Jan. 16, and in the exposed parts of the city to a depth of several inches, which caused all Rugby matches to be postponed.

In the house of a Glasgow farmer named Joseph Robinson, a goose which was killed for dinner was found to have a half-sovereign in its stomach. Looks like a rich goose story.

Henry Sling, hatter, Armagh, who went to Dublin on Jan. 16, to have an operation performed, died the following morning.

Henry Willcock has been elected Registrar for Fermanagh by the Rathfriland Guardians.

At a meeting of Arva Division Ancient Order of Hibernians on Jan. 17, it was decided to make an effort to establish a 40-year-old anniversary in the district and arrangements were appointed to be made.

A fire occurred in the premises of William Watson, Droghda, which did considerable damage.

Mr. P. McLoughlin, a well-known official of the Derry Fair, has recently been appointed a bailiff of the fair, in the form of a salary and purse of sovereign, by the Postmaster and staff, on the occasion of his retirement from the service on pension.

Died.—Jan. 18, Francis McKeefe, Braeky, County Wick, 80 years of age. N. T., Lifford.

It seems that the cotton industry of Donegal has threatened by the latest improvements in machinery for carding. The Donegal peasants have not a century been celebrated for the excellence of their cotton-spinning machines, and in fact were continuing their Donegal homes.

Four Unionists have been elected to the vacant seats on the Newcastle Urban Council.

A man named Valentin, of Monaghan street, Newry, in the employ of Mr. Smith, Dairy Hill Nursery, took suddenly ill at his work on Jan. 21 and was removed to his home, where he died after lingering for a few hours.

Whitby, Co. Wick, who took chief part in the Dublin case at Newmarket, Co. Wick, has been named as a candidate for the local magistracy in Dublin Castle. We understand now the meaning of the "Whitby" as a judge.

An address and handsome set of carvers were presented to the Sisters of St. Louis Convent, Monaghan, on Jan. 17, in connection with the recent celebration of their Golden Jubilee, by the members of the Monaghan Division, No. 22, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Patrick McCart, of Bridge Road, Strabane, a native of old Donegal, has attained his 110th birthday. Congratulations and many happy returns.



REV. JAMES H. DAY
Appointed Rector of Holy Trinity Church

Bishop Thomas F. Milner has announced that he has named Rev. James H. Day, of Holy Trinity Church, to be the Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Droghda, in place of the late Rev. Dr. Hurley.

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