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Carroll O'Donoghue

A Tale of Irish Struggles of 1866 and Recent Times

by CHRISTINE FABER

Continued from last week
Chapter LVIII
Convicted At Last.

Two stalwart neighbors, who had lundly remained in an adjoining room waiting for the final scene, proffered to accompany him, and the three departed. As they neared Father Meagher's residence, which lay in their immediate direction, and the moon emerging from a cloud distinctly revealed objects for a moment, Tighe fancied he saw the shadow of a man loom up against the wall of the house. He knew that Moira and his mother, who came on certain days to help the priest's niece, and at such times generally remained all night, were the sole occupants of the little domicile, and his heart beat wildly at the thought of danger to them.

"Hist!" he said to his companions, who declared that they also had seen the shadow: "do you take a peep out of the house?" "Yes, I'll take the shot where I thought I saw the man," called softly.

"Hist, she's not here—she's in the house."

No answer being returned, the voice repeated its call, and even whistled a low shrill, peculiar whistle. But again, no answer being returned. Tighe heard the window closed.

Fearing now to rap up Moira and her mother, lest, while responding to his summons, they might encounter the robber, which Tighe deemed the owner of the voice to be, he waited with wildly beating heart and trembling limbs for further developments. The developments came in a few moments, in a bold opening of the front door by the supposed robber, and in the same instant a man started up from the side of the house, against which he had been crouched. The man, partially emerged from a cloud, just revealed the outlines of his form, and Tighe, calling to his companions, grappled with the man in the doorway. He was opposed by monster strength; both fell, desperately clinched, and rolled down the little stoop, and out on the walk. Tighe heard his companions scuffling with some one else, and his collar was caught in so tight a grasp by his antagonist that he could not shout for aid. At length his adversary seemed to gain the mastery, with one stunning blow at Tighe, he freed himself and ran at full speed. The moon was once more fully out, and it revealed his flying figure.

"After him!" shrieked Tighe, whose stunned faculties recovered in an instant, and picking himself up, and waiting only to divest himself of his coat, he took up the chase.

On they went, pursued and pursued, the moon fortunately not entirely disappearing down the village street on to the country road; then, making a turn, they continued to dash on to where a steep, rugged descent led to a deep hollow filled with boulders, through which a stream of water meandered at certain seasons of the year. Would the robber keep on to that—did he know his danger? or would he stop himself in time? No; on he went, and just as the moon came brilliantly out, now sailing in an unclouded sky, he disappeared with a wild cry over the descent. Tighe, horrified, stood on the summit and looked below. He saw the man lying helpless among the stones, and he shut

his ears to the fearful cries and groans which reached him. Knowing that he would be unable to render assistance alone, he hurried back. His companions had made a capture, and Moira and Mrs. Carmody, who had been aroused and were sadly frightened, now encircled Tighe for an explanation.

"Some of you come wid me," he said; "he's killed intirely. I'm afereed—he fell into the gien, an' his cries are ringin' in the cars!"

It was decided that the prisoner, who was surly and who refused to open his mouth, be left in charge of the stalwart young men, while the other accompanied Tighe and Mrs. Carmody, and Moira volunteered to go and tell Father Meagher.

"An' if he's so badly hurt that he won't bear much movin' where'll we take him?" said Tighe. "Oh, I have it; I'll take him into our house, mother—it's a little piece beyant where he's lyin'."

All departed on their various errands. "Aisy, even if he is a robber, he has a sowl," said Tighe, as he went back with his companions, having scrambled down the descent, were about lifting the writing, groaning form.

It was that of a large, heavy man, and having fallen head foremost, the face was downward. They lifted him carefully and turned his face to the moonlight. It was Mortimer Carter, Tighe, in his surprise, well-nigh ceased his hold.

"Well, you ould sinner," he said, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to speak, "you've got yer deserts, at last, an' it's a wonderdher Almighty God didn't strike you called softly."

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top of the descent for a glimpse of the aid he expected.

They came at last—a perfect array of the neighbors, and in a little while, by the help of ropes, a chair, and sturdy hands, the still insensible Carter was borne up, and carried to Mrs. Carmody's residence, where Father Meagher had just arrived. A physician was summoned, but before he came, Carter had recovered sufficient consciousness to know the clergyman. The latter had been told by Tighe of the promises which had been made by himself and the injured man.

"Will you prosecute me for this act," said Carter, wildly, his very agony giving him strength for the moment, "if I confess the crimes I have committed?"

"Confess your crimes for the sake of your poor soul, Mortimer Carter," was the priest's answer; "seek the pardon of your offended God while there is yet time."

"God—pardon there is none for me!" shrieked the agonized wretch.

"There is," whispered the clergyman, "even at this late moment, if you are sorry for the past, and will make what atonement may be in your power."

"No, no," screamed the despairing man, "there is only hell's fire for my soul, see, see Marie Dougherty, the young wife that I tore from her home, that I slandered to her husband—she taunts me—she curses me! Oh God! I am damned—damned!"

It was horrible to look at him; he tried to listen to his ravings. He tore away the bandages which his charitable hands had put upon his wounds, and the blood spurting forth, causing him to shriek and blaspheme at the sight.

The doctor now arrived, and he at once pronounced the case hopeless. The size of the man had rendered his internal injuries fatal, and a few hours at most would end his wretched life.

"Die!" he said, when Father Meagher whispered his danger in his ear, and besought him to prepare for his end, "who says that I shall die!"

He would have forced himself erect in the bed, but they held him down.

"I tell you I have years of life before me, only do not prosecute me—tell me, Father Meagher, that you will not!" and he tried to clutch the priest, who was standing by his bedside.

The clergyman whispered that he would not, and the dying man became quieter, during which time Father Meagher seized the opportunity to say:

"Carter, are you willing to do justice to those you have wronged? will you state now, in the presence of witnesses, that Marie Dougherty was innocent of all that you said of her? that the story which Rick of the Hills told of your crimes is all true?"

"Yes, yes!" was the faint response.

"Will you let me take down, from your lips, such facts as may be required to convince Lord Heathcote of the innocence of his wife; and will you swear to them in the presence of witnesses?"

"I will."

All were summoned within the room—Carroll, who had now arrived, Tighe a Vohr, his mother and two of the neighbors who had been foremost in helping the injured man, and Father Meagher, rapidly jotting down the brief facts which were necessary to convince Lord Heathcote; Carter was assisted to rise, and his feeble hand was guided while he affixed his dying mark to the paper; then were appended the signatures of the witnesses. After that he sunk into a fevered slumber. Father Meagher, with crucifix in hand, knelt beside him, striving with Heaven that contrition might be vouchsafed this wretched soul. He woke to know the priest for an instant, then to glare at him with eyes whose look the clergyman never forgot, and to give such an unearthly scream that, everyone within reach of the sound was startled, and then, the soul of Mortimer Carter had gone to its Maker.

(To be continued.)

News From Ireland

Armagh.

Sir Robert Anderson, J. P., has been re-elected Lord Mayor of Belfast.

The funeral took place on Jan. 27, from Holy Cross, Addyone, of the late Rev. Brother John Walsh, C.P., whose death occurred on Jan. 26. Brother Walsh was a native of Innishannon, Co. Cork, where he was born 75 years ago. He was a son of the late Michael Walsh, St. Luke's Cork. He spent over half a century in religion.

Armagh.

Rev. Father McKinley, C. C., Armagh, delivered an eloquent address on the progress of Elberianism in Armagh, at the annual re-union of Division 42 on Jan. 22.

Messrs. Edward Monaghan, Hugh McMahon, and Patrick McKernan, represented Clontarf Division A. O. H., at the recent National Convention in Dublin.

Cavan.

Miss Margaret J. Cooke, who for many years filled the position of principal teacher in the Virginia National School has retired. Miss Cooke has enjoyed the merited esteem of the pupils attending the school, and the confidence and friendship of their parents, and as a mark of their affection, the assistant teacher—Miss Smyth—and the pupils have presented Miss Cooke with a silver sash, suitably inscribed and embellished.

Derry.

By a close vote of 19, to 17, Councillor John McFarland has been re-elected Mayor of Derry.

On the 28th December, a very impressive ceremony took place at St. Joseph's Convent, Patricroft, when the sisters took the black veil from the hands of Father Jackson. His lordship, the Bishop of Salford accompanied by his secretary and six Sisters from St. Bede's College, was received at the Convent by Mother General. Among those professed was Sister Mary Alphonsa, a young lady from Gortalee, Co. Kerry, County Derry. She was Miss Sarah Jane, third daughter of Edward McKeever.

Down.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, has contributed £10 to the Parliamentary Fund.

The death of Rev. John O'Callaghan, C. C., Iskaheen, at the age of 55 years, took place on Jan. 28. Father O'Callaghan was only a short time ill, and passed away at his mother's residence Glencannon, Cardonagh. He studied at St. Columba's and Maynooth Colleges and was ordained in 1880 by the late Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Father O'Callaghan ministered at Eskumbridge Greenacastle, Malin, and Iskaheen, and was regarded as a model priest in all places.

Down.

Major Wm. G. Forde, D.L., has been sworn in as High Sheriff for the County of Down.

Most Rev. Dr. Tohill, Bishop of Down and Connor, made his visitation of Bangor parishes on Jan. 26, and conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Fermanagh.

The Lisnakea Rural Council have rejected a proposal to erect a bridge from Carradilla to Francis Island.

An accident occurred on Jan. 26 in the saw-mills of Messrs. Craig Bros., Ballinamallard. While James Craig was engaged in sawing some timber, his hand was accidentally slipped, and came in contact with the saw while in motion, cutting off one of his fingers.

Monaghan.

Dr. Tierney and Edward Brady have been re-elected chairman and vice-chairman respectively of Clones Urban Council.

Mr. B. Skelton, agent for Sir John and Colonel Lealie, Glasslough, has been appointed a magistrate for the County Monaghan.

Messrs. John Campbell, Patrick Boylan and Patrick Connolly represented Killeevan Division No. 227 of the A. O. H. at the recent National Convention in Dublin.

Tyrone.

Rev. W. J. Booth, P. F., presided at a concert held at Aughacloy on Friday night, Jan. 23 under the auspices of the local branch of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The programme was a varied and interesting one, and was highly enjoyed by the large and appreciative audience.

On the evening of the 23d of Jan., a fire was discovered to have broken out in the stables mill belonging to James McFarlane, Tulnacross, four miles from Cookstown. The reason for the fire was never ascertained, but it was engaged in "burning" the hay and had been in the mill as long before. In spite of all efforts to save the building it was completely burned with the contents—the season's sowing—and machinery.

County.

Dr. McCarthy, of Tallmore, Kings Co., has been elected Medical Officer of Gangorah dispensary district.

Keppel.

A large public meeting was held at Ballymacdonnell on Jan. 22 to discuss the proposed new Land Bill, as it affects future and evicted tenants, and to make suggestions in regard to amendments for its improvement. Also to discuss some other important matters for the welfare of the country. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. M. McDonagh, P. F.

Lisnakee.

Patrick O'Donnell, P. F., presided at the Lisnakee meeting on the 23d of Jan., at which the following were present: David Landers, Limerick, who left an estate valued at £50,000; Miss Downey, youngest daughter of the late John Downey, Esq., of Limerick, who was recently appointed as Sister M. Bernard in the convent of Sacred Heart, Nottingham, England.

Tipperary.

When it became known on Jan. 28 that the long-standing dispute on the O'Brien estate was settled, rejoicings on an extensive scale were carried out in Millbrook, Co. Wick. Every window in the village was illuminated, and large bonfires were lighted on the square and other streets. The local fire-and-drum band turned out, and paraded the streets playing National airs, followed by a large crowd.

Waterford.

Alderman Thomas Whittle has been re-elected Lord Mayor of Waterford.

Mrs. Sarah Mulcahy has resigned her position as district nurse at Killeeshan dispensary.

Miss Julia Barry, of St. Patrick's Hospital, Waterford, has been appointed night nurse in the local infirmary.

Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, celebrated the 15th anniversary of his consecration on Jan. 23.

A serious fire broke out early on the morning of Jan. 24 in Goulding's workhouse, and chemical works at the North Wall. All sections of the Dublin Fire Brigade were engaged throughout the night in extinguishing flames, damage being done to the extent of over £5,000. The outbreak was finally subdued.

Waterford.

Married—Jan. 24th, at the church of Our Lady and St. David's, Waterford, by the Rev. Wm. Norris, P. F., John James, of Lees, Longfashstown, Co. Dublin, to Jane (Jane), eldest daughter of Nicholas Galley, Rathfriland road, Nass, Co. Kildare.

Waterford.

Alderman Michael J. Fogarty, P. F., was unanimously elected Mayor of Killeeney for the coming twelve months.

The annual ball took place on Jan. 17 at the Old Still, Clonmore, Freshford, kindly given for the occasion by Messrs. Maher, the proprietors.

Writing to a meeting of Rural County teachers, held in Carrigrohane, Co. Wick, on Jan. 21, Rev. J. Scallan, P. F., of Killebeg, said:—"I say to you, always have the teachers' inter-