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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 LX.

Corny O'Toole is Satisfied

Now it's hard to be thrated in this manner, an' I haven't to yer sel, Moira, if I haven't been as right sober, an' as dutiful, an' as at-tentive for the past two months, as you'd wish me to be—haven't I left off all me wild tricks?"

"Indeed you have, Tighe!" said Moira warmly, "and I undertook to tell uncle something about it last night."

"An' what did he say, darlin'?" And Tighe leaned forward with bated breath to catch her answer.

"Why, he said that you hadn't been tested enough yet—that I must wait until you were more settled down, and until he could be sure that you would abstain from liquor."

Tighe leaned back in his chair, disappointed and crestfallen. "Well now, that's mighty hard, wid me heart breakin' for you, the way it is! But niver mind, it's far off God's send, an' mebbe He'll send a bit o' luck to us afore the wake is out."

His hope was realized, for on the evening of that same day, meeting Carroll and Clare together and unaccompanied—as on most other occasions they were—by the young Lord Heathcote and Marie, Tighe stopped them to ask a favor.

"Granted before you ask it, Tighe," said Carroll laughingly, "even to half of my estate, my faithful fellow!"

"No, Mr. O'Donoghue, it ain't anything like that I want; it's to ax you to get something for me that will make me happier than the whole o' yer estate could do. You see, Masther Carroll, me heart is breakin' wid love o' Moira Moynahan, an' Father Meagher thinks I'm not shteady enough to get her, though I've been on me good behavior so strict that I didn't as much as give one crooked luk this while back. Now, mebbe if you'd give Father Meagher this character o' me, an' at the same time puttin' in a coaxin' word to help the matter, an' mebbe if Miss O'Donoghue would do the same, things would come right for poor Moira an' me."

Carroll laughed heartily, and Clare joined him in the burst of merriment. "Why did you not tell me this before?" he said.

"Bekaise I thought his river-ince, seein' me efforts to do better, an' me melancholy luks, would take pity on me, an' tell me from himself that I might have Moira."

"Well, well, Tighe, make yourself content—I think I can manage it for you."

"Thank you, Masther Carroll; you were niver yet wantin' in settlin' a difficulty!" And Tighe a Vohr departed, so light-hearted that his joyful spirits would find vent in a merry refrain. That evening he was summoned to Father Meagher's study.

"Now, Tighe," said the priest, assuming a severity to make his words the more impressive, "if I consent to your marriage with my niece Moira, remember that I shall be confiding to your care the only, and to me the dearest, relic of my family; she is young and guileless, and unfit to cope with the trouble which an unsteady husband would bring upon her."

"I know that, yer riverince, but marriage'll make a man o' me." And Tighe a Vohr straightened himself, and looked with clear, frank eyes into the priest's face. "It will be the dearest task o' me loife, yer riverince, to protect every hair o' her head."

"Well, Tighe, if you will promise to be as true to her interests as you have been to those of your young master, Carroll O'Donoghue, I shall be satisfied."

"Oh, thin, I can shwear to that, yer riverince—you'll niver have cause to regret givin' Moira Moynahan to Tighe a Vohr!"

"Then God bless you, Tighe, and may He ever keep you faithful to Him!"

The priest's hand was raised in blessing, which Tighe, deeply affected, knelt to receive. Then Father Meagher said:

"Send Moira to me—I have something to say to her."

With a light heart he sought the young girl, and in the exuberance of his joy, when he had told her the good news, forgetting that he had not yet, the right which alone would make Moira grant him the privilege, he would have caught her to him and pressed a kiss upon her forehead, but she, with instinctive delicacy, drew herself back.

"You forget, Tighe, we are not married yet."

"Thru for you, darlin', an' I loike you the better for yer modesty."

But when she had gone, and he was alone with Shaun, feeling that he must give vent somehow to his wild emotions, he caught up the dog, much to the animal's astonishment, and gave it the embrace he would have fain bestowed on Moira.

"Shaun, agr! sure we were niver in such luck, marriage afore us, an' oceans av joy! Oh, how I love to contain oursel's at all at all!"

And Shaun was hugged until the poor brute, fond as he was of his master, fain would free himself.

Had Carroll O'Donoghue wished, he would have had the wedding of Tighe a Vohr occur at the precise time of his own, but Father Meagher refused to have it so, saying that it would be better, and that the young couple themselves would prefer to have a very quiet ceremony when the other bridal parties had gone to London. So it was arranged, and the important day arrived on which four faithful hearts were to be united.

The ceremony was quiet and simple, devoid of showy costumes and magnificent wedding favors; the ostentation consisted rather in magnificent gifts to the poor, in lavish hospitality to the tenantry, and true blessings went up from simple, earnest hearts, and grateful God-speeds, which bore an omen of good in the very manner of their utterance, followed the wedded couples.

Never were there two more beautiful brides—the very simplicity of their costumes enhancing physical charms which derived not a little of their beauty from the loveliness of the pure souls within.

Father Berkeley was the last to receive their adieus, and to his sister he turned for the final embrace. He held her to him; it was the first time his mortified heart would permit him so fond a caress.

"Marie!" he whispered, "to your noble sacrifice is due all our happiness. Heaven has well rewarded your devotion to duty. May He in whose footsteps you have sought to follow ever keep to guide you!"

One kiss upon her forehead, one more touch of his beloved hand, and he turned away, while she, weeping with joy and gratitude, stepped into the carriage in waiting.

The quiet little wedding ceremony which Father Meagher desired for his niece was performed, and Tighe's "best man" had been Corny O'Toole. Tighe, however, had stipulated with Corny that he must permit himself to be dressed in accordance with Tighe's taste, and the latter man, too happy in the protest of an opportunity to be near Mrs. Carmody, willingly assented. The result was that Corny appeared to better advantage than he ever had done before, although pretty Moira; excited as she was with joyful anticipation, could not help laughing at his odd little figure, and wrinkled, ill-featured face.

Cathleen Sullivan and Mrs. Kelly, with fragile Bartely Donovan—the latter growing more fragile, and more beautiful every day—were also present, with many of Tighe's old friends and acquaintances.

At the repast which followed the ceremony, Father Meagher presided, and a merrier party had

never assembled. In the midst of a temporary lull which had followed the ebullition of mirth caused by one of Father Meagher's excellent witty stories, the company were suddenly and amusingly electrified by Corny O'Toole—who had contrived to be seated next to Mrs. Carmody—rising and saying with his hand on his heart:

"Understand me, Mrs. Carmody: I never meant to have you remove your affections from the cold grave of your lamented husband; if it is any satisfaction to me, an' to have them remain there, Corny O'Toole is not the man, no, Mrs. Mollie Carmody, Corny O'Toole is not the man to ask you to remove them!"

The words, the look, the attitude of the little man, together with Mrs. Carmody's flushed and indignant face, convulsed the assemblage. Roar after roar shook the table, in the midst of which Father Meagher's hearty laugh could be distinguished; he remembered the episode of Mrs. Carmody's love-letter, and it made his mirth the heartier, while Tighe a Vohr, laughing as loudly as the rest, thought within himself:

"Poor Corny has proposed to me mother at last, an' I'm afreed he's got his final answer."

Quiet was restored at length, and Mr. O'Toole humbly saying that, as he now was convinced of Mrs. Carmody's sentiments, he would no longer annoy her by an offer of himself, that indignant lady consented to pardon him, and when he explained further to the company how the unbounded admiration which, from his earliest manhood, he had for Mistress Mollie Carmody, would descend unchanged with him to the grave, to be designed to be exceedingly friendly, thus cheering the little man's heart, and the perfect peace of the party were restored.

On their short wedding trip to Tralee, Tighe and his pretty young bride were one day confronted in the street by a couple whose faces were familiar to Tighe, and the sight of which brought back some of the amusing incidents of his life. They were Joe Canty, the sporting man, and the fair, stout Widow Moore. Evidently from their manner to each other they were husband and wife; and Tighe, looking at them with a roguish twinkle, was met by a glance of haughty contempt from Canty.

"I suppose he learned all about the trick I once played on him," said Tighe to Moira, "an' that's the reason he giv' suck a luk when he passed." And thereupon Tighe told the whole story of the race which had resulted so disastrously for Mr. Canty, concluding with a humorous detail of the deception regarding the Widow Moore which he had practiced on the soldier Garfield, and Moira was so convulsed with laughter that she was obliged to lower her veil.

Weeks passed, marked by no sad event save the death of Bartely Donovan, and that was so like the end of some fair, youthful saint, that even those who loved him best could scarcely regret his demise. With his hand in Cathleen's, with his eyes fixed upon her face, he said with one of his exquisite smiles:

"Do you think I shall see that Heaven you used to tell me so much about—and that dear God, and his blessed mother?"

His lips and his eyes had closed simultaneously with the utterance of the last words, and with one gentle sigh he had died.

Father Meagher, hardly thinking that the end was so near and yet prompted by a singular impulse, had brought him the Viaticum scarcely an hour before. Mrs. Kelly would no longer detain Cathleen from the desire of her heart—to consecrate herself to God in religion; and as the good woman herself had been offered a permanent and lucrative position in the home of Carroll O'Donoghue, and nothing now remained to keep the young girl, the latter gladly availed herself of the opportunity. Marie, or Mrs. O'Donoghue, on being told of Cathleen's desire, insisted on furnishing a munificent dowry.

Mrs. Carmody had taken the place of Moira in Father Meagher's household, and Corny O'Toole was quietly living his old obscure life in Tralee; but he sometimes honored himself by a visit to his Drumcondra friends.

Tighe and Moira were the happy owners of a pretty little home on the O'Donoghue domain, and Shaun, faithful Shaun, as devoted to his master as ever, had a most honored place in the household.

One morning the whole village was electrified by the news that Maloney, the miser, had been found dead in his bed. "Died widout prate or docther!" was the conclusion of every announcement of his death made by the simple folk, and accompanied by a look which told their horror of such an end. More mottor than even people dreamed he possessed was found in his wretched abode, and having no one to claim it, it reverted to the government.

We leave them all at last—the friends whose fortunes we have accompanied so long—happy in the reward of that virtue which sacrificed no duty, and which never forgot its allegiance to Him who even in this world so lovingly rewards his goodness, and so justly punishes crime.

The End.

Look for our Next Story.

Around the Globe

Catholic News From Many Places

Rev. William J. Kelly, who was born in Baltimore, from which city he was taken by his parents to Ireland when young, died in Belfast on February 12. Father Kelly was in charge at St. Malachy's, Belfast. Father Kelly was a pioneer in the movement, so popular now in Ireland, of reviving industries with the view of stemming the tide of emigration.

For the first time in its history, the Massachusetts House of Representatives was opened with prayer by a Catholic priest. The Right Rev. Mgr. Griffin, D.D., of Worcester, officiated.

One of the most flourishing universities in the world is the Catholic University of Louvain. It has 2,144 students, 138 of whom are students of theology; 25 of them from the United States.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Turin has been instructed to open in his diocese the "apostolic program" for the beatification of Don Bosco, founder of the Salesians.

Under the date of the 30th of last June His Holiness Pope Pius X. granted the Bishops of America, Oceania, and Australia, the privilege, when going to Rome of saying Mass daily on board ship during their voyages and also on their return, provided the place at their disposal be fitting and suitable; the sea so tranquil that there is absolutely no danger of spilling the Sacred Species from the chalice, and another priest—if present—assist in supplying the Ordinary while celebrating.

The Rev. E. A. Stephen who until recently was curate of St. Simon's Anglican church, Bristol, England, was received into the Catholic Church the other day by Mgr. Scott, at the church of Our Lady and English Martyrs, Cambridge. The Rev. J. Field, M. A., until lately Anglican vicar of Ravensden, Bedfordshire, was received into the Church on Monday last at the Church of the Holy Child, Bedford, by the Rev. Father Freeland.

The Benedictines now have a hall at Oxford University. The Jesuits have had one for a good many years. The total number of Catholic student's resident at the University is now about 100. So, little by little, are Catholics coming back into their own in England.

Hon. Thomas M. Honan, of Seymour, the new speaker of the House of Representatives of Indiana, is the first Catholic to fill that office for many years.

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News From Ireland

Deaths

Mr. T. O'Callaghan, of Tralee, Co. Kerry, has been appointed the only Irish member of the Keady Urban Council, the majority of whose members are Catholics, has been elected chairman of that body. Will we hear of the intolerance of Catholics towards their Protestant neighbors?

John Kelly and his wife, of Kesh, Co. Londonderry, were in a motor car accident on the evening of Feb. 6, through their horse bolting and overturning the car on which they were riding.

The nine delegates representing the various bodies of Ballymore at the recent Convention have every reason to feel proud in having recorded their vote for "Unity" and against "Division."

In their search for work over five hundred of the unemployed men of Derry, engaged in a bold and successful attempt to make their way to the Ulster Reservoirs, where the work of repairing the recent damaged head has been started. Over one hundred of the men were taken on.

Professor E. J. Anderson, D.D., of Queen's College, Galway, and recently at the University of Toronto, was elected Moderator of the Bannockburn meeting with the Bannockburn University of Ireland.

A successful attempt was made to induce the Government to purchase the land on which the Catholic College, Bannockburn, is situated. The Government refused to do so.

A new marble altar has been erected in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. It is the gift of an anonymous donor, and is a beautiful piece of work.

At a meeting of the St. Patrick's Division, A.O.H., Dundroon, the resolution recently passed by the Hibernians of Belfast, advancing compulsory teaching of Irish in the new University was unanimously passed.

The Orange journals of the North of Ireland are generally wrong, but to say that they are a contemplated edition of the Protestant Faithful is a great mistake. They are a very different thing.

A family long respected in a national cause, which has been recognized in the Government's policy.

A pretty wedding took place at Castlerea, Co. Mayo, on the 18th inst., at the residence of Mr. M. O'Connell. The bride was Miss M. O'Connell, daughter of Mr. O'Connell, who was married to Mr. M. O'Connell, who was married to Mr. M. O'Connell.

John McCusker, of Binnogue, suffered a broken leg on Jan. 20, as a result of trying out a young horse which bolted and threw McCusker.

A very largely attended meeting, representative of all grades and classes, was held in the Grand Jury rooms of the County House, Omagh, on the night of Feb. 6, for the purpose of forming a branch of the Women's National Health Association of Ireland. The chair was occupied by Dr. Thompson, and the proceedings were most interesting and successful.

William Harding has resigned his seat on the Binnogue District Council.

M. J. Glynn has been elected to the position of Bannockburn, and in this respect is a Catholic. His late father was a Protestant, but he is now a Catholic.

Ennis Urban Council has appointed a representative to the Local Government.

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