

## CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.

## PREFACE

The following story was written with the hope of contributing a little to that literature which seeks to delineate faithfully the Irish character—the faults of the latter have served too often as a fruitful theme, while its virtues were either ignored, or so caricatured that they failed to be appreciated, or even understood.

While the genial and spontaneous humor of the Irish people remain almost without a parallel, that very humor sometimes seems to obscure or conceal the heart depths beneath it—the spirit of sacrifice for loved ones, the intense affection for kindred, the heroic, and, in many cases, cheerful endurance of wrongs they were unable to rectify.

Such are some of the kindly qualities of the Irish, though alas! at times marred by sad blemishes; but side by side with these faults are virtues rare and bright, and to depict these virtues, with the hope of winning just regard for a people so long suffering, has been the aim of the

AUTHOR.

New York, April, 1881.

## CHAPTER I.

## ON THE SEARCH

In one of the wildest parts of Ireland, where mountain and morass, brush and woodland gave beauty and variety to the scene, a company of her Majesty's soldiers were slowly wending their way.

It was nearly sunset, and viewed in the mellow splendor of the dying day, the prospect had all that softened beauty which touches the heart with something akin to pathos even while it wins to enthusiastic admiration. It seemed to have such an effect on the rough, bronzed fellows who were treading their way by the side of the morass, for, from murmurs at the fate which doomed them to such useless and fatiguing expeditions, and jokes at some of their companions who had been outdone in individual exploits by the rascally Irish, they had become suddenly silent, their eyes wandering from object to object of the beautiful scene, and more than one hardened face expressed the softened emotions of a soul long unused to any but lawless impulses. Their leader appeared the most impressed; his face, more youthful than any of his companions', was unmarked by the lines which indicate a reckless will and dissolute life, and his stern and piercing eyes had all the candor of a truthful heart.

His whole countenance was aglow from some secret feeling, his step became slower, and at length, as if overcome by his strange emotion, he paused, and brushing his hand over his forehead, murmured audibly:

"What does it mean—what are these impressions I am trying to recall—are they only parts of a lost dream?"

Roused by a cough from one of his men, the craving of whose appetite had overmastered his desire to linger on the scene, he abruptly resumed his way, the glow fading from his face and his eyes resuming their stern and piercing expression. The road began to grow more tortuous and unmarked, the scene itself to become more wild; night was descending, and even the stern and reticent leader betrayed a little anxiety as he glanced about him to discover, if possible, some cabin from which he and his men might be directed. None appeared in sight, and as he eagerly peered about him, the half-suppressed murmurs of his men fell upon his ears.

They were approaching what seemed to be the ruins of some ancient abbey; arches, niches, and narrow pointed windows came dimly into sight, their very outlines suggesting thoughts of vivid and romantic interest. A few steps farther, and the broken remains of ancient tombs strewn their way, while the dense ivy that in some places entirely covered the moldering structure, imparted a weird and supernatural aspect to the scene.

Suddenly there emerged from behind the broken remnant of a wall which was once part of the castled dominions of the lords of Kerry a strange-looking form; bounding forward until it reached the side of the officer in command, it gave a cry so wild that every man of the little detachment was brought to a sudden and somewhat alarmed halt.

The form was that of a man of medium, slender stature, and a head much sunken between high, drooping shoulders; it was clothed in such grotesque garb, and the countenance expressed so much stupid bewilderment, that even the stern leader was provoked to a smile.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Eyah!" was the reply, accompanied by an idiotic rolling of the head.

Presuming that the strange being might be deaf, the officer repeated his question.

The man shook back the coarse hair that hung almost over his eyes, and stood erect.

"Is it who I am you're askin'?" maybe it would be manners to tell me who ye are, seein' that ye don't belong to this part of the country at all."

Willing to humor the singular being for the sake of being guided

perhaps to their destination by him, the officer replied:

"Well, my man, we are a part of her Majesty's—Regiment, sent to Ireland to keep the peace between the Fenians and the queen's loyal subjects. We have happened to get in this confounded spot tonight because we have lost our way; if you lead us back to the garrison at Tralee you shall be well rewarded."

"With what?" and the comically stupid look accompanying the question again provoked the officer's smile.

"With a good supper, and perhaps what you will like as well, or better, a glass of good whisky."

"I dun na," was the reply, "mebbe it's wanting me to turn informer you'd be when you'd get me into your clutches."

"That shall lie with yourself; if you have information which is of use to her Majesty's government and wish to tell it, you shall be well paid for it; but if you do not choose to do so you shall be free to leave us when you will, only guide us out of here."

The stranger still hesitated, gazing at each in turn of the men, who had somewhat forgotten their fatigue and their anxiety to reach their quarters, in the interest and amusement afforded by this novel scene.

"Will you pledge me your word of honor, then, that you will do me no harm, neither now nor again?" he said at last, turning his eyes full upon his questioner, and extending a brown, knotty and horny hand. Captain Dennier of her Majesty's—shrunk a little from the proffered grasp; his fastidious taste and innate haughtiness could hardly yield to such close contact with the being before him, and it was a second or two before he suffered his own aristocratic, shapely hand to lie in the horny palm.

"It's to the garrison you want to go," pursued the strange man; "well this is the road to Ardret, and Tralee is a good five miles beyant,—but follow me, and I'll have you there in no time, or my name is not Rick of the Hills. Rick's no time," as he had exclaimed, "I lengthened itself what seemed to the tired and hungry men an undue period, and at moments when there seemed to be no termination to the tortuous path, and no more sign of habitation in the wild spot than there had been at the beginning of the journey, Captain Dennier and his men grew impatient and even a little anxious lest their wild guide might be playing them false.

"Look here, my man," the captain said at last, "there's something wrong about this; you are not keeping your word with us."

"Whisht!" was the reply, accompanied by a gesture commanding silence, "don't let your voice be heard in this place, or maybe you'd have more company than would be to your liking."

The officer, though a man of tried courage, quailed for a moment at the words of his guide. His hand sought the hilt of his sword, and his eyes tried more anxiously to pierce the gloom of the night. All the wild stories which he had heard, even over camp-fires in India, of the places of concealment afforded to the Irish by the very wildness of their country, and of the lengths to which desperation occasionally drove them, came before him now.

His fears for the instant roused into faded, being a hundred lawless, despairing wretches swooping down from the very hills beside which they were walking, and hurling death to every man of the little party. Then also, the disturbed and excited state of the times, owing to those troubles to which Irish grievances have ever, under some form or other, given being, arose before him in vivid and distressing pictures. Wild reports of an anticipated general Fenian rising had already reached him, and knowing that they were in that very part of the country where the young and daring Captain O'Connor secured his followers in the fastnesses of the mountains, he became each moment more certain of being attacked.

Rick of the Hills, a little in advance of the soldiers, kept steadily on his way. He seemed so sure of the road, tortuous as it was, that he looked neither to the right nor to the left of him, and only occasionally needed a hand.

The path at last became broader and widened into one that appeared to lead into some hamlet or town. The soldiers, relieved from the oppression, gloom, and wildness of the scenes of the last few hours, recovered their spirits, and their leader, recognizing by certain landmarks that the garrison-town was not far distant, ceased to grasp his sword.

They arrived at the barracks, from one quarter of which as they approached they could hear the sound of distant revelry. The step of the guard as he paced his rounds was lost in the quick, heavy tramp of the approaching band. A halt was demanded, the countersign given by Captain Dennier, and the soldiers, with Rick in their midst, passed within the barracks.

"I am much obliged to you, my man," said the captain, turning to the strange guide as his men were about to file in to the guard-room, "and you shall have all that I promised." His eyes turned for a moment as if in search of some attendant to whom he might consign Rick, and at that instant a man in civilian dress, who

had been standing in an angle of the wall watching the scene with peculiar interest, darted forward and responded as if in answer to the officer's look.

"I know something of this man, captain; I will take charge of him."

"Oh thank you, Carter, then I transfer him to you; you know the ways of the barrack sufficiently to provide for his being treated well, and being permitted to leave when he will," and Captain Dennier turned away.

The man addressed as Carter beckoned Rick to follow him. They traversed a long hall until a turn brought them into a narrower and shorter passage, from beyond which came plainly the sounds of uproarious mirth. Here he who had been addressed as Carter stopped suddenly, and wheeling round to his companion, just where the light from a pendant lamp brought his round, red face and constantly working eyes into distinct view, he hissed rather than said: "You devil's imp, what brings you here?"

Rick shook himself erect, and going so close to the speaker that his breath fanned the latter's countenance, he answered in a tone of mingled passion and defiance: "To watch you, Morty Carter, and to foil your ends."

"You'll never do it; you and them you're serving shall feel the weight of my fury—I have sworn it—do you understand? and I would come from my grave to have revenge on Carroll O'Donoghue."

"Spare yourself," retorted Rick, "for you'll fall yourself into the trap you're layin'; you thought to win when you gave the information set them beyant," making a gesture toward where he had left Captain Dennier's men, "on the search they were after when I met them. But did you succeed? Have a care, Morty Carter, that your treachery doesn't betray yourself into a worse pit than that you'd dig for those that never harmed you."

The round red face glowering beneath the lamp grew more florid, and the hands hanging by his side clenched and drew themselves up as if they would have felled the audacious speaker. "What proof have you that I gave the information?" he hissed.

"This proof—you were at Carrick Hurley's the other night—you swore to die in the cause you intended to betray, and then you came straight here and gave the information which sent Captain Dennier and his men on the search they were after tonight, and only the boys were on the watch, the soldiers would have caught another fox than the one they went to hunt."

"What do you mean?" said Carter.

"I mean that Carroll O'Donoghue would have been in their clutches but for the watch of the boys."

Carter staggered against the wall, his face becoming of an ashen hue, and his hands falling helpless by his side: "Carroll O'Donoghue here!" he exclaimed, "in Ireland—good God!"

"Yes, here to bring you to an account," pursued Rick, striding to him; "hese to see that justice is done to the innocent beings you would rob; here to give the lie to your actions. What have you to say now, Morty Carter?"

"This," said the latter, straightening himself, and seeming to recover his previous arrogant manner: "I shall be as a hound upon Carroll O'Donoghue's track—I shall unearth him, though he were hidden miles under ground, and I shall hunt him to his death."

The sounds of mirth each moment more continuous and prolonged, now swelled into shouts of laughter, which a sudden and falling helplessness with startling distinctness to the ears of the two angry speakers, and fears of some unbidden spectator coming upon the scene made both men anxious to withdraw. Warned by approaching steps, Carter turned in the direction of the boisterous merriment, closely followed by Rick.

In a moment both men were within the canteen whence the laughter proceeded; it was a large, irregularly shaped apartment, against the walls of which, on wooden shelves, stood various pewter mugs and quarter pithers, while about the room in scattered places were several beer casks. The soldiers themselves were dispersed in groups, those who had formed a portion of Captain Dennier's company being distinguished from their companions by certain marks which they bore of their recent journey. The majority seemed to be drinking, and it was from those who appeared to be most under the influence of the potatoes that the boisterous mirth proceeded.

Deep in the mysteries of the stimulating cup, no one appeared to notice the entrance of Carter and his companion till the former had ushered Rick into the midst of one of the noisy groups, and had received the instructions of Captain Dennier. The soldiers, half in their cups, gazed with amused interest on the uncouth-looking being introduced to them, and one, eager to provoke fun out of the strange character, said with a tone of cockneyism, "So you are one of these Hishish that we are expected to ketch, are you?"

A look of intense disgust passed over Rick's features, and his deep-set eyes gleamed beneath their shaggy brows while he retorted:

"And you are one of these Hinglish" mimicking the other, "that didn't ketch us yet, though you're scouring the country this while back."

The half-maudlin soldier was nettled by the reply; rising from his seat, he went in a tone that he strove to render authoritative: "Look here, you feller, be careful how you speak to one of her Majesty's soldiers."

"Then do you be careful to be civil to your betters," answered Rick, nothing daunted.

Carter, knowing the outspoken and vindictive character of Rick of the Hills, and fearing a quarrel which might result unpleasantly to himself, stepped between the wrothy combatants, and with a whisper to the soldier quieted him. He dropped into his seat, but not without a glowering look at Rick and a muttered:

"The next time we meet you shall know what it is to have checked an English soldier."

Rick promptly responded: "And the next time we meet may be you'll feel what it is to have insulted an Irishman."

Carter now really alarmed, savagely caught Rick and forced him out of the group.

"You imp of the devil, do you want to destroy yourself that you are talking in this manner?" but in so low a tone that no one save Rick heard him.

"I want to destroy you," was the whispered reply, "and the evidence that dooms me will tell the hump for your neck—do you mind that, Morty Carter?"

Carter did not reply; but summoning one of the soldiers, bade him prepare a meal for Rick, and afterward assign him a place to sleep.

In an apartment in another portion of the barrack, entirely removed from the soldiers' quarters, Captain Dennier, still in his marching attire, and with the dusty marks of his recent expedition not yet removed, stood in respectful attitude before an elderly officer of imposing presence.

The latter was also standing, but he seemed to have assumed the attitude rather in the heat of his speech to the young man, and his fingers played nervously with the ribbon of some decoration upon his person.

"It is exceedingly discreditable, this continued ill success of yours," he said in an irritated tone, "and I warn you to speedily redeem it; nothing could be clearer than the clew with which this fellow Carter furnished you, and he has the most important testimony to bring forward as soon as you capture your prey."

Captain Dennier's face flushed hotly, but he made no reply.

"Here am I," continued the senior officer, "hurried over from England to find after all that her Majesty's soldiers are unequal to the task of unearthing a few poor rampart Irishmen, who have more bluster than brains. And here is another dispatch."

He drew toward him one out of a loose packet of papers that lay upon a table, and tendered it to the captain. The latter read aloud:

"A convict, Carroll O'Donoghue by name, has escaped from penal servitude in Australia, and is supposed to be concealed in about Cahiretreen. Let a sufficient number of men be detailed to search and guard the place, and let all precautions be taken to prevent the escape of the convict by sea."

The captain replaced the paper without a word.

"You must be ready, sir, to undertake that expedition tomorrow," said the senior officer. A bow of assent was the reply.

"And let it be your effort to cover by its success your failure of today."

With a wave of his hand he dismissed the young man, and throwing himself into a chair, turned wearily to the packet of papers lying before him.

TO BE CONTINUED

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

Nestled in the very heart of the Nova Scotian hills, is the picturesque village of Mapleton. It boasts a little Catholic church dedicated to Saint Joseph, three or four stores, two forges, and one "Front" street, along which the village cattle stroll leisurely.

yearning expression crept into the mother's face.

The child, who was very pale and delicate, had her mother's golden curls, and violet-blue eyes. As she rocked her dolly to sleep, she lisped a nursery rhyme in her high baby treble. The little make-believe mother was quite happy; she had forgotten all her woes of yesterday; but the real mother had a heavy heart. How could she forget her baby's tears so quickly? She had come to her last night crying for her Daddy and flung her baby arms about her mother's neck sobbing as if her little heart would break.

"Where is my Daddy?" she had asked. "Why isn't there a daddy for me? All the other girls have one. I used to have one too, but then he went away and left you and me all alone."

Alice Campbell had dreaded the hour when her child should ask for him—when she could not be all-in-all to her—ever since Douglas had left, two long years ago. Just how long and weary those years had been, she did not fully realize till now; and all the time she knew that one word from her would bring him back. But could she say that word? Could she fling her pride aside, and let him see how much he meant to her? No. That would be too humiliating. She hardened her belief that separation had been inevitable. They could never have gone on living in that fashion. But was it fair to little Theresa? Should she not have a father like other children?—And Douglas—he must be terribly lonesome without his darling child.

But a reconciliation was impossible. Father McDonald meant well when he talked of it; but then—well, he didn't understand.

"Mummy," said the child, laying her doll aside, "I feel so tired. Please take me up. I hope I will see my lovely lady again soon. She takes the tired feeling away, and makes me happy."

"Whom do you mean, Darling? Miss Murray?"

"Oh, no!" answered the child, her eyes widening with wonder. "My own beautiful lady that came to see me last night. She is going to take me away with her to a beautiful land where there is no tired feeling or pain, and everyone is happy all the time."

"Oh, my Baby!" sobbed the mother, pressing the child to her heart. "Don't talk like that, dear. You must stay here with me for a long while yet. You have dreamed these things. How could I live here alone without my Theresa?"

"But daddy is coming back to live with you, Mummy. My lady helped me to ask God to send him home to you, 'cause I'm going away soon, and you'd be awfully lonesome here alone, wouldn't you, Mummy dear? My lady was all light and lovely. She does not need a lamp 'cause she's like one herself."

"Go to sleep now, Darling," said the mother, kissing the little golden head with a strange emotion. Dark hours followed hours of warfare between a self and grace, and between good and evil. Finally her pride fell from her, and she poured out her soul in humble prayer.

The evening preceding the scene between Alice and her little daughter Douglas Campbell paced restlessly to and fro, in a large room of your certain Halifax hotel. His life since his separation from his wife, had been very unhappy. He had tried to forget his heart-ache and loneliness in work—in amusement—in books; but to no avail. He found that he wanted home and Alice and his little daughter more than anything else on earth.

Nothing but his own pride and the fear of her reception of any attempt at reconciliation had kept him from going and imploring her forgiveness long before this.

Tonight Theresa's little pale face haunted him. He could not get away from those large pleading childish eyes. Far into the night, he strode up and down—thinking—thinking—praying without hope.

Finally, weary and exhausted, he dropped into a chair.

But now the weariness was gone. He was back again in his quiet village home; and he saw his child asleep in her little bed. But her eyes were swollen, and her cheeks retained. As he watched, the door of the chamber opened gently, and a woman entered. It was not Alice. The brightness which surrounded her flooded the apartment with its radiance. She moved to the bed-side, and spoke to the sleeping child, who smiled and awoke at her first word. The two conversed together, softly, at first inaudibly, then the watcher distinctly heard his child say:

"Daddy, come home. Mummy needs you."

Then Douglas awoke with a thrill of fear and shame and realization of his sin. Dream or vision it brought him the grace of humble, fervent prayer for a contrite heart.

When Theresa had gone to dream-land, and the twilight melted into night, Alice sat on the veranda with downcast eyes, and a heart full to overflowing. She knew that Theresa, who had never been strong, was steadily growing weaker. She had not had the courage to face the truth squarely till today when the child herself had made evasion impossible.

"Oh, stay to good, too pure to face the disappointment and sin of this world," murmured the mother. "But if I could only have her a few more years. . . O Douglas,

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