

To One in Paradise.

The shadows dark rest every where,
Where erst the sun so brightly shone,
While, merrily, upon the air,
My heart cries out—'Alone! Alone!'
Oh! that thou would'st come back again
With all thy tender words and ways;
Oh! that thou would'st come back again
And bring the joy of vanished days!

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LV.

BILLY HEFFERNAN MAKES DR. KIRBY A

PRESENT, "AS A FRIEND OF PHIL

LADY'S."

Mat Donovan was right. Maurice

Kearney's kitchen next morning seemed

to have been turned into a hospital for

curables. But Dr. Kirby was an early

riser, and his first duty was to visit the

patients, with prayers and blessings on

their lips, before the family had assembled

in the breakfast room. One poor man

was so ill it was necessary to carry him

into the out-house where the workmen

slept, and lay him upon one of the beds.

After examining him, the doctor glanced

round the apartment. There were several

ruddy beds, and two or three wigs of

straw upon the ground, with something

in the shape of bedclothes flung in a

heap upon them. A bit of broken looking

glass stuck to the wall attracted his attention,

and on going towards it he saw that

the wall above and below and on either

side of it was plastered with tallow, with

bits of burnt wick stuck in it—proof posi-

tive that a candlestick was an unknown

luxury to Mr. Kearney's workmen once

they retired to their dormitory.

"I wonder they don't burn down the

house," muttered the doctor.

As many pairs of brogues as ever were

seen in a kish at a fair, were scattered

about in all directions, some new and

some old, some patched and some ripped

and broken beyond all hope of mending;

while not a few were grey or green with

the mould of time. More pairs of dirty

stockings were flung about, too, than

would be agreeable either to the visual or

olfactory organs of most people. A few

suits of clothes hung from pegs over a

corner bit at the farthest end of the room

—the gilt buttons and drab silk ribbons

at the knees of Jim Dunn's Sunday

breaches looking so intensely new and

brilliant that people were tempted to

come close to them and feel them with

their fingers, as something very rare and

curious. And the skin of the fat sheep—

the best which Dr. Kirby praised so

highly at dinner the day before—dangled

from a beam over his head; that being a

safe and convenient place to keep it from

the dogs. All this and more the doctor

took in at a glance; and, feeling the air

of the place heavy and unwholesome, he

pointed to the window, which was at the

back, opposite the door, and ordered Tom

Maher to open it.

Tom Maher looked very much surprised,

and felt all round the eash, thereby dis-

turbing a whole legion of spiders—mak-

ing them wildly over the walls and the

windows—and carrying away divers

layers of cobwebs upon his fingers.

"Bogor, sir," said Tom Maher, as he

tried to shake the cobwebs from his hand,

which they covered like an old glove,"

don't open. I remember now wan uv

the hinges was broke, an' 'twas nalled up,

as the horses was alitered into the new

stable."

"What has the new stable to do with

this place?" the doctor asked.

"Sare this was the calf stable, sir,"

Tom answered. "An' when the new wan

was built, we came to sleep here."

"Yes, I see," returned the doctor.

"Horses, of course, require to be better

lodged than men! Who sleeps on that

heap in the corner?"

"Wastilose, sir."

"That's Barney. Where is he? I have

not seen him."

"He went to see his mother yesterday,

sir, and didn't come back yet."

The doctor turned up the covering of

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1890.

CHAPTER III.

Some seven years later, a new singer,

of whom wonderful things were proph-

esied, made her debut in a concert hall in

Paris.

She was a slender, pale faced young

girl, with a mass of beautiful golden hair.

As she came on the stage, a pretty, brown

eyed young lady, evidently American, in

the audience, bent eagerly forward with

an exclamation. The next

moment she drew a deep, long breath, as

the rich, wonderful voice of the young

singer echoed through the hall.

There was a breathless hush until the

last note ceased, and then thunders of

applause shook the building. In answer

to it the young singer came forward to

sing again. As she stood for a moment,

freelance, she happened to encounter

the gaze of the pair of brown eyes bent

eagerly upon her. A quick change passed

over her face, her blue eyes grew soft,

and filled for a moment with tears; then,

in a voice which trembled a little at first,

she sang, as no one there had ever heard

it sung before, the sweet song, "Annie

Laurie."—Emma Howard Wright, in Bal-

ford's Magazine.

PERRY COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

Baltimore Mirror.

The social conditions prevailing in

Perry county, Kentucky, are strange as

they are interesting. A judge is holding

court there now under the protection of

two companies of State militia, having

previously made his will and cleared up

his worldly house as a precaution against

a too hasty summons. It is the first

time court has been held in Perry county

in two years. Over three hundred mur-

ders have been committed in the last

twenty years, and for these nine men

have been arrested, and only one con-

vinced. The latter was released after a

brief term of imprisonment. There is

not a church or school of any kind in the

county, nor has any religious service been

held for two years. The Philadelphia

Ledger remarks that if such a place

should be found in the wilds of Africa,

missionaries would be sent out to it

immediately; which is probably quite

true.

Perry county has a thoroughly and

essentially American population. There

is not a citizen of foreign birth within its

confines. The explanation of its present

deplorable chaotic social conditions can-

not, therefore, be found in the evil influ-

ences which many prominent and

able non-Catholic writers and moralists

unhesitatingly attribute to the intro-

duction of foreign elements. The Perry

county people are the natural product of

what are frequently extolled as undiluted

Americanism and unqualified Protestan-

tism. They hate foreigners and have a

superstitious horror of Papists. Their

lawlessness and intellectual and spiritual

poverty are the direct fruits of the mode

of life and traditions of their race.

We recommend these interesting facts

to the consideration of those of our non

Catholic friends who publicly profess to

believe that whatever spiritual darkness

and superstition exists in this country

are due to foreign and "Roman" influ-

ences.

Perry county has entirely escaped the

touch of both these elements, and yet

we assert without fear of contradiction

that nowhere else in the land will be

found any class of Americans, "native"

or of immediate foreign extraction, who

are quite as debased, morally, socially

and intellectually, as the Simon pure

American and "Protestant" stock of this

region of the South-West.

As the esteemed Ledger observes,

should such a state of things be found

in the wilds of Central Africa, the

brethren of the American Mission Board,

whose hearts bleed for the benighted

heathen in remote lands, would imme-

diately dispatch a missionary expedition

to reclaim the wretched thus given

over to the worst forms of sav-

agery.

Why, our own savages

—the average because of the vices

of civilization to which they cling, than

the naked denizens of the African

jungle—are abandoned by their com-

patriots and fellow Protestants of the

missionary boards is a matter beyond

the comprehension of the ordinary in-

tellectance.

Would it not be more consistent,

more humane, more practical and pro-

fitable for those individuals and religious

journalists who are forever bemoaning

the melancholy aspect in which the alleged

ignorance and superstition of the

Papists of Spain, Mexico and elsewhere

present themselves to the sanctified

gaze of the evangelists and American or-

biters, to withdraw their solicitude from

the happy and contented Catholic peoples of

foreign countries until something is accom-

plished in the way of regenerating the

worse than pagan savages of their own

race and at their very doors? If, as it

is confidently charged, the Spanish

peasants are ignorant, they are moral, at

least, certainly their immorality is no

less ignorant than immoral. The Span-

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1890.

CHAPTER III.

Some seven years later, a new singer,

of whom wonderful things were proph-

esied, made her debut in a concert hall in

Paris.

She was a slender, pale faced young

girl, with a mass of beautiful golden hair.

As she came on the stage, a pretty, brown

eyed young lady, evidently American, in

the audience, bent eagerly forward with

an exclamation. The next

moment she drew a deep, long breath, as

the rich, wonderful voice of the young

singer echoed through the hall.

There was a breathless hush until the

last note ceased, and then thunders of

applause shook the building. In answer

to it the young singer came forward to

sing again. As she stood for a moment,

freelance, she happened to encounter

the gaze of the pair of brown eyes bent

eagerly upon her. A quick change passed

over her face, her blue eyes grew soft,

and filled for a moment with tears; then,

in a voice which trembled a little at first,

she sang, as no one there had ever heard

it sung before, the sweet song, "Annie

Laurie."—Emma Howard Wright, in Bal-

ford's Magazine.

PERRY COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

Baltimore Mirror.

The social conditions prevailing in

Perry county, Kentucky, are strange as

they are interesting. A judge is holding

court there now under the protection of

two companies of State militia, having

previously made his will and cleared up

his worldly house as a precaution against

a too hasty summons. It is the first

time court has been held in Perry county

in two years. Over three hundred mur-

ders have been committed in the last

twenty years, and for these nine men

have been arrested, and only one con-

vinced. The latter was released after a

brief term of imprisonment. There is

not a church or school of any kind in the

county, nor has any religious service been

held for two years. The Philadelphia

Ledger remarks that if such a place

should be found in the wilds of Africa,

missionaries would be sent out to it

immediately; which is probably quite

true.

Perry county has a thoroughly and

essentially American population. There

is not a citizen of foreign birth within its

confines. The explanation of its present

deplorable chaotic social conditions can-

not, therefore, be found in the evil influ-

ences which many prominent and

able non-Catholic writers and moralists

unhesitatingly attribute to the intro-

duction of foreign elements. The Perry

county people are the natural product of

what are frequently extolled as undiluted

Americanism and unqualified Protestan-

tism. They hate foreigners and have a

superstitious horror of