

# The Catholic Journal

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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 LI

#### Father O'Connor's Tale

Previously accident had given me information of a young woman, named Cathleen, whom Carter had brought when a baby to a widow living in the north of Ireland, and to whom he paid regular sums for the child's care. He claimed to be the little one's uncle, and he made occasional visits to see her. I had no hesitation in pronouncing her to be Sullivan's abducted child, and I saw the poor, unhappy father depart for the place of her abode.

"I have finished, my lord, and I await your answer."

He stood with folded arms, and head slightly bent forward, the flush on his cheeks deepened to a vivid glow. Lord Heathcote at last removed his hand, and raised his head; and that stern, cold face which had dropped to its hidden position at the beginning of the tale—that white, aged-looking countenance, every line had been brought forth with startling distinctness, every feature betrayed an agony upon which it was painful to look. He rose from his chair, and tottered to the priest, saying, in so cracked a voice that it might have belonged to eighty, rather than the fifty years, he was:

"This cruelly injured husband of Marie—this Walter Berkeley—did he—who unfolded to you this tale tell you who he was?"

The priest bowed low, and responded: "He did, my lord. Carter had unguardedly on one occasion imparted to him that knowledge. You, my lord, are the Walter Berkeley of my tale."

"Oh, God!"

The nobleman flung his hand wildly to his forehead, then, as if seized by some sudden convulsion, he clutched frantically at the air for a moment, and Father O'Connor, alarmed, hastened to support him.

"Thank you, I am better," he said, when he had rallied, and he strove to assume the wonted coldness of his voice, as he released himself from the gentle hold. "But this is an idle tale," he continued, quickly; "what proofs have you to sustain Marie Dougherty's innocence of all that has been imputed to her—what proofs to show that Sullivan's story is not a concoction to shield himself?"

"None, my lord, beyond what I have told you—she who could prove its truth has long since been accorded justice in Heaven. "Do you believe it—did this Lysterious tale carry conviction to your heart?" and the nobleman seemed to await the answer in trembling expectation.

"It did, my lord, full and entire!"

Lord Heathcote tottered to his chair, and sunk into it. The perspiration stood like beads upon his face and his breath was labored. "You tell me," he said, speaking with difficulty, "that the daughter of this Marie Dougherty grew to be the image of her mother—is she aught like this?"

He pulled from his bosom a golden case, set round with pearls, touching the spring, it opened and revealed the counterpart of Nora McCarthy. The likeness was so exact and so vivid that the priest started, and his manner more even than his words, expressed the resemblance which the picture bore to its living copy. He closed the case and returned it to his breast, then, leaning forward until his labored breath seemed to fan his listener's face, he said:

"The twin son of this Marie Dougherty whom Carter abducted—where is he now—what is he doing?"

"Living obscurely among the poor of Ireland, with no desire save to do what little good he

can, and remain unknown to the world."

"Is he known to you?" The question was put in a painfully eager way.

"He is, my lord."

Lord Heathcote leaned back and closed his eyes; but the working of his mouth betrayed how little diminished was his inward agitation. After a few minutes he looked up, and said with the first natural tone of voice he had used since the conclusion of the startling tale:

"You have admitted that you know this son of Marie Dougherty whom Carter is said to have abducted—do you also know his twin brother, whom Berkeley was reported to have carried to England? did no suspicion ever enter the mind of Sullivan—did he never gain from Carter any information which might lead him to surmise the identity of this son?"

"Never, my lord, to my knowledge—I do not know the young man."

"But this daughter—this counterpart of her injured mother—do you know her?"

"I do, my lord, well."

"And did you not, when this strange story was told you; immediately unfold it to this sister and brother, or did you not hint at portions of it which might work upon their minds?"

"No, my lord; my first and only impulse was to come to you. All that I have told you is buried in my own breast."

A look of satisfaction crossed Lord Heathcote's features, and he said, in a still more natural tone: "Will you kindly yourself to follow some instructions I desire to give to you?"

"I shall be happy to do so, my lord, if they conflict with no duty."

"They will not. I would have you maintain profound secrecy about all that you have told me, and I would have you bring to me, here in the castle, this girl, Nora McCarthy—I would see her without having anything of this interview disclosed to her. Can you do this?"

A shade passed over the priest's face. "I do not know, my lord, but I can try, and should I fail, I shall acquaint your lordship."

Lord Heathcote bowed his assent, then touched the handbell at his side, and waving an adieu to Father O'Connor as the attendant entered the room, leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

### Chapter LII

#### The Work of a Spy

Father O'Connor, the prey of emotions as wild and varied as much of the scenery through which he passed on his return journey, hastened back to Tralee. There he found, to his relief, Nora once more in the bosom of her friends—Clare and she—both inmates of genial Mrs. Murphy's home. Father Meszger coming up from Dhrommacool as often as the duties of his pastoral charge would permit, and Dennier, in his courteous, kindly way dropping in as frequently as the laws of etiquette allowed, but far too seldom to satisfy the desire of his own impetuous heart; and he also found Tighe, a Vohr once more installed as Dennier's valet, but he found all too sad at the thought of Carroll's approaching doom to wear even the semblance of a smile, and his own emotions roused into wildest being by the scene through which he had so lately passed, were also subdued and saddened by the near approach of that dreadful end. He had little time, however, to give to deliberations other than those required for the delicate mission intrusted to him by Lord Heathcote, and he seized the first opportunity of requesting from Nora a private interview.

She had become anxious about Rick, and having received no word from him, her first thought was that Father O'Connor had perhaps some alarming intelligence to communicate.

"No," the priest said in answer to her fears when they were alone, "you have no cause for alarm; but perhaps you will wonder immediately with me to Dublin."

"To Dublin—why?" she could hardly speak from surprise.

"I cannot tell you, Nora—I have only to ask you to submit blindly to my directions in this matter—I have only to say that I think it is well for you to go."

"Ah! I understand," she said quietly; "poor Rick"—and then she stopped and corrected herself—"my father is there ill; he has acquainted you of it, but he would not let me know, lest it should induce me to make some sacrifice; and he has written to you not to tell me; but you think it is my duty to know and to go to him. Is not that it?"

"No, Nora, that is not it; but this journey, if you will undertake it, may go far to right a wrong of the past, and to restore a reputation which has been foully defamed."

"Carroll," she said,—"it will take me from him."

"Only for a few days, and as they tell me all of you have been refused access to him for the present, your absence can hardly make much difference."

"I shall go," she said quietly. "How soon shall we start?"

"Can you be ready this evening?"

She gave a brief assent.

They turned away to join Clare and at that instant the knocker on Mrs. Murphy's hall door sounded. It was Dennier, with the announcement that he was called to Dublin by a most important letter from Lord Heathcote, and that he would be obliged to start for the capital that very evening.

"Miss McCarthy and I are also going," said Father O'Connor; "with your kind permission, we would prefer to travel in your company."

It was the first announcement of Nora's intended journey, and Clare became frightened. "Going to Dublin?" she repeated in a dazed way; "going to leave Carroll and to leave me—what does it mean?"

Father O'Connor took her aside in his own quiet, gentle way, soothing her and explaining—without however revealing ought that he was told to conceal—why it was not practicable to grant her request to accompany Nora. She seemed satisfied, determining to return to at once to Dhrommacool and there remain until Nora came back, and when the two gentlemen, each actuated by the thought of how to provide an escort for her in the short time that remained before the beginning of their own journey, looked blankly at each other, she herself proposed that Tighe should accompany her. Dennier gladly assented, willingly submitting to the inconvenience of providing another servant during his stay in Dublin. Hasty preparations for the journey began, and then all accompanied Clara to see her first upon her way. The little party were too absorbed in themselves to note how their steps were dogged from the moment of their departure from Mrs. Murphy's until their arrival at the place where Clare and Tighe and Shaun were to take the mail-car for Dhrommacool. There the spy, a dark-browed, heavy-looking man, waiting only to see the little party standing together as if all were about to journey the same way, turned about, and hurrying into a side street, entered a place which seemed to comprise all the characteristics of a shebeen. There, lounging against the counter, was a man as villainous looking.

"Good day to you, Jack," said the new-comer; "faith you're im-luck's way, for I have Carter's money to trate you wid, come, old fellow"—accompanying his last words by a hearty slap on Jack's stalwart shoulders,—"and we'll have a pint of mullied porter together."

With every evidence of delight he to whom the invitation was given accepted it, and the two repaired to an inner room, which was filled up with round tables and wooden chairs.

"So things are progressing, Thade," said he who had been addressed as Jack, "between yourself and Carter?"

(To be continued)

## Around the Globe

### Catholic News From Many Places

By direction of the Pope a Mass of Reparation was celebrated in all the churches in France for the dead who have been defrauded by the law of devolution.—I. e., the law by which the bequests meant to be used for the masses for the dead were turned from their original purpose.

The zealous Paulist Fathers of New York have taken steps for the spiritual care of the Italian members of their large congregation. A special mass is celebrated for the Italians every Sunday and solennities for men and women are being organized. Classes in music and singing for the children have also been inaugurated. The work is in charge of Father MeSorley.

"Tug" day in Hartford, Conn., for the benefit of the St. Francis Hospital of that city, netted the institution about \$2,400. Among those who took part in the selling of tags, was a corps of nurses from the hospital, wearing their uniforms.

The death has taken place at the Bundoran Convent, Ireland, of Rev. Mother Mary Xavier Finnan, in her seventy-second year. The deceased nun, who was a native of Carrickmacross, succeeded as Superioress in Monaghan Bay, Mother Geheveria Peala, the foundress of the St. Louis Nuns in Ireland. Under Mother Xavier's regime, which began 30 years ago, the present house of the Convent in Monaghan advanced by her present high position as an international establishment. Some years ago she was stricken with a very severe illness, her recovery from which was little short of a miracle and she went to the Bundoran house of the Order to recuperate. When her health was sufficiently restored she was appointed Superioress, and discharged the duties of that office till her death.

Mayor Rose, of Milwaukee, at a recent Catholic school dedication in that city, said a notable thing for a politician who will run again for the mayorality. "I know that what I am going to say," he declared, "will lay me open to the charge of political heresy. But about 3,000 were in the public schools and over 20,000 in the parochial institutions. It is short-sighted public policy that demands parents who send their children to the schools of their choice to pay taxes upon themselves a double burden of taxation. The day at dawn and speedily when either they will be exempt from aiding in maintaining the public schools, or the parochial schools will be aided from the fund for education."

The following despatch was sent to one of the metropolitan dailies by their special correspondent at Rome: "I was walking yesterday, when we met the students of the American Ecclesiastical College, and stood for a moment to watch them pass. My companion suddenly gave an exclamation, and I saw his eyes resting on a man in the little group, older than the others, but dressed, as they were, in black robes with red sashes and piping. The student was no other than Wilbur, the late brilliant Archdeacon of Chicago, the well-known musician and scholar, whose turn to Roman Catholicism caused such a commotion in Episcopal circles. Mr. Wilbur has taken up his quarters at the American College and lives as the other students do."

The oldest graduates present at the golden jubilee anniversary of the Holy Cross Academy at 342 West Forty-second street, Manhattan, last Saturday, was Mrs. Timothy Colahan, mother of five lawyers of that name in New York city, including the recently elected Surrogate.

## News From Ireland

### Arrangements

Dr. E. C. Miller has appointed Certifying Surgeon under the Factory Act for the District of County Antrim.

The tenants on Lord Antrim's Foylon estate, have offered to purchase their holdings at 17 years' purchase of second term rents; and all sporting turbarry, and other rights be vested in the tenants.

The Belfast Irish Weekly states that there is a very marked change for the better in the trades in Lurgan. All the factories and workshops are running full time for all hands.

Mays.

On the 23rd of November, Elizabeth, beloved wife of John O'Brien, Esq., at the ripe old age of 81, was survived by her husband, six daughters and two sons. One of this place and Michael of Jersey City and Mrs. William Higgins Mrs. John Schull and Mrs. John Donnelly of Carracas, Mrs. Mary Kane, Mrs. Simon Moughan and Mrs. Patrick Feeney of Roscommon, N. Y. 33 grand children and 8 great grand children. Despite the constant downfall of rain the funeral which was the last scene in which she was laid out, was a grand one.

The foundation stone of the new Carran Ferry, Co. Wick, will be laid by the Lord Bishop of Down, on the 29th of December.

Faithful Mother Superioress, who was appointed Superioress in Monaghan Bay, Mother Geheveria Peala, the foundress of the St. Louis Nuns in Ireland, which began 30 years ago, the present house of the Convent in Monaghan advanced by her present high position as an international establishment. Some years ago she was stricken with a very severe illness, her recovery from which was little short of a miracle and she went to the Bundoran house of the Order to recuperate. When her health was sufficiently restored she was appointed Superioress, and discharged the duties of that office till her death.

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Deaths.

Messrs. John Cronin, Esq., and William McLachlan, Esq., both of whom have been appointed Justices of the Peace for the County of Wick, were sworn in yesterday.

A very serious illness, which has been attended by Dr. Porter, has befallen a man named William, a blacksmith working in the village of Enniscorthy, after showing a number of hours' complaint. Medical aid was summoned, and the deceased, after a short time, passed away. Dr. Porter, Greenogue, Co. Wick, was aged 64 years, and leaves a wife and grown up family.

Funerals.

The Dublin Gazette of Nov. 23rd contained notices from the estate Commissioners of their intention to acquire compulsorily certain streets in the County of Louth, to be used for the purposes of the Louth and Drogheda Railway. The streets named were:—St. George's, St. John's, and St. Peter's. The property of Michael Connolly, Clontarf, Co. Dub., was destroyed by fire on Oct. 22nd due to some children playing with matches.

Cases.

Two small dwelling houses situated at Cobble Hill, the property of Martin Dillow, Chapel Lane, Dublin, were destroyed by fire on Nov. 2nd.

### Religious Notices

Religious notices and announcements, including church services, funerals, and other religious events.

### Deaths

Deaths of prominent figures and community members.

### Funerals

Funeral services and arrangements for deceased individuals.