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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 LV.
Carter's High Hopes

Father Meagher was not so hopeful, though, loth to repress the buoyancy of the two eager girls, he pretended to share their sanguine expectations. Father O'Connor was so unusually agitated that the older priest could not but express his suspicion that the young clergyman was in possession of more knowledge than he had imparted.

"I am, father," he answered, "but I cannot tell you yet."

A few hours later, and there promised to be at last an end to their suspense—a message came desiring them all, providing Father Meagher and Clare had arrived to repair to the castle that evening.

Chapter LVI.

Carter Confronted with His Guilt

"Egad, Dennier! but you are the biggest puzzle of the age—what with your melancholy that nothing could chase away, then your attachment to some wonderful Irish beauty, and after that your resignation for no reason under the sun but to gratify an outlandish whim you were enough to turn sager heads than mine; and now you burst into my quarters with hints of mysteries that are enough to make one's hair stand on end!" And Captain Crawford, with a quizzical expression on his face, approached the flushed and excited Dennier, and began to make a critical survey of the latter's person.

"Well, well," said Dennier good-humoredly, "this evening's fancy will end it all; and after that, Harry, you shall hear one of the strangest stories I ever have been your fate to listen to—something that will make you cry from your heart: 'truth is indeed stranger than fiction!'"

"Let me see how much I already know," said Crawford playfully, and holding up his fingers, he began to enumerate upon them each assertion that he made. "You have told me that this informer, Carter, has been at more rascally business than betraying the unsuspecting Fenians, and that, by a decoy letter, you have caged him so far as to have him already in the castle, firmly believing that he is about to receive some reward from the government, whereas to-night he will be unmasked before those whom he has foully injured, you have also told me that two near friends of the injured parties, summoned from some country place to be present at this unmasking, have arrived, further, that you have not trusted yourself in the presence of any of these parties who are to come in obedience to their summons to the castle this evening, lest your agitation should betray what you desire to conceal for the present at this mysterious something that is to happen, but so far you have received no reply from them. Now, Dennier, in Heaven's name give me the key to all this!"

"I cannot, Harry; not till after to-night," was the tremulous response.

"Will you come to me, no matter what the hour, when the business, whatever it is, is over?" asked Crawford.

"Yes, Harry; I give you my word—I shall either come to you or send you a message to come to us."

"Us!" repeated Crawford; "by Jove! Walter, but you have me as excited as yourself!"

Dennier laughed; it was so like one of his olden bursts of merriment before either had left England, that Crawford could not refrain from saying:

"Well, whatever this latest mystery is, it has had a most refreshing effect upon you."

The young ex-officer did not reply, but waving back a laughing adieu, he left the room.

The hour arrived which had been appointed for so strange an assemblage within the walls of Dublin Castle, and then at last the four anxious and mystified persons who came from the hotel met Dennier; he awaited them in an apartment belonging to Lord Heathcote's suite, to which they were conducted, and he met them with so beaming a face, and so joyful a manner, that the hope which had fired the hearts of the two girls now flamed more ardently.

Clare's eyes turned eloquently upon him as she said: "You have favorable news to give us of my mother?"

"I cannot tell you anything yet, Miss O'Donoghue," was his response; "I have only to request you to be very patient for a while. And now"—turning to Father O'Connor—"Lord Heathcote would see you first alone."

The young priest repaired to one of the inner apartments to which the attendant, summoned by Dennier, conducted him. Lord Heathcote met him, not sitting, as Father O'Connor had seen him on the two previous occasions, but standing and nervously tapping the floor with a cane.

"Mr. O'Connor," he said, rapidly, "I cannot convince myself of the truth of the strange tale you have told me; reflection but makes me think that this man, Sullivan, fabricated the whole to hide his own guilt; you see there are no proofs further than Sullivan's own statement, and though he has been imperatively summoned here, there is not even a reply from him."

"Pardon me, my lord," Father Meagher is here, and he can testify to the insanity of your dead wife; he can also bear evidence to the fact that Carter came to reside in Dhrummacol with a boy in his charge who answered to the description of one of your sons."

"Pshaw!" said his lordship impatiently, "the assertions you make are not proofs—my wife having died means no evidence that she was not guilty, and this boy whom Carter had in his charge—who is to prove that he is my son!"

He paused, waiting some reply, but Father O'Connor was silent.

"No," resumed his lordship, "I am not convinced; and if Carter, who is here in the castle, by my order, denies the charges brought against him, I shall refuse to credit what I have heard."

The priest ventured to say: "Even, my lord, in the face of the evidence given by the picture about your neck?"

"No, no; I do not mean that; this young woman whom you brought to the castle, and whom I saw, I know to be my daughter"—his voice trembled;—"but I mean regarding the guilt of Marie Dougherty."

"Well, my lord," Father O'Connor said again; "if you rely for your full conviction on a confession from this man, Carter, you will be disappointed—unless some influence can be exerted which will force him to confess, otherwise, if he finds there are no important proofs against him, he will have effrontery enough to perjure himself."

"And in that case," said Lord Heathcote sharply, "in that case of his refusal to confess, and my refusal to believe, and consequently to acknowledge my offspring, would you still keep my secret—would you retain from this young woman the story of her birth?"

"In justice to her, my lord, I could not do so; she has bitterly sacrificed herself for a man whom she still believes to be her father, as you are already aware from my recent tale, and so devoted is she, that she has not ceased to be anxious about this poor wretch since her arrival in Dublin. No inducement can make her leave him, can cause her to abate any of that self-immolation which she deems to be her duty; would it be just, my lord, to permit this to continue for the sake of sparing your pride?"

"You would then tell her," said the nobleman somewhat bitterly, "that she is the daughter of an English peer?"

"Yes, my lord; but when with

that information I must also tell her that the English peer, refusing to credit the testimony which has been given him, refusing to obey the promptings of his own heart, believes his wife, the mother of this girl, to have been a wretched guilty woman, how much of sweetness will be left in my announcement? Ah! my lord, your daughter would rather have an heirloom of virtue, than all your titles and estates."

The nobleman hit his hip, and was silent for a moment; then he said with a staring abruptness: "You have not yet told me the name of the boy whom Carter had in charge, nor where he can at present be found."

"Pardon me, my lord, I think I told you at our first interview that he was leading an obscure life among the Irish poor, with no desire save that of performing well his humble duty; he will not trouble your lordship."

"But who is he—I would know—give me his name—speak!" And the stern eyes were bent upon the priest.

"Since you would know, my lord—I am he."

And Father O'Connor stood with folded arms and bowed head. He made no motion to approach Lord Heathcote—he did not even look at him but kept his eyes turned to the floor.

"My God! my God!" came from the white lips of the peer; still neither did he make any motion to the clergyman; he only continued to look at the priest, growing more wild and thrilling as it traversed every part of the priest's person.

"If I could only believe," he said, gaspingly, "but it may not have been my son whom Carter had in charge; and yet my heart misgives me that it was; and the resemblance comes out now as I did not see it before—the profile of the face, the form, are like Walter's—yes, it must be my son—my Archibald of Santa Fe."

The thrill of that heart-ory pierced Father O'Connor; with one simultaneous movement the priest and the peer were in each other's arms.

The delay seemed long to the little party which Father O'Connor had left—all the longer because every nerve was strained with hope and expectation; and the excitement and anticipation of the two girls were increased by Dennier's unusually joyous and animated manner. Even Father Meagher had caught the extraordinary eagerness, and he watched with restless longing for one of the doors of the apartment to open and admit some one who would put an end to all this suspense.

At last his wish was gratified; a door opened, and Lord Heathcote accompanied by Father O'Connor, entered. Both bore traces of recent agitation, but the nobleman had recovered his wonted manner sufficiently to bear himself with his accustomed dignified carriage, and to throw upon all sides of him his old piercing glance; the latter, however, was tempered by a smile which softened his countenance, and imparted to it a singular charm. Dennier immediately approached him.

"Introduce me to these people, Walter," he said quietly; and Dennier, with his own courtesy and grace now enhanced by the joy which shone so unmistakably in his manner, offered his arm to the nobleman, and conducted him first to Father Meagher. The gray-haired priest returned the kind salutation in his simple, hearty manner, and Clare was next introduced, her heightened color and animated eyes forming a pretty picture as she responded to his lordship's greeting. Nora was next, and to her Lord Heathcote said, as he extended his hand: "We have met before, and I have not forgotten, young lady, the request which you asked of me then."

His manner, even more than his words, seemed to indicate that he had given her plea some favorable reflection; her heart beat high with hope and gratitude, and she could have fallen at his feet and embraced them in the excess of her joy.

(To be continued)

From the Globe

Rev. J.G. Van Ness, D.D., Rector of Holy Rosary Church, Rochester, N. Y., has been appointed to the position of Rector of Holy Rosary Church, Rochester, N. Y., by the Holy See. He was previously Rector of Holy Rosary Church, Rochester, N. Y., for many years. He is a member of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition. His Holiness has nominated His Eminence Cardinal Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro to that important office.

His Eminence Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, on account of failing health, having petitioned to be released from the duties of secretary to the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, His Holiness has nominated His Eminence Cardinal Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro to that important office.

The death has taken place at the Convent of Mercy, Doon, County Limerick, Ireland, of Mother Mary Catherine Ryan, a member of a well known Tipperary family which gave many distinguished sons and daughters to the service of God in religious life.

Father Epelago, a young American Franciscan, writes of the scourge of cholera which passed over Hubak, China, last summer, when three priests, two Italians and one Chinese, and three Sisters fell victims to their charity. One of the latter was professed in religion only two years.

A press despatch from Washington says official notice has just reached the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Falcoia, that His Holiness, Pius X., has appointed Archbishop Bourgade, of Santiago de Cuba, as auxiliary to the Archbishop of Santo Domingo, until that prelate's death has been appointed.

Thomas M. Hogan, of Syracuse, the new speaker of the Indiana House of Representatives, is the first Catholic to serve as speaker in a great many years. He comes from Irish and German stock. His mother's name was Geiger. He is one of the best informed men in the Indiana House of Representatives.

The church of St. Andrew in Messina, Italy, stands almost undamaged while the buildings lately all around it are heaps of ruins. The church also marks the limit of destruction by fire, which started after the earthquake and ended with the destruction of the royal palace. The people of Messina declare that the salvation of the church of St. Andrew from both earthquake and fire was miraculous.

Antrim.

The funeral of the late Michael Shaw, who died suddenly in Brooklyn during the week, was held from the home of his brother, William Shaw, No. 47 Garrows St. with services at St. Mary's church at 9:45 and was largely attended. The Rev. Patrick Smyth sang a requiem high mass and also conducted the burial services. The Rev. John J. O'Connell, pastor of St. Mary's, and Rev. William J. Quinn, pastor of St. Joseph's, were also present.

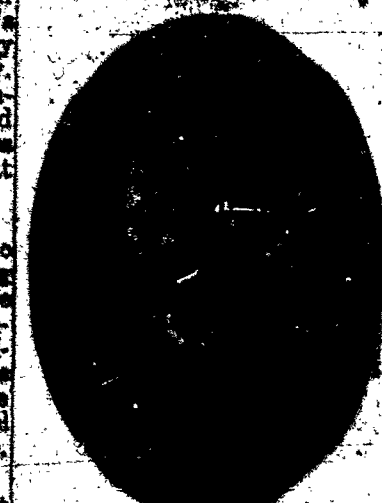
Michael Brady, aged 24 years, son of Alice and the late John Brady, died at the family home, No. 92 Hamilton Ave. during the week. After a short illness of pneumonia, the funeral was held Wednesday morning from the family home at 8:45 o'clock with services at St. Mary's. Burial was in the family plot in St. Joseph's.

Council I. C.R. and B.A. will give a supper party in their rooms Feb. 2nd.

Mrs. Stephen J. Murphy of this city has accepted the position of organist and director of the choir of St. Mary's church. She has been compelled to resign her position on account of ill health.

Rev. J.G. Van Ness, D.D.

Rector of Holy Rosary Church Passes Away



Rev. John G. Van Ness, D.D., Rector of Holy Rosary Church, Rochester, N. Y., died at the parochial residence, 418 Lexington avenue, at 12:30 o'clock Wednesday morning, after an illness of long duration.

Father Van Ness was born at Port Byron, July 6, 1824, but spent his early years in Auburn, where he was educated at the age of 16 years to enter St. Andrew's Seminary, where he studied for the priesthood. He was ordained in 1850 and spent his entire life in the priesthood. He was a member of the Holy See and the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition. He was a member of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition. He was a member of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition.

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Upon his return from where he spent the last days of his life, he was accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Van Ness, and his children, Michael J. Van Ness, and the Honorable Mrs. Van Ness. He was a member of the Holy See and the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition.

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