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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 LVI

#### Carter Confronted With His Guilt.

Her ardent feelings were portrayed in her beautiful face, never more beautiful than at that moment when she stood directly under the rays of the chandelier, and the nobleman, as if suddenly impressed, and struggling with feelings which he could not master, continued to hold her hand, and to gaze into her eyes. But he conquered himself at last, and he turned away, saying kindly, and looking from one to the other of the little party:

"I thank you, good people, for obeying so promptly my mysterious summons to you all. Your presence here was necessary to help to prove the innocence of a certain party, and I have adopted this means in order to attain my end. I must crave your patience a little longer, and then all shall be explained to you."

He gave a signal to Dennier, the latter left the room, but returned in a moment, and in a few seconds more—seconds that were like hours to some of the mystified and anxious party—another door opened, and Mortimer Carter was ushered in. With his very first glance of the assemblage he comprehended its purport, and he braced himself to meet it, throwing about him an unflinching look, he advanced to the nobleman, and with startling firmness made his obeisance.

"Look about you, Mortimer Carter," said Lord Heathcote sternly, "and meet the evidences of your guilt—acknowledge the innocence of Marie Dougherty—confess the crime which dispoiled me of my wife, and stigmatized my children!"

"I know not what you mean, my lord!" and Carter drew himself up undauntedly, even defiantly.

Lord Heathcote, despite his efforts to be calm, was growing strangely agitated.

Restore to me my son, whom you abducted from his home after you had caused his mother to leave him here as a witness— with as weep of his hand indicating Father Meagher—who can prove where fled to on the disappearance of my family, and also that you carried with you a boy who corresponded in age to my son."

"Which does not prove, my lord, that it was your son," answered Carter; and I, knowing my innocence in this matter, shall not take the trouble to show that the boy you speak of is the son of one who was an intimate and dear friend of my own a Charles O'Connor; the baptismal certificate of the boy has proved his identity long ago. I perceive that you have implicated me, my lord, and he indicated with a most brazen bow Father O'Connor.

The nobleman, to Carter's secret triumph, was evidently disconcerted; a look of bitter disappointment came into his face, but he resumed after a moment's painful silence:

"Will you deny, also, that my daughter lived in your vicinity, within your sight, from her infancy to her womanhood?"

"No, my lord, for that would be a falsehood." The same effrontery marked Carter's manner.

"And you suffered this," resumed Lord Heathcote, "without accusing me you knew of her whereabouts and you did not tell me?"

"I forbore to tell you, my lord, for this reason: when I arrived in Dhrommachol with the child of my friend, intending to make my home there, I found that strange accident had brought me to the very spot where Marie Dougherty's child had found a home as comfortable as that from which her mother had taken her; and her mother was dead—had died, as I learned, and her reputed father had disappeared for

the time. Your lordship, if you then, with still more startling anxiety, this thought, advised at our final interview that you wished never to look upon the children of her who had so deeply disgraced you; that her infamy might shroud her and hers; of what use, then, would it be for me to acquaint you with the whereabouts of your child? she was well gone for, and so long as a comfortable home was assured to her, it could make little difference to her who was her father; after, when chance threw me in the presence of him who had reported himself to be her father, and I saw the miserable vagabond-beggar he had become, and I knew, also, that he did not seek any longer to claim the child, pity for the unhappy creature—for I saw that he was unhappy—deterred me from endeavoring to bring him to justice—beside, no justice could restore the innocence of her whom he had caused to fall."

Lord Heathcote groaned, and passed his hand wildly across his forehead; but again he quickly recovered himself. "When in your business of informer," he said with bitter irony, "you met and recognized me in the garrison of Tralee, why did you not speak of these things?"

"Your stern manner to me, my lord, forbade it—I felt that my revelations would but further anger you, since the guilt of your wife would still remain."

There was a taunting emphasis on the last words. Lord Heathcote flushed angrily. "After," he said, "when you became courageous enough to brave my manner—speaking with stinging sarcasm—and you dropped hints of the past in my presence, why did you not speak of these things then?"

"You forget, my lord, you yourself closed my lips by commanding me to stop, and to continue to bury within my own breast all that I know of your history."

"But again," said the nobleman, "when this child, claimed herself by this wretched man, sacrificed herself for him—leaving home, friends, and all that was dearest to her—why did you not speak then to save her?"

"Because of my desire to save you, my lord."

"It is enough!" said the nobleman, and he waved him away.

Carter, with an unflinching look about him, walked triumphantly from the room. Lord Heathcote turned to Dennier, who had not left his side, and said faintly:

"Assist me to another room—would see you alone; and ask these people to wait a few moments."

Dennier did as he was requested, and the little party were once more left to themselves.

Clare, so widely expecting to hear favorable tidings regarding her brother, felt her heart sick with disappointment; perhaps this was all they had been summoned for—to listen to some revelation which for her had no special interest; for so far, all that she had heard had not caused her a suspicion of the truth, further than to think from the conversation which passed relative to Father O'Connor that his might be a case of mistaken identity. Neither did Nora dream that she was the daughter spoken of, and while she too was disappointed that the nobleman had not as yet made good the promise he had to imply by his remark to herself, hope did not leave her, and she sought to cheer Clare by whispering her own reasons for confidence.

Father Meagher was so bewildered and so agitated by all that he had heard that he could not keep his chair. He paced the room with his hands behind him and his head down—his whole appearance indicating troubled thought. One by one he was linking incidents of the past, going over in a minute detail the death of Marie Dougherty, every circumstance that had attended that strange and sad demise; then his thoughts reverted to the arrival of Carter in Dhrommachol—Carter having in possession a noble looking little boy, and succeeding these reflections came others, equally as agitating, on the remarks which had passed relative to Father O'Connor; and

then, with still more startling anxiety, this thought, advised at our final interview that you wished never to look upon the children of her who had so deeply disgraced you; that her infamy might shroud her and hers; of what use, then, would it be for me to acquaint you with the whereabouts of your child? she was well gone for, and so long as a comfortable home was assured to her, it could make little difference to her who was her father; after, when chance threw me in the presence of him who had reported himself to be her father, and I saw the miserable vagabond-beggar he had become, and I knew, also, that he did not seek any longer to claim the child, pity for the unhappy creature—for I saw that he was unhappy—deterred me from endeavoring to bring him to justice—beside, no justice could restore the innocence of her whom he had caused to fall."

What had occurred to so change the young man? his joyful mien had entirely disappeared, and his mouth was compressed as if from intense inward suffering.

"I would see Father O'Connor alone a moment," he said; "and you, my friends, be patient a little longer."

The two withdrew into one of the adjoining rooms, and there, when the door had closed upon them, Dennier turned abruptly, and faced his companion. All the mysterious longings which on the occasion of their first meeting, six months before, had shown in his eyes, came into their now, and the singular feeling by which he had actuated them, awoke again with renewed force; but now he understood its cause. He extended his arms and cried:

"William! I have heard the whole story, and I feel that you are my brother."

The young priest needed no second invitation to clasp to his heart one whom he had already learned to esteem and to love, and long and tender was the embrace which united, at last, the twin brothers.

"And you are the son of Lord Heathcote who was taken to England in your infancy?" said the priest, when each had released the other.

"Yes," and then followed from Dennier, or rather Walter Berkeley, a brief account of the strange events in his life. "But I cannot linger," he said abruptly; "I am only here on Lord Heathcote's bidding. He desires you, Walter, to tell the others all, but only on proviso that they pledge themselves to keep it a profound secret. He intends to have another interview to-night with Carter, the result of which will determine our fate—whether we are to be acknowledged as the children of his lordship, or whether we are to look within our own breasts the story of our birth; should Carter confess, it will be the former; should he perish in denying, Lord Heathcote's stern denial will not allow him to acknowledge to the world that we, the offspring of such a guilty mother, are also his children, Go, William—how sweet the name was to the ears of Father O'Connor, or rather Berkeley!—take them back to the hotel and tell them all this—later, I shall join you with the result of the approaching interview with Carter. Now you understand why I kept away from you; I could not trust myself in your presence, and that of Nora, without betraying myself. Tell her so, William, and tell them all—how it was my proposition to bring Carter here and confront him with you all. I suggested to Lord Heathcote that, since we were denied direct proof of the traitor's guilt, perchance a sudden accusation, before those whom he had so cruelly injured, might extort from him an involuntary confession; and Lord Heathcote, who had already given me his entire confidence, revealing phases of his heart which could not but excite my pity, allowed me to manage everything as I would; but so far all has failed."

His lip trembled, and he turned away; in a moment, however, he turned back, and having taken warm adieu of his newly-found brother, he departed to seek the nobleman, while Father O'Connor, as we must continue to call him, joined his friends. They returned to the hotel, and there the young priest told the strange, strange story.

## News From Ireland

Job Cherry, a member of Belfast Board of Guardians, was recently suspended by his colleagues for interrupting the business of the Board by introducing a resolution for introducing a bill to amend the Catholic Education Act, 1878. Evidently the Belfast Guardians have not got the patience of Job.

## Around the Globe

### Catholic News From Many Places

According to "The Sun" of Baltimore, it has been unofficially stated that Rev. Felix Ward, of the order of Passionists, who was formerly rector of St. Joseph's Passionist Monastery, Baltimore, will shortly be consecrated Bishop, with his field of activity in the Philippines. He is at present vice rector of the Passionist monastery at Scranton, Pa.

If it was not the judgment of God, it was at least a strange coincidence. On Sunday, 23 of November, at Bourjers sur Dames, in the department of the Meuse, in France, a minor drinking at a cafe jeered the men who were on their way to church. He shouted as they passed: "There is no God! If He does exist, let Him crush me to-morrow!" The following day, Monday, the impious minor was crushed to death in the mine by an enormous block of earth falling on him. The event created immense sensation in all the surrounding country, where it is regarded as a visitation of God.

Very likely next April or May will see the great function of the beatification of the venerable Joan of Arc the Maid of Orleans, takes place in St. Peter's Rome, in the presence of almost the entire hierarchy of France and of a great many thousands of French Catholics. Recently the Sacred Congregation of Rites reached a stage of the process of the venerable Joan where she was seen in the light of the clearest evidence that no obstacle now opposed the solemn beatification of the Maid, and a day was set for the promulgation of the final decree "In procedi posse."

Replying to a correspondent, "The Ecclesiastical Review" says: "It may be safely assumed that the pastoral status of the clergy and the dependency of religious communities in the United States, as in other countries formerly under the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, remain unchanged by the recent transfer of the missionary administration of the Roman ecclesiastical tribunals, until definite instructions are issued to the respective authorities who are in charge of diocesan or conventual bodies. The only definite changes at present in force are those caused by the relations of the Bishops and clergy toward the Roman tribunals in cases of diocesan reports, judicial appeals and requests for faculties in particular cases. The rest will be made known in good time."

Twice last month was witnessed the remarkable spectacle of a Jesuit lecturing before an assembly of English Protestant clergymen. This was when Father Charles Coxe, S. J., at the invitation of the clerical members of the "Popular Deansy Society of Sacred Study," gave to three Anglican clergymen the first and second of his lectures on Papal infallibility. The readings were held at Christ Church House, Fife Street, London. The lectures were followed by a discussion between the lecturer and the members of the society.

Copies of the so-called "lost" will of Joseph A. Connor, in which he provides for five or six parochial schools in Omaha, have been filled in the county court there. After giving liberal allowances to his heirs, the will directs that five trustees shall establish five or six parochial schools in the various parishes in Omaha and shall erect buildings costing in the neighborhood of \$20,000 each. An endowment fund of \$2,000 a year for each school is also provided for.

## News From Ireland

Man Boy, Dr. O'Connell, Bishop of Clonfert, has announced the annual distribution of 700,000 Dec. 20 in the amount of 100,000 to the Boarding school of St. Louis Convent, Clonfert. His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. Thomas Donoghue, Bishop of Clonfert, and Rev. J. O'Mell, Abbot, and Rev. J. Mahoney, C.C.

Omaha Guardians have given Dr. O'Connell an increase of salary amounting to 25 per cent.

Tyrene Co. Council have changed an allowance of 500,000 for three months to 500,000. Rev. J. O'Mell, Abbot, and Rev. J. Mahoney, C.C.

A splendid meeting was held in Tuoscan Hall, Armagh, recently, to reorganize the local branch of the U. L. I. Eloquent addresses were made by men prominent in the local national circles.

In connection with the death of Mr. Bernard McVeigh, principal teacher of Greenmount National School, Keady, whose body was found in a pond outside the town recently, a verdict of accidental drowning was returned at an inquest. Deceased, who had been a teacher for forty years, was returning to his home in the dark and the assumption is that he accidentally stumbled into the water and perished.

## Obituary

Miss Sheridan, daughter of James Sheridan, has given an annual statement of 50,000 to her parents.

Died, Dec. 22, Mrs. William Wilson, 70 years of age, residing at 10, St. Peter's Street, Clonfert.

The late Miss Isabella Donoghue, daughter of James Donoghue, died at Clonfert, Dec. 22, at the age of 82 years. She was a devoted and pious woman, and her death was a great loss to her family.

A large number of the local Deansy fishermen on Dec. 15 landed at Clonfert, with their fair stakes of herring, the quality of which were even better than those previously caught. Prices ranged from 40s to 50s per hundred, and all of which were bought up by local buyers. The fish were caught behind the bank, near a place known as Loughan, or Kelly's Bog, and was a new discovery. The fishermen believe that should the weather keep fine to allow of fishing in this rather hazardous place, good catches may yet be obtained during the winter months.

A farm of 91 1/2 acres, with a small cottage, held as a judicial tenancy in Tollymore, in the parish of Clonfert, Co. Down, was sold by Mr. O'Connell, auctioneer, Castlewellan, at the figure of 3700, or 380, and acre. Mr. Craig Carr, Clonfert, was the purchaser, in trust for Mr. G. W. Young, J. P., Clonfert.

A settlement was announced in the action brought by James Whitfield, brother and only son of the late Mr. James Whitfield, formerly of Knockree, Co. Fermanagh, to revoke probate of the will of the deceased dated December 11, 1877, by which the deceased left his farm, stock, and money in the bank to his nephew, John Beatty, subject to the payment of certain legacies to his sisters. Plaintiffs raised the statutory objections to the will was admitted to probate in solemn form, plaintiffs to get his costs, and a sum of 245 as his share of the estate.

Died, Dec. 13, Edward Johnson, Laragh, Castleblaney, Co. Down, 27, James MacCervill, Clonfert, aged 70 years.

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