DIOCESAN NEWS.

From Our Special Correspondents.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

Ithaca.

There is a great deal of excitement in town just at present, owing to an epidemic of diptheria which threatens the city. There are also a large number of cases of measles.

Peter F. McAllister has been nominated for justice of the peace on the democratic ticket.

Mrs. W. C. Taber and daughter Gertrude, are ill at the City hospital with diptheria.

Mrs. John McMahon has received word that her daughter will be received into the order of St. Joseph at Nazareth on March 19th.

We are grieved to announce the death of Miss Kate A. Leary of 801 East State street, which occurred Tuesday of last week, after a two days illness. The deceased left besides her parents, three brothers and a sister, Mrs. Ed. Hayes of Cohoes. The funeral was held Friday morning at 9 o'clock from the church of the Immaculate Conception. Miss Leary was a young lady of estimable character and greatly admired by all who knew her. In her death, her family suffered a deep affliction and the community valuable member.

East Bloomfield.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Harrigan was held last Thursday. Requiem high mass was celebrated by Fr. Neville, pastor of the church. Interment in St. Bridget's cemetery.

There will be a month's mind requiem high mass next Friday morning for John Driscoll.

There will be stations of the cross, sermon and benediction every Friday evening during Lent.

Mr. Dennis Ragen of this place, and Miss Maria Rigney of Rochester, were united in marriage by Rev. Wm. Gleason in Rochester, Feb. 28th. Congratulations.

Seneca Falls.

Rev. Father Ruby of Cato, N. Y., preached a most eloquent sermon Wednesday evening, in St. Patrick's church.

Rev. Father Dwyer attended the Forty Hours adoration at Clyde, this week.

About 2 feet of snow on the level fell here Wednesday night. The weight of snow has broken in the roofs of several buildings in different parts of the village.

Mr. Frank Ryan of Rochester, ably assists St. Patrick's choir on Sundays.

W. J. Mackin was in New York, last week.

Father O'Connor, pastor of St. Patrick's church left Wednesday last for Baltimore, for the benefit of his health. Rev Father O'Connor expects to spend the remainder of the winter at Baltimore. All the parishioners hope to see their dearly beloved pastor return home soon and in good health.

Mr. E. Dwyer of Rochester, spent Sunday in town.

Stations of the cross was held Friday evening at 8 o'clock in St. Patrick's church.

Auburn.

Prof. Currier, organist, and Prof. Douseck choir master, assumed their duties at St. Mary's church Sunday. Under the able direction of Prof. Douseck, St. Mary's choir will soon take a place in the first rank of choirs in this city.

The entertainments for the benefit of St. Mary's church which were to have been given on the evenings of March 16th and 17th in Music hall, have been postponed until after Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schmidt of Troupsville, entertained the members of the St. Alphonsus' church choir of this city, Tuesday evening.

Rev. Herbert Regenbogen pastor of St. Alphonsus' church, celebrated the 10th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on Thursday. An entertainment in his honor was given by the children of the St. Alphonsus' school. At the close of the exercises he was presented with a beautiful stole the gift of the children. In the evening Father Regenbogen entertained the priests of the city at dinner at the parochial residence in Water street.

A two weeks' mission opened at the Holy Family church Sunday morning at the 11 o'clock mass. The mission is being conducted by three of the Augustinian fathers. This is the first mission ever given here by this order. The opening Sunday was most auspicious, the church being packed to the doors. Father Green delivered the opening sermon on the objects of the mission. In the evening Rev. Father Leonard spoke on the "Value of the Soul" to another immense audience. This week the exercises are for the women. Next week will be devoted to the men.

Corning.

The result of the city election on Tuesday last was democratic with a large-sized D. The democratic nominee for mayor, George W. Lane was elected by a large majority and, with some exceptions, all the names on the democratic ticket proved to be winners, which goes to show that you can fool some of the people all the time and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time. The democrats have had the best of the argument on the public lighting question and the great voting public wisely "sized things up" and acted accordingly. Those republicans who voted for Mayor Lane are not thereby proven traitors but only wise men who want to see the right man in the right place.

The first of the series of Lenten lectures by Rev. J. M. Bustin was delivered on Wednesday evening at St. Mary's church to an assemblage of people that tested the capacity for accommodation of the edifice. The popularity of these lectures is a tribute to the intellectual taste of our people no less than to the splendid capability of our pastor.

The Holy Name Society will meet on Sunday next in the evening at St. Mary's church and all members are requested to be present.

Miss Mary Tipping is recovering from a severe cold.

Miss Sarah Mitchell entertained the C. D. Reading Club at her home on Monday evening.

Several sleigh ride parties went during the week to Addison, Big Flats and elsewhere, but as we were not among the members of those who were "in it" we are unable to give a vivid description of how it feels to take a sleigh ride, even though we have an imagination which has been called fertile.

Honeoye.

Fred Allen, while taking a log down a [illegible] was struck by the weight of the log and it rolled upon him pressing his breath out. No one was with him when he was killed. Mr. Alger's home was in Honeoye Falls.

Mr. Edward Foy has been ill for a few days.

Honeoye, though it has no railroad and is not up with her neighboring towns is not too far away to receive the largest fall of snow that it has had in a good many years. Bells are heard continually going back and forth. Everyone has been kept in till now and the women especially are seen in great profusion.

Penn Yan

Mrs. John FitzPatrick died very suddenly at her home in this place. She went to bed as well as usual the night before and was struck with apoplexy and died in a very short time. She leaves a daughter, Mrs. T. S. Burns and three sons, James, John and William, and her husband, Mr. John FitzPatrick.

Miss Katherine Moylan of Geneva, held the lucky number on the rose blanket here at St. Michael's fair.

Mr. and Mrs John Burns of Geneva, spent Wednesday in town.

Messrs. John Coursey and Chas. Hogan of Geneva, spent Thursday in town calling on friends.

Miss Katherine Guider won a beautiful lace handkerchief at St. Michael's fair.

Thomas Guider spent Friday in Geneva on a business trip.

During the blizzard Penn Yan, was in every way very quiet. Business was almost at a stand still.

The Catholic fair closed on Monday evening in A. O. H. hall, with very successful results and the ladies in charge of the different tables deserve a great deal of credit in the very satisfactory manner everything was carried out. Each table deserves a great deal of credit especially the refreshment table where about 800 elegant suppers was served in a very creditable manner. No. 1 table brought in over $1,202.00; No. 2 table, brought in over $1,114.00, refreshment table brought in $780.00. The fair bringing something over $3,376.71.

Waterloo.

Wanted—a correspondent for this parish. Apply to Business Manager, CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

Hornellsville.

Mrs. Elizabeth Feehan, wife of John Feehan, died at her home, number 6 Elizabeth street, Sunday night about 12 o'clock. Mrs. Feehan was sincerely loved not only by her own family, but a large circle of friends, and her death will be mourned by many who will extend sympathy to her bereaved family.

The deceased leaves a husband, one son, Thomas J., and three daughters, Elizabeth, Mary and Nellie, to mourn her loss.

The funeral was held from St. Ann's church, Wednesday morning, solemn mass of requiem being said, Rev. Father Morrison being celebrant, Rev. Father Darcy of Addison, deacon and Rev. Father Farrell, subdeacon.

Miss Nora Toomey, for many years employed in the family of Martin Adsit, was found dead in her room, Sunday morning. She went to her room Saturday night apparently in good health but expired before getting into bed, her body being found on the floor. Coroner Sutton of Canisteo, was called and pronounced death to be from natural causes. The body of the deceased was removed to the home of her cousin, Mrs. J. C. Hahe, 43 Grand street. The funeral was held from St. Ann's church Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. The burial being held at Addison.

Mr. W. R. Cullen has been confined to the house during the past week with la grippe.

Mr. Edward T. Flood of Rochester, spent a few days the past week at his home in this city.

At the city election held Tuesday, the democrats carried off all the honors. The republicans being overwhelmingly defeated.

Mr. W. J. Forbes of Buffalo, attended the funeral of Mrs. Feehan in this city Wednesday.

Elmira.

John J. Neagle, of the U. S. Treasury Department at Washington, was in town during the week, called here by the death of his brother, Michael Neagle.

Miss Nellie O'Day of West Fourth street, is visiting relatives and friends in New York.

It is stated that extensive alterations and improvements will be made on the interior of St. Patrick's church, this spring.

The city election on Tuesday was hotly contested, and resulted in a Republican victory, Dr. Frank H. Flood being chosen mayor by a majority of over 500. It is 14 years, since Elmira elected a Republican mayor.

The Father Mathew Debating Society held an interesting meeting last Sunday afternoon, and discussed the question of "Cities owning their water, gas and electric light plants." The affirmative side, led by Charles DeLaney won from their opponents, who were under the leadership of T. Elmo Mooney. City Attorney O'Connor acted as judge.

The Knights of Columbus Memorial meeting will be held Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, Royal Arcanum hall.

Patrolmen Shaughnessy and Crowley, two popular members of Elmira's efficient force are confined to their homes with the grippe.

James Donahue died at his home on Dewitt avenue, last Wednesday morning after a lingering illness. He is survived by a wife, two sons, Patrick and James, and three daughters, Kate, Minnie and Margaret. The funeral was held Friday morning from SS. Peter and Paul's church, Interment in SS. Peter and Paul's cemetery. The deceased was a member of Fitch Post G. A. R.

Marie Kawaloskwi, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kowalowski, died on Monday, at the family home, No. 316 South Broadway. The funeral which was private, was held Wednesday afternoon, Interment being at Webb's Mills.

On Saturday last, the grim reaper Death brought to an end the suffering of Michael Neagle, one of Elmira's best known citizen's who for years was a member of the Elmira police force. About five years ago Mr. Neagle's eyesight failed, and since that time other complications have arisen, causing great physical suffering, all of which has been borne by the unfortunate man with patience and Christian fortitude. A devoted wife and five children survive. The funeral was held Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock from the late residence on East Water street, and afterward from SS. Peter and Paul's church, Rev. Father Long officiating. The pall bearers were Policemen E. Huegel, T. Wilmot and George Wood and Messrs. P. Hassett, L. Murray, M. Kennedy of Division No. 1, A. O. H. There was a profusion of flowers and a large attendance. Interment was in SS. Peter and Paul's cemetery.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

Among the many good things on the bill for next week is Joe Welch, the well-known Hebrew impersonator, who will give more than twenty minutes of his inimitable impersonations of the Polish hebrew; Miss Francesca Redding, assisted by Mr. John Alden, and Louis A. Simon will present the charming little playette, "Her Friend from Texas," a pleasant variation in musical acts is the one given by the Bachelor club quartette, and as swell clubmen they are un-theatre like in appearance and are easy and graceful in giving a comic flavor to the scene in which the younger fellows take liberties with the dignity and self assumed rights of a crusty old member. They possess agreeable voices, and their singing of such songs as "Always," of the stirring march from "El Capitan," of the "Listen to the Band," number from the "Runaway Girl," and coon songs are among the most enjoyable of musical novelties. The Melrose brothers, the acknowledged acrobatic champions of America are on the bill and will no doubt win lots of applause for their daring and novel act. Martinetti and Sutherland, together with Zimmer, the juggler, will make up one of the best bills seen in this city in a long time.

THE BAKER THEATRE.

Mr Bert Coote is to be seen at this theatre in his new comedy, "A Battle Scarred Hero," the latter half of next week, March 15, 16, 17, with usual matiness Thursday and Saturday matinees. This play is one of the best now before the public, and has been most favorably received wherever it has been produced, and is certain to draw large and appreciative audiences. As Isabella Dare, the pretty young widow, in this piece, Miss Adelaide FitzAllen is said to be fitted with the best part she ever had in her life.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Near Worcester, South Africa, is a Brandolei mineral hot spring, having a temperature of 145 deg. It has three outlets, which are utilized for irrigation purposes.

The library of law books in all languages, founded in Paris in 1876 at the instigation of M Dufaur and the Ministry of Justice, comprises at present 32,000 volumes.

The Anglo-Indian Empire contains only 125,489 square miles in Europe, but it has 2,248,476 in Asia, 2,625,616 in Africa, 3,665,823 in America and 3,299,781 in Oceanica.

Rabbits have become a plague at Stuttgart, where they have multiplied so fast that they threaten surrounding vineyards. A bounty of 12 cents is now paid for each dead rabbit.

On the express trains running between Vienna and Constantinople the use of a sleeping-berth costs sixty cents first class and forty cents second class for every twelve hours.

Under Government control of the sale of intoxicating liquors in Russia there has been a noticeable diminution in drunkenness and in those crimes and misdemeanors which are caused by intoxication.

Pencils from slate dust molded by hydraulic pressure are now made in large quantities. They are much more popular than the solid cut slat pencils. One factory last year made 20,000,000 molded pencils.

A regular business, carried on in France by ladies of the highest standing, is to secured rich American brides for penniless men of title. These matrimonial agents receive heavy fees when they are successful.

It is not true that after Diogenes had been out with his lantern all the afternoon looking for an honest man, he came home in the shades of early evening and found that somebody had stolen his tub!

Verdi is said to have entirely given up work owing to his great age—85. The composer has lately been working hard at a new opera, entitled "King Lear." An excellent libretto was long ago furnished him by Arigo Boito.

It is observed by travel in Siberia that the effect of constant cold is practically the same as the effect of constant heat. The people develop a disinclination to work, and become strangers to ambition of any description.

Balloons have been found of greater service in South Africa than on the drill ground in England, partly because of the greater clearness of the air and partly because the land is less encumbered by objects which hinder balloon transport.

Although closely guarded at the diamond mines, the native miners succeed annually in stealing about $1,000,000 worth of the stones by swallowing them, hiding them in their ears or cutting open the flesh and secreting them under the skin.

THE GREATER PEACE

Sorrow's coming up the slope,
Clad in robes of Night;
But we hear the bells of Hope—
See the morning bright!
Weep not on the brighter way
For the griefs of yesterday!

Face the morning! lo, the storm
Gives the light release;
Comes the fairer spirit form
Of the greater Peace!
Folded in the dark away
Are the griefs of yesterday.

Right reigns kinglier for the Wrong,
Realized the dream;
And the sorrow is the song,
And the song's supreme!
Hope is with us—faith is strong
In the singing of the song!

Let it reach the heaven profound
Over storm and strife!
Let its thrilling notes resound
At the Gates of Life!
Lo! all tears and sorrows cease
In the beauty of God's peace!

—(Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution

SERGEANT BIGORNE.

I was just sixteen years old. I have passed my twenty-fourth birthday now, but I remember the things of which I am going to tell you as if they had happened yesterday. It was in the January of 1814. For two months the enemy had held our little garrison in Salsbourg, blockaded like a fox in its hole. It was a terrible winter. It snowed incessantly. Cold and hunger were harder to contend with than the enemy himself, and the fever emptied our ranks faster than his bullets.

In order to warm our blood from time to time we made little sorties, but it was labor in vain, for we were enclosed in a circle of fire. Those who fell suffered no more, and those who survived continued to deceive themselves with the hope of escape. In our city home there remained but my mother and me. My father was sergeant and color-bearer in one of the companies which the citizens had formed from the first moment of the invasion.

One morning he came home, having fought through the entire night, and, embracing my mother, inquired for Jacques. Jacques was myself. Jacques Bigorne. My father's name was Jean. My mother replied that I was at the military school where he had entered me. Just then I came in with my drum on my back and my drumsticks thrust through my shoulder-belt, happy to be alive in spite of the misery of the time and whistling like a blackbird. My father fixed his eyes on me.

"Tell me, my son if you have not already learned something of the art of war."

I felt very proud and answered, "I believe so, my father." In fact, I knew there was no one for ten leagues around who could teach me how to better handle a drum.

"Let me see how you can beat your drum," said my father. "Very well. Now beat for a charge."

I beat my drum-head so furiously that under the inspiring call I felt that I could lead an assault on the bells of the cathedral tower.

"Well done," said my father. "That is first rate." Then he said nothing more until my mother had gone to her chamber when he drew me closely to him and said gently, "Listen, my son, the enemy have killed many of our men, Lieutenant Renard among the number, and besides a hundred men at least are wounded. The drummer of our company, thou knowest the drummer Lajoie—oh, well he has two bullets in his breast. We must have another. In this hour everyone ought to be willing to do his whole duty—wilt thou take his place?"

My heart filled my throat and choked my answer. I do not know that it was from pleasure, but it certainly was not from fear. The day passed. That night, while my mother slept, my father with his gun on his shoulder, and I with my drum on my back, set out for the camp. Thus I became a soldier. For one month all went smoothly. My drum-head pealed only a benediction. This did not prevent me, however, from bringing down with my father's gun a brigand Austrian who showed his head at the corner of the woods. I had a steadier aim than the old soldiers even, and the man I drew on was a dead man.

One morning at daybreak the captain, who had collected his men on the parade ground near the old gate of Saint Claude, called to my father who was drilling his men. "Sergeant Bigorne," he said, "the enemy presses us each day more closely; if this continues, in eight days he will be within our walls. This must not be. Tonight the commandant has ordered a sortie en masse in order to endeavor to reinforce the troops at Luneville, who hold the country in the enemy's rear. Your division is to be the advanced guard, sergeant. It is the question to pass the enemy, or die in the attempt."

"So be it," answered my father, "we will go." And he went. That was a dreadful day. The enemy had been informed—I know not how—and received us with a volley of grapeshot. However, we held out firmly until evening, so firmly that not one of us heard the order for retreat, and when night fell we were encircled by the enemy, with no hope of escape. All the same, these civic guards, bourgeois as they were, did not know when they were beaten, and when a comrade fell they simply fought for two. Of our own section only two were left. I counted for nothing being so slender that I think I must have passed between their balls. My father had received a sabre wound in the shoulder, but I could see him still bearing aloft the flag above the smoke of battle.

Our fire slackened; the ammunition had given out; the end had come. The word strangles me yet when I think of it—we were forced to surrender. Two hours later thy imprisond us in a farmhouse that the fires of war had spared. An Austrian field-marshal, followed by his chief of staff, dismounted for a look at his prisoners. His men showed in their eyes the pleasure our capture gave them but their white uniforms blackened with powder, and the marks of our sabre thrusts in their faces showed the evil we had done them. The field-marshal ordered the wounded to be attended to, and, stepping in front of my father, demanded the flag. My father, whose hands we saw were empty declared he did not know where it was. The field-marshal—I see him still with the queue of his perruque hanging down his back—turned to the officer of the post and said, "Very well, if he does not remember by to-morrow morning Sergeant Bigorne shall be shot."

When they had relieved us of our arms and placed us under guard, my father, who watched the sentinel from the corner of his eye, told us that he had hidden the flag; that seeing the day was going against us he had torn it from the standard, wrenched the eagle from its perch, flung it into a ditch while he had concealed the precious silk, riddled with balls, on his person. My father was a simple man, the descendant of peasants, a son of the soil but in speaking to us of these things the man seemed to expand and become exalted with the words he uttered. He told us that this fragment of silk was sacred, that the wind that swelled its folds was the breath of the nation and that it moved in the midst of us on the march as the image of our country.

Then he thrust it into my bosom, not wishing it to be found on him when he should be shot the next day. I felt suddenly that I had become a man. In the evening the enemy sent to Salsbourg a flag of truce asking a suspension of hostilities that each army might bury its dead, and asked one of our number to act as guide to the lines. An old comrade who knew the country well, offered to conduct the officer, when it was discovered that no one had a bandage for the eyes of the bearer of the flag of truce.

A sudden idea struck me. It was running a great risk but it was worth the trial. "If you wish I will bandage the eyes of the officer with my handkerchief," I said. I produced the flag, the red and blue stripes of which I had folded inside leaving the white alone visible. My father instantly understood my ruse and explained in patois to the guide that he was to remove the bandage and while the preliminaries were in progress deliver it safely into the hand of our troops.

The lantern gave but a feeble light, and no doubt Providence favored us, for the thing passed and the officer mounted his horse and with his eyes bandaged followed the lead of the guide. We could but accompany in thought the enemy who carried back himself the flag within the lines of our own army. The time passed. We heard in the night the cathedral clock strike the hours. At last we heard the sentinel challenge. The flag of truce had returned. I rushed to the guide.

"The Flag is saved," I cried.

"Yes but we are lost," he answered. In few words he explained that the affair had succeeded but that the officer had discovered too late the ruse and had returned furious. In fact he became excoriated by a supe for officer and pointed out to him the man who had conducted the flag of truce.

"Under our the platoon of execution" commanded the officer "this man shall be shot."

"I was not he my captain," I said advancing in front of him. "It was I alone conceived the idea of this thing."

"Let me, my officer," interposed my father. "The commander of a detachment is responsible for the act of his men is he not? I had given an order my men could only obey it."

"What is your name?" the officer demanded.

"Sergeant Begorne," answered my father.

"Very well, sergeant, you will be shot immediately."

"All right, my captain, it is war. I only ask the favour to be shot by my comrades. Return them their arms, and I will be responsible for them."

The old officer looked at my father with his little grey eyes a moment; then he said, "Agreed."

I strove to drag my father aside. I must speak to him. Did they mean to make me shoot my own father? But it was impossible. My father embraced me, and handing me my gun pushed me back into the ranks.

"Silence," he said. "You cannot speak under arms. In the presence of the enemy you are not my son. You are only a soldier. I am your chief. Obey."

They gave us the cartridges taken from our wounded. My father counted fifteen paces from the walls of the farmhouse, and ordered us in line. Then in solemn voice, with uplifted hand, he went through the details of the exercise.

"Take aim!" he cried.

The gun dropped from my hands. I rushed to my father, and fell sobbing into his arms. He tenderly whispered, "My son, these raw recruits fire badly; they will only mangle me. Thou hast a sure aim. I count on thee. Wilt thou promise?"

I saw the dawn whiten behind the city, above the roof where my mother slept. Without doubt my father read my thoughts, for, taking my hand in his hands, and kissing me, he said, "For thy mother's sake." Then he placed himself against the wall, while the foreign officers stood with bared heads.

"Attention!" commanded my father. Then he went through the exercise slowly, ordering the drill as calmly as though he were on parade. At last he cried, "Fire!" I fired. That is all.

A young man who was asked for his definition of good manners gave the following comprehensive, though not original, reply: "Good manners are the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."

When you come across a man who is uneasy if he owes a man a dollar, you come across a pretty good sort of a citizen even if he does not belong to your church or vote your ticket.