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The Catholic Journal.

Twelfth Year. No. 41.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, July 13, 1901.

\$1.00 per Year, 5c per Copy.

PEARL OF THE OAKS.

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[Continued from last week.] PART THIRD.

XII.

"I was getting James' room ready for him," continued the little girl, "for he may be home any time, and I thought he might not be pleased if he found the Confederate uniform in his closet; so I went to look for it and it was not there. I remembered then how Marie, had it taken away and I hardly know why I was so anxious to see it, but I went to the attic and have been looking for it for two hours."

"And you did not find it," said Gertrude, a strange expression lighting her eyes.

"No, but I will not give up until I do."

"Then you will have an endless search, for it is not there."

"Where is it?"

"That I cannot tell," and turning to her mother she added, "Mother, I have a story which I would have told you long ago but I promised to keep my secret until the war was over. I had intended that you should be first to hear it, but you will not object, I hope, to the presence of my sisters."

"No," said Mrs. Levimore. "I like to see perfect confidence among my girls."

"It was the day after our dear Marie died," began Gertrude. "I remained in the house nearly all day, but toward evening I went out to get a little fresh air, and my mind was filled with the most gloomy imaginations as I thought first of the little corpse in the parlor, then of the many dead who had that day been buried in the woods. I scarcely realized where I was until I reached the old barn and was frightened by the sound by a stifled moan, followed by another, which I was now firmly convinced was a human cry. My first impulse was to flee to the house, but curiosity gained the ascendancy over fear and I entered the barn. On a pile of dusty straw lay a man of about James' age and size. He was apparently unharmed, but his face was as white as my dead sister's and had he not smiled and spoken to me I would have mistaken him for a corpse. "Please give me a drink of cold water," was what he said, and his voice was so low and tremulous I could scarcely understand him.

"I hesitated, mother, to grant the simple plea of this apparently dying man; for heartless daughter of the Confederacy that I still was, I had no affection for the man before me, because he wore the blue. "Please, Miss, get me a drink of water," he repeated handing me his canteen and I went to the spring near by and filled it for him. The gratitude on the stranger's face as he drained the last drop was reward enough for me and I sat down beside him. "Have you a brother who is a soldier?" he asked, to which I replied that I had and he said, "For your sake, may God watch over and protect him and if he is ever dying for a drink of water I hope that he may receive it from the hands of one of our Northern girls who will not despise him because he wears the grey." I did not undecieve him in regard to the color James wore, but the mention of my brother had greatly softened my heart, for I knew not but he too might, as the man had said, need a friend. I listened with deep interest as he told me how he had been wounded in the breast the day before and under the cover of darkness had managed to drag himself to his present poor shelter. He had tasted nothing, not even a drop of water for nearly two days and he believed he would have died of thirst had it not been for me. When I offered to get him something to eat he refused it, saying he was too weak from loss of blood to eat. Opening the neck of his jacket he showed that his whole shirt front had been saturated with blood and the sight almost made me sick, but I would not appear cowardly and permitted him to remove the large crimson handkerchief which had once been white. Just below his collar bone was a deep gaping wound. I offered to bring him assistance from the house, but he begged me not to do so saying that the country was full of spies and he feared he might be caught.

"For three weeks I cared for the man, bringing him dainties every day which I had begged from the kitchen and keeping ever before my mind my own brother who was far away among

strangers. He told me that his name was Joseph Montague. His parents had died when he was a child, leaving himself and a younger sister, Helen, in care of an uncle in Michigan. He also had another uncle after whom he had been named who was unmarried and very wealthy. At the age of eighteen he had entered college, but had been there little over a year when he received word that his uncle Joseph had enlisted and he soon followed his example. His relative had fought by his side in the woods on the day he was wounded as he had in several battles before. This was the first time they had been separated for more than two or three days at a time, and it was his eagerness to try to get back to his favorite that prompted him to leave his hiding place long before he seemed able to travel.

"James' bravery in giving up home, friends and everything to fight against his own section of the country, also the persistence of my little sister in saying that he was right, had caused me many misgivings in regard to my own Southern ideas which I had received from father; but I knew nothing of the difference until I learned it from Mr. Montague. Before I bade him good-bye I firmly believed that James was right, father wrong, and I looked forward to the downfall of slavery with as much interest as if I had never been a daughter of a Southern planter. When he was ready to go fearing that he might be captured, I gave him James' grey uniform which fitted him perfectly, and he promised to wear it until he was safe within the Federal lines. He made me promise before he went that I would never tell how I saved him until the war was over. Though it was very hard mother, to keep my secret from those who was so dear to me, you see I have done it, but my time of probation is over now and you know all. He told me if he lived he might visit us and bring his sister, so you may have the pleasure of meeting them both soon."

The girls were deeply interested in the story which made their sister even more of a heroine than Melissa who had sheltered their brother; but Mrs. Levimore looked upon the affair in a different light. She could not help admiring her daughter's charity in caring for a wounded man, but there was a secret feeling of dread lest she might have fallen in with an adventurer who would not scruple to break her innocent heart. Even when assured by Gertrude that he was a good Catholic her trust in him was not increased. Something told her that her daughter looked upon the stranger with a feeling of something deeper than passing friendship which should not have been. In a long conversation which they had alone she was pleased to learn that Gertrude had heard no words of affection from the stranger. It was only as a friend that he had promised to visit the family; but she saw more plainly than ever that her girl had given too much thought to him, a stranger, whom she might never meet again, and she felt it her duty to try to repair the wrong by turning her mind into channels which might cause her to forget him. At other times she half wished that she might meet him in order to learn what kind of a character her daughter had met. In this she was gratified sooner than she expected.

The next day Glendale was all excitement and joy for Mr. Levimore had returned home. In their happiness at again seeing their dear father's face the three girls had failed to notice that his left hand alone was extended to embrace them, but his wife's quick eye had at once discerned the sad truth. His once strong right arm was gone and an empty sleeve hung at his side; but she was too much pleased in having him home alive to spend much time in mourning over his irreparable loss. James did not come with his father but they felt that he would soon be home and day after day, hoping against hope that his absence would not be prolonged, they watched for him. A vague fear soon stole over the anxious mother that her son might be numbered among the unknown dead, and as weeks lengthened into months with no tidings from the absent one, her suspicions were confirmed. By herself and daughters he was often spoken of, but his father never mentioned his name unless others spoke of him first, and then he seemed very much pained. It was generally believed that even in death he had not forgiven the son who had defied him.

By all but Gertrude the name of Joseph Montague was soon forgotten. For a time after the close of the war she had looked for his promised visit,

and unwilling to believe that he had been unfaithful to his promise, she believed that he, as she supposed her brother to be, was numbered among the slain. What was her surprise when one evening a carriage drove into the yard and a lady and gentleman alighted. Her father went out to meet them, and supposing them to be some of his friends, she paid little attention to them until she was called to the parlor.

"Do you know this gentleman, Gertrude?" asked Mr. Levimore.

She looked at him and said, "Your face sir, seems familiar; but I cannot quite recall you."

The gentleman smiled and said "I once spent three weeks at Glendale and I hope Miss Levimore has not forgotten me."

"I ought to know you," she said, "but it is so hard for me to remember faces. I remember names much better."

"Ah, Gertrude," said her father, "so you have forgotten the guest you once entertained without even your mother's knowledge in the old barn."

Between the handsome, well dressed gentleman before her and the pale young soldier whom she had last seen in her brother's uniform, Gertrude had before seen no resemblance, but now she was surprised that she had not recognized those noble features which she had once thought she could not forget. "Mr. Montague," she said smilingly offering her hand, "You have changed so I scarcely recognized you. I am glad to see you."

"The sufferings and privations of war changes the best of us as your father will probably agree."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Levimore, "I myself was a strong man with two good arms when I left home, and I believe I looked twenty years younger than I do now; but behold me almost a broken down old man, while my right arm has been carried away by one of your cannon balls."

"I see you have a deep scar on your forehead, that too, I suppose is one of our marks of glory."

"Yes and there is a strange story connected with it which I sometimes feel inclined to doubt, but I have been firmly assured by one who knows that it is true."

"What is it? I am always interested in strange stories."

"That is the mark of the first blow I suffered for my country. I was informed long afterwards that I had been left among the dying and would have bled to death before morning had it not been for a young Yankee officer. When they found me my head was resting in his arms and it was he who had stopped the flow of blood which had been rapidly carrying my life away. It was surprising he did not take me prisoner when he had so excellent an opportunity and what he intended to do with me no one knew. I tried to learn who he was but he never been able to and all that I could hear was that they took him that night and sent him to Andersonville."

"A poor reward for so kind a deed."

"I know it; and whatever his intentions might have been I would have taken them for the best and tried to save him had I known it at the time, but you see I was powerless."

"Yes, I see your intentions were good." Turning to Gertrude Mr. Montague apologized saying, "Pardon me Miss Levimore for neglecting to introduce my sister, but we soldiers are so full of the conflict through which we have passed that when we meet we often forget our etiquette. This is my sister, Miss Helen Montague, about whom I told you."

"You are welcome, Miss Montague," said Gertrude clasping the hand of her guest whom she was assured she could not help loving.

Helen Montague was far from what anyone would call a beauty. She was between a blonde and a brunette, and a sallow complexion betrayed the fact that she was not enjoying good health; but in her clear, sweet voice as well as in every movement was a charm which could not help attracting admiration. Best of all the ring of true sincerity was in every word, and Gertrude afterwards learned with pleasure that she despised nothing more than insincerity. Her style of dress, though very plain, was rich and without fault, but she gloried in being called even ugly looking rather than submit to having her beauty enhanced by artificial means. It was not long ere she won the affection of the whole Levimore family.

(To be continued.)

We have just received a large line of parade and memorial sample badges. Call and inspect the same!

BISHOP 33 YEARS.

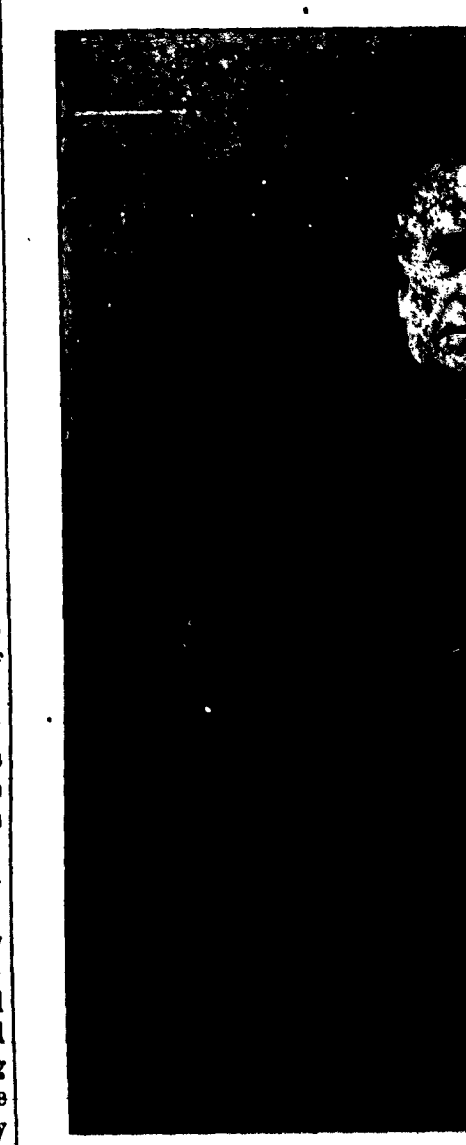
BY REV. BERNARD J. McQUAID CELEBRATES HIS ANNIVERSARY.

On Friday, July 12th, Right Rev. Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid celebrated the thirty-third anniversary of his consecration as bishop of the diocese of Rochester.

Bishop McQuaid is one of the oldest prelates in the American hierarchy, both in years and length of service.

He was born in New York city December 15, 1823. He is of Irish parentage. He studied at Chambly college near Montreal, and St. John's college, Fordham, where he finished his classical course in 1843. He was a teacher at St. John's for three years thereafter until the Jesuits took charge of that institution. He then began the study of theology under the Lazarists in a seminary that occupied the present site of St. John's cathedral, New York, and afterward studied with the Jesuits at St. John's college.

On January 16, 1848, he was ordained a priest in the cathedral in



New York, by Archbishop Hughes, and was immediately assigned to the mission at Madison, N. J. He built churches at Morison and Springfield, and began one at Mendham, but in September, 1855, on the creation of the diocese of Newark, he was transferred to prepare the way for the incoming bishop the Rev. Father Bayley, D. D.

It was Bishop McQuaid, then Father McQuaid, who conceived the idea of founding Seton Hall, an idea which he carried out with brilliant success, devoting himself untiringly to it, and it was largely to his efforts that the success of the institution is due. He was president of the college for ten years at Madison and afterward at South Orange, and for three years had been rector at the cathedral at Newark, when his elevation came.

Father McQuaid was consecrated a bishop at St. Patrick's cathedral, New York city, July 13, 1868, by Archbishop McCluskey, who was afterward the first American cardinal.

Since 1868 when Bishop McQuaid came to Rochester to resume charge of the newly created diocese of Rochester, which had been cut off from the diocese of Buffalo, then presided over by the venerable Bishop Timon, there have been many changes in the Catholic hierarchy of the United States and in the province of New York, which comprises the state of New York and New Jersey. In 1868 the province comprised the archdiocese of New York, and the diocese of Albany, Newark, N. J., Brooklyn and Buffalo. Since then there have been created the diocese of Rochester, Syracuse, Ogdensburg and Trenton, N. J., and the Catholic population of the province has increased more than four-fold.

Bishop McQuaid has seen his former altar boy at Seton Hall college, Michael Augustine Corrigan, become the Archbishop of New York; he has attended the funerals of Bishops Timon and Ryan of Buffalo; Bishop Wadams, of Ogdensburg; Bishop McNierney, of Albany; Bishop Farrell, of Trenton; Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, and he has participated in

the deliberations incident to the selection of their successors. He has seen Cardinal McCloskey pass away and Cardinal Gibbons elevated to the purple in his stead. He has seen the creation of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Dubuque, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Santa Fe. He also watched the creation of twenty-nine new dioceses. There are but three Catholic prelates now living in the United States who were consecrated before Bishop McQuaid: Archbishop Williams, of Boston, consecrated in 1866; Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, consecrated in 1857; Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, consecrated in 1865. Cardinal Gibbons did not receive episcopal honors until 1868, and Archbishop Corrigan was not made a bishop until 1873. In fact Bishop McQuaid has witnessed the making of Catholic church history in the United States.

In the diocese of Rochester the bishop has been instrumental in effecting many changes. Prior to his arrival there were but few parochial schools, whereas to-day each parish has its own well ordered institution of learning. The two famous teaching



orders, the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Sisters of Notre Dame, were brought into the diocese by him. St. Andrew's Preparatory School and the St. Bernard Theological Seminary were instituted by the bishop. Both of these schools, although young, are in a flourishing condition.

Specially selected music was sung at high mass in commemoration of the occasion. The processional, "Ecce Sacrosacerdos," was composed by Professor Eugene Bonis for Dr. McQuaid's jubilee. The mass was both solemn and the offertory, "Veritas Liberabit Vobis," by Dr. Franz Witt, founder of the Cecilian Society, who is intensely interested in the reform of the music of the Catholic church. The ecclesiastical students under the direction of Rev. John T. Peter aided in the mass.

BISHOP McQUAID'S TOUR.

He is to visit the counties recently added to the diocese.

Bishop McQuaid left on last Saturday for a confirmation tour and visit of inspection to the southern part of the diocese of Rochester. His visit will include the parishes of the Catholic church in the counties of DeWitt, Steuben and the others recently taken from the diocese of Buffalo and added to the see of Rochester. The Bishop's trip will last about two weeks.

The Journal tender its most hearty congratulations to Bishop McQuaid upon the celebration of his thirty-third anniversary as Bishop of the diocese of Rochester. His arduous and highly successful labors in the field to which he was called nearly 40 years ago is a fitting and a dying tribute to his zeal in the cause of the true faith. All unitedly announce.

Miss Julia Schantz of Commercial Training school as stenographer with New York Publishing Co. Ellinger & Barry building, is giving perfect satisfaction.

Advertise in The Journal.

HEROIC PRIESTS.

ALL BRATHELYNOSHOWS HEROIC WHOSE NAME IS WHOSE NAME IS

Here is a Miss Accident - Priest in a Millroad Wreck - Jesuit Rescues a Party From a Watery Death.

From dispatches in the daily press during the last few days we take the following three reports indicating heroic deeds on the part of priests of the church. The first is that of Father Carroll, the hero of the recent Pennsylvania mine horror, who offered to lead a rescue party into the terrible shaft, saying:

"I'm willing to go down that shaft and endeavor to find some of those who are known to be down there. I will lead as many men as care to go down. Now how many will go? I do not want any married men or any man with any person depending upon him." Seven sturdy-looking men stepped out from the crowd and led by Father Carroll the men approached Inspector Dixon, in charge. The inspector, however, absolutely refused to permit the party to enter the mine.

Take, again, the fearful South Mead railroad wreck, near Pittsburg, one Monday afternoon. Speaking of that frightful accident, one of the Pittsburg dailies said:

"The wreck was characterized by an incident of a character which of ways attracts notice, although such incidents are of common occurrence. On the wrecked train was a priest of the Catholic church. He was painfully injured, but gave no thought to his own pain until he had seen many of his fellow sufferers, who, with faith and giving them the essence of their religion. This hero was Father A. D. Gavin, professor of English and assistant chaplain of the Holy Ghost college in that city. "Cries and prayers were heard, and the effect of these prayers was being care of the teacher, who was heard reading." Father Gavin, a striking figure in his black cassock, a rib fractured in the chest, was hurled him from end to end of the car he had occupied. He got his head, where there was no opening, and found that he was hanging from a deep scalp wound.

"He might have gone to the hands of the doctors and his private prayers would have secured him but for the want of others. But he did not do that. He wanted to lead the way and gave them aid, and saved them all had been cared for; but he had his own wounds to be dressed."

Again, at Keyway Island, Conn., recently when Col. Thomas C. ... was drowned through the breaking of his boat at sea in a ... press recorded that the ... who have a summer ... island, resolutely put off ... tormented in a boat of ... saved three members of ... party his daughter ... risked their own lives ... of other, apparently ...

All the heroes of ... shows in war. There are ... who have never ... such incidents as the ... similar can be found in ... daily and night ... world that the Catholic ... contains a multitude of ... would.

SACRED HEARTS CONVENT ALONE.

A delightful time was spent ... Sunday afternoon on the ... grounds of the Sacred Hearts ... Prince street, the convent ... midsummer gathering of ... in response to invitations ... name of the convent was ... Admirable Sewing Circle ... branches of the apple tree ... of the convent were ... with Japanese lanterns ... the national colors, and ... the badges and on the ...

Daintily laid ... were scattered about the ... sure, from which a ... was served during the ... the noon was a ... the program for ... the guests were ... Cecile ... the ... was of course a ... noon, and the ... joyed by old ... other diversion ... pleasure of all ... bells had ... lower the ... body rising ... great success.