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# The Catholic Journal.

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## A PLAY AT PLATONICS.

By T. Sparrow.

"I would do anything to convert you to a more sensible frame of mind." "My dear mother, it is sense. That's just the point of it, up to date sense." "I don't see it," said her ladyship, shortly, shutting up her fan with a snap. "Here's a pretty, amiable, accomplished heiress waiting to be won, and you won't look at her, forsooth, because of her money. Talk of social regeneration. I call it modern madness." "Now, mother," replied Lionel Damer, affectionately kissing her white, well-shaped hand, "don't fly off at a tangent, but try to see things from my point of view. I quite acknowledge that Ruby Lisle is all that you say; but answer me this: Are there not hundreds of other girls just as pretty, as amiable, as accomplished, who yet, because they were born in poverty, have to drag out a weary youth in hardship and toil? As I am blessed with a superfluity of this world's goods, it is one of these I should like to seek out and wed."

Lady Damer gave a sigh of despair. "You will be asking me to receive some factory hand as your wife," she said, chillingly, "and I won't, Lionel—even for you, I won't."

"Never fear, mother mine," he rejoined, laughing, as he stooped to kiss her lips not more proudly chiseled than his own. "I promise you she shall be as fastidious and well-bred as your own dainty self."

Lady Damer smiled faintly, a smile of incredulity; but their conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Ruby Lisle in a dinner toilet of cream chiffon and lace.

Ruby was a petite blonde with roguish brown eyes and a peach-fair complexion. She was a great favorite of Lady Damer, and had been a visitor at the Towers for the past month, during which time her hostess had lost no opportunity of throwing her into Lionel's company, apparently without effect.

"Is it so late?" said her ladyship, as the girl approached. "I never heard the dressing bell. Lionel and I have been so engrossed talking about horses. I must go without any more delay." And she left the room, not seeing the twinkle in Ruby's merry dark eyes.

The door closed. Miss Lisle moved slowly toward the conservatory. A moment's hesitation, and the young man followed.

Ruby paused before some beautiful chrysanthemums and sighed softly. "Why that sigh?" asked her companion, courteously. "You of all people I know have not even crumpled rose leaves to complain of."

Ruby sighed again, looking up wistfully at him.

"Those who are rich of necessity must be sad," she said with a plaintive little air that was vastly becoming. "We see what good we ought to do, yet are not free to do it."

"What is the particular piece of goodness you want to do?" he said, suppressing a yawn, for, like most other "lords of creation," having known the girl all his life, he took it for granted there was nothing in her which he had not fathomed long ago.

"I will say it to you, because you are in the same position," she began timidly, with downcast eyes. "I am so strongly convinced that money should not mate with money. Is it not obviously unjust? There are so many starving geniuses with whom it would be a privilege to spend one's life. Yet I am so hedged in by chaperones and conventionalities that I am not free to act as I would."

Lionel looked at her with newly awakened interest. Had the soul only been in chrysalis all along? For the first time he noticed something very entrancing in the curves of the child-like arms and the Cupid's bow of her rose-red lips. He hated her mother with a cherished hatred, because she was worldly to her finger tips, and he had taken for granted that the daughter was walking in her mother's footsteps. To-night for the first time he had a doubt, and, to his surprise, the doubt was a pleasant one. Could he teach Ruby to share his enthusiasm?

"Women are made so different to men," he observed, sentimentally. "Your sex would go wild over theories because of their novelty, but when it comes to practice—"

"I know," she interrupted eagerly, "but don't judge us harshly. The world's fetters have made things impossible to us that to you are only difficult."

"My difficulties are almost insuperable," he replied, dropping into a confidential tone. "To make my plan of mixed marriages a success, the one

who has been brought up in poverty must still be incapable of offending the fastidiousness of the circle he or she is going to join. Yet one cannot send them to school. Perhaps your woman's wit can come to the rescue."

Lionel Ruby knitted her brows and tried to look wise.

"I have it," she said at length, clapping her hands joyously. "Why don't you see, we must each find the other the treasure that we want. No man can educate a mill girl for her place in society; but if I, a woman, find one worthy of you, I can soon give her all necessary hints. In the same way, I could never tell a man, however much I admired him and his genius, that he must wash his hands before every meal and must not smoke in my boudoir. My illusions would go if I had to teach him manners. I want him poor, but I want him perfect. Suppose, Lionel, we make a compact. For a year we will look out for each other for suitable aspirants for our hands and hearts. I will trust your taste and you will trust mine. They must be penniless and virtuous and clever. At the end of the year we will produce our lists, and the chosen one shall go into training for a period. Oh, it will be lovely!"

Ruby's cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled, and Lionel, warming with gratitude for her sympathy, smiled back at the "riante" beauty with a sensation as new as it was agreeable.

So it was planned, and Lady Damer's heart beat high with hope when she saw the air of understanding there was between them; while by the end of the evening Lionel began to regret that Ruby was quite out of the running.

During the next twelve months Lionel and Ruby met often at friends' houses, and had much to say to each other, as became people with a secret, though by tacit consent the subject was not to be mentioned between them till the year had elapsed.

They were then staying at a country house in Devon, and considering that it could not concern Lionel, it was odd how restless and moody he became if Ruby let any one of her numerous admirers monopolize her attention.

When the day of days came they both seemed pensive and preoccupied. According to arrangement, they went up the river which ran through the grounds, and established themselves on a mossy bank far from the haunts of men.

"Who is to begin?" inquired Lionel, in anything but a jubilant tone.

"You, please," said Ruby, nervously, from the depths of her red sunshade.

Accordingly he drew a paper from his pocket, and flushing to his temples, began with a strange hesitation.

"I have not found many who had all the desired qualifications. One cannot be too careful when the future of a loved one is at stake. But here they are: First, Mr. Snape, an impecunious poet."

"Delightful!" murmured Ruby, in a dull tone.

"Slightly addicted to intemperance."

"The horrid beast!" she commented, more cheerfully.

"Second, Mr. Moffat, a talented actor."

"I adore actors," interrupted the girl, wickedly.

"With a strain of insanity in his blood," continued the reader, in the same forced, dull voice.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ruby, rather dashed.

"Third, Mr. Ord, a starving author."

Ruby bent forward with clasped hands.

"He is a widower with ten children," he went on, unmoved.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Lisle, again sinking back.

"And fourth, Mr. Drinkwater, a Crimean hero over seventy, and with a wooden leg."

Lionel folded the paper carefully and replaced it in his pocket. Then he stared gloomily before him.

"Which do you wish me to take?" said Ruby.

"None," he answered very decidedly. "I shall not allow you to have intercourse with any of them."

Something in his tone made the peach color steal again into her cheeks, and the silver tear-drops never left the shelter of her eyelids.

In her turn she drew from her reticule a sheet of scented note paper, and ran over the list in a hurried voice to the young man, who lay stretched at her feet with his hat pulled well over his eyes.

"Miss Brady, a pretty governess; consumptive. Miss Pott, a typewriter, slightly deformed. Miss Lancelotti, a

violinist; false teeth. Miss Day, a model; no brains; and Miss Othe, a trapeze artist; smokes."

Ruby crumpled the sheet of paper almost roughly in her small hand as she finished reading and tossed it into the water.

"Which do you wish me to take?" he asked, sitting up on the grass and never taking his eyes off her face. "Please yourself," she replied, tilting her chin.

"Before we enter into a discussion of their various merits, I have a confession to make," he said, bending towards her and speaking in a low tone. "I have lately lost all the money invested in some foreign silver mines. I am therefore comparatively a poor man. How does that affect the question at issue?"

"In this way," Ruby cried, on the spur of the moment, "why you must be consistent and marry an heiress."

Then she broke off, faltering, and blushed a burning crimson.

"May I?" he besought, coming nearer towards her. "Ruby, for many months past I have known I have been playing a fool's game. Only I thought you were so deadly in earnest that I had no chance. But your last words have given me hope. Dare I—may I think that you will be my wife?"

"I suppose I must be consistent, too," she whispered, with a bewitching glance, as she let him draw her into his arms.—Catholic Fireside.

## REOPENING AT ST. BERNARD'S.

Seminary Begins Year With an Enrollment of 118 Students.

St. Bernard's Theological Seminary opened Wednesday with an enrollment of 118 students. It is expected that this number will be increased during the year. The larger part of this number comes from outside the diocese of Rochester. The capacity of the seminary as originally planned was 64 students. It has been enlarged to double its original capacity, and yet is found too small for the students who apply.

The professional staff, as at present constituted, is as follows. Dogmatic theology, Rev. Dr. Hanna; moral theology, Rev. Father Hartley; Holy Scripture and Hebrew, Rev. Dr. Breen; apologetics, Rev. Dr. McGuire; canon law, Rev. Dr. McEahan; metaphysics, Rev. Dr. Wirth; logic, Rev. Dr. Ryan; science, Rev. Father Libert; English and German literature, Rev. Father Lapham; church history and French, Dr. Charles Riviere; music, Prof. Eugene Bonn.

This week was devoted to a spiritual retreat. Classes will be resumed on Monday.

## TRADUCER OF THE PRESIDENT "PUT OUT" BY A PRIEST.

A hitherto unnoticed incident of the excitement attending the announcement of the shooting of the President was told to a reporter for the News by a man whose word cannot be doubted.

A roughly dressed man and a priest, clad in the raiment of his order, were standing in front of the Courier bulletin board, watching the news from the bedside of the wounded president. Presently word was written on the big scroll that Mr. McKinley had recovered from the shock and was resting easily.

The roughly-clad man exclaimed: "It's a ———— shame the man didn't make a good job of it and finish him quick."

These were the last words he uttered for some time, for the priest wheeled around like a flash and gave the craven traducer a tremendous and scientific blow right on the point of the chin, which knocked the recipient clear of the sidewalk and into the street, and "put him out" as completely as ever a pugilist put out an opponent.

A crowd had heard what the man had said and were for lynching the miscreant at once, when the priest again stepped forward and protected the man he had struck down from mob violence.

A mighty man of God is that priest, and his name, according to the News informant, is Father Fitzgerald of San Francisco.—Buffalo News.

## Ready for the Fall Trade.

Assemblyman Gardiner, the successor to Gardiner & Fellman, 282 State street, has his collection of wools for the fall trade now ready. They have been carefully selected, and are well calculated to satisfy all in quality, style and price.

Mr. Chris. Kerrigan has charge of the cutting and is pleasing many of his old customers with perfect fitting suits.

Send your book and job printing to The Journal office. Trade right.



THE LATE REV. DENIS ENGLISH.

## HIS FINAL REST.

SUMMER OF REV. DENIS ENGLISH AT CANANDAIGUA.

Tender Tribute Paid the Distinguished Priest's Life and Work by Bishop McQuaid—Many Clergymen Present.

The Rev. Dennis English, and beloved pastor of St. Mary's Church, Canandaigua, died at the rectory at one o'clock Friday morning, September 6, aged 68 years. His death was due to complication of disease, and a general breaking down of his health.

He was one of the best-known priests in Western New York, and bore the love and esteem not only of his parishioners, but of every one who knew him. His sister, Mrs. Bridget Cudihy, who was with him when he died and two brothers, John and James English, of Ireland, are the only surviving relatives.

Rev. Dennis English was born in Ireland in 1833. He received his early education in the schools of his native land, after completing his classical course he came to America at the age of 19 years. He was adopted by Bishop Timon, the first bishop of Buffalo. He later took his philosophical and theological course under the Society of Oblates, Prospect Hill, after which he went to Baltimore and entered St. Mary's Theological Society in charge of the Order of St. Surplis, remaining there two years, when he was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Francis Patrick Kendrick. His first mission was at Springbrook, Erie county, where he had charge of seven missions.

He then, went to Waterloo and Ovid where he remained a year, then being transferred to Penn Yan, where he had charge of the Penn Yan and Watkins parishes, and at the latter place erected a new church.

In May, 1889, he was appointed to St. Mary's church at Canandaigua, where he has since remained, the beloved pastor of a large and growing parish, which at this time numbers some 1,800 members. He has seen many born, married and die. During the thirty-one years of his priesthood at Canandaigua there has been an annual average of 60 baptisms, 20 marriages and 50 deaths.

On June 28, 1898, Father English celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, when priests were present from all over Western and Central New York to participate in the festivities, which included a jubilee dinner at the rectory.

The remains of the dead priest lay in state in the church office all day Sunday, during which time several thousand people passed in and out of the church to view the remains.

Never has there been such a gathering of people at a funeral in Canandaigua as there was in attendance at the obsequies over the remains of Rev. Denis English at St. Mary's church Monday forenoon. It is estimated that over 1,000 persons were in the church, and on the outside were many who could not gain admittance. Of those in attendance were men of every nation and from Canandaigua

and vicinity, and the business houses and public schools were closed in honor of the dead priest. About seventy-five priests were present from out of town. The ceremonies at the church began at 9:30 and continued till 12 o'clock, when the remains were taken to the cemetery for interment. The church was draped in black and white, and at the graveyard the funeral procession passed under arches trimmed with the same funeral colors.

The work of seating the vast concourse of people at the church was an efficient hands, being in charge of Thomas Connel, John O. McCarthy, M. J. O'Brien, Joseph Reynolds, James J. Dwyer, Frank Caplan, Gilbert Burke, John E. Murphy, P. R. Downie and Henry Kelly.

During the ceremony the music of the requiem mass was beautifully rendered by the choir, under the direction of Miss Maud Smith, assisted by Prof. William F. Predmore, director of the Immaculate Conception choir; George Poiman, David Clark and Bernard Hanna, all of Rochester. Soloists were rendered by Mr. Predmore and David Clark, who sang "A Message to the Sacred Heart" and "Crucifixion and Crown," respectively.

St. Rev. Bishop McQuaid of Rochester preached the sermon and offered absolution. In beginning his sermon he said that he felt very signing the body of the deceased priest to the grave he thought proper to give utterance to a few words of commendation for his life and works of the deceased. He said that few people had any conception of the hardships of the priest of early days, at the time when Father English began his ministry, the days when the good fathers had to be patient and stoic and shepherds. It was about that time that the great Irish immigration began, and the new arrivals found few places where they could worship, and where their offspring could receive the teachings of the faith. There was a scarcity of priests, a paucity of churches and poverty among the people. So it is that the hardships of the priests of those days are known today in heaven than elsewhere. The bishop reviewed many of the difficulties in the way of those who made ready to spread the Gospel, and compared the present prosperous condition of church and secular affairs with the primitive resources of the past. The speaker paid a high tribute to the dead, and among other things said:

"When I came to this diocese thirty-three years ago Father English was there to welcome me. He was then in charge of the Penn Yan parish, where he built a beautiful church. When after he was promoted to this parish, two or three years after he was called by myself the pastorate of St. Mary's church at Rochester. He labored for reasons best known to himself. The only way made to do honor to a deceased priest."

In concluding, he said that Father English was one of the five surviving priests of those who welcomed him to the diocese. "Now," he said, "the venerable bishop has fallen."

faithful in his work, and for his love of God and his neighbor. His death was a great loss to the diocese, and his remains were commended to God.

The obsequies of the late Rev. Dennis English were held at St. Mary's church, Canandaigua, on Monday forenoon, September 10, 1901. The services were conducted by Rev. James J. Dwyer, pastor of St. Mary's church, Canandaigua, and Rev. Dr. McGuire, pastor of St. Bernard's church, Rochester. The mass was offered by Rev. Dr. McGuire, and the sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. McGuire. The choir, under the direction of Miss Maud Smith, rendered the requiem mass. The soloists were Mr. Predmore and David Clark. The remains of the deceased priest were interred in the cemetery at Canandaigua.

CATHOLIC SOCIETY. The Catholic Society of Canandaigua held a meeting on Friday evening, September 7, at the residence of the Rev. Dr. McGuire. The meeting was held in the evening, and was attended by a large number of the members of the society. The subject of the meeting was the death of the late Rev. Dennis English. The Rev. Dr. McGuire presided, and the Rev. James J. Dwyer acted as secretary. The meeting was a very successful one, and the members of the society were very much interested in the subject.

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