

## A BRILLIANT CAREER.

A Beautiful Catholic Story Written  
For The Catholic Journal.  
BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

(Continued from last week.)

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mrs. Snow took the paper and read as follows:

"Dr. Eugene Mayburn, son of Ex-Senator Mayburn of Philadelphia, and Miss Beatrice Snow, formerly of New York, are to be married at the Cathedral in Philadelphia on Wednesday, June 27, at 7 A. M."

Then followed an explanation as to who the contracting parties were. The young physician was described in a glowing manner which would have thrilled the heart of a far less proud woman than Mrs. Snow; and the bride elect was spoken of as a beautiful and accomplished young lady of a good family.

It said that she was a convert to the Catholic faith and after spending sometime in the convent where she had been baptized, she had traveled two years in Europe with the Mayburns. No reference whatever was made to the fact that she had been Mrs. Mayburn's hired companion, for the family wished that to be a secret now, not without any false pride, but because they thought it would be pleasanter for the young people.

Mrs. Snow then read the article first to herself then read it aloud to Blanche, but there was no need of that for bending over her shoulder, the girl had quickly taken in every word.

"I always knew, mother," said Blanche, "that Beatrice would do well wherever she went, and now that we have found her at last we must go to her at once."

"Foolish girl," said the still unforgetting woman, "do you forget that she deserted us all and is no longer one of us?"

"Please, mother, can you not let the past be forgotten and go to her before her wedding?"

"And if I did, Blanche, you do not know how she will receive her mother, especially if, as the paper states, she has been taken in by a rich and influential family."

"Dear mother, I am afraid you cruelly misjudge my poor sister, for Beatrice would only be too happy to see us after our long separation."

Perhaps she would, Blanche, perhaps her folly has caused her to suffer enough, so that she will be glad enough to regain the friendship of her parents and sisters. I cannot say confidence, for after what she has done that is gone forever. I would like to know how she fell in with those Mayburns, whoever they may be and where she got her money to travel in Europe."

"You can probably only learn by going to her."

"And that I do not propose to do."

Tears were Blanche's reply and she remained silent while Lillie put her arms around her mother's neck, saying:

"Mamma, won't you please, because Blanche wants you to?"

The women's features softened but she was far from relenting.

"Please go away, Lillie, and say no more of this, for you do not understand what your sister has done, said Mrs. Snow."

"Mother," said Blanche, in a voice choked with sobs, "you have been very kind to me and denied me nothing that might add to my comfort, but what I wanted most I did not have, the companionship of my sister."

"Beatrice herself is to blame for that, not I, she chose strangers and now let her remain with them."

Even when the very lowest, Blanche had never spoken of death. She had felt from the beginning that her life would be short, but with a secret feeling that she must live to be again united to her whom separation made dearer, she had fought the ravages of the dread disease and conquered.

"Mother, she said, 'I fear that I will not long be with you, and death would not seem so hard if I could only have my own Beatrice with me for a little while. Only let me know that she has been restored to her own place in the family and I will be content to go. Please, mother, won't you let me go to her, for I parted with her in perfect peace and I know she will come home for me.'"

"Child, what are you thinking of? There is no danger of your death and I do not like to hear you speak of such a thing, but there might be some danger if in your weakened state you undertook to go to Philadelphia. I wish to hear no more of the subject now, but I will consider it and speak to your father about it."

Wearied from a long day's work

in his office, Mr. Snow sat alone in his smoking room that evening when, paper in hand, his wife entered.

"Who is Ex-Senator Mayburn of Philadelphia?" were her first words.

"Haven't you heard of him, wife? He is, or rather was until three years ago, one of the leading politicians of the country. He has served two terms in the senate and is considered immensely rich."

Thinking that this was only a passing fancy of his wife, who was always looking up noted people and had probably heard something new of the family, he returned to the paper he had dropped.

"If you can give up reading a few minutes I have some important news to tell you. I am glad they are a good family."

More to please her than through any interest in whatever the news might be, he folded his paper and threw it on the table.

"There, read that," she said, pointing to the marriage announcement. Twice he read the notice, then sat gazing at her in silence which to her was more bitter than angry words could have been.

"What do you think of it?" she at last found voice to ask.

"If you must have the truth, I will say that we have been a pair of heartless unnatural parents, and others who are better than ourselves have found true worth in the treasure we cast away."

"How can you speak thus when it was her choice to leave us?"

"And, if she did, she was young and easily influenced and never would have acted as she did had she not firmly believed she was right. I do not put all of the blame on you alone for I, her own father, should have gone after her and brought her home."

"You could not have done it, for the wily nuns had turned her head so that she would listen to no one else."

"I have heard enough about the nuns, for I have seen too much of the work those noble self-sacrificing women have done among the poor, the sick and the orphans right here in our city, to believe any wrong of them; but what do you think of Beatrice now?"

"For her sake I am pleased that she is about to marry well, but what I wished most to tell you is this: Blanche insists upon going at once to her and I cannot reason with her to the contrary."

"Let her go then and I will go with her."

"But considering her health, she is not able to undertake the journey."

"I do not believe it will harm her. If she wishes to go she will, as her father, I have a right to take the responsibility upon myself."

"Even if you kill your own child."

"No danger of that, Blanche is able to stand more than you think and happiness will be a great factor in giving her strength. As for Beatrice, it is little less than an unpardonable crime that we have left her thus long among strangers and we should go and ask her forgiveness even if we heard she were in California."

"You may go if you wish, but I prefer to remain at home."

"Do as you like. Blanche and I will be company for each other on our little trip, though under the circumstances it would look much better for you to accompany us."

In the secret recesses of heart Mrs. Snow was not as cold as her words might suggest. Bigotry and narrow-mindedness toward everything that bore name of Catholic had warped her natural bright intellect until it had succeeded in stifling every vestige of love for her eldest child. Her pride, too, which refused to admit the wrong she had done, formed a prominent factor in her actions. If she had only stopped to penetrate her own heart she would have found that Beatrice still held a warm place there.

The news which Lillie had hastened to tell her sisters, and which had been overheard by a servant who quickly reported it in the kitchen, had thrown the household into quite a state of excitement even before Mr. Snow's return to his late supper, which he had partaken of alone, but his wife had been the first to tell him. That evening her girls all gathered around her, each eager to have something to say about their sister, and for once she was glad when her bedtime came and she could be alone, to think of the past but not to rest, for Beatrice haunted her all through the night and would not let her sleep.

To be continued.

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## GLIMPSES OF GERMANY

Written for The Catholic Journal  
By Die Schwalbe.

(Continued from last week.)

Do you love the beautiful in all its forms—music, painting and architecture?—then go to Munich. Are you—pardon me for asking the question—partial to a flagon of real, lustrous, vitalizing, never-to-be-forgotten lager beer? Go to Munich. Would you rub shoulders with long-haired artists, ox-eyed musicians, bounding women, hare-brained students, dreamy philosophers, ingenious workmen, sharp-nosed critics, sombre-robed clerics of all degrees of sanctity? You would? Then go to Munich. Would you, in fine, run headlong into the temptation of preferring a terrestrial to a celestial Paradise? You would? Then book for Munich, one way.

It is not that the capital of Bavaria is so fortunate in what nature has done for her, but because of what man has done. Her kings, princes, dukes, (whatever they like to call them) have been her best benefactors. It is they who have built all that she is most proud of,—her mighty triumphal arches, her gorgeous palaces, her noble churches. They ransacked the world on her behalf, especially did they draw on the art and architecture of Greece and Rome to beautify their capital. Everything of beauty that the world had to show in every age, has been repeated in Munich—repeated in her public buildings, her open squares, her boulevards, parks and fountains. The worshippers in her churches kneel on exquisite mosaics; the loungers and "corner boys" in her streets can't turn their lazy eyes but they light on a frescoed wall. Her libraries—and such libraries!—beautiful settings for the intellectual gems they contain—are stored with hundreds of thousands of volumes. The University library alone providing its two thousand students with 160,000 volumes for digestion. The Public Library has nearly one million books on its shelves, and has been constructed to accommodate two. Ignorance in Munich, would be unpardonable.

As before hinted, she is also rich in breweries—few towns richer. She has over a score of them, and if you want to drink your beer at the fountain head, join the heterogeneous throng which gathers, night by night, in one of the large halls attached to each brewery. Munich's beer is thought so highly of by connoisseurs that thousands of barrels cross the Bavarian frontier every year, bound for all quarters of the globe—Rochester, of course, included. The breweries turn out close on \$10,000,000 worth per annum. But not only in the art of brewing beer are the inhabitants of Munich skilled. Its workmen are among the most intelligent in the world, manufacturing articles in use among artists, naturalists, architects, mathematicians, etc.

Munich is representative of Bavaria—Catholic of the Catholic. Her dukes and electors figure in history as ultra-devotees of everything Roman. On the churches especially have they lavished the results of their aesthetic taste. The largest and handsomest of the modern churches is that of Saint Boniface, built by King Lewis in 1835—or rather commenced. It is after the model of "St. Paul's"—without the walls! Rome. Its interior is a dream. The floor is of choice mosaics, its walls covered with frescoes and its vaulted roof painted azure blue, is studded with golden stars. King Lewis and his queen are buried in this church. The "Frauenkirche" is the Cathedral and forms one of the most conspicuous landmarks in and around the city. It is Gothic in style, of red brick and has two dome-capped towers, 318 ft. high. It was built in the middle of the 15th century. St. Peter's church is noted for its age. St. Michael's for its music. During the celebration of Easter the music at the last named church is particularly beautiful.

In front of the "Ruhmesalle" or Temple of Fame, stands a colossal bronze statue of Bavaria 61 ft. high, mounted on a pedestal 28 ft. high. At Bavaria's feet is a lion couchant, in her right hand a sword and in her upraised left, the chapel of fame. It was designed by Schwanthaler and cast in the Royal Foundry from a Turkish cannon sunk at the battle of Navarino. The modelling and casting absorbed ten years. The bust alone took 20 tons of molten metal; a staircase winds through the interior, terminating in Bavaria's huge chignon, at the back of her head. Here eight persons can sit and enjoy together, not lager beer (as I can hear you facetiously suggesting), but a magni-

ficent panorama of the city and its environs, obtained through a loophole, between a couple of Fraulein Bavaria's metal locks.

The largest, but by no means most beautiful, open space in Munich is the great treeless waste on the south west side, known as the "Cheresien Wiese." It is the scene of all popular festivities on a large scale and of the city's periodical fairs. What is styled "The English Garden" is a beautiful park on the model of a private demesne in England, and is very popular. It is about four miles long and one half mile wide and is crossed by several branches of the river Isar. The "Hofgarten" is an immense square near the Royal Palace, noted for its fine trees. Round two sides of it runs an arcade rich in frescoes representing historical scenes and Grecian and Italian landscapes, accompanied and explained by verses of King Lewis' composition.

Every square in Munich is adorned with statues and fountains—not forgetting shady trees.

The Royal Palace is an agglomeration of the ancient and modern in architecture, but a noble agglomeration withal. It is divided into the "Alte Residenz" or old palace; "Konigsbau" or modern palace, and "Festsaalbau" or palace of festivals. Two treasures contained in the old palace are the "Descent from the Cross" by Michael Angelo and the "Hall of Festivals, there is a grand ball room some 128 ft. by 47 ft. ornamented with pictures representing Greek dances. In the adjacent card rooms, better known as the "Halls of Beauties" are Stier's portraits of three dozen women (mostly Bavarian) including the queen (the rest were actresses, sempstresses and what not) who attracted the cultivated taste of King Lewis.

This monarch appears to have been nothing, if not versatile. The throne room is a very handsome apartment and even larger than the ball room.

Every public building of importance in Munich is built after some classic model. The University itself is an ideal Hall of Learning, its students imbuing their education within the most beautiful and restful surroundings and to the rhythm of plashing fountains, studded all over its yards. The famous theologian Dollinger, was at one time a professor here; so was Liebig, the world famed chemist. Speaking of Universities and students they are "warm" additions to any town, especially a German town. They can drink like fish, swear like Trojans, and fight like the "devil" as the Irishman says. Without these qualifications, he would be a poor specimen of a student—a German student at any rate. They are representative of all classes among the population, "Duke's son" and "cook's son" and every other man's son. They are the personification of the spirit of unrest, mischief and "quessedness." To say that they often "paint the town red" is to state the case mildly, for they paint it all colors, and are at it all the time. They dearly love a song and a "shindy." Generations of Munich students have left behind them in that town such unconsidered trifles as bits of their chin, nose and ears, lopped off in the numerous encounters dignified by the name of "duels." This applies in whatever town German students congregate as "Affairs of honour" among them are as plentiful as are the proverbial leaves in Vallambrosa. Among German fathers and mothers there is a Spartan contempt for any son returning from the University as whole-skinned and "beautiful" as he entered it. Fighting is part of his educational curriculum and German parents want all they pay for.

It should be said that there are two Munichs—the old and the new, in the former of which first a little of the squalid merges on the picturesque, while the latter is in every way elegant and admirable. Here and there in the interior of the old town crop up portions of the ancient ramparts and fortifications; it also abounds in tall houses, narrow streets and grim archways. On many of its walls are frescoes now faded by the wind, rain and rain. The modern town abounds in fine buildings, broad streets and sweeping open places. The most fashionable thoroughfare is the Ludwig Strasse, which while it contains spacious sidewalks and promenades, can accommodate ten vehicles abreast in its carriage way.

Did space permit I think I could say as much again for this charming city, but perhaps enough has been said to encourage you to pay it a visit when next on the continent of Europe. All things being equal, once there, there you will stay. Beautification of Munich has been the life passion of its rulers. Ludwig the present lawful monarch, but now insane, threatened to bankrupt his state in the still further attractions he was adding to the "City of Palaces," the Athens of Germany, Munich.

To be continued.

## Here and Where

### Through Ireland.

Written for The Catholic Journal  
By The Shaughraun.

(Continued from last week.)

If in these brighter days the priest is among the most prosperous country gentlemen in Ireland, the congratulations and blessings of his flock go with it for they remember the day when he shared prescription by their side. If nothing else, the devotion of her priests to Ireland's cause, has forged a chain between her and Rome, that will last as long as time. I have heard people whose only knowledge of the subject was their ignorance assert that no Catholic can call his soul his own in Ireland, for he is "priest-ridden." All I can say is that from close observation I am convinced, that if yoke it be it is a light yoke, and would be willingly shouldered were it twice as heavy.

It is a pretty sight to see the priest in Ireland moving among his people as they gather outside the church after mass, received by every group with no sign of "craven fear" but with obvious love and reverence in their eyes. I have travelled in many Catholic countries on the continent but have never seen anything approaching the attitude of the Irish people toward the priests. It is not the man, but the high office he holds which appeals to them—and as strong is their faith in their religion, that though the clergy themselves "verged" to the enemy I verily believe not ten men in Ireland would follow suit. In this connection this anecdote saddled on to the shoulders of a poor old Irish woman seems apropos: A Protestant minister who was a bit of a wag said to her one day "Well Bridge, I hear the Pope (Pius IX.) has turned Protestant." "This may God forgive him!" was the laconic response of this true daughter of the church.

The day before I quitted Limerick I took spin on my wheel to Killaloe at the foot of Lough Derg, through which the Shannon flows—on to put it more correctly, that wide part of the Shannon, styled Long Derg, Killaloe's claim to notoriety, is about on a par with that of Lilliehooley, neither more nor less than what Mr. Martin in his two popular comic songs gave them. According to the "Killaloe" lyric education was so advanced that "The Irish for a jint (joint of beer) or the Irish for half a pint."

Faith we learnt it in the school as famous "Ballyhooley" was noted for its while "Blue Ribbon Army" of teetotalers.

Both are fair, small, average, interior towns, which are dull enough to drive a hermit to emigrate. There is little for the "bhoys" to do in such places, beyond twirl their thumbs by day, and ogle the "colleens" as they promenade the main street just as the shades of night draw in. This evening parade of the marriageable girls, apparently inseparable from all country towns, is the funniest thing imaginable. They have not come out to "see" the "bhoys" O ne, No! Their only desire is to see the store windows, whether there are any or not. They perambulate, arm in arm, up and down the same short street, a thousand times, hearts and faces full of laughter—but, intent all the time on the store windows, and that is all. This is about as near as young people of opposite sexes get in Ireland—with the exception of an occasional "dance"—a "walk" of some old body, when a little "gothier" may be "swopped." I laughed heartily a bit latter on in my tour at a bright young fellow I met in Ballinasloe. It was on this question of social life, course between young people. He was deploring the monotony of life in Ireland and enquiring of me eagerly about America. I suggested he might find less desirable places to pass his life in than Ireland. "I believe you there," he said "but shure ye darnt be seen 'talkin' to a girle' here, berrin ye're called out to be married to her an' it's myself wouldn't I like to marry all I'd like to be talkin' to." The old country has not altered much under this head, indeed I think she gets more conservative. The "match maker" may not advertise as brazenly as in the old days but he is there all the same, and his wife too. A "bit o' land" goes a long way in a

matrimonial negotiation. A young man may not have to be seen in a public place with the aid of a matchmaker (for love and money are not "under the same" motto, as the "old man" or "old woman" or "old girl" is still hedged about with practical obstacles to what they folks refer to as "contemplation of 'mean and aliberta'." The daughters of Spain are not more jealously guarded than the "colleens" of Ireland. "What" says the old man, "the poor girl, but her name is 'Bridget'." Much of this conservatism will doubtless disappear should even the other provinces receive the material commercial development which has attended the north eastern portion of Ulster. An industrial population is apt to look at life a little more broadly—and not necessarily "materially" than the bucolic. It would not take much more than I already know to convince me that the deadly dullness of life in the remote towns and villages of Ireland is a very material cause of the emigration of her young people, altogether apart from the question of bettering their lot financially. I have done this as an Irish friend in Liverpool and he said he was satisfied to the point: "But not only in Ireland, he went on 'are abroad barriers raised to the legitimate social intercourse of young people, but they are not unknown in this country (England). I once lived in a parish where we had a good old priest—a Belgian—who stood in horror of anything approaching a dance. We had repeatedly asked him to let us have the school room for social gatherings at which, of course, a little dancing would be indulged in, but he repeatedly refused. At length however he yielded, but only on the condition, that 'de gentlemen dance in de one room and de ladies in de oder.' Needless to say we bothered him no further. But all this is digression."

My host at Limerick, Southern and Great Western station was taken to mine and my parents old home, "dear dirty Dublin," a city which all its inhabitants while they affect to patronize, they fondly love, never deign to enter. Have you never noticed the "Jockey" apologizing to an English or some other foreign visitor for Dublin's shortcomings, whereas he is only too conscious of her natural glories and historic associations? What there is in Dublin to deplore, needs no apology from Irishmen. That her solitary manifestations of any magnitude are only stunts and whistles—that many of her prominent residences are now only monuments to the present of the past—that the only "people of quality" seen in her streets are merely representatives of the "foreign garrison"—are facts of fact. However, enough of this; let us hope it will all soon be altered, and that the day is at hand when the "money changers" shall be turned out of Ireland's Parliament House, and the streets of the capital day again thronged with those who have for so long taken their pleasure and their money elsewhere.

The journey "up to town" was through one of the richest belts of country in Ireland, from the agricultural standpoint, as bracing as it is picturesque of counties Limerick, Tipperary, Kildare and Dublin. The big Bog of Allen forked down on to the road occasionally, but in the main, the land was all that could be desired, and as a result the people living on it seemed (as indeed they were) more than ordinarily prosperous—as prosperity goes in Ireland. Comfortably well-to-do homesteads were to be observed in whichever direction the eye was directed. It is in this region that the Hon. Horace Plunkett has met with such hearty sounding in his efforts to establish creameries and otherwise render farming in Ireland profitable. This gentleman is not quite at one with the majority of his countrymen on matters political, but everywhere he is convinced of his genuine desire to better the economic condition of Ireland, and that after all it is the crux of the situation there as elsewhere, to fall to see the wisdom of Irishmen in America learning the "superior" first. The people of some kind of the American feeling and feel somewhat embarrassed by it. The matter is economic side and very naturally appeals more to them than the political. They would rather have the joy of an Irish Republic than don whether they were to be of Irish kings. At the same time they regard the "American" as a "match maker" and are not at all likely to be "swopped" by him. The old country has not altered much under this head, indeed I think she gets more conservative. The "match maker" may not advertise as brazenly as in the old days but he is there all the same, and his wife too. A "bit o' land" goes a long way in a