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The Catholic Journal.

Sixteenth Year. No. 5.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, Oct. 29, 1904.

\$1.00 per Year, 8c per Copy

FABIOLA

Or The Church of the Catacombs,
By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XIV THE DISCOVERY.

At the first dawn of morning, Corvinus was up; and, notwithstanding the gloominess of the day, proceeded straight to the Forum. He found his outposts quite undisturbed, and hastened to the principal object of his care. It would be useless to attempt describing his astonishment, his rage, his fury when he saw the blank board, with only a few shreds of parchment left round the nails, and beside it standing, in unconscious stolidity, his Dacian sentinel.

He would have darted at his throat like a tiger, if he had not seen in the barbarian's twinkling eye a sort of hyena squint, which told him he had better not. But he broke out at once into a passionate exclamation—

"Sirrah! how has the Edict disappeared? Tell me directly!"

"Softly, softly, Herr Kornweiner," answered the imperturbable Northern. "There it is as you left it in my charge."

"The Dacian went to his side, and for the first time confronted the board; and after looking at it for some moments, exclaimed, 'Well, is not that the board you hung up last night?'"

"Yes, you blockhead, but there was writing on it, which is gone. That is what you had to guard."

"Why, look you, captain, as to writing, you see I know nothing, having never been a scholar; but as it was raining all night, it may have been washed out."

"And as it was blowing, I suppose the parchment on which it was written was blown off."

"No doubt, Herr Kornweiner; you are quite right."

"Come, sir, this is no joking matter. Tell me at once who came here last night."

"Why, two of them came."

"Two of what?"

"Two wizards, or goblins, or worse."

"None of that nonsense for me."

The Dacian's eye flashed drunkenly again. "Well, tell me, Arminius, what sort of people they were, and what they did."

"Why, one of them was but a stripling, a boy, tall and thin, who went round the pillar, and I suppose must have taken away what you miss, while I was busy with the other."

"And what of him? What was he like?"

The soldier opened his mouth and eyes, and stared at Corvinus for some moments, then said, with a sort of stupid solemnity, "What was he like? Why, if he was not Thor himself, he wasn't far from it. I never felt such strength."

"What did he do to show it?"

"He came up first, and began to chat quite friendly; asked me if it was not very cold, and that sort of thing. At last, I remembered that I had to run through any one that came near me."

"Exactly," interrupted Corvinus; "and why did you not do it?"

"Only because he wouldn't let me. I told him to be off, or I should spear him, and drew back and stretched out my javelin; when in the quietest manner, but I don't know how, he twisted it out of my hand, broke it over his knee as it had been a mountebank's wooden sword, and dashed the iron-headed piece fast into the ground, where you see it, fifty yards off."

"Then why did you not rush on him with your sword, and despatch him at once? But where is your sword? it is not in your scabbard."

The Dacian, with a stupid grin, pointed to the roof of the neighbouring basilica, and said, "There, don't you see it shining on the tiles in the morning light?" Corvinus looked, and there indeed he saw what appeared like such an object, but he could hardly believe his own eyes.

"How did it get there, you stupid booby?" he asked.

The soldier twisted his moustache in an ominous way, which made Corvinus ask again more civilly, and then he was answered—

"He, or it, whatever it was, without any apparent effort, by a sort of conjuring, whisked it out of my hand, and up where you see it, as easily as I could cast a quail a dozen yards."

"And then?"

"And then, he and the boy, who came from round the pillar, walked off in the dark."

"What a strange story!" muttered Corvinus to himself; "yet there are proofs of the fellow's tale. It is not every one who could have performed that feat. But pray, sirrah, why did you not give the alarm, and rouse the other guards to pursuit?"

"First, Master Kornweiner, because, in my country, we will fight any living men, but we do not choose to pursue hobgoblins. And secondly, what was the use? I saw the board that you gave into my care all safe and sound."

"Stupid barbarian!" growled Corvinus, but well within his teeth; then added: "This business will go hard with you; you know it is a capital offence."

"What is it?"

"Why, to let a man come up and speak to you without giving the watchword."

"Gently, captain, who says he did not give it? I never said so."

"But did he though? Then it could be no Christian."

"Oh yes, he came up, and said quite plainly, 'Nomen Imperatorum.'"

"What?" roared out Corvinus.

"Nomen Imperatorum."

"Nomen Imperatorum" was the watchword," shrieked the enraged Roman.

"Nomen or Nomen, it's all the same, I suppose. A letter can't make any difference. You call me Arminius, and I call myself Hermann, and they mean the same. How should I know your nice points of language?"

Corvinus was enraged at himself; for he saw how much better he would have gained his ends by putting a sharp, intelligent praetorian on duty, instead of a sottish, savage foreigner.

"Well," he said, in the worst of humours, "you will have to answer to the emperor for all this; and you know he is not accustomed to pass over offences."

"Look you now, Herr Krummbeiner," returned the soldier, with a look of sly stolidity; "as to that, we are pretty well in the same boat."

(Corvinus turned pale, for he knew this was true.) "And you must contrive something to save me, if you want to save yourself. It was you, the emperor made responsible for the what-d'ye-call-it—that board."

"You are right, my friend; I must make it out that a strong body attack you, and killed you at your post. So shut yourself up in quarters for a few days, and you shall have plenty of beer, till the thing blows over."

The soldier went off, and concealed himself. A few days after, the dead body of a Dacian, evidently murdered was washed on the banks of the Tiber. It was supposed he had fallen in some drunken row; and no further trouble was taken about it. The fact was indeed so; but Corvinus could have given the best account of the transaction. Before, however, leaving the ill-omened spot in the Forum, he had carefully examined the ground, for any trace of the daring act; when he picked up, close under the place of the Edict, a knife, which he was sure he had seen at school, in possession of one of his companions. He treasured it up, as an implement of future vengeance, and hastened to provide another copy of the decree.

CHAPTER XV EXPLANATIONS

When morning had fairly broken, crowds streamed from every side into the Forum, curious to read the tremendous Edict so long menaced. But when they found only a bare board, there was a universal uproar. Some admired the spirit of the Christians, so generally reckoned cowardly; others were indignant at the audacity of such an act, some ridiculed the official concern in the proclamation, others were angry that the expected sport of the day might be delayed.

At an early hour the places of public fashionable resort were all occupied with the same theme. In the great Antonian Thermae a group of regular frequenters were talking it over. There were Scourus, the lawyer, and Proculus, and Fulvius, and the philosopher Calpurnius, who seemed very busy with some musty volumes, and several others.

"What a strange affair this is about the Edict!" said one.

"Say rather, what a treasonable outrage against the divine emperors!" answered Fulvius.

"How was it done?" asked a third.

"Have you not heard," said Proculus, "that the Dacian guard stationed at the Puteal was found dead, with twenty-seven poniard-wounds on him, nineteen of which would have sufficed each by itself to cause death?"

"No, that is quite a false report," interrupted Scourus; "it was not done by violence, but entirely by witchcraft. Two women came up to the soldier, who drove his lance at one, and it passed clean through her, and stuck in the ground on the other side, without making any wound in her. He then hacked at the other with his sword, but he might as well have struck at marble. She then threw a pinch of powder upon him, and he flew into the air, and was found, asleep and unharmed, this morning, on the roof of the Aemilian basilica. A friend of mine, who was out early, saw the ladder up, by which he had been brought down."

"Wonderful!" many exclaimed.

"What extraordinary people these Christians must be!"

"I don't believe a word of it," observed Proculus. "There is no such power in magic; and certainly I don't see why these wretched men should possess it more than their betters. Come, Calpurnius," he continued, "put by that old book, and answer these questions. I learnt more one day after dinner, about these Christians from you, than I had heard in all my life before. What a wonderful memory you must have, to remember so accurately the genealogy and history of that barbarous people! Is what Scourus has just told impossible, or not?"

Calpurnius delivered himself, with great pomposity, as follows:—

"There is no reason to suppose such a thing impossible, for the power of magic has no bounds. To prepare a powder that would make a man fly in the air, it would be only necessary to find some herbs in which air predominates more than the other three elements. Such, for instance, are pulses, or lentils, according to Pythagoras. These, being gathered when the sun is in Libra, the nature of which is to balance even heavy things in the air, at the moment of conjunction with Mercury, a winged power as you know and properly energized by certain mysterious words by a skillful magician, then reduced to powder in a mortar made out of an aconite, or stone that had flown up into the sky and came down again, would no doubt, when rightly used, enable or force a person to fly up into the air. It is well known, indeed, that the Thesallian witches must go at pleasure through the clouds, from place to place, which must be done by means of some such charm."

[To be continued.]

Five Minute Sermon

The Ruler's Daughter.

The dead girl represented a soul recently fallen into mortal sin through frailty, surprise, or the violence of temptation, rather than through malice or depravity of heart. On this account Christ said that she was not dead, but asleep. God ordinarily by His mercy calls souls suddenly, principally by a great remorse, to a sincere repentance and a prompt return to the state of grace, and the time of their spiritual death being of short duration, they may be said to be asleep rather than dead.

The lesson we should learn is to have recourse to Jesus Christ in all our needs with a lively faith and with humility, as had the ruler and the infirm woman. We should also admire the great goodness of our Divine Redeemer, who was so prompt to console those who asked Him; He will do the same for us if we ask Him from our hearts. And, as our Divine Master sent away the musicians from the bed of the dead girl, so we on the occasion of death should seek help for the soul, and not the noise and clamor and the vain pomp of the world.

Forty Hours Devotion.

The devotion of the "Forty Hours" will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows:—
November 6—St. Francis Xavier's, Rochester.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday October 30—Gospel, St. Matt. ix, 18-20—St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, confessor.
Monday 31—St. Wolfgang, bishop and confessor.
Tuesday November 1—Feast of All Saints.
Wednesday 2—All Soul's Day.
Thursday 3—St. Malachy, bishop and confessor.
Friday 4—St. Charles Borromeo, confessor.
Saturday 5—St. Zachary.

\$14.00 Buffalo to St. Louis and return via the Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale every day except Fridays and Saturdays, until November 24th. Good seven days. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WASHINGTON LETTER

THE OLD CARROLL MANSION.

(Special to The Journal.)

The old Carroll mansion at Lombard and Front streets Baltimore, the former home of the foremost Catholic family in America, and once one of the grandest residences of the South, is now the home of sweatshops. In what was once the grandest drawing-room of Lord Baltimore's colony there are crowded twelve Polish Jews, both men and women, sewing and perspiring and turning out garments. Stanislaus Rodotaky now does the honors where the proud Carrolls of former days received Washington, Lafayette, DeKalb, and Pulaski.

On the second floor, just above the old drawing-room, in what was originally a bedroom, is another sweatshop. On a sign nailed upon the door is the information that L. H. Greenleaf, maker of ladies' cloaks, holds forth there. A dozen women at work on garments of many varieties occupy this room once the most sacred and most private apartment of the flower of Maryland's colonial womanhood, the beautiful Araminta Thompson, the wife of Capt. Henry Carroll, one of the first owners of the mansion.

The great winding stairway is now broken down, and in the niches where were in former days beautiful pieces of statuary, are now piles of old rags and other filth. On the once immaculate marble floors of the great hall is a coating of dirt that has not been disturbed for the last decade.

The third floor is also used in the same capacity as the first and second floors, but in this case the rooms have not seen the same hard usage and are in a much better condition. The frieze placed in the rooms when occupied by the original owners is still intact, and is not so badly used by this time that its splendor cannot be plainly seen.

The old Carroll mansion is one of the oldest houses in Baltimore. It was built nearly two centuries ago, and for many years it was the abode of wealth and refinement, and the scene of such gaieties and entertainment as modern society folk know only by hearsay.

When the Carrolls left the house it was taken by another family less prominent, and they in turn found it no longer desirable as a place of residence and moved to the northern section of the city, and now it is given over to the prosaic but strenuous life of makers of clothing.

The Carroll family included many beautiful and accomplished women, but none more so than the wife of its second owner Capt. Henry Carroll. This gentleman was able to add materially to his estates through his marriages with the sister and heiress of an officer in the British navy, the niece of Col. John Rousby, a prominent English gentleman. At the time of the marriage it is recorded that Capt. Carroll's bride brought him a great fortune.

Many interesting traditions have descended in the Carroll family about this beautiful woman Araminta Thompson, who was so youthful at the time of her courtship that Capt. Carroll gave imported toys for her amusement rather than the usual gifts of books and flowers. The grand old house is now for sale and is under the management of a prominent real estate broker of this city. Its grandeur no longer counts for anything and those lovers of the old things of Maryland are compelled to take a last longing look at this old show place before it will give way to a more modern building better suited to the times.

One of the last receptions given in the mansion was tendered to the most Rev. James Roosevelt Bailly, Archbishop of Baltimore, and predecessor of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, by the way, was a convert and was closely related to the family of President Roosevelt.

E. L. Scharf, Ph. D.

BAKER THEATRE.

Lillian Mortimer, whose clever work as a comedian in several big productions has won for her high praise from leading dramatic critics, a play from her pen entitled "Girl of the Streets" and teaming with human interest, vivid with scenes of suffering and strife of a great city, will be seen at the Baker Theatre the first three days of next week, with usual matinees on Monday and Wednesday.

The last three days of next week, with the usual matinees, the Baker Theatre will offer that realistic and touching melodrama, "Human Hearts" with a strong cast and special scenery. In this play the scene is laid chiefly among the hills of Arkansas.

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Patrick Darcy.

On Monday, October 17, at his residence on Columbia avenue, occurred the untimely and sudden death of Mr. Patrick Darcy, a well-known citizen of the 19th ward.

The deceased was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, whence, with others of his countrymen, he came 38 years ago to America, the land of his adoption. He eventually made Rochester his home, and for the past nineteen years has carried on a very successful grocery business. His extensive patronage testified to the uprightness of his business principles. He was a man of genial and kindly disposition; a devoted husband and father, and held the esteem and respect of a large circle of friends. He belonged to the Immaculate Conception parish, to Branch 93 of the O. M. B. A., and was an active and interested member of the Holy Name Society.

Solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by the three nephews of the deceased—Rev. D. O'Brien of Buffalo, being celebrant; Rev. W. Darcy of Addison, deacon, and Rev. M. O'Brien of Cleveland, Ohio, sub-deacon. Rev. T. Hickey of Brooklyn was master of ceremonies. Present in the sanctuary were Rev. A. M. O'Neil, Pastor of Immaculate Conception Church, and Rev. D. Curran of Corpus Christi Church, Dr. Hanna and Rev. R. Henry of St. Bernard's officiated at the cemetery.

Besides the many relatives and friends who paid the last tribute of love and respect at the bier, a number of the Sisters from the community of which Sister de Sales is a member, attended the funeral.

The music was rendered by the full choir of the Immaculate Conception Church, of which Miss Margaret Darcy was a member.

The active bearers were Messrs. J. P. Henry, T. Brannigan, J. Shaw, Hon. J. M. Murphy, E. Lemieux, and Doctor J. Brady.

The honorary bearers were—Messrs. J. Barnett, J. Rice, W. Metzger, J. Gallagher, T. Graham, M. L. Hughes.

There were many beautiful floral offerings, including the following:—White chrysanthemums and palm leaves, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Mahoney, Bath Beach, N. Y.; wreath of autumn leaves and pink chrysanthemums, Mr. Foster and Mr. Bradley; wreath of Florida leaves and pink roses, Mr. and Mrs. P. Clague; wreath of autumn leaves and pink roses, Dollie and Jennie Orough; wreath of white chrysanthemums and Florida leaves, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Henry; sheaf of wheat and pink roses, John and Jas. Fee; bouquet of pink carnations, Miss A. Morrissey; palm leaves with pink and white roses, Mr. Eugene Kernan; bunch of white roses, Mr. and Mrs. Coddington; white carnations and ferns, Little Madeline Murphy; pillow of orchids and roses, daughters.

Relatives in attendance from out of town were Miss J. Darcy of Addison, N. Y.; Dr. and Mrs. W. Callahan, Dr. J. O'Brien of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. M. Burke, Mr. Ed. Vaughn, and Mr. M. McGrath, all of New York city; Mr. and Mrs. Finn, Anna and Raphael Finn, Mrs. M. O'Loughlin, and Miss Mollie O'Loughlin of Lockport, N. Y., and Mrs. T. Lewis of Medina.

The deceased is survived by five daughters, Sister M. de Sales of the order of Sisters of St. Joseph, Nazareth Convent, Rochester, and Misses Margaret, May, Agnes, and Helen Darcy, whose many friends unite in tenderest sympathy for them in this sudden bereavement.

The funeral services were held from the church of the Immaculate Conception on Friday, Oct. 21.

Coach Excursions.

On October 12th, 19th and 26th, the New York Central and West Shore Railroads will sell coach excursion tickets to St. Louis and return at very low rates. Tickets good returning within ten days. Season, sixty day and fifteen day tickets are also on sale daily at very low rates. Consult New York Central or West Shore ticket agents for particulars.

\$42.50 Buffalo to the Pacific Coast via the Nickel Plate Road. One way Colonist tickets on sale daily from September 15th to October 15th. For full information see your local ticket agent, or write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

\$14 Buffalo to St. Louis and return via the Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale each Tuesday and Thursday. Good seven days. See local agent, or write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sisterly Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Savard celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding at their home, 54 Franklin avenue, on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Savard's maiden name was Marie Le Beau, and she came from St. John, near Montreal. Mr. Savard was born at Lorette, in the province of Quebec. The parents of both moved to this city when they were small children. They met and were married in this city when Mrs. Savard was seventeen years of age. The ceremony was performed at St. Patrick's church by Father O'Reilly. The groomsmen and the bridesmaids were a brother and a sister of the bride, both of whom are now living. The bridesmaid, Mrs. Jane Stump, of Wald street, attended the anniversary. About fifty of the children, grandchildren and great grandchildren were present, and it was a most pleasant occasion for the bride and groom of sixty years ago.

Mr. Savard is now eighty-four years of age, and his wife has celebrated her 77th year, but both are an full possession of their faculties.

Rev. A. Notebaert, pastor of the French church, also attended and spoke a few kindly words of cheer to the happy couple.

Music was furnished by an orchestra composed of relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Savard.

Catholic Sister Assailed.

While two Sisters of Charity from Nazareth Convent were walking south on the west side of State street at two o'clock Thursday afternoon, one of them was seized by an unknown man who twice struck her violently in the face. So quickly was the attack made that the other sister did not realize what had happened until she saw the blood trickling down the face of her companion. There is no clue as to who the assailant is.

"Alibations."

An event of unusual interest in Catholic amateur theatricals was the performance on Monday and Tuesday evenings of the civil war drama "Alibations," by the dramatic section of the C. Y. M. C. of St. Joseph's church, in their hall on Franklin street.

The play was produced under the direction of Miss Kathryn Burns, to whom, especially, is the credit due for its finished presentation. At the performance of Monday evening, the members of the cast awaited their appreciation of Miss Burns' efforts in their behalf by the presentation of a beautiful basket of roses.

The artistic stage settings, electrical effects, dark changes, etc., of the play, were efficiently managed by George Minges of the Lyceum Theatre, assisted by Messrs. Wm. Schaeffer, Oscar Schuchart, Ormond Maurer, Ed. Schuchart, and E. Leinen.

New scenery was painted for the production by John Serran, a promising young scenic artist of this city, and an active member of the C. Y. M. C.

The lavish costuming was under the personal direction of Mrs. L. M. Wackerman.

Particular mention is due the work of Alphonse J. Sigl as General Corse, U. S. A., Joe T. Otto as Colonel Ester, U. S. A., Charles Meier as Colonel Dunbar, U. S. A., Angelo J. A. Newman as Major Rickett, C. S. A., E. Fred Henricus as Sgt. Green, Oscar E. Hebing as Col. Taylor, U. S. A., Thomas Garvey as Gen. W. T. Sherman, and Frank O'Brien as Ben, the contraband. Minor parts were well taken by Laurence Glaser, Fred Reichert, Wm. J. Hauser, Nicholas Schwaib, A. Weingartner, Geo. Ermlinger, Wm. Hall, John Serran, J. Barry, W. Gerstner, J. Dunn, W. Knapp, A. Wandler, G. Bruns, J. Sheridan and G. Schied.

An orchestra of eight pieces under the direction of Aug. Rodas played incidental music.

"Alibations" will long be remembered as the finest amateur production of its kind ever given in this city, and has still further increased the fame of the C. Y. M. C. as successful amateur exponents of the histrionic art.

SHORT SERMONS.

Respectability is no substitute for repentance.

The marriage of duty and desire was made in heaven, and any divorce of these two is of the devil.

The more a man loves the more he suffers. The sum of possible pain is such that it is proportion to his degree of perfection.