

Circulation  
larger than any  
Catholic weekly  
in Rochester.

# The Catholic Journal.

THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER

Sixteenth Year. No. 29.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, April 15, 1905.

\$1.00 per Year. 8c per Copy.

## CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Brooke.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

(Copyrighted by P. J. Kennedy & Sons.)

(Continued from last week.)

### CHAPTER VIII

"Here, sir," answered the porter at the door.

"I wish to have a private conversation with this gentleman, and do not want to be interrupted; do you hear?"

"Bedad, sir, I'm not deaf no more than the next one; but suppose somebody comes to pay up rents, et cetera?"

"Well—well, they can wait," he replied.

"And supposin' they won't?" persisted Michael.

"In that case, rap at my door, and I will come out. Now, be off."

"I never waste time, Mr. Jerrold," said Mr. Stillinghast, after he had closed the door, and resumed his seat; "I never waste any thing—time or words. I am blunt and candid, and aboveboard. I hate the world generally, because I have been deceived in every thing I ever placed faith in. I am a bitter, harsh, penurious old man."

"Your life has been without reproach, sir," observed Mr. Jerrold, who wondered what strange revelation was to be made.

"No compliments; they nauseate me. I sent for you this morning to propose something which you may, or may not, accede to, there being a condition annexed that may not be altogether agreeable. But however it may be, I wish you to understand distinctly that I do it to suit my own ends and pleasure, and if I could do otherwise I would."

"I am very confident, sir, that you will not propose anything to me incompatible with honor and integrity," said Walter Jerrold.

"No, sir. No; it is a fair bargain—a fair, honest, business transaction I offer, by which you will gain not only credit, but profit. In view of this object, I have been for two days engaged in an investigation of your character."

"Really, Mr. Stillinghast?" began the young man, with a haughty look.

"Investigating your character, sir. I have made inquiries of your friends and foes concerning your habits, your business associations, your antecedents—"

"For what purpose, sir?" inquired Walter Jerrold, flushing up.

"To see if I might trust you."

"And the result of this strange procedure?"

"Is favorable throughout. I congratulate you, sir, on being without reproach in your business relations. You will suit me to a nicety. I lost two years ago the old man who sat at this desk for the last forty years. He was the only friend I had in the wide earth. He was my prop and support, and now that he is gone, I feel tottering and weak. I want some one to assist me in the cares of my immense business; a partner, young, active, and possessed of just the requisites which you have."

Walter Jerrold's eyes lit up with an expression of wild triumph. He could scarcely believe his own ears; he thought it was a cheating dream that the millionaire, Stillinghast—the bitter, inaccessible old man, should offer him something so far beyond his most sanguine hopes; advantages which he had intended to intrigue and toil unceasingly for, but which were now thrown into his very hands.

"Do you understand me, Mr. Jerrold?"

"I hear you, sir, but really fear you are jesting at my expense."

"I never jest, sir. It has been so long since I jested that the word has become meaningless to me. But, as I said, there is a condition—"

"Allow me to hear it, Mr. Stillinghast," said Walter Jerrold, fearing at least it might be something dreadful and impossible.

"I have," said the old man, as if talking to himself, "I have gathered together large sums. I scarcely know the exact amount myself. There is principal, interest, and compound interest, still heaping up the pile. I do not intend it shall be squabbled over when I am in the dust, or left open to the rapacity of lawyers. I shall dispose of my concerns while I have reason and health, in such a way, by Heaven! as Heaven itself cannot interfere with my plans!"

Why did not that boastful, gold-withered, shrivelled up old man,

pause? How dare he throw such defiance in the face of Almighty God over his unrighteous gains!—yes, unrighteous gains, for mammon held them in trust. None had ever gone into the treasure-house of God to relieve the suffering, or aid the indigent. The few good acts of his life had been wrested from him, and the recollection of them filled him with bitterness instead of joy.

"That is wise and prudent, sir," observed Mr. Jerrold.

"Of course it is. But now to the point. I will take you into partnership on condition that you, as my successor, marry my niece, Helen Stillinghast, and promise on your honor to endeavor to overcome her Catholic tendencies. She is not very strong in her faith, but as I intend to leave her a considerable amount of property, I do not wish it to go to the support of a creed I detest—not a copper of it. What do you say?"

"What amount of capital do you require, Mr. Stillinghast?"

"Whatever you have, sir. If it is much, well; if nothing, it makes no difference; but, do you hesitate? I suppose the girl is an obstacle."

"None in the least, sir. But I am overwhelmed by your generosity, sir; the advantages you offer place me in a position which it would have taken me years of toil to attain, and I must confess, that I am quite thrown off my balance. Will you allow me at least a few hours to think?" said Walter Jerrold, highly excited.

"Your caution is no discredit to you. I see that I am not deceived," said Mr. Stillinghast, with a grim smile. "To-morrow evening I shall expect an answer; at which time you can come to my house, and take your tea, and look at my niece."

"You will certainly see me then, sir, and hear my decision." And the young man, with steps that scarcely felt the earth he trod on, hurried away, nor paused an instant, until he reached home. Mrs. Jerrold was standing on her marble carriage-step just ready to get into her luxurious coach to take a drive. He whispered a word or two to her; the carriage was dismissed, and mother and son went up stairs to analyze the sudden promise of fortune which had burst, like the bow of heaven, around them. And together we will leave them—the worldly mother and the worldly son, to grow elate, and almost wild, at the prospect which Mr. Stillinghast's eccentric liberality had opened to their view. At any rate, it was eligible in every respect, with or without a matrimonial appendage; and Cedar Hall was secured to the Jerrolds.

Father Fabian, true to his promise, had visited old Mabel, and found her so well disposed, and of such docile faith, that he had promised, as soon as he finished her general confession, to give her holy baptism. Two or three times a week he dropped in, and was much edified by the fervor and humility with which she received his instructions. It all seemed like a new world dawning around her, as if through the ohinks of her lowly dwelling bright visions of heaven stole in to gladden her, while her soul in its humble love traversed back and forth with angel messengers. May had not seen her for some days and now went to take her money to pay the rent of her poor cottage, and purchase a supply of provisions. Mrs. Tabb had disposed of her fancy knitting, and sent her son early that morning with the proceeds, some six or seven dollars, to May. Rejoicing in the power to do good, and leaving all her vexations and trials at home she sought old Mabel's lowly dwelling, to impart and receive consolation.

"That's Miss May! Here, Nellie, fetch that stool over thar for Miss May," exclaimed the old woman, as soon as the door opened. "How is you, honey?"

"I am quite well, Aunt Mabel. I think you are looking better," replied May, sitting down beside her.

"Oh, honey, it's blessed times with me now. I bin blind all my life; I never see nuffin till now. Ah, honey, that good priest you send me aint like the buckra parsons I used to know. He aint too proud to sit down by a poor nigger, an' take her lame hand in his'n, and rub it with some sort of liniment he fetch. And thar's a bottle of wine he left 'cause the doctor said I must have some. He don't stand off as if he was a-fear'd I would pizen him, and fling the gospel at me like stingy people throws bones to dogs. He makes me feel that I'm a child of God as well as white folks, by treating me like one, honey."

[To be continued.]

## FABIOLA

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

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

(Continued from last week.)

### CHAPTER XXIX

THE SAME DAY: ITS SECOND PART

The judge angrily reproved the executioner for his hesitation, and bid him at once do his duty. The man passed the back of his rough left hand across his eyes as he raised his sword. It was seen to flash for an instant in the air; and the next moment, flower and stem were lying scarcely displaced on the ground. It might have been taken for the prostration of prayer, had not the white robe been in that minute dyed into a rich crimson—washed in the blood of the Lamb.

The man on the judge's right hand had looked with unflinching eye upon the stroke, and his lip curled in a wicked triumph over the fallen. The lady opposite had turned away her head, till the murmur, that follows a suppressed breath in a crowd, told her all was over. She then boldly advanced forward, unwound from round her person her splendid broad-clothed mantle, and stretched it, as a pall, over the mangled body. A burst of applause followed this graceful act of womanly feeling, as the lady stood, now in the garb of deepest mourning, before the tribunal.

"Sir," she said, in a tone clear and distinct, but full of emotion, "grant me one petition. Let not the rude hands of your servants again touch and profane the hallowed remains of her whom I have loved more than anything on earth; but let me bear them hence to the sepulchre of her fathers; for she was noble as she was good."

Tertullus was manifestly irritated as he replied, "Madam, whoever you may be, your request cannot be granted. Catulus, see that the body be cast, as usual, into the river, or burnt."

"I entreat you, sir," the lady earnestly insisted, "by every claim which female virtue has upon you, by any tear which a mother has shed over you, by every soothing word which a sister has ever spoken to you, in illness or sorrow; by every ministrations of their gentle hands, I implore you to grant my humble prayer. And if, when you return home this evening, you will be met at the threshold by daughters, who will kiss your hand, though stained with the blood of one whom you may feel proud if they resemble, be able to say to them, at least, that this slightest tribute to the maidenly delicacy which they prize, has not been refused."

Such common sympathy was manifested, that Tertullus, anxious to check it, asked her sharply—

"Pray, are you, too, a Christian?"

She hesitated for one instant, then replied, "No, sir, I am not; but I own that if anything could make me one, it would be what I have seen this day."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that to preserve the religion of the empire such beings as she whom you have slain" (her tears interrupted her for a moment) "should have to die, while monsters who disgrace the shape and name of man should have to live and flourish. Oh, sir, you know not what you have blotted out from earth this day! She was the purest, sweetest, holiest thing I ever knew upon it, the very flower of womanhood, though yet a child. And she might have lived yet, had she not scorned the proffered hand of a vile adventurer; who pursued her with his loathsome offers into the seclusion of her villa, into the sanctuary of her home, and even into the last retreat of her dungeon. For this she died, that she should not endow with her wealth, and ennoble by her alliance, that Asiatic spy."

She pointed with calm scorn at Fulvius, who bounded forward, and exclaimed with fury, "She lies, foully calumniously, sir, Agnes openly confessed herself a Christian."

Fulvius stood, pale as death; stood, as one does for a moment who is shot through the heart, or struck by lightning. He looked like a man on whom sentence is going to be pronounced—not of death, but of eternal pillory, as the judge addressed him, saying—

"Fulvius, thy very look confirms

this grievous charge. I could arraign thee on it, for thy head, at once. But take my counsel, hegone hence for ever. Flee, and hide thyself, after such villany, from the indignation of all just men, and from the vengeance of the gods. Show not thy face again here, nor in the Forum, nor in any public place of Rome. If this lady please, even now I will take her deposition against thee. Pray, madam, he asked most respectfully, "may I have the honor of knowing your name?"

"Fabiola," she replied.

The judge was now all complacency, for he saw before him, he hoped, his future daughter-in-law. "I have often heard of you, madam," he said, "and of your high accomplishments, and exalted virtues. You are, moreover, nearly allied to this victim of treachery, and have a right to claim her body. It is at your disposal." This speech was interrupted at its beginning by a loud hiss and yell that accompanied Fulvius's departure. He was pale with shame, terror, and rage.

Fabiola gracefully thanked the Prefect, and beckoned to Syra, who attended her. The servant again made a signal to some one else; and presently four slaves appeared bearing a lady's litter. Fabiola would allow no one but herself and Syra to raise the relics from the ground, place them on the litter, and cover them with their precious pall. "Bear this treasure to its own home," she said, and followed as mourner with her maid. A little girl, all in tears, timidly asked if she might join them. "Who art thou?" asked Fabiola. "I am poor Emerentiana, her foster-sister," replied the child; and Fabiola led her kindly by the hand.

The moment the body was removed, a crowd of Christians, children, men and women, threw themselves forward, with sponges and linen cloths, to gather up the blood. In vain did the guards fall on them, with whips, cudgels, and even with sharper weapons, so that many mingled their own blood with that of the martyr. When a sovereign, at his coronation, or on first entering his capital, throws, according to ancient custom, handfuls of gold and silver coins among the crowd, he does not create a more eager competition for his scattered treasures than there was among those primitive Christians for what they valued more than gold or precious stones, the ruby drops which a martyr had poured from his heart for his Lord. But all respected the prior claim of one; and here it was the deacon Reparatus, who, at risk of life, was present, phial in hand, to gather the blood of Agnes's testimony; that it might be appended, as a faithful seal, to the record of martyrdom on her tomb.

### CHAPTER XXX

THE SAME DAY: ITS THIRD PART

Tertullus hastened at once to the palace; fortunately or unfortunately, for these candidates for martyrdom. There he met Corvinus, with the prepared rescript, elegantly engrossed in uncial, that is, large capital letters. He had the privilege of immediate admission into the imperial presence; and, as a matter of business, reported the death of Agnes, exaggerated the public feeling likely to be caused by it, attributed it all to the folly and mismanagement of Fulvius, whose worst guilt he did not disclose, for fear of having to try him, and thus bringing out what he was now doing; depreciated the value of Agnes's property, and ended by saying, that it would be a gracious act of clemency, and one sure to counteract unpopular feelings, to bestow it upon her relative, who by settlement was her next heir. He described Fabiola as a young lady of extraordinary intellect and wonderful learning, who was most zealously devoted to the worship of the gods, and daily offered sacrifice to the genius of the emperors.

"I know her," said Maximian, laughing, as if at the recollection of something very droll. "Poor thing! she sent me a splendid ring, and yesterday asked me for that wretched Sebastian's life, just as they had finished cudgelling him to death." And he laughed immoderately, then continued: "Yes, yes, by all means; a little inheritance will console her, no doubt, for the loss of that fellow. Let a rescript be made out, and I will sign it."

Tertullus produced the one prepared, saying he had fully relied on the emperor's magnanimous clemency; and the imperial barbarian put a signature to it which would have disgraced a schoolboy. The Prefect at once consigned it to his son.

To be continued.

## DEATH OF COL. H. N. SCHLICK

Colonel of First New York Regiment,  
Knights of St. John, and Prominent in many Societies.

Colonel Henry N. Schlick, one of the prominent leaders in the Catholic uniformed societies in the city, died suddenly Tuesday night at about 11:30 o'clock while talking with a friend at Main street east and North Union street.



COLONEL H. N. SCHLICK.

Colonel Schlick had attended a meeting of St. Mauritius Commandery, in St. Joseph's Hall, and left with a friend, George J. Bauer. He stood talking with him a moment at the corner of Union street, when he suddenly gasped and fell against him and then to the ground. Mr. Bauer hastily called Dr. Rossboom, but the doctor found that Colonel Schlick had breathed his last.

Colonel Schlick was among the best known of Rochester's German-American citizens. He was born about 62 years ago in Dansville, and had lived in this city most of his life. When the Civil war broke out he enlisted in Company K, New York Volunteers, and afterwards was made captain of the First New York Dragoons. Returning from the war, he engaged in business. For several years he has been associated with T. C. Engert in the coal business.

Colonel Schlick was colonel of the First New York Regiment, Knights of St. John, and a member of the St. Mauritius Commandery, the Knights of Columbus, E. G. Marshall Post, No. 397.

The deceased leaves his wife and one daughter, Marie; two brothers, John R. of New York, and Charles of Danville, and one sister, Mrs. Engert of Rochester.

The funeral was held Friday morning from his late residence, 141 No. Union street, at 8 o'clock, and from St. Joseph's church, Franklin street at 8:30 o'clock. Burial at Dansville. Requiescat in pace.

## Ordination at Niagara University.

Saturday April 8, Rt. Rev. Charles Colton, D. D. Bishop of Buffalo, ordained to the priesthood in the Seminary Chapel Niagara University.

Rev. Patrick Quinn of New York City for the diocese of Trenton; Rev. Michael Egan of New York City for the diocese of Columbus; Rev. Joseph Mahoney of Danbury, Ct., for the diocese of Trenton; Rev. John Plunkett of Poughkeepsie, for the diocese of Columbus; Rev. Francis Reynolds of Philadelphia for the diocese of Columbus; Rev. Anthony Veit of Buffalo for the diocese of Buffalo.

The newly ordained priests celebrated their first mass on Passion Sunday in their native parishes.

Read this if you are going west. Now is an excellent time to take a trip to the West, Southwest or Northwest and for the benefit of those wishing to go to that part of the country to look for farm lands, business locations, or for pleasure, the Nickel Plate Road has arranged to sell round trip Homeseekers' tickets at extremely low rates on March 7th and 21st and April 4th and 18th, and will sell one-way Settlers' tickets to many points in North and South Dakota, Minnesota and Manitoba on each Tuesday during March and April. Also special one-way Colonist tickets to principal California and North Pacific Coast points at rate of \$42.50 from Buffalo and at very low rates to many other points in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah, on sale every day until May 15th. Full information on application to R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## WASHINGTON LETTER

### OBILATES LOCATE HERE

Very Rev. M. F. Fallon of Buffalo, provincial of the Oblate Fathers, yesterday announced that he had purchased fifteen acres of land, mostly opposite the Catholic University for the purpose of erecting during the coming summer a home of studies for the members of his order. The land is in two sections, and lies on each side of the Fourth street northeast, one near Lincoln avenue, and the other fronting on Michigan avenue, or as it is locally known, the Bunker Hill road. Father Fallon has further announced that the first house to be erected will be the house of studies, for the scholars or advanced theological students, and that a novitiate will be erected on the smaller plot some time.

The action of the Oblates in buying and their intention to erect a building near the Catholic University is one of the most important announcements since the failure of their treasurer, Thomas F. Waggaman, and the embarrassment resulting from the tying up of their endowment fund. Father Fallon's hearty endorsement of the work which the University has done and is doing is taken as a hopeful augury, and is keenly appreciated by the officials of the institution.

The finances of the University are in excellent order and are daily becoming more untangled from the Waggaman case. Mgr. O'Connell has secured \$100,000 since the opening of the scholastic year, and has invested this fund in good railroad bonds. Over \$97,000 has been received from the collections ordered by the Pope, and this represents only fifty-eight dioceses which have made their returns. There are ninety dioceses in the United States, and in some the collection for the University has not yet been made.

E. L. Scharf, Ph. D.

### C. M. A.'s Good Work.

The members of Branch 72, C. M. B. A., LeRoy, were out in force on Monday evening to witness for the first time in their branch the conferring of the first and second degrees on candidates. In fact this is only the fifth time that the degree work has been used, it having been originated in January of the present year. On Monday evening 38 new members of the C. M. B. A. were put through the mysteries and the new features in the organization made a most favorable impression both on the new and old members.

A Buffalo degree team composed of 18 members conferred the degree on the new candidates. Grand Trustee P. J. Kelly of Buffalo, Grand Trustee William Quinn of Troy, and Grand Secretary Ryan of Syracuse, were present. Short talks were made by Very Rev. Dean L. Vandepool, M. Muller, John Mahoney Jr., and Grand Secretary Ryan. An elaborate banquet was served by the ladies of the L. O. B. A. Much credit is due C. H. Crowley of Rochester, who has been working in LeRoy for the past few weeks in the interests of the organization. It is through his efforts that the new members were added and much of the success on Monday evening was due to his untiring zeal.

### ST. Mary's Hospital Report.

There were 118 patients at St. Mary's Hospital on March 1 and 144 patients on April 1. The hospital ambulance responded to 90 calls during the month of March, of which 12 were hurry calls. The total number of surgical operations performed in the month were 82. So great was the demand on the hospital force by reason of the increase in the number of patients that ten graduate nurses had to be called in to aid the twenty sisters and fifty-two nurses in the hospital.

Very low colonist rates to the Pacific Coast via the Nickel Plate Road. \$42.50 Buffalo to principal California and North Pacific Coast points. Also very low rates to many other points in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah. On sale every day to May 15th. Special one-way Settlers' rates to many points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Manitoba on sale each Tuesday during March and April. For full information write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.