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## The Price of Honor.

The mellow October sunlight showered its gold softly upon the Tower green. Slowly in the mild air the tired leaves fluttered. In great outlines of stone in grim and bulwarks of masonry, the historic buildings reared their dread masses against the sky. At their foot, to the south, poured the broad, potently silent Thames. A deep peace rested over the quiet scene. The challenge of sentries, the change of guard, occasionally a laugh or a snatch of rude talk from a yeoman alone broke the ponderous stillness. Outwardly the spot spoke of bondage; within were secret places for the block, public places had huddled sobs and drunk men's tears.

Into the middle chamber of the Beauchamp Tower, where the Crown graciously lodged distinguished prisoners, the bright morning entered dimly, scarce showing the names and devices carved in the long hours of captivity. How many heartaches, how much of life and love written on the unresponsive stones! The man upon the pallet raised himself to watch the gleam. The deep embrasures, the bars, the heavy leading, made an almost perpetual penumbra in his prison. And so many years had passed, his eyes grew unfamiliar with strong light. As the mind and body will in great weakness, he lay idle, watching one ray play upon his own name on the wall.

The rattle of bolts and keys as the warden fumbled at the narrow door aroused him. He who entered had a broad bearded face not unkindly; an air of geniality, a whiff of the outdoor freshness blow in upon him; he brought with him also breakfast upon a platter.

"Good morning, my Lord! Has your Lordship rested well?"

"As well as may be, Jarvis. But I have no stomach for your food."

"One must yet eat, my Lord. A lack that one must! This last sickness has rid me of any kindness I ever had for meat."

"Will your Lordship rise today?"

"Indeed, good Jarvis, I lie here and ponder shall I have strength. Methinks these walls, so passive, so overpowering, must sap the life in one. Strange, is it not, how at times the desire masters me for the free wind of the North and the scent of the heather on the moor?"

"My Lord, I would to God I could give you these things."

"And I thank you, Jarvis, for the will. One would think ten years of confinement should dull a man's sense. But they only wreck his body. Yet bonds borne for Christ are a glorious title."

"My Lord, for my own part, I hold freedom above them."

"The doubt has occurred to me, Jarvis, that you do."

"Hist, my Lord, for mercy's sake!"

"I speak nothing, friend. You have been to me, as happily, to many another poor inmate of this keep, the only human comfort in much sorrow. Yet be mindful! (his voice sank to a whisper) that only two things are of importance, and they are God and your own soul."

"My Lord, one has to live in this world; and the fight's a hard one before one passes to the next."

"Do you tell me that, Jarvis?"

"Indeed, my Lord, I pray your pardon. Yet if one would, there are ways out of London Tower."

"I have heard. One might, for instance, carry the Sword of the State before her Majesty, and, entering chapel, attend there the services of the Established Church."

"Ah, my Lord, it would have cost you so little!"

"Fore God, sir! It would have cost me too much! All I ask of them now is that I may have a priest to hear my confession, and that I may see my kinsfolk once again."

"I heard it whispered in the hall, my Lord, that an answer had been received to your Lordship's

petition."

"A favorable answer?"

"Yes, my Lord. Her Majesty is exceedingly well disposed toward your Lordship, and the time appears to be seasonable and propitious."

"So be it truly! Her Majesty showed me countenance enough in the reckless days of my youth and folly, through no deserts of mine. Then came my reconciliation to the Church and the baseless accusations of my Lord of Leicester. The Queen's face was turned away from me. I received orders to confine myself in my own house. For fifteen weeks I lay under the imputation of conspiracy; then again I was freed. But the sky was so dark over England, and so many heads had fallen, I deemed it best to exile myself voluntarily, and, although

me, to pass over to some land where I might practice my religion in peace, without giving umbrage to her Majesty. You know the rest, Jarvis—how my own servants betrayed me, how I was obliged to submit to the censure of the Bench, and to pay a fine of ten thousand pounds, and was cast into this chamber to await the Queen's pleasure! A poor broken man under sentence of death!"

"My Lord, we will hope for brighter days, since the past ones have indeed been cruel to you."

"Yea, and the cry that I prayed for Spain! I prayed for liberty—my own, that of others. I owe you Jarvis, the sheets I lie upon, the few books that have cheered me. Should I not pray for release? Can one love fetters? Ah, God! I pray for nothing more now save that His will be done."

"If they should come to you today, my Lord, I beseech you, on bended knees, conform to their wishes at all costs. One says, my Lord, 'Yea, I will do this; yea, I will do that.' When the prison doors are open, my Lord, one goes forth and follows his own way."

"Friend, friend, how like your voice is to the tempter's!"

"My Lord, I am a plain fellow, but that's sense."

"Whatever the outcome, I will tell you one thing. The title of my cause is written yonder, over that fireplace, as my Master's was above his head. The rest is falsehood."

"What's written there, my Lord?"

"If you cannot read it, Jarvis—and haply you cannot, for 'tis Latin—I throw my gaolers care. And if they, too, cannot, it matters little; for the words have often eased my pain."

"I thought it was your name, my Lord."

"My name is there, too, and the date. How long that was, and how tall I must have stood! I was scarce two and thirty, a sapling in green strength. And I knew my own innocence. I hoped 'twould be but as the traveler who, to record his passage, scrawls his name in a far, strange land. I think now 'twill be my epitaph; the memorial of one forgotten speaking from the stone his own hand carved before death stilled it."

"These are sad thoughts, my Lord."

"I remember how my heart turned sick and faint in me as I worked on that first letter; for outside I heard a bird—some bird that lived in the free air of God and twittered in the blue—I heard his song. Did you know that our town of Arundel bears for its arms a swallow on the wing?"

"My Lord, I would take it for an omen."

"My grandsire, my great-grandsire, and my father all laid their heads upon the executioner's block. If that narrow loop were a window, we could see the chapel where my father's body lies. He, too, was attainted, and one of the noblest heads that ever fell."

"But, my Lord, by your good leave, his Grace of Norfolk was charged with high treason."

"So am I also, and what I have answered my accusers point for point, for they were silenced. Yet they condemned me and I should make the fourth. I know not why,

I linger, or whether there is more mercy in the swift stroke of the axe or the slow torment of prison. But God is good. Last night I dreamed a strange dream, Jarvis."

"My Lord, I do believe they are coming!"

"Methought I caught a glimpse of the Lieutenant and his Deputy officer on duty, and some other gentlemen, walking together. There are footsteps on the stair, my Lord."

"Quick, Jarvis, my doublet and hose and the support of your shoulder! They are early."

"My Lord they are here."

"One moment! Good-morrow, Master Lieutenant! Good-morrow, gentlemen!"

"We present our duty to your Lordship."

"Pray receive mine, sir."

The Lieutenant of the Tower begins to read and at intervals speaks, referring contently to the letter in his hand.

"My Lord of Arundel, it has seemed good to her most sacred Majesty that we should wait upon your Lordship. Her Majesty has received your Lordship's petition; and, seeing that it is the second addressed by you to the Crown, seeing that your Lordship has been many years in solitary confinement, and that the physician reports unfavorably concerning your Lordship's health, her Majesty's generous heart has been touched to forget all past matters and to incline in benignity in your behalf."

It is her Majesty's pleasure that we should assure your Lordship of her good will and favor, and earnestly exhort you to put aside the pride of resistance and refusal. Her Majesty not only offers you your freedom, my Lord but urges you to accept it, and to permit her that she may restore you to the society of your kindred, as you have desired. Her Majesty furthermore offers to restore you in all the titles and dignities forfeited by the attainder of the late Duke, your father, as well as those which you enjoyed yourself, my Lord, previous to the sentence passed upon by your peers."

In the long pause, the voice of the prisoner is heard to say, hoarsely:

"Her Majesty overpowers me. But under what conditions, sir, is the offer made?"

"My Lord, there is but one condition. You will renounce your adherence to the false and pernicious doctrines of Rome, promise that you will neither publicly nor privately practice the proscribed religion, and in no wise employ yourself for the establishment of the same."

"Is that all, sir?"

"That is all, my Lord."

"And what year is this?"

"Fifteen and ninety-five, my Lord."

"Then her Majesty has had my answer for some decade of years."

"You refuse, my Lord?"—the incredulous voice startled out of its calmness.

"Eh, yes, sir! What else should I do?"

"My Lord, you cannot be a true and loyal subject to her Majesty and still cling to so treasonable a resolution."

"I declare my allegiance, sir, to the King of kings and Lord of lords. Shall I be asked to give my word that I will strip myself of faith, courage and honor?"

"My Lord, it grieves us sorely to see you so ill-disposed."

"Master Lieutenant, I do not offend her Majesty. The Catholic Church received me on the verge of my manhood, and restored to me the innocence I had lost before I knew its value. Any good, however poor, that has been in me I have owed to her sacraments. If black was made white, and if I have been endeavored to live without sin against God or man—my conscience is clear of whatsoever evil, too, against her Majesty—it is thanks to this religion which you hold certain and dangerous to the state."

"My Lord, there is too much of Rome in it for English palates. But you, I implore you, conform to the church of your country."



Graduating Class Commercial Department Cathedral High School

Top row reading from left to right: Raphael Lyons, John B. Preston, Rev. J. F. O'Hern, Dumont Stone, Louis Kiley and Gilbert Marschelle.

Second row: Rev. G. V. Buras, Rev. Thomas F. Hickey and Rev. J. B. Keenan.

Third row: Theresa Wixted and Mary Sheehan.

Twenty-six young men and women who are about to go out into the world from the Cathedral high school, assembled on the stage in the New Cathedral hall last week Thursday, and before an assemblage presided over by Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, and made up of relatives and friends, they said good-by to their school days.

The general high standing of the class is a matter of gratification not only to the pupils themselves, but to the teachers who have labored with them for the past twelve years. In his address to the class Bishop Hickey commented on this fact and reviewed the history of the school and its graduates. The bishop exhorted the members of the class to be faithful to the school and to teach.

The following program was given: Introduction, Wm. Trotter; salutatory, Mrs. Theresa Stone; history, Mrs. Stone; Under the Purple and White, Florence Domerman; class song, Vincent Stone; Mass song, to the teachers who have labored with them for the past twelve years, Rev. G. V. Buras; graduation song, Rev. G. V. Buras; prayer, Rev. G. V. Buras; address by Bishop Hickey; response, Rev. G. V. Buras; benediction, Rev. G. V. Buras.

Courtesy Post Express

Graduating Class Academic Department Cathedral High School

There can be naught but honor in that. And if your spirit is too proud to yield, have pity at least on the infirmity of your body."

"My body, sir, which I would be willing enough to save, yet seems to me a lesser thing than my soul."

"My Lord, my Lord! You may live ten years more in the prison of this Tower. Does it allure you?"

"God, knows, sir, whether my flesh has loved its torture. But my whole spirit rises up and cries it may not yield. Pardon me, Master Lieutenant, if I stand no longer. There was another request in my petition, I asked for a Catholic priest to hear my confession and to give me the one thing I have so earnestly desired—the Body of Our Lord."

"My Lord, what you ask is impossible. There has been trouble enough in suppressing the Papistic clergy. Our own chaplain will gladly attend, if your Lordship should desire spiritual comfort."

"You offer me, sir, my vinegar and gall."

The light seemed to grow less to her then, no prayer for absolution, the once she has refused, the face is only a whiteness bowed

down with sorrow. The four men stand motionless. The prisoner stands alone, without moving, raises and lowers his eyes in dumb anger.

The prisoner speaks again, low and sadly:

"Master Lieutenant, I think it probable that my days on earth are numbered, and I have seen the faces of those I love—my wife, my brothers—a long time now. The faces of my little ones, be since my sorrow, I have never seen."

"My Lord, your Lordship has now declined the offer."

"I declined my liberty, sir, for conscience's sake. I again ask that I may be permitted, Master Lieutenant, I implore you, as one man may employ himself for another in great calamity, beseech her Majesty for me that I may see my wife once at least, and my child before I die."

Your Lordship's request shall be conveyed, my Lord. But I doubt much is granted. You place yourself deliberately without the pale of mercy."

"If that be the case, sir, convey my love to my wife and child, and tell them that I am still a Catholic."