

The Catholic Journal.

THE LEADING DIOCEAN NEWSPAPER

Twenty-first Year, No. 1.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, October 1, 1904.

5 CENTS PER COPY.

The Shadow Portrait.

Someone has said "the real heart of New York is the section between Fourteenth and Fortieth streets." Here are to be found the people who write our drama, who make our songs, to whose wit we owe many bits of humor that brighten moments of our days, whose brains invent many of the ideas that other men utilize. Here are the haunts of artists, the musicians, the literary workers, the journalists of the metropolis, and on the part of Broadway that forms the chief artery of this district one may frequently encounter men and women with whose names fame has conjured the world over.

In a wide, red-brick house at one extreme verge of this representative arena, namely the lower side of Washington square, Maxwell Norton, the portrait painter, chose to erect his.

He might indeed have selected more imposing quarters at the Beaux Arts, further up town, and also facing a pleasant park—for success had rewarded his patient endeavor, and there was respectful saying among younger votaries of the palette and brush that for years Norton had not been "hard up"—but to the quiet, self-contained man of middle age there was an enchantment about "the Square." There, facing the artist amicably accepted on its northern border, almost within the shade of the new Washington Arch stand the mansions, ivy-crowned, as if by the traditions of half a century, to the daughter of Frederick Van Ruyter, which still cling the descendants of the prosperous merchants who built them; two blocks sacred to exclusiveness and fashion. On the east loom up the hoary walls of the old University. And here, to the west and south, lies Bohemia, happy-go-lucky Bohemia, a colony of toilers with brain, pencil, baton and pen, who in turn are being fast crowded out by the children of sunny Italy. Once a dreary "Potters field," the Square was soon claimed by wealth, the papers being left in situ, while under the graceful elms and along the walks between the green lawns strolled the gallant and belles of the town, in days long before the trolley cars, that now incessantly clang on Fourth street, were foreshadowed in the minds of the modern electrician.

It pleased Norton to paint mentally the portraits of the youth and beauty of the past who thus haunted the place, unseen save by his artist fancy. But he loved to sit here during a fair afternoon, or in the lingering light of summer evening, making sketches of the life around him, the failures and waifs and strays of humanity who lounged upon the benches, the black-haired, bonnetless Italian women, sturdy and Juno-like, who walked through the park with babies in their arms or clinging to their skirts; the swart skinned men, Sicilians, Neapolitans, Piedmontese, who chattered and frolicked like schoolboys; the dark-eyedurchins playing in the fountain as though it were the de Trevi of Rome, the little girls mothering their rag-puppets even as the "eternal feminine" ever seeks something upon which to lavish love and tenderness. As for Norton's abiding place, in the glare of day the somewhat shabby exterior showed it had fallen from its high estate, not so the studio, the old time drawing room. It had at least, lost nothing of its spaciousness. The great mirrors still adorned the walls; from the ceiling hung the antique crystal chandeliers, through which at night the gaslight shone with soft radiance, while by day their many prisms sparkled like mammoth clusters of jewels. Norton had gathered together some well-nigh priceless things. Among the tugs that covered the floor were one or two that a millionaire collector might have envied; the small tapestry opposite the door was of the period of the Italian renaissance; the porcelain and the few pieces of armor were worth their weight in gold. But, above and more precious than all these, the studio possessed the desideratum of the painter, a splendid north light. Here, then, was an inspiring nook

wherein to paint, and here Norton lived a tranquil, industrious existence, breakfasting before he rose, according to the European custom, luncheon and dining at a cafe where his confreres congregated, and at home being served by his Hindu servant, Absalam, with a solicitude akin to that where with a mother watches over her first-born.

It was an afternoon in October when the trees of the Square were in the full splendor of the crimson and golden glory, that a hansom cab stopped in the street on the south side. A young woman alighted from the cab, and after a short search up and down the block, made her way to the studio. She was closely followed by a typical negro mammy, who evidently acted in lieu of a chaperon.

Absalam answered the light tap on the door, and reported to his master. Norton laid aside his palette, told the model she might rest—at this hour he had no regular sitting—and, with a regretful glance at the picture of "Coquetry" upon his easel, came forward, brush in hand.

"Mr. Norton," said the girl, advancing into the room with an ease of manner that at once setled her social status in his mind, "I hope my call is not inopportune, self-contained man of middle age there was an enchantment about 'the Square.'" There, facing the artist amicably accepted on its northern border, almost within the shade of the new Washington Arch stand the mansions, ivy-crowned, as if by the traditions of half a century, to the daughter of Frederick Van Ruyter, which still cling the descendants of the prosperous merchants who built them; two blocks sacred to exclusiveness and fashion. On the east loom up the hoary walls of the old University. And here, to the west and south, lies Bohemia, happy-go-lucky Bohemia, a colony of toilers with brain, pencil, baton and pen, who in turn are being fast crowded out by the children of sunny Italy. Once a dreary "Potters field," the Square was soon claimed by wealth, the papers being left in situ, while under the graceful elms and along the walks between the green lawns strolled the gallant and belles of the town, in days long before the trolley cars, that now incessantly clang on Fourth street, were foreshadowed in the minds of the modern electrician.

The name was that of a well-known banker. Norton smiled. No one's face was ever more changed by a smile than Norton's. When serious he appeared cold and reserved, but when his features grew animated, and his steel-gray eyes lighted up, either with pleasure or friendliness, he became like one who invited confidence and who could be trusted.

"You see, I am going to be married," Miss Van Ruyter chattered on naively—she was very young, after all—"and I wish to hang the portrait in the dining-room at home, so that father will not be quite so lonesome when I am gone. He has been both father and mother to me, for I lost my mother when I was a child."

Her voice trembled and she turned away her head.

Norton found himself wondering why a woman so often sheds tears when she is happy.

"Yes, I see," he said gently. "When would you like to begin the sittings?"

"Now, if you wish."

He glanced at her rich gown and shook his head. "Come to-morrow morning; the light will then be at its best—and—oh—wear something simple, a little home frock in which your father has often seen you."

She nodded and went away, the old negress attending her with the air of a princess.

"Yes, yes; Norton paints charming portraits of women," admitted Tom Morley, Elizabeth's fiancé, that evening when she told him where she had been.

"He is a fine fellow, too, and a gentleman; but eccentric, as no doubt you will soon notice. It is said he never recovered from his grief over the death of his wife. The next day the sittings began."

Mammy, of course, accompanied her "little Missy" to the studio.

"Lora a massay, ef it ain't a queer chiny shon, wif sarpents, an' fishes, an' strange folk a lookin' out from de bowls an' jugs," she commented in a whisper aside to the young lady. "But Lawdee, ef de queerest sight o' all ain't dat fool nigger wif de tea-cosy on his haid an' breeches big enuff for two o' his size!"

Nor could she ever be persuaded that the turbaned East Indian was other than "jest an onary black man."

News From Ireland

Aurora.
 Married—August 3, at the Holy Family church, Newington, with nuptial mass, by the Rev. R. Fullerton, B.D., C.C., St. Matthew's (cousin of the bride), assisted by the Rev. C. McAuley, Adm., Holy Family, Owen O'Connor, Dundalk Co. Louth, to Kathleen McCloskey Belfast.

Armagh.
 His Eminence Cardinal Logue has appointed Rev. Eugene Clarke, C.C., Dundalk, to be parish priest of Mulabawn, in succession to the late Rev. Peter McCarty, P.P.

Cork.
 At the meeting of the Carnegie Free Library Committee in Limerick on Sept. 1, the following letter was read: 3 Billew View, Kilkree. Dear Mr. McNamara: I received your letter. I will return to Dublin next month. I will then present to the Limerick Museum the silver spade which my brother, the late Mr. Francis A. O'Keefe, used at the opening of the Limerick Waterford Waterworks. I remain, yours faithfully A. E. O'Keefe.

Tipperary.
 It has been decided by the Drangan branch of the United Irish League to erect a suitable memorial to the memory of the late Michael Cusack in his native place.

Waterford.
 Rev. Brother Casey, teacher of science and music at the Christian Brothers' Schools, Mount Stion, Waterford, has been transferred to Tipperary. His departure is very much regretted, particularly by his pupils, by whom he was much appreciated.

Dublin.
 Most Rev. Dr. Patrick Fenton, Bishop Auxiliary of Westminster, England, who is at present staying in the Grand Hotel, Travmore, was attacked with a severe illness on Sept. 1. Dr. Morris, and Surgeon Lentsigan, Dublin, are attending his lordship.

Galway.
 W. B. Dobbyn, chief G.S. and W. R. R., Bagnalstown, has been transferred on promotion to Thurles, County Tipperary.

Kildare.
 When leaving St. Saviour's Church, Dominick street, Dublin, on Aug. 29, after attending mass, Mary Murphy, living at 23 Bolton street, was suddenly taken unwell and fell to the ground unconscious, and died soon after.

Kilkenny.
 Mrs. Kate Mehan, aged 108 years, is an inmate of Urlingford Workhouse. Although married three times she has not a single relation living. She took a prominent part in the title war, and was present at Carrickshock.

Longford.
 Rev. James J. O'Reilly, C. M., in company with his sister, Miss Teresa O'Reilly, has just returned from a visit with their mother at Ballygibbstree, Granard.

Louth.
 His Eminence the Cardinal has appointed Rev. Eugene Clarke, C. C., Dundalk, to the pastoral charge of the parish of Mullabawn rendered vacant by the death of Rev. P. McCartney, P. P.

Monaghan.
 At the sports held in Keady, Hugh McKenna, Monaghan, ran third in the mile cycle race, on Aug. 29.

Down.
 A case of diphtheria with fatal results occurred in Monaghan on Aug. 20, when a child of Henry McGeough, contractor, lost its life.

Ferriagh.
 Mr. Graham a returned American, who has purchased a farm at Ballyucus, bought a trap in Enniskillen, recently and on reaching home he allowed it to remain outside over night. In the morning he was greatly perturbed on discovering that it had been tarred during the night thus causing him considerable annoyance and expense.

Tyrone.
 A serious accident occurred on the morning of Sept. 2, in High street, Omagh. While a painter named James Woods was working at the front of Mr. Gibbonney's house he accidentally fell from near the top of the establishment and sustained serious injuries.

Other.
 A beautiful high altar of carved oak has just been erected in the New-market-on-Fergus parish church by the Mrs. Annie Coffey, in memory of her husband the late James Coffey, Knockna-

Cemetery Sunday.

Thousands Present at the Annual Blessing of the Graves.
 The Catholic population of the city was present at Holy Sepulchre last Sunday at the annual ceremony of blessing the graves.

Shortly after 8 the long procession of clergy of the Diocese of Rochester left St. Bernard's Seminary and proceeded slowly to the chapel, led by the students of St. Andrew's and St. Bernard's. Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, bishop of the diocese, walked in the rear of the procession. A space had been roped off in front of the chapel, and priests and Bishop slowly made their way through the crowds and entered the building, where pontifical vespers were sung.

Leaving the chapel, the concourse of clergy and students wended its way slowly through the old part of the cemetery, the Bishop blessing the graves and sprinkling holy water, while the students chanted litanies and prayers for the dead. After traversing the new cemetery on the opposite side of the boulevard, the procession returned to the chapel, where Bishop Hickey addressed the multitude from a raised platform.

"The annual ceremony," said the Bishop, "which regularly attracts clergy and laity of Rochester and the surrounding country to this sacred spot, never fails to impress by its simplicity and deep religious meaning. By the external expression of what lies deep in nature and in the supernatural life, it tells all present of that mysterious power in man's soul which never can be explained or fully understood. The great outpouring of people and this religious ceremony tell more eloquently than man can speak of the power of love in the human soul.

"Love is the greatest, the most sublime, the most telling force in human life. It is illustrated in the relations which exist between parent and child. Life is dear, life is precious, but love daily immolates life on the altar of parental sacrifice. It is illustrated between husband and wife, between brother and sister, between friend and friend.

"You and I, by our presence here today, in this city of the dead, proclaim the power of love in our souls. You and I, intelligent, rational, believing beings, stand here to stone for the forgetfulness of human nature and to remember those to whom we were once united in the bonds of love.

"But if the love be such a great and mighty power, what is to be thought of love when it is founded, not on the motions of the flesh, but on the supernatural love when it is founded, not on the emotions not only a testimony of our human love, it is an expression of supernatural love. The love we have learned to know in the flesh, supernaturalized by the love of God, lives on. His presence, and so we stand here to pray for the souls of those to whom we were united by the tenderest of bonds while they lived.

"One of the hopeful signs of times," says the Wichita Catholic Advocate, "is increased interest of Catholics abroad in Catholic literature; and, especially, the efforts made to increase the circulation of staunch Catholic papers to be commended."

English exchanges chronicled the sudden death of Lord Petre, head of one of the oldest Catholic families in England. He was 45 years years old and succeeded his elder brother to the title only last June. The previous peer also succeeded a brother, the thirteenth Baron, and was a Catholic priest and a domestic prelate of the Pope.

Detroit was selected as next year's meeting place of the National Fraternal Congress Officers were elected as follows: President, Thomas H. Canon of Chicago; vice-president, John J. Hyman of Buffalo; secretary and treasurer, C. A. Gower, Lansing, Mich.

Around the Globe

Rev. William Eugene, professor of sciences and president of Sacred Heart College, in Chien, Wis., has been appointed head of the new Jesuit mission, Tokyo, Japan. News of selection by the general of Jesuit order, Rome, reached for Engelen at Notre Dame, Wis., Milwaukee, where he is conducting a retreat.

The Royal Astronomical Society of London has conferred honor of fellowship on Rev. Riggs, S. J., of Creighton University, Omaha, Neb.

Father Riggs, for some years associated with Father Engelen (now of the Vatican observatory, in Rome) and with Father Georgetown observatory, in the preparation of their star atlas, is to give up that work. He has been professor of mathematics and astronomy at Creighton University for the past thirteen years.

Here's a good job for someone: the advertisement being taken from the Liverpool Post and Mercury:

Wanted—A first-class hawker for primate city hotel. Address: stating age, salary, references (only Protestants need apply) with photo, and when at home to F. Woodman, Manchester, Bedford Hotel, Ltd., Armagh.

Rev. George S. Mahon, of New York, N. Y., (Diocese of Syracuse) is compiling two works of some 300 pages each with the story of the Onondaga region of which he is a native. He is an alumnus of Niagara University and was ordained at Troy in 1888.

Remarkable as the best work of de Hyman's, generally considered the most telling force in the redder of the "Reds" and the anarchists of France, now, after a period of thirty years, to Lourdes, the happiness of the disciples of rule of obedience as a Benedictine novice.

Rev. Sextus Lagorio, superior of the Franciscan Seminary, Mount St. Anthony, California, has been appointed coadjutor of the general of the Franciscans in Rome and will sail for New York on Friday. He will be succeeded by Fr. Chubbino of St. Anthony Church, New York City.

At the consecration of Mr. Auxiliary-Bishop-elect, W. Mundelein of Brooklyn, September 21st, at St. James Cathedral, Rt. Rev. Bishop Charles B. McDonnell, D. D., was creating bishop. The assisting consecrating bishops were St. John J. O'Connor, D. D., Bishop Newark, N. J., and Mr. Charles H. Colton, D. D., of Buffalo, N. Y. The sacred oil delivered by Rt. Rev. Thomas Cusack, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of New York.

Health in City and Country. Despite general belief to the contrary, it is a fact that urban districts show higher death rates than rural districts. One of the most important causes of this is the fact that rural districts have a high rate from diseases of the respiratory and nervous systems. Typographical Union, N. Y., has been elected by the United States, reports.

City for the Malad Imaginary. Suffering from the imaginary malady of a "fever," a young girl, three years old, was admitted to a hospital. The mother, who was seen in the window of the hospital, exclaimed: "O mamma, here is another one of those sharpshooters in the house."—Detroit.

Beyond Reformation. "The only way to reform the world is to reform the heart," says a little girl who was seen in the window of the hospital, exclaimed: "O mamma, here is another one of those sharpshooters in the house."—Detroit.

Around the Globe

Rev. William Eugene, professor of sciences and president of Sacred Heart College, in Chien, Wis., has been appointed head of the new Jesuit mission, Tokyo, Japan. News of selection by the general of Jesuit order, Rome, reached for Engelen at Notre Dame, Wis., Milwaukee, where he is conducting a retreat.

The Royal Astronomical Society of London has conferred honor of fellowship on Rev. Riggs, S. J., of Creighton University, Omaha, Neb.

Father Riggs, for some years associated with Father Engelen (now of the Vatican observatory, in Rome) and with Father Georgetown observatory, in the preparation of their star atlas, is to give up that work. He has been professor of mathematics and astronomy at Creighton University for the past thirteen years.

Here's a good job for someone: the advertisement being taken from the Liverpool Post and Mercury:

Wanted—A first-class hawker for primate city hotel. Address: stating age, salary, references (only Protestants need apply) with photo, and when at home to F. Woodman, Manchester, Bedford Hotel, Ltd., Armagh.

Rev. George S. Mahon, of New York, N. Y., (Diocese of Syracuse) is compiling two works of some 300 pages each with the story of the Onondaga region of which he is a native. He is an alumnus of Niagara University and was ordained at Troy in 1888.

Remarkable as the best work of de Hyman's, generally considered the most telling force in the redder of the "Reds" and the anarchists of France, now, after a period of thirty years, to Lourdes, the happiness of the disciples of rule of obedience as a Benedictine novice.

Rev. Sextus Lagorio, superior of the Franciscan Seminary, Mount St. Anthony, California, has been appointed coadjutor of the general of the Franciscans in Rome and will sail for New York on Friday. He will be succeeded by Fr. Chubbino of St. Anthony Church, New York City.

At the consecration of Mr. Auxiliary-Bishop-elect, W. Mundelein of Brooklyn, September 21st, at St. James Cathedral, Rt. Rev. Bishop Charles B. McDonnell, D. D., was creating bishop. The assisting consecrating bishops were St. John J. O'Connor, D. D., Bishop Newark, N. J., and Mr. Charles H. Colton, D. D., of Buffalo, N. Y. The sacred oil delivered by Rt. Rev. Thomas Cusack, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of New York.

Health in City and Country. Despite general belief to the contrary, it is a fact that urban districts show higher death rates than rural districts. One of the most important causes of this is the fact that rural districts have a high rate from diseases of the respiratory and nervous systems. Typographical Union, N. Y., has been elected by the United States, reports.

City for the Malad Imaginary. Suffering from the imaginary malady of a "fever," a young girl, three years old, was admitted to a hospital. The mother, who was seen in the window of the hospital, exclaimed: "O mamma, here is another one of those sharpshooters in the house."—Detroit.

Beyond Reformation. "The only way to reform the world is to reform the heart," says a little girl who was seen in the window of the hospital, exclaimed: "O mamma, here is another one of those sharpshooters in the house."—Detroit.

To be continued.

Send us your Job Printing