The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

Twenty-first Year, No. 1. Rochester, N. Y., Friday October 1, 1909. $1.00 Per Year, 3c Per Co[illegible]

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 name fame has conjured the world over.

In a wide, red-brick house at one exterme 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 a 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 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 which still clung the descendents 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 paupers 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, Neapolitians, Piedmontese, who chattered and frolicked like schoolboys; the dark-eyed urchins 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, if 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 rugs that covered the floor were one or two that a milionaire collector might have envied; the small tapestry opposite the door was of the period of the Italian renaissance; the porcelains 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, lunching 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 settled her social status in his mind, "I hope my call is not inopportune."

"After a second glance at her face, the artist amicably accepted the interruption. "No—no; he said, nevertheless with some hesitation.

"I am Elizabeth Van Ruyter, the daughter of Frederick Van Ruyter," she continued, taking the chair Absalam placed for her while the imperturable Mammy stood on guard behind it, "and I have come to ask you to paint my photograph.

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 chatted 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 tomorrow morning; the light will then be at its best—and—eh—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 fiance, 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, although it happened years ago."

The next day the sittings began.

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

"Lors a massey, ef it ain't a queer chiny shop, 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-cosey on his haid an' breeches big enuff for two o' his size!"

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

To be continued.

News From Ireland

Antrim.

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., Dondalk, to be parish priest of Mulabawn, in succession to the late Rev. Peter McCartney, P.P.

On Sunday morning, Aug. 29, says the Irish Weekly, a magnificent church parade was held in Keady under the auspices of the Keady Division of the A. O. H. Notwithstanding the fact that a heavy downpour of rain fell during the morning, the muster was an immense one, and the parade which was exceedingly marshalled, proved a brilliant seccess. The counties of Louth, Down, Monaghan, Tyrone and Armagh were represented in the imposing procession.

Cavan.

Most Rev. Dr. Boylan, as manager of Cavan Male National School has selected Hugh Reilly, to succeed the late Mr. Edward Morgan, as principle of this important establishment. Mr. Reilly who has been in the school for six years as assistant, possesses very high qualifications, and is eminently fitted to occupy the position to which a salary of about £2,000 per annum is attached.

Derry.

A rainbow after dark is not by any means common, says the Ulster Herald. One was seen in the neighborhood of Derry on Tuesday night, August 31, however and attracted a good deal attention. The hues were quite distinct for some little time. Many people declared it was the first they had seen after darkness had fallen.

Donegal.

Dr. Lancaster Joyce, J. P., Ardelicken House, Donegal, left estate valued £3,475, the whole of which he bequeathed to his wife.

Down.

Rev. A. M. O'Neill and Rev. William Gleason of the Rochester N.Y., diocese were recent visitors to Newry, and were entertained by Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill.

Between three and four o'clock on the morning of Aug. 31 a destructive fire broke on the business premises of Patrick Magee saddler and harness-maker, Newry street, Banbridge, which resulted in the complete destruction of the entire stock-in-trade and contents of the dwelling-house and premises, the adjoining premises also suffering considerable injury.

Fermanagh.

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.

Monaghan.

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

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

Tyrone.

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

Clare.

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, Knocknagun.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Dea, speaking in Ennistymon, on Aug. 29, on the land question, said he heartily approved of the compulsion now before Parliament, and he was satisfied once a just tribunal was set up a speedy settlement would be secured. The more immediate hope lay in the improvement of agriculture and the towns would then prosper. He advocated a through system of agricultural education for all farmers, and he suggested the setting up of winter schools of agriculture by the County Committees.

Cork.

At the Convent of Mercy, Charleville, the profession has taken place of Miss E. Dunlea (in religion Sister M. Berchmans) eldest daughter of Mr. John Dunlea, Ballyellis, Buttevant, County Cork. Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, officiated.

Limerick.

At the meeting of the Carnegie Free Library Committee in Limerick on Sept. 1, the following letter was read: 3 Billew View, Kilkee. 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 Sion, Waterford, has been transferred to Tipperary. His departure is very much regretted, particularly by his pupils, by whom he was much appreciated.

Most Rev. Dr. Patrick Fenton, Bishop Auxiliary of Westminster, England, who is at present staying in the Grand Hotel, Tramore, was attacked with a severe illness on Sept 1. Dr. Morris, and Surgeon Lentaigan, 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.

Dublin.

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

Kildare.

Curragh Camp, the training ground of the British Garrison in Ireland is becoming known as a place of "rest" for the poor fellows who learn by bitter experience what it means to be a soldier of the King. Suicides of army men at Curragh camp have been frequent of late, and as usual the coroner's verdict winds up with "whilst temporarily insane."

Kilkenny.

Mrs. Kate Meehan, 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 tithe war, and was present at Carrickshock.

Kings.

Died—Aug. 30, Miss Maria Keating, Main street, Edenderry. —Aug. 18, Mr. T. Moloney, Mill St, Birr.

Longford.

Rev. James J. O'Reilly, C. M., St. John's College, Brooklyn N.Y. in company with his sister, Miss Teresa O'Reilly, has just returned from a visit with their mother at Ballygilchriest, 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.

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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 3 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 diecese, 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 veespers were sung.

Leaving the chapel, the concourse of clergy and students wended its way slowly through the old part of the cemetary, 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. This 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 exists 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 to-day, in this city of the dead, proclaim the power of love in our souls. You and I, intelligent, rational, believing beings, stand here to atone 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 testimonial 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, are the efforts made to increase the circulation of staunch Catholic papers to be commended."

English exchanges chronicle 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. Hynes of Buffalo; secretary and treasurer, C. A. Gower, Lansing, Mich.

Around the Glo[illegible]

Rev. William Engelen, S. J., [illegible] fessor of science and philo[illegible] in Sacred Heart College, Pr[illegible] du Chien, Wis., has been [illegible] as head of the new Jesuit uni[illegible] sity, Tokio, Japan. News of [illegible] selection by the general of [illegible] Jesuit order, Rome, reached Fa[illegible] er Engelen at Notre Dame C[illegible] vent, Milwaukee, where he [illegible] conducting a retreat.

The Royal Astronomical So[illegible] ty of London has conferred [illegible] honor of fellowship on Rev. W[illegible] Rigge, S.J., of Creighton Univ[illegible] sity, Omaha, Neb.

Father Rigge, for some y[illegible] was associated with Father [illegible] gen (now of the Vatican observ[illegible] tory, in Rome) and Hedrick [illegible] Georgetown observatory, in [illegible] preparation of their star at[illegible] until failing eyesight compe[illegible] him to give up that work. He [illegible] been professor of mathema[illegible] and astronomy at Creighton Uni[illegible] versity for the past thirte[illegible] years.

Here's a good job for someo[illegible] the advertisement being take[illegible] from the Liverpool Post and Mercury:

Wanted—A first-class barma[illegible] for primatial city hotel. Addre[illegible] stating age, salary, referen[illegible] (only Protestants need apply) with photo, and when at liberty to F. Wormald, Manager, Be[illegible] ford Hotel, Ltd., Armagh.

Rev. George S. Mahon, of [illegible] pay, N.Y., (diocese of Syracuse) is compiling two works of [illegible] ing with the early history of [illegible] Onondaga region of which he [illegible] a native. He is an alumnus [illegible] Niagara University and was [illegible] dained at Troy in 18[illegible].

Remarkable as the [illegible] of de Huysmans, sensualist [illegible] ed mystic, is that of Adolphe [illegible] te, reddest of the "Reds" [illegible] the anarchists of France [illegible] now, after a pedestrian pilgrim[illegible] age to Lourdes, the humblest [illegible] happiest of the disciples of [illegible] rule of obedience as a Bene[illegible] tine novice.

Rev. Sextus Lagorio, supe[illegible] of the Franciscan Seminary [illegible] Mount St. Anthony, Catskill, N. Y. has been appointed counsellor [illegible] the general of the Francisca[illegible] der in Rome and will sail [illegible] New York on Friday for [illegible] He will be succeeded by F[illegible] Cherubimo of St. Antho[illegible] church, New York City.

At the consecration of Rt. Re[illegible] Auxiliary-Bishop-elect Geo[illegible] W. Mundelein of Brooklyn [illegible] September 21st, at St. James [illegible] Cathedral, Rt. Rev. Bishop Cha[illegible] E. McDonnell, D. D., was con[illegible] crating bishop. The assistant [illegible] secrating bishops were Rt. R[illegible] John J. O'Connor, D.D., Bish[illegible] Newark, N. J., and Rt. [illegible] Charles H. Colton, D. D., Bi[illegible] of Buffalo N.Y. The sermon [illegible] delivered by Rt. Rev. Thomas [illegible] Cusack, D. D., Auxiliary Bis[illegible] of New York.

Health in City and Country.

Despite general belief to the con[illegible] trary, it is a fact that though [illegible] cities show higher death rates [illegible] disease of the respiratory system [illegible] rural districts have a higher [illegible] rate from diseases of the circulatory and nervous systems. Typhoid is [illegible] rural rather than an urban disease. So is anaemia. The latter fact [illegible] borne out by the United States census reports.

Pity for the Malade Imaginaire.

Suffering, even if "imaginary," [illegible] nevertheless real enough—the [illegible] real thing; think those who have [illegible] bear it in a world of dreams [illegible] shadows. Therefore we must pity even the fanciful valetudinarian.—London Daily Mirror.

He Knew Whereof He Spoke.

Three-year-old Jack had a little [illegible] perience with a horsel and [illegible] seeing one on the window next day, exclaimed: "O mamma, here is an other one of those sharpshooters [illegible] in the house."—Delineator.

Beyond Reformation.

Patience—She says she [illegible] try to reform him. Patrice—[illegible] she says he was a fool when he [illegible] and her—Well, she [illegible] reformed him a bit.