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The Testing of Juan Andres.

Juan Andres was praised by the new agent, Dewey, as the "whitest Indian" he had ever known. But Juan Andres, while he lived, had one proud boast and that was, "I am a full-blooded Indian." To tell the truth, Dewey had known few Indians, and never understood any; else he would never have degraded Juan Andres from the office of reservation policeman. Instead, he would have tested his word of honor again. Dewey had reason, however, to fear the short-sighted criticism of higher government officials; that if he retained Juan Andres in office he would be bribing the Indian to keep you sober.

That this criticism was untrue, Juan Andres proved by his heroic life and death. For years before his betrothal to Dolores of the neighboring Cahulla tribe, he had been the scandal of the Sobobola reservation. He was almost always drunk, and when drunk quarrelsome and dangerous. But Dolores believed in him, that he could be as manly as he was handsome. Tall, straight, muscular, when sober he rode with ease a horse that few cowboys or Indians could conquer. But as to men, so to horses; he was cruel when drinking and kind when abstaining.

"If I can keep him from whiskey, I can keep him kind," said Dolores to her mother. The daughter did not then know how prophetic her name would yet prove Dolores—sorrows.

"Dolores, my darling," said the mother, "if he will not be sober when he is betrothed, neither will he be when married to you. Test him for one year."

Juan Andres accepted the test. To the delight of Dolores and the wonder of the small Indian and white world in which he lived, he stood it not for one only, but for a second and even a third year.

At the end of the first year of their happy married life, Juanito was born, and the father's Indian nature asserted itself in all its nobility in the love and care of the child. But when Juanito was only two years old, Juan Andres' mother, whom Juan loved with an Indian son's love, died. He grieved as only an Indian grieves—deeply, silently, silently. At this critical moment some low whites offered him whiskey, "to drown his sorrow," they said. But it was only to hear him rant, and quarrel as he used to do years before. This was the first fall of Juan Andres since the test placed upon him by Dolores.

The failure of the test broke the Indian wife's heart. She mourned both her mother she had lost by death and the husband she was losing by drink. The Indian drank harder. He abused her in word; he even struck her. The blow, though physically not heavy, sank deeper than the flesh. Her illness finally sobered Juan Andres—but too late. Dolores called him to her side, to where she lay upon the floor before the fireplace in their hut, and said:

"Juan, dear, you stood the test so noble and so long; and how happy we were then! Will you not promise me again? I shall be white workman on the ranch, I lieve you. I know you lie not. So said Don Manuel himself, who But I must go. Those Above have of his own strapping son, Tomas, called me. To you and them I leave the care of our Juanito, live hard that he added, half in joke for him; leave whiskey alone, I—Don Manuel's jokes were all will watch and pray and wait up ways half in earnest: "Don't there where Padre Bernardo promised me today I should go up among the stars. While Juan-wages, ito lives, then, you will not drink."

"So I swear by Those Above," replied Juan Andres simply, solemnly.

"I believe you. You lie not," she said. He raised her hand in his and kissed it. He laid it down and she was dead. Padre Bernardo buried her from the poor little whitewashed chapel where she had been so happily married, tened with wet grain-sacks to where she had prayed so earnestly to the Blessed Virgin for late, already the stubble had Juan Andres to persevere, and where with such rare piety she had dedicated Juanito in a special manner to God. They laid her in the Campo Santo of Soboba,

among the people whom, in life and death, she had come to call her own.

Sad but brave, Juan Andres took up his duties once more. From Don Manuel, Santa Cruz, Spaniard of the old California line, who loved the Indian, as had his forefathers, of the blessed mission days, Juan Andres borrowed seed to plant a garden for himself and child. The garden was such an earnest of his reform, that Heintz, the agent, chose him to be the reservation policeman—or, rather, the Indians elected and the agent accepted.

"The office will pay you each month twenty dollars in cash and ten in rations," said Heintz. "Do I trust you to keep sober? Do I promise you to keep you sober?"

"I swear by Those Above, while Juanito lives I will not drink," said Juan Andres.

The year passed uneventfully save that never was there better order among the Indians, never such absence of drunkenness. Then Agent Heintz was promoted to a better post. And one of those unsympathetic, inefficient creatures who are gradually being weeded out of the Indian service took his place.

During Dewey's agency, Juanito was taken seriously ill. The Indians recognized it as the variolal. What a soft name the Spaniards give the cruel small-pox! Juan Andres enlisted the aid of Catalina, an old Indian nurse. She had watched through three epidemics which were only less destructive than agardiente—fire water. Faithfully, almost without ever closing his eyes in sleep, Juan Andres watched—watched till he overheard the white doctor tell the nurse that the child could not live. The father did not hear Catalina say to herself in her native tongue: "The white medicine-man lies." But Juan Andres went out and took his horse. It was a beautiful animal, beneath whose beauty lurked a broncho nature which had claimed as a victim a Mexican cowboy who had tried to break it. Upon this horse Juan Andres rode forth, and came back drunk. Rather the horse came in riderless.

They found the rider in the horse's arms, or dry river-bed. There the horse had resented ill-treatment by rearing, falling up and breaking the drunken rider's leg. The agent took from him Andres' police office and ordered him into quarantine. Catalina now watched over the father as well as the son. And the dread reaper, Dolores died. Now the Indian committed to the priest a secret which he had guarded many days—a legacy from Dolores The doctor came.

"What do you think, doctor?" asked Juan, who turning at once to the priest, answered his own question: "Father, I am going very soon to my wife. But who will care for my boy Juanito?"

"I will," said the priest unhesitatingly.

"No, I!" pleaded Don Manuel. Juan Andres smiled and answered feebly: "You both, Father, dear and dear friend, one for the body, the other for the soul. And whispering: "Juanito, Dolores, I—am coming!" he seemed to sigh—and he was dead.

They laid his body to rest beside that of Dolores in Soboba. And for his soul even rough ranchers dropped a tear and a prayer. Juanito found a home where he is companion and brother to Carlos. Years have passed since it was so and Padre Bernardo is happy and hopeful. He dreams of Juanito as his successor or among the Indians with whom he has labored forty long years. But the priest guards the secret still, even though Juanito, of his time fell on the thick fox-tail-own grass. At once the twenty workmen realized the danger that did Dolores from the time when she threatened from the strong wind in Soboba chapel she dedicated her baby boy, and on her death-bed she committed the secret as a sacred legacy to Juan Andres. Her prayer, which seems about to be fulfilled, was that the boy's soul might be kept pure; his body unscathed by whiskey, and his life given to God as the first native priest among his people, the mountain Indians of California.

Alone he fought and nearly conquered a long line of burning grass; meantime the others had gone to start a backfire in order to cut a wide swath which the main first could not leap.

While he was left alone, the Indian heard the sharp crack of a rifle. It was the gun that Tomas had left on a pile of hay to shoot the rabbits started by the reapers. Juan Andres now remembered that Carlos—little four-year-old Carlos—the youngest son of Don Manuel, must still be sleeping near by, where he had laid him, when weary from following the horses round and round, the child had lain down almost in his own tracks. How tenderly he had handled him! As if he were his own Juanito, as no man but a widowed father can.

And over the child's head, to shield from the hot rays of the sun, he had put his own coat, hung upon a pitchfork. Fire now surrounded the child on all sides; should he waken in fear, into the flames he must plunge.

"Jesus! Maria!" exclaimed the Indian, dashing into the fiery vortex. He grabbed up the child who has now fully awakened, and standing bewildered by the noise and the heat and the light toward the circle of flame the Indian carried him; the smoke was stifling, binding. On he went. When, hark! A loud report was heard by the firefighters. Looking they saw Juan Andres stagger through the flame and fall.

They lifted him up quickly but tenderly. Carlos was safe, but the Indian was mortally wounded. Both barrels of a shotgun had been exploded by the heat and the charge had struck the brave Indian in the back. Into the shade of the old adobe barn they carried him; there, on the new-mown hay, they laid well.

At once Padre Bernardo came. He had come up from the desert that very day to say Mass in the chapel on the ranch. While the priest ministered to him, the Protestant Episcopal ministry, at the Cathedral Chapel recently, Mr. Fay was at one time archdeacon of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Fond du Lac. Mr. Raker, who until recently had been in Wisconsin, is a graduate of the Department of Arts of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Fay has entered the Catholic University at Washington for a year and Mr. Raker becomes a student at St. Charles' Seminary, Oyerbrook.

The Right Rev. Patrick Vincent Dwyer, D. D., has succeeded the late Dr. Murray as Bishop of Maitland, Australia, his appointment as coadjutor Bishop having been made with the established right of succession. He is the first Australian to be consecrated Bishop.

Sir John Knill, the new Lord Mayor of London has been appointed President of the Superior Council for England of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, in succession to the late Marquis of Ripon.

An Irish priest, Father Darmon, formerly a professor at the Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, Dublin, has been elected Lord Abbot of the Benedictine Order in Belgium.

The train on which President Taft left El Paso, Tex., recently was in charge of Engineer John Sullivan and Conductor Timothy Sullivan. This is the third time the two Sullivans have hauled presidents into out and of El Paso. Both men brought President Harrison into El Paso and the same two men brought McKinley in there when he visited the border. They have been running on the Southern Pacific east of El Paso for twenty years or more.

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Around the Globe

In compliance with the wishes of Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessy, D. D., of Wichita, Kan., the diocesan school board of that diocese will make a visitation of all the parochial schools in the diocese and submit to him a report of their condition.

October 21 marked the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Sisters of the Holy Name in Portland, Ore., and the occasion was celebrated by the breaking of ground for the new Provincial House. The earth was turned by Archbishop Christi, in the presence of Mother Lawrence, Provincial Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Name and other Provincial officers.

While in New Orleans last Saturday, President Taft accepted an invitation to dine with Archbishop Blenk at noon, and dined tete-a-tete with the distinguished prelate. The visit of the President to the home of the Archbishop for luncheon marked the second time that the president had been entertained there. While he was secretary of war, Mr. Taft was entertained by the late Archbishop Chapelle, with whom he became acquainted in the Philippines.

Archbishop Christi of Portland, Ore., met with a painful accident which fractured his shoulder last week at Oswego, that state, where he had gone to break ground for the Provincial House of the Holy Name Sisters. He was walking alone some distance from the orphanage when he slipped and fell heavily. He was taken to St. Vincent's hospital, Portland, where he is doing well.

Archbishop Ryan confirmed Sigourney W. Fay and James M. Raker, former members of the Protestant Episcopal ministry, at the Cathedral Chapel recently. Mr. Fay was at one time archdeacon of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Fond du Lac. Mr. Raker, who until recently had been in Wisconsin, is a graduate of the Department of Arts of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Fay has entered the Catholic University at Washington for a year and Mr. Raker becomes a student at St. Charles' Seminary, Oyerbrook.

A beautiful monument has recently been erected in Oregon graveyard by the Catholics of Faughanvale to the memory of the Rev. John McNamee, their late pastor. The monument consists of a Celtic cross in Irish limestone, with the pedestal in Newry granite.

Alex. J. Magennis, a young Newryman whose reputation as an auditor and accountant is well established in Cork, has been appointed to a lectureship in Accounting in University College, Cork.

Arthur Maginnis, Dromantine met with a serious accident on Saturday evening, Oct. 23, on the Belfast road, near Newry. He was driving home, when the horse became frightened; it is said, as the discharge of some shots near the road; and plunged forward with the result that the vehicle was capsized in the ditch and Mr. Magennis receiving a dislocation of the knee.

A reception of three novices into the "Order of the Discalced Clerks of the Cross and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ," took place on Sunday evening, Oct. 17, in the new church of the "Blessed Gabriel's Retreat" at the border. They have been running Graan, Eoniskillen. Very Rev. Malachy Gavin, Provincial for the United Kingdom presided at the ceremonies.

At a meeting of the Catholic Clergy of the diocese of Clogher, held in the Seminary in Monaghan recently, Most Rev. Dr. McKenna, bishop of the diocese, announced that he had appointed the Very Rev. Patrick Keown, P. P., of Aghnamullin West, and Vicar General of the diocese, to replace the late Dean Smolton.

News From Ireland

Antrim.
The late Samuel Molyneux, harbor master, Belfast, left an estate valued at \$4,236, which he left to his widow absolutely.

Rev. Henry Skeffington, who built and opened the new Church of St. Columbkille, Ballyhackamore, is appointed parish priest of Cushendun.

At Tannaghmore, about six miles from Ballymena, on Oct. 28, a farmer named George Hart was engaged in felling a tree on the farm of Messrs. Byrne, Tannaghmore, when a large piece of timber suddenly broke in two at the part where he was sawing, and in its descent, fell directly on Hart's head, killing him. An assistant workman named Byrne who was on the top of the tree at the time of the occurrence, escaped uninjured.

Armagh.
The death after a brief illness from heart affection of Robert Thompson, auctioneer, William street, Lurgan, caused regret among a large circle of friends. Thomas Hanna, J. P., of the Grove, Lurgan, linen and cambric manufacturer, of the firm of Messrs. Watson & Sons, formerly in the service of the Manchester house of Messrs. William Liddell & Co., and who died in testate on 23d of April last, left personal estate in the United Kingdom valued at \$3,367,103.3d. Letters of administration of his property have been granted to his widow Mrs. Jane Eliza Hanna, of the Grove, Lurgan.

Berry.
A fire which broke out in the boiler house of Messrs. Wm. Clark & Sons' dye works, Upperlands, resulted in considerable damage which, however, was covered by insurance. The operations of the place were only interrupted for a half-day.

At an influential meeting, Oct. 26, presided over by Dr. Bolton, J. P., Dr. Knightley, a former opponent of Mr. Gordon, M. P., was again adopted as Liberal candidate for Derry. The proceedings were very enthusiastic and the tone of the speeches was entirely hopeful.

Donegal.
Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, bishop of Raphoe, has appointed Rev. J. C. Cannon, Adm., Letterkenny, to be parish priest of Glencolumbkille.

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P. P., a parish priest of Clogher, died recently.

Monaghan.
At a general conference of the clergy of the diocese of Clogher, held in St. Macartin's, Monaghan, on Oct. 23, the Rev. Dr. McKenna appointed Very Rev. Patrick Keown, Aghnamullin West, to be parish priest of Eoniskillen, and General of the diocese in the late Right Rev. M. P. Smolton, Father Keown, be remembered, was nominated in these elections. Bishop Keown resigned his position.

Tyrone.
George Foran, stationmaster, Clogher Valley Railway, Anacloy, has resigned his position.

Cork.
Sister M. Columba of St. Mary's Convent, Clogher, died recently. She had been in the convent for some months, and had been very ill. She was the daughter of the late Patrick Kelly, of Lurgan, County Down.

The solemn profession taken place at the convent, Carrystock Park, near Dublin, of Misses Mary and Elizabeth (in religion Sisters Mary Austin and Mary Thwaites) signor O'Donnell, a young lady, and her daughters at St. Mary's, Clogher, was celebrated.

At St. Mary's of the Cork, on 20th of October, the golden jubilee of Sister M. Imogen Carroll in conjunction with that of Sister M. Mary Carthy and of Sister M. Quilly, was celebrated.

Tipperary.
The the last memorial of the Royal Humane Society has awarded to Owen Kinney, Clogher, for gallantly saving the life of another boy who fallen into the Suir in the August last.

Waterford.
Mr. W. C. Todd, for many years chief clerk at the General Post Office, has been appointed Postmaster of County Tyrone.

Over forty gentlemen in a memorial to the King's Inns, praying for the number of students at the law schools.

Wexford.
Most Rev. Dr. Bowen, Bishop of Ferns, attended the Convent of Mercy, New Ross, Oct. 26 and presided at a meeting of young ladies who made her way, daughter of Mr. P. C. Curly, Carrystock, County Tipperary.

Died, October 21, at the Katherine Browne, Clogher, aged 62 years. On Oct. 23 at Taghmon, James Keown, 73 years.