

# The Catholic Journal.

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## Forgiven

"I will not."

The words were spoken quietly and firmly, so quietly and so firmly that had the men facing Denis Deegan not been blind with passion they would have seen that further argument was useless.

"You will then, you. I'll see to it that you will," Timothy Hogan's voice was choked with fury. "An' if you won't, by—then, I'll make you."

"I will not," repeated Deegan quietly. "An' while I'm living, Timothy Hogan, you'll never make me give up one sod of what my father left to me, an' what if I were dead, my boys would hold, just as I hold it today."

"You don't hold it," blustered another Hogan—Black Jack Hogan they called him in the district. "Your mearing never went a yard west o' the cuttin'—an' if it did, who's to prove it? Isn't it only reason that the two places got their divide by the hand o' God?" And he pointed to the black bog drain, known locally as "the cuttin'," that did, indeed, seem to cut the wide expanse of bog on which the men stood into two natural parts.

But west of this drain ran a strip of land distinguishable from that around it because in the midst of a wilderness of grass and heather it made foothold for low growing bushes, showing thereby that under the sod was something of a firmer nature than the soft bog mould that spread for miles on either side of it.

Within man's memory no question had arisen as to the exact boundary of the holdings owned by Deegan and the Hogans. That land had been of no value. It was not even needed for the cutting of turf because there was plenty nearer the uplands where it was possible to get in with a cart, so it seemed likely to remain unclaimed. Owing to the natural division it had been Hogan's cattle that had, now and again, when an exceptionally dry season came, picked the few blades of eatable grass that grew at the roots of the myrtles and bushes on the piece of land that was now in debate. But now there was question of making a road upon it and Denis Deegan's right had been accepted by the county. He was an honest man, quiet and hardworking, and to back his word he had an old ordnance survey map, on the back of which his father, in crabbed characters, had described the boundary of his holdings as fourteen perch west of the cutting from the three thorn bushes to the now broken sally, on whose trunk the initials P. D. were still to be seen, and on the map itself an official pencil had drawn a blue outline, the right distance from the cutting on that side and on the others above the undisputed boundary of Deegan's holding. The surveyor had initiated his work and his successor did not dispute it, only when it came to the Hogan ears that Deegan was to get two ten pound notes for that strip of land, they also had claimed it, declaring that had it not been theirs their cattle would not have it every season that was dry enough all their lives. Beyond this fact they had no evidence to support their claim, and their only hope of getting what they called their right was to persuade Denis Deegan to renounce his claim.

They had started angrily, for they had really made themselves think that what they claimed was theirs but at first they were willing to argue and explain. Then they lost their tempers and their heads, and finally, when to all the threats and demands for recognition of their claim Denis Deegan's calm refusal was repeated, they called down God to witness that the land would be theirs, even if there was blood spilled in getting it.

But Deegan, no man's enemy and everybody's friend, let pass and a big dark pool of blood was satisfied that the twenty pounds promised as compensation by the county for the use of that bit of land, would soon be his.

The Hogans were a rough lot, three old bachelor brothers, with no one to come after them, yet every bit as courteous of land as the rough frieze coat, clinging if they had each a long family to with his arms around the unprovided for. They came of good stock and though Deegan knew he had earned their enmity, he had no real fear of consequences. Only his wife, to whom he recounted his passage-at-arms by the mearing, was afraid. Sober, the Hogans might persecute and annoy in a thousand petty matters, but drunk—! And lately all the three brothers had been drinking hard. It was by no means the first dispute that had arisen over this bit of land since the idea of the road had been discussed, but as the county council was to make the order of payment on the morrow, Deegan considered it was the last one that mattered. In twenty-four hours the money that was his by right would be his by deed, and as he sat according to his custom with his family about him, when night had fallen, he spoke confidently of all the welcome sum would do.

His place was one side of the big open hearth, and the three younger children had drawn their stools close beside their father's knees.

The spinning wheel stood idle. Kit, the eldest boy, was busy whittling a pin to make some slight repair that one of them needed, while his mother and Birdie were carding the fleece that lay between them into snow-white foam-like rolls. It was Birdie who first heard the footsteps outside and she turned wonderingly to her mother. The dog, sleeping by the fire, growled and then, as a hand was laid upon the latch, burst into noisy barking. They all looked up as the door opened. Denis Deegan was not a man given to caille-housing, as it was carried on in that district, and it was seldom people came unasked at such a time of night.

With the fresh-rush of outer air the fumes of raw whiskey came reeking into the kitchen and Mrs. Deegan, with a presentation of what was coming, bent quickly down and took the youngest of the children to the shelter of her arms.

There were four men standing on the threshold, three Hogans, Denis and his wife knew well, and another, bought over for a glass of whiskey and brought to make the others' identity less clear. For every one of the four intruders had the disguise of partially hidden features on them.

"We've come," the voice was thick and hoarse, but the Deegans knew it was the stranger, not one of the Hogans, who was the spokesman. "We've come to get that bit o' paper you call the proof that an honest man's bit o' land is yours. Give it up, and we'll go home quiet with your promise to lay no claim to what's another's. Keep it—an' there's no room in this parish for a land-grabber."

"Give it up," repeated Deegan in his quiet voice, "I will not."

There was a flash of a cold steel nozzle, but the hand that held the revolver was shaking and clumsy. Waveringly he pointed at Deegan and, seeing this, the boy Kit, sprang to his feet. He meant to dash the weapon seemingly the only one they had, from the hold of the black-faced man, but the threatener was drunk, and also he was unused to the delicate working of such a toy. He fumbled for an instant and before the boy could reach his hand, there was a flash, a loud report, and then when the cloud of smoke cleared off the kitchen was empty, save for the family who owned it.

For a moment they sat stunned and still. Then Mrs. Deegan saw that her husband was deathly white as his head fell back against the wall sack in the corner. Even then she was too dazed to move, and slowly her eyes traveled down to see the reason of his faintness.

One foot had been shot away, and a big dark pool of blood was circling on the kitchen floor.

The child nearest to his father's knees put out his little hands and tried to put the blood back into the wounded limb. But see-

ing the cruel red that dyed his fingers, he shrank back crying, and hid his curly head against every bit as courteous of land as the rough frieze coat, clinging if they had each a long family to with his arms around the unprovided for. They came of good stock and though Deegan knew he had earned their enmity, he had no real fear of consequences. Only his wife, to whom he recounted his passage-at-arms by the mearing, was afraid. Sober, the Hogans might persecute and annoy in a thousand petty matters, but drunk—! And lately all the three brothers had been drinking hard. It was by no means the first dispute that had arisen over this bit of land since the idea of the road had been discussed, but as the county council was to make the order of payment on the morrow, Deegan considered it was the last one that mattered. In twenty-four hours the money that was his by right would be his by deed, and as he sat according to his custom with his family about him, when night had fallen, he spoke confidently of all the welcome sum would do.

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## Goldstein Coming to Rochester

On Sunday evening, March 24, the Rochester public will be given an opportunity to listen to an interesting lecture by David Goldstein at St. Joseph's Hall on Franklin St. under the auspices of the Windthorst Study Circle.

Mr. Goldstein is one of the most noted anti-Socialist speakers and writers in America. He was himself an enthusiastic Socialist from 1896 to 1903 and during this time not only lectured from a soapbox and platform in the interest of Socialism, but was also a member of the Massachusetts State committee of the Socialist Party. Having finally become satisfied that being a full-fledged Socialist means denying the existence of God and all scriptural morality he decided to sever his connections with Socialists and their tenets. Since then he has become an enthusiastic opponent of Socialism as he once was a devotee of its doctrines. As an anti-Socialist speaker Goldstein is in great demand. At present he is on his third lecture tour from coast to coast. On account of the capacity of the hall, the lecture will be for men only, but admittance thereto will be free. After the lecture Mr. Goldstein will volunteer to answer all questions which the audience may be desirous of asking. A most enjoyable as well as spirited evening is assured.

## Confraternity of Mary

The Confraternity of Mary of St. Mary's Church held its regular monthly meeting in the church hall last Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The following young ladies were appointed to act on the Sick Committee this month: Misses Nora Butler, Helen Fitzsimons, May Martin, Sadie Holoran, May Lynch and Marie Farrell.

Miss Mabel V. Comfort, the newly elected president, took the chair and appointed an Executive committee as follows: Chairlady, Miss Mary Dougherty, Miss Nellie Burrows, Miss Frances Connor, Miss Winifred Welch and Miss Martha Hyde.

Miss Mary Dougherty, the retiring president, was presented with a beautiful silk umbrella by the president in behalf of the members, in appreciation for her very efficient work during the past year.

## Federation Meet

At the annual meeting of the Rochester Diocesan Federation of Catholic Societies held Sunday evening at St. Joseph's Hall reports of officers were received and an election took place. The reports showed that thirty-two societies, with a membership of 4,569, are affiliated with the Federation. These societies are represented by 119 delegates at the meetings.

The eighteenth annual convention of the New York State Federation of Catholic Societies, which was to have been held in Rochester in the summer, has been transferred to Buffalo to enable the delegates of this state to attend the meetings of the Central Verein, the National Federation of Catholic Societies, which will convene in that city in August.

## Concert at Genesee Valley Club

Few great foreign pianists who have visited this country have made so complete a conquest of the American people as Josef Lhevinne, the eminent Russian virtuoso, now on his sixth American tour. At his recent New York appearance he was hailed as the giant of pianists. Lhevinne's programme for his Rochester engagement on February 24 will include much to reveal the artist's innate poesy and his wonderful technique. The Genesee Valley Club has been secured for this concert, where the pianist may be heard to the best advantage.

## Auburn Mourns Death Of Priest

Rev. William Mulhern Dies at Windsor Locks, Conn.

Auburn, Feb. 18.—Members of the congregation of St. Mary's Church of this city were shocked Sunday morning on receipt of a telegram from Windsor Locks, Conn., announcing the death last Saturday evening of their venerable and beloved pastor, Rev. Wm. Mulhern, which occurred at the home of his sister, Mrs. Edward Coyle. He had been in poor health for the past few years, but attended to his church and parish duties at such times as his health would permit, and he was not only esteemed by the Catholics of the city but by all persons affiliated with the other religious denominations.

Rev. Wm. Mulhern was born in Ireland 70 years ago and came to this country when but a lad. He graduated from the Holy Sepulchre Seminary and his first charge was at Lima, Livingston County, on September 4, 1877. Father Mulhern was appointed pastor of St. Mary's church by the late Bishop McQuaid of Rochester and had been pastor down to the present time.

When Father Mulhern assumed the pastorate of the church, succeeding Rev. Myron Longenecker, the church edifice had just been completed and the congregation had assumed a debt of \$50,000. The church had been built, but the furnishings were inadequate, the paragon was humped in on all sides by other property and the convent of the sisters was in a dilapidated condition.

With a loyal and faithful people comprising the congregation, Father Mulhern started on his work in Auburn, and as a result the church debt has been reduced to about \$5,000. The present school building was erected at a cost of \$3,000, property between the church and school building was purchased at a cost of \$10,000 and a beautiful rectory built. Father Mulhern also organized the various societies in the church, was instrumental in founding the Auburn Orphan Asylum, recently removed to Rochester, and during his tenure as pastor the branch missions of St. Edward's and the Italian Church of St. Francis di Assisi were launched successfully. He was always interested in any project for the betterment of the city of Auburn.

The remains arrived from Windsor Locks Sunday. A delegation of members of the Holy Name Society met the funeral party at Syracuse and escorted the remains to the rectory in Clark St. Requiem masses were said in the church Monday and Tuesday. The remains lay in state in St. Mary's church Tuesday and special guards of honor from the members of the Holy Name Society of the church were in attendance.

The funeral was held on Wednesday morning. Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey was in charge of the services. In the solemn high mass of requiem, Rev. Dennis J. Curran of Rochester, vicar general of the diocese, officiated as assistant priest; Rev. J. J. Donnelly of Victor, cousin of deceased and Rev. James H. Day of Rochester, as deacons of honor. Rev. A. M. O'Neill brother of Mayor Thomas O'Neill of Auburn, deacon of the mass; Rev. James T. Dougherty of Canandaigua, subdeacon; Rev. James F. Winters of Horseheads and Rev. Alexander J. McCabe of Stanley, acolytes; Rev. J. J. O'Donoghue, chaplain of the Soldiers Home at Bath, censor bearer; Rev. Stephen Byrne of Rochester, mitre bearer; Rev. Thomas J. Timmons of Buffalo, book bearer; Rev. Andrew Disset of Mt. Morris, candle bearer; Rev. John Quinn of Mt. Reid, cross bearer; Rev. Wm. E. Cowley, D.D., and Rev. John J. Ganey of Rochester, masters of ceremonies.

Bishop Hickey delivered a sermon in eulogy of the deceased priest and the children's choir of the church rendered the requiem service of the mass. The service

## Joseph Mulhern

Joseph Mulhern, pastor of St. Mary's Church, died last Saturday evening at his home in Windsor Locks, Conn. He was 70 years of age. He was born in Ireland and came to this country when but a lad. He graduated from the Holy Sepulchre Seminary and his first charge was at Lima, Livingston County, on September 4, 1877. Father Mulhern was appointed pastor of St. Mary's church by the late Bishop McQuaid of Rochester and had been pastor down to the present time.

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## The daughter of Justice

The daughter of Justice Charles W. Hickey was in charge of the services in the solemn high mass of requiem, Rev. Dennis J. Curran of Rochester, vicar general of the diocese, officiated as assistant priest; Rev. J. J. Donnelly of Victor, cousin of deceased and Rev. James H. Day of Rochester, as deacons of honor. Rev. A. M. O'Neill brother of Mayor Thomas O'Neill of Auburn, deacon of the mass; Rev. James T. Dougherty of Canandaigua, subdeacon; Rev. James F. Winters of Horseheads and Rev. Alexander J. McCabe of Stanley, acolytes; Rev. J. J. O'Donoghue, chaplain of the Soldiers Home at Bath, censor bearer; Rev. Stephen Byrne of Rochester, mitre bearer; Rev. Thomas J. Timmons of Buffalo, book bearer; Rev. Andrew Disset of Mt. Morris, candle bearer; Rev. John Quinn of Mt. Reid, cross bearer; Rev. Wm. E. Cowley, D.D., and Rev. John J. Ganey of Rochester, masters of ceremonies.

## Cardinal O'Connor

Cardinal O'Connor was recently tendered a reception at the Chinese mission in Boston. He was greeted by about 75 Catholic Chinese.

Mr. Morris L. Clothier, of Philadelphia, has presented an American College in Rome. A fine portrait is all of the Archbishop Ryan.

The Fathers forming the New York Apostolate Mission for sixteen years, received Church \$1,000.

## Weekly Church Calendar

Feb. 23 S—3d in Lent St. Peter  
24 M—St. Matthias, Ap.  
25 T—St. Tharadius, Bp. M.  
26 W—St. Nestor, Bp. M.  
27 Th.—St. Leander, Bp. C.  
28 F.—St. Romanus, Ab.  
Mar. 1—St. Aibinus, Bp. C.

## A Prosperous School

The new commercial school continues to flourish. It now has almost a hundred pupils and others are coming every day. The energies of Mr. Williams and his capable assistants are given wholly to the thorough teaching of the commercial branches, Osgood shorthand, and typewriting. Send to 27 Church street for Circular. Phone, Stone, 4363.

The Gibbons' Memorial Hall on the grounds of the Catholic University of America, is nearly completed. The date of its dedication will be announced very soon, being probably about the second week in April.

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