

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

AUGUST, 1903.

No. 8.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

The first pilgrimage this season is thus described in the Amsterdam *Evening Recorder* of July 20 :

“The pilgrimage season has opened at Auriesville. Last Sunday about 600 people came from St. Joseph’s French-Canadian parish at Cohoes. There would have been more than a thousand but for the rainy weather. Saturday night was wet and Sunday morning was misty, but the day turned out fairly fine at Auriesville, and had but little effect on the good spirits of the pilgrims. They came about half past nine, and ascended the hill in procession, led by a cross bearer. High Mass was sung by Father Dugas, the brother and assistant of Monsignor Dugas of St. Joseph’s, the choir consisting of men, who sang extremely well the Plain Chant, sung in this same spot by the French missionaries and their Indian converts 250 years ago. This was the first high Mass of the season at Auriesville, and the ceremony in the open chapel, on the very scene of the martyrdom of Father Jogues and his companions, on this beautiful eminence overlooking the Mohawk, was very impressive. Father Dugas told anew the old inspiring story, the tragic missionary romance with its shadows and sunshine, its many sorrows and imperishable glory. It was a Way of the Cross indeed, this valley trail, and the devotions of the afternoon in the chapel fittingly recalled it. There was an English sermon in the afternoon, and a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. This latter ceremony was extremely picturesque. All the people took part in it. By an unpremeditated arrangement the Blessed Sacrament was received in the midst of the people, recalling the entrance into Jerusalem on the first Palm Sunday, when “the multitudes that went before and that follow” sang almost the

same words as those pilgrims did on the hill. The services ended with benediction, and the happy people went away at five o'clock, the weather, fortunately, favoring them.

“The Shrine will remain open until the ninth or tenth of September, with at least one priest permanently in charge.”

The same newspaper contained the following account of Sunday, July 26, at Auriesville :

“There was no organized pilgrimage to the Auriesville shrine last Sunday, and the rain of Saturday and Sunday morning kept away many persons who intended to join piety with pleasure by visiting Auriesville. A small congregation assembled for Mass at 9:30 a. m., during which a choir formed from among the visitors did excellent service. Some of the persons present at Mass had come a distance of thirteen miles.

“The day was a struggle between sunshine and showers. It was fine enough for the people to examine each point of interest on the hill and in the ravine. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given at half-past two, as the weather was threatening. No rain came, however, until the hour for the departure of the train.

“The sermon was, naturally, a tribute to the great Pontiff who has just passed away. The preacher said that the regret of non-Catholic people at the death of Pope Leo, and their universal praise of the great ruler, were as acceptable and as consoling as they were remarkable. The change in the attitude of men and women outside the Catholic Church toward the old historic faith was a modern wonder. There was now esteem, sympathy, imitation, where before there had been suspicion, misunderstanding and hostility. The startling change was largely due to Pope Leo himself. His position and his opportunities were great, and greatly had he availed himself of them. His wise and patient and truly Christian policy had triumphed over almost every difficulty. The indifferent became enthusiastic; the hostile, friendly. One of the most singular examples of all was that of Germany, which, from an avowed and most aggressive foe of the Catholic Church, became, if not an ally, at least a steadfast friend.

“Pope Leo's diplomacy, keen and far-sighted as it was, was secondary; his unsleeping desire to relieve every social sorrow, and this by making known the true treasures of Christianity, the true message and purpose of the Catholic Church, this was

decidedly the predominant characteristic of his life and pontificate. There can be no question of reversing his policy, so well suited to our times and so necessary. There cannot be any change even in his insistence upon his temporal independence. He cared absolutely nothing—nor does the Catholic Church—for mere temporal dominion; nothing is more remote from the truth than to assert the contrary. And very little is known of the history of schism, of international political intrigue, of conscienceless oppression of the Papacy for temporal ends—little is known of these by persons who say that the Church should have no free spot of earth for the independent exercise of her ministry, and that her Supreme Head, who belongs to one nation just as much as to another, should be subjected to the sway of any one ruler who may thwart the Pontiff's action as he pleases.

“The grounds belonging to the Auriesville shrine are now so improved as to be really a beautiful park, and visitors to the place thoroughly enjoy them. Trees have been planted everywhere—pines, maples, poplars, with flowering shrub. A new porch, tastefully painted by local artists, greatly adds to the appearance of the modest residence of the priests in charge. The white Corinthian temple over the beautiful marble statue of the dead Saviour presents a most attractive appearance from the brow of the hill. Its site marks one of the angles of the quadrangular palisade which surrounded the Indian village. Among the floral ornaments of the altar is a rare hydrangea with a history. It is very large, with great globular masses of cream-colored flowers. This beautiful plant has been for thirty years in the family of Mr. James Shutts, who has sent it up to the Shrine for the summer pilgrimages.

“Morning service on Sunday begins at half-past nine o'clock, to accommodate those who come on the train. Even when there is no organized pilgrimage, the memories of this historic spot and its pleasant grounds attract a great many people.”

We have good news for the readers of *THE PILGRIM*. The Shrine is to have a statue of the Sacred Heart, life-size, in marble. It is the gift of Mr. Patrick Carroll of Albany, and it will be unveiled and blessed during the pilgrimage from that city, Sunday, August 9. The ceremony will be a very solemn one, and the sermon on Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus on this occasion will be preached by the Reverend John J.

Wynne, S.J. We bespeak for the generous donor the prayers of all who are interested in Auriesville.

The dates for the August pilgrimages so far announced are : Sunday, August 9, the Albany pilgrimage ; Sunday, August 16, St. Joseph's Parish, Troy ; Sunday, August 16, St. Adalbert's, Schenectady ; Sunday, August 23, St. Mary's, Sauger-ties, and neighboring parishes ; Sunday, August 30, St. John's, Utica.

On August 15th there will be the usual annual pilgrimage, and the novena, beginning August 6th, will be closed on that day.

The pilgrims from St. Joseph's, Schenectady, will this year come with the pilgrimage from St. Adalbert's.

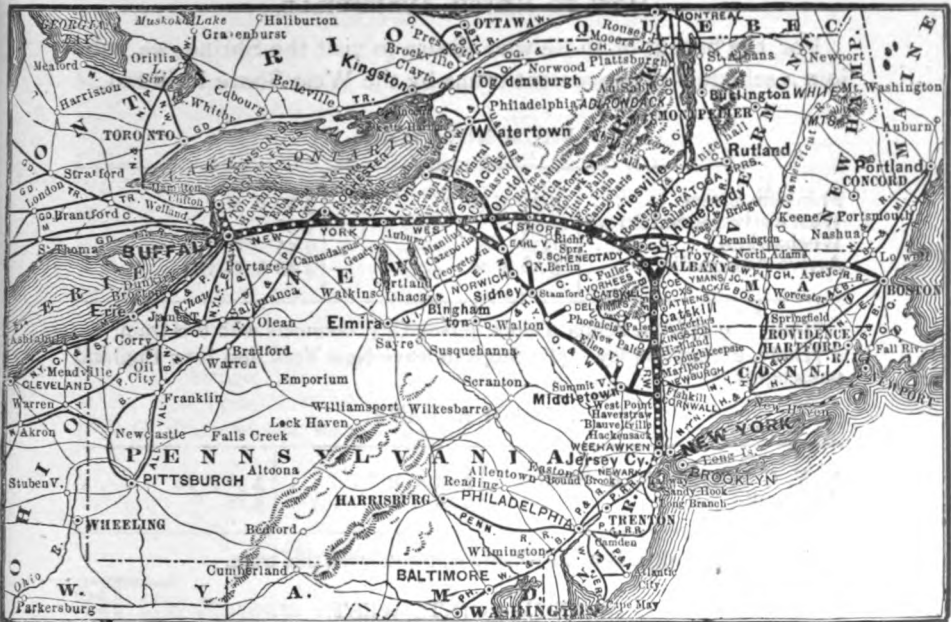
By the will of Miss Ann Shaw of Troy, the Shrine will receive \$50.00. Pilgrims to Auriesville will remember her with many pleasant memories, and regret her decease, and pray for the repose of her soul.

We recommend also to the prayers of our readers the soul of the late Professor Gagnieur, of St. Catherine's, Ontario, Canada, to whose bereaved widow they owe many contributions to THE PILGRIM, signed "Alba."

"It is with the deepest regret that his many friends learned of the death this morning of Professor Anthony Gagnieur, at his home on Court Street, after an illness of about one day. The deceased was of French birth, and had lived in the city for many years, but being of a retiring disposition was only best known to those with whom he came in contact in his professional duties as a musician. In his day Professor Gagnieur stood at the top of his profession in this district, and took an active interest in all that pertained to the elevating of the profession. As an organist and pianist, he was possessed of exceptional ability, and for a time he was organist of St. Catherine's Church. The deceased is survived by an aged widow and two sons, both in the priesthood of the Jesuit Order, Father William, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and Father Alexander of Montreal."

Two friends and benefactors of the Shrine report favors which they attribute to the kind prayers of our readers.

For the information of those who wish to visit the Shrine we publish the following map and tables :



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF AURIESVILLE, N. Y., NEAR WHICH IS THE SITE OF THE MISSION OF THE MARTYRS.

Auriesville is a station of the West Shore Railroad, forty miles west of Albany and 175 from New York; fifty miles east of Utica and about 270 from Buffalo. It is about this distance, 270 miles, from Philadelphia, Boston and Montreal.

Pilgrims leaving New York and stations along the line of the West Shore Railroad can obtain excursion tickets for one fare and one-third, *i. e.*, return tickets from New York will be sold for \$5.30, instead of the regular rate, \$7.90. A proportionate reduction will be made between Auriesville and intermediate stations east or west as far as Buffalo. These tickets are good until September 12, inclusively, and can be purchased at the West Shore Railroad offices foot of Franklin Street, West 42d Street and in Jersey City, and at all the stations of this road, *by presenting a card order signed by us.* These cards may be obtained by applying at our office, 27-29 West 16th Street, New York City. Still lower rates will be made at any time for parties of twenty-five or more.

HOW TO REACH AURIESVILLE.

For the benefit of those who desire to visit the Shrine, we sub-join a schedule of convenient trains by the West Shore Railroad.

FROM NEW YORK.

Franklin Street	11.20 A. M. †	9.20 P. M. *
West Forty-Second Street	11.35 "	9.30 "
Weehawken	11.50 "	9.45 "
Arrive Auriesville	5.18 P. M.	3.45 A. M. (E)

*Daily. 9.45 from Penna. Depot, Jersey City, connects with this train.

†Daily, except Sunday. (E) Stops to leave New York and New England passengers.

FROM ALBANY.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Station .	7.45 A. M.*	3.30 P. M.
Auriesville	9.18 "	5.18 "

*Daily. The night boat to Albany connects with this train.

FROM POINTS WEST.

Buffalo		6.30 A. M. *
Rochester		8.40 "
Syracuse		11.10 "
Utica	6.50 A. M. †	1.10 P. M. (East Utica) .
Fultonville	8.34 "	3.35 "
Arrive Auriesville	8.40 "	4.00 "

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

Returning to New York a train leaves Auriesville at 8.40 A. M., and arrives in New York at 3 P. M. Another train leaves Auriesville at 4.39 P. M., arriving in Albany at 5.40 P. M., in time to connect with the night boat to New York.

Going West, the train leaving Auriesville at 9.18 A. M. arrives in Utica (East) at 11.38 A. M.; Syracuse, 1.50 P. M.; Rochester, 4.18 P. M.; Buffalo, 6.30 P. M. The train leaving Auriesville at 5.18 P. M. arrives in Utica (East) 7.15 P. M.

The New York Central Railroad, the most frequented line of travel, runs parallel with the West Shore, but on the opposite side of the river (the historic Mohawk). Two stations on the New York Central are convenient to Auriesville, Fonda and Tribes Hill, the former three miles west, and the latter one and one-half miles east.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

P. C., Albany, N. Y	\$ 1.00	P. G., Parsons, Pa	\$100.00
M. J. W., Parsons, Pa	10.00	J. F. B., Catonsville, Md	5.00
E. H. A., Philadelphia, Pa	5.00	C. E. V., Princeton, N. J	5.00
W. J. L., New York, N. Y	3.50	M. C., New Rochelle, N. Y	2.00
C. D., New York, N. Y	1.00	M. C., Troy, N. Y	2.00
Srs. D. C., White Plains, N.Y	1.00	A. C. S., Great Neck, N. Y	1.00
M. T. F., New York, N.Y	2.00	M. E. O'B., New York, N. Y	1.00
Mrs. O'B., Chester, Pa	1.00	R. M. P., Pittsburg, Pa	1.00
J. F. S., Pocantico, N.Y	2.00	J. P. G., Jersey City, N. J	1.00
W. S. C., Lowell, Mass	2.00	B. M., Philadelphia, Pa	5.00
Mrs. D., Cold Spring, N. Y	1.00	Mrs. B., Adams, Mass	2.00
A. L.	2.00	K. C., Los Angeles, Cal	2.00
Mrs. T., Chicago, Ill	1.00	E. M. T., Baltimore, Md	10.00
M. B., New York, N. Y	10.00	J. F. B., Nat. Mil. Home, Ind.	1.00
J. A. G., Philadelphia, Pa	6.00		

THE GAROFALO MADONNA.

THE Marquis Perino del Vaga had a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He not only adorned her altar in the chapel at the Villa Fiorita with the most exquisite statue and with a great abundance of flowers in their season, but he paid an extravagant price (at a time when he could ill afford it) for a Madonna that appealed to him as the most lovely and gracious of all the Madonnas he had ever seen. In fact, the genius of the artist had produced upon the canvas the marquis' unexpressed ideal, and the temptation to possess the picture was not to be resisted. It happened at this time that the marquis' friends and relations were importuning him to marry, and his heart not inclining to any special one of the demoiselles brought to his notice, he was fain to leave the matter to Heaven and the gracious interposition of the Blessed Mother. So he bought the splendid painting primarily to do her honor, and secondarily to enrich his art gallery. As the purchase was not entirely disinterested, he should not have had such a sense of personal injury and blank astonishment when he awoke one morning and found an empty space where the picture had been. At first he was inclined to think a miracle had been wrought in his behalf, but the fact that the *maggior*.

domo was also missing made it impossible not to connect the two disappearances. The condition of his country, torn by civil strife, aggravated by foreign interference, gave the Marquis occupation enough from 1859 to 1867—a period coincident with that of his early manhood. Between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-nine he endeavored to fulfil his duty as a faithful son of the Church and a loyal citizen of Ferrara. The recovery of the stolen painting and the day of his marriage seemed more and more remote.

It was a dark morning in January, 1861. The plantation household was scarcely astir when the housekeeper knocked at her mistress' door. It was plucked wide open from within, disclosing the lady of the manor, vivid in scarlet dressing-gown.

"Well, Pavilion, what is it?"

"Madame, the poor man has been very ill all night."

"You should have come to me before, Pavilion."

"For such a—a—creature, madam?"

"Certainly. He is a human creature. I would have sent for Doctor Arbuthnot."

"The night was so horrible, Miss Felicia," murmured the servant, "and the doctor is old. I did all I could myself, and you know I'm a pretty good nurse."

"Yes, indeed," replied her mistress, somewhat mollified, "and the doctor will be grateful," she added with a smile. "What seems to be the matter with your patient?"

She walked rapidly down the hall, the housekeeper a few paces behind her.

"He has a good deal of pain in his lungs, madame, and has a bad cold; is hoarse and wheezy."

"Pneumonia, I dare say," said the lady, as she stood at the bedside looking down upon the gaunt gray-beard, whose face wore an expression of painful apprehension. His small, bright black eyes flashed at the scarlet-clad figure for a moment, then shut again.

"Send Brutus for the doctor at once," said Mrs. Borland sharply to Pavilion. "Tell him to drive the sorrel in the covered buggy and bring the doctor back with him."

The woman went out and the sick man looked again at his visitor, observing her youth, her elegance, her fine blondeness.

"My poor man," she said with wonderful softness for one so naturally imperious, "you are very ill. Your exposure to last night's storm has given you an inflammation of the lungs. My physician will do all he can for you, but we are in the hands of God—are we not? Would you like to see a priest? We are Catholics, and there is a chapel on the plantation. Shall I send Father Merton to you? He speaks several languages and will gladly be of any service to you even if you do not care to see him as a priest."

"I thank you, madame," replied the sick man with a strong Italian flavor of speech and with the ghost of a smile; "but I understand English, and . . . I am of the Dispersed of Judah."

Doctor Arbutnot came out of the sickroom rubbing his shaved chin irritably; every physician resents a hopeless case.

"Very bad, very bad, indeed, Felicia. He is old and broken-down and can't possibly recover. Who is he? . . . Where on earth did he come from? What is he doing here, in one of your best chambers?"

He spoke with the freedom of a long-time friend and otherwise privileged person, as he seated himself at the breakfast table while Mrs. Borland prepared a cup of coffee for him.

"He knocked at the door last night in the midst of that furious storm and it was out of the question not to admit him. I could not even send him to one of the cabins, so told Pavilion to put him in a room in the west wing. I saw him this morning and thinking—as he is a foreigner—that he might also be a Catholic, offered Father Merton's services, religious or otherwise."

The doctor smiled:

"Why, Felicia, the man's a Jew."

"Yes, he told me he was of 'the Dispersed of Judah,' I thought the expression quite poetical."

"Ah, ha," mumbled the physician, drinking his coffee. "Poetical, eh? Depends upon what the 'dispersed' stands

for . . . Well, our Judah wants to see you again. You had better go as soon as you can, for he is near the end of his tramping. I think he's a peddler from the appearance of his pack."

The sick man observed his surroundings languidly yet keenly. He knew that he was lying between lavendered sheets under a silk counterpane overshadowed by a satin-lined canopy.

He saw that the furniture of the spacious apartment was rosewood, the carpet velvet, the hangings figured damask, the equipage of the tiled fireplace richly burnished brass ornately designed, the marble mantle-piece adornments (clock and statuettes) of fine bronze, the few paintings on the walls well executed landscapes. He smiled to himself, muttering in a jargon of Hebrew and Italian.

At Mrs. Borland's entrance Pavilion placed a chair at the bedside for her and withdrew to the fireplace.

"Madame," said the sick man feebly, "the good doctor tells me I have not long to live. I regret to give such trouble in return for such hospitality. I would not die if I could help myself."

"Perhaps you will not," replied Mrs. Borland quietly.

"I have nothing to tell you of myself," he continued, "because I am of no consequence. But I wish you to take for your own the bundle I brought with me. It is of value, madame, and the subject will please you, since you are a Catholic. It is not displeasing to me, and I am a Jew. Pray accept it with my best wishes . . . I am very tired. You will excuse me if I sleep?"

Dr. Arbuthnot eyed the bequeathed bundle with more curiosity than dubiety as it was before the rampant days of the germ theory; so Pavilion was directed to carry it—oilcloth case and all—into the sitting-room where the entire family was assembled: Alfred and Felicia Borland, young married people, and Alfred's father, quite an old man; Frederick Godard, a cousin of Mrs. Borland's from New York and his friend, Her-

bert Walton ; a semi-elder Englishwoman, Miss Cotes, and her compatriot the resident priest, Ambrose Merton.

Alfred Borland set to work at once to unfasten tapes and unroll endless lengths of cloth.

"I do believe it's a mummy, Felicia," suggested Godard teasingly, "I feel nervous, apprehensive! Don't you, doctor?"

"Oh, nonsense," cried Felicia, "it is a—— What *is* it, Alfred? Do turn it over, or hold it up so that we all can see it."

Alfred flattened the roll out upon the top of the square piano then mounted a chair and held up to view about six feet of canvas magnificently painted.

A chorus of "Oh!" "Ah!" "How beautiful!" "How superb!" "Fancy now!" was uttered by the beholders.

"What do you think of it, Father Merton?" inquired Felicia.

The priest cleared his throat.

"Art criticism will be more in Miss Cotes' line," he said with a bow to that lady who at once put on her eyeglasses and scrutinized the canvas severely. Then she announced impressively:

"It has 'the sovereign purity of Correggio's style and the true symmetry of Raphael.' I must admit it reminds me forcibly of *La Vierge au Panier* in the National Gallery at home. The Madonna, who is wonderfully lovely, has the same liquid eyes and dim half smile. One might say that something amused her. The remarkable handling of the cloudy background is also indicative of Correggio's work. Yet, I am inclined to think it might be a Raphael."

"You cannot think so!" exclaimed Felicia delightedly.

"But I can," replied the literal Miss Cotes. "It is a painting of extraordinary merit."

"The old lady's right," said Herbert Walton aside to Godard. "It's a masterpiece, I'll lay any amount."

The elder Borland was examining it closely.

"The edges of the canvas," he proclaimed, "have been recently cut."

"As I thought," said Walton aloud, "it has probably been stolen from some gallery or church."

"Gallery," declared Miss Cotes, "the treatment shows it to be an easel picture."

"To think that it might be a Raphael," said Alfred.

"Well," said Felicia, "in absence of proof I will compromise on Correggio and have the painting properly framed at once. Miss Cotes, will you give it a name?"

"Call it the Madonna of the Dispersed of Judah," flippantly interposed the irrepressible doctor, before that deliberate lady could reply.

"Oh, doctor!" said Mrs. Borland reproachfully, "you have no bump of reverence. I would never have asked a base materialist like you to christen my picture. I shall call it the Madonna of the Storm, since she appeared in one, and seems to be enthroned in clouds. See the veiled stars and the faint crescent of the moon! Is it not beautiful!"

"In the meantime," said old Mr. Borland, "we can watch the foreign papers. The loss of so valuable a painting will certainly be advertised."

"I hope not," said Felicia, so emphatically that they all laughed at her.

During this conversation Pavilion had been standing in the background, silent and attentive. She, too, admired the exquisite painting.

The three Borlands were in their Charleston town-house during the bombardment of Sumter in April. Alfred was offered a Captaincy in the Palmetto Guards and left home hurriedly. He wished his wife to go with his father to the mountains of North Carolina, as they had a summer place in Hendersonville, but Felicia wished to return to the plantation where she hoped to keep the negroes together and the place in order. Her father-in-law approving her determination, they took most of the town-house furnishings with them for safe-keeping, and for the next three years Felicia worked valiantly against tremendous odds. She found that Mr. Borland was too old to be of much assistance and finally prevailed on him

to go with a married daughter to Hendersonville. She herself had the misfortune to belong to a divided family. The fact that her husband's and her father's people were on opposite sides of the dreadful struggle for supremacy between the states, gave her a heart-sickness beyond description. Early in the spring of 1864, she received a hasty letter from Alfred, who was at that time on General Hardee's staff, urging her to go to New York. He wrote :

"I will be distracted with anxiety if you remain in the South. It is known that you are General Godard's daughter and your position in Charleston will be an unpleasant one, whether Sherman gets there or not. Go at once to Rosenberg and he will not only advance you the necessary money but will see you safely on your way. Never mind about the house in town or the plantation, Rosenberg will look after the one and Sherman will probably attend to the other. I have no illusions. Do not load yourself with household belongings, for they will be taken from you at your first stopping place. Carry only the portable and indispensable and go by sea if you can. God be with you. . . ."

Mrs. Borland cried her eyes out over this letter—the last one Alfred ever wrote to anyone—and then made secret and hasty preparations for the journey. She took Pavilion into her confidence and when she had gone the housekeeper went the rounds of the plantation house at night gathering up all articles of value and secreting them as best she could.

In the drawing-room her eyes fell upon the forgotten painting. She stood before it racking her brains to know what to do with it. It was a large panel—six by four feet—and the frame was far too heavy for her to handle alone. She could not release it from the wall without injury to the painting, neither could she reverse it. She slipped her hand down the tape hanging from her belt and grasped the shears dangling therefrom :

"I'll do as the peddler did," she said aloud, "I'll cut it out." Then pushed a table under the picture, climbed upon it and with inward trepidation ran the scissors along the edge of the canvas. She felt as if she might be committing a great

crime. "How lucky there wasn't a glass over it!" she thought, climbing down and rolling up the painting carefully in a table-cloth.

The day foreseen by Alfred Borland dawned at last, though he, poor fellow, had been lying for several months in a Chattanooga cemetery.

From her cabin-door Pavilion looked down the avenue before the manor and beheld a detachment of mounted men, the late morning sun illuminating their blue uniforms and striking fire from their burnished accoutrements.

As they advanced under the oaks, she ran by a rear way and met them at the piazza. They drew rein at the columned steps and the officer in command said:

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm the housekeeper, sir."

She offered the keys in her hand and sustained with composure the captain's keen scrutiny.

"I guess you'll be glad to hear that you are a free woman?"

"Well, sir," she curtsied deeply, "will you gentlemen 'light and come in?"

"We thought of doing so," was the ironical reply.

The men dismounted and the captain and several other officers went into the house. In one of the lieutenants Pavilion recognized Herbert Walton. She hoped he would not remember her, but, although he did, he gave no token of it then.

"Have something cooked at once," said the captain to Pavilion. "We will want dinner in an hour or so. Is there anything to drink?"

"Certainly, sir." She ran to unlock the closet in the pantry. "Here is everything, sir, that gentlemen like. I will call the cook and butler, sir, and dinner will be prepared at once."

The captain grinned.

"The whole force seems to be on hand. Wonder if they'll strike when they hear that they are free?"

"It will probably take a week or so for the information to penetrate their skulls," replied Walton. "I guess we can count on the dinner."

He sat in a window smoking, while the others made a leisurely and exhaustive examination of the house, room by room.

He managed to get a word or two privately with Pavilion, but she looked at his uniform and refused utterly to believe his protestations of friendship, though she did not say so. She merely gave evasive replies to his well-meant questions, and presented an impenetrable front of cleverly assumed stupidity to his earnest assurances. He felt that he could do little, at best, being under orders himself and compelled to an obnoxious duty, but he suspected her opinion of him and winced.

When dinner was ready Pavilion went in search of the captain. He stood in the middle of the drawing-rooms, making entries in a note-book.

"Dinner is served, sir," she announced.

He said sharply, without looking up: "Where are the silver and valuables belonging to the family? The house is stripped."

"Why, sir, my mistress, Madam Borland, took them with her to New York. She is there, sir, with her father, General Godard."

The captain's face darkened.

"What was in that?" He pointed to the empty frame with his pencil.

"A very fine picture, sir. Mrs. Borland took it with her," she added, glibly. (On one other occasion Pavilion had said to her mistress: "No, indeed, Miss Felicia, I do *not* think it is right to tell a lie. I never lie unless it is absolutely necessary!") She now felt it absolutely necessary.)

"A picture—yes. But what sort of one?" said the captain, angrily.

"A religious picture, sir. A painting of the Blessed Virgin."

The captain looked at Walton.

"I've lost my bet, it seems. I don't get the Madonna."

Walton shrugged his shoulders, bitterly regretting having spoken of it: "Did you have a bet on it? You might have known it would not be left here. I only hope Mrs. Borland has it."

"More likely it has been stolen," replied the vexed captain.

"Very likely," drawled Walton. The captain's eyes gleamed; he shot a look at the young man, who was gazing serenely out of the window, but said nothing.

The dinner-table was carefully laid with kitchen china and cutlery. Some coarse towels did duty for napkins.

The butler, who was shaking in his shoes, and Pavilion, who was as cool as the proverbial cucumber, served an exquisitely cooked meal. When the dessert had vanished to the last spoonful, Captain Bennett said to Pavilion:

"See that the parlor chairs and one of the tables are put on the lawn in front of the house. Take out these glasses, also."

Each man selected a bottle and the company seated themselves under the liveoaks very much at ease.

Bennett gave several peremptory orders to the negroes.

"What are you going to do, captain?" Walton inquired aside, uneasily.

"Going to have a smoke after dinner," replied the other, lighting a cigar. Walton would have uttered the remonstrance visible on his face when Bennett added curtly:

"I have my orders, sir, from headquarters. You will remain here and see that they are carried out to the letter."

He went off to make an inspection of the cabins, and in a few minutes flames began to appear at the base of the mansion. Pavilion burst into tears:

"Will you not save a thing, sir?" she asked Walton, sobbing.

"If you are not afraid you can go into the house if you choose," he replied. "I am under orders and can do nothing."

She ran and flung out provisions from the back doors to the cook, until the fire drove them away.

Then she fled to her cabin and met Captain Bennett coming out of it. He had found nothing "contraband" in the quarters, and was in bad humor. The frightened negro children and old women were peering at him from sheltering bushes. He mounted the horse the orderly was leading, and, as Pavilion approached, called out peremptorily:

"I want you to come and cook for me in the city. Pick up some of your duds and I'll send a cart for you."

She went into the cabin where the "duds" were scattered to the four corners of the floor, and the bed and a box of provisions turned upside down. Then she observed the impatient officer through the solitary window with its dingy shade tightly rolled up :

"Sir," she inquired, calmly, "is it really true that I am a free woman?"

The captain confirmed it with an oath.

"Then, sir, I prefer to stay where I am."

The orderly looked industriously in another direction. To his relief the captain burst out laughing; he was free to grin.

"Hurrah for the spirit of freedom!" said Bennett, and so laughing rode away.

"Oh, Miss Felicia!" cried Pavilion, extending her arms to help Mrs. Borland from the cart in which she had come to the plantation, "Why did you come back? Why didn't you stay in the North?"

Mrs. Borland stood up tall and straight in her widow's black dress and long crape veil—the uniform of the southern women.

"Stay in the North! After my husband's death? Of what do you think I am made, Pavilion? Of stone? Of brass? My home is here."

"Your home is there, Miss Felicia," said Pavilion, sorrowfully, pointing to the swell of earth covered with ashes and charred wood, in which fire-scarred chimneys stood sentinel, monuments of the dead mansion.

"I thought some of it would be left," murmured Mrs. Borland, her eyes filling. "I could not believe it had been totally destroyed."

"Miss Felicia," said Pavilion, hurriedly, "I could have saved nearly everything if I had known they were going to burn it. But I haven't any of the furniture except the chairs the officers sat in on the lawn."

"You should have thrown them into the fire," exclaimed

Mrs. Borland, with flashing eyes, following Pavilion into the cabin. "Take it away! Do you think I would use one of them?" she said, angrily, as the servant brought forward a chair. "I would rather sit on the floor."

She sat on a low stool while Pavilion went on her knees to blow up the fire.

"Miss Felicia," she said, mysteriously, "I did save something you think a heap of."

When the flames leaped she stepped upon the despised chair and let down the window-curtain.

"Don't do that," said Mrs. Borland, "it makes the room too dark." She turned expostulating and in the flickering firelight there smiled dimly upon them the lovely Madonna of the Storm.

Mrs. Borland had her father-in-law in mind when she returned to the South, and wished to care for him—to make a home for him. But the old gentleman wrote from Hendersonville that he was too sha'ken in mind and body to return to the scene of disaster and would remain where he was. He hoped that Felicia would make use of the Charleston house—what a pity they had stripped it—and regretted bitterly not being able to send her anything more substantial than his thanks and best wishes for her prosperity. They—he and his married daughter—would be glad if she would decide to come to Hendersonville and live with them. Over this Mrs. Borland shook her head, wondering what on earth she should do.

She found the North insupportable and the South—now that Alfred was gone—almost as bad. She had displeased her own family by marrying a slave-owning southerner, and she had not received thanks from the Borlands when Alfred became of her faith and presented them with a northern wife. Her life at the plantation had not been altogether delightful, yet she was eager to restore the beautiful old place. But the house was burned, the fields in ruins, the negroes scattered—it would be folly to attempt it. So she sat in Pavilion's cabin and the irrepressible tears dripped through her fingers. She was ashamed of herself, but cry she must, even with the dim-

smiling face of the Madonna before her. "Miss Felicia," said Pavilion softly, "don't cry like that. I'm going back to the city with you. I wouldn't cook for that Yankee officer, but I certainly will cook for you."

"I can't afford you, Pavilion," replied Mrs. Borland, amused at her tone, "I am going to hunt for work myself. Do you suppose Rosenberg would give me quilts to make if I was employing the best cook on the Ashley River? I am going to take two rooms in the Battery House. . . ."

"Yes, ma'am," said Pavilion, "and I'll take two rooms in the servants' quarters. I'm a free woman, and thank God, I can do as I please. I've been waiting for you, Miss Felicia. I knew you'd come back. You ain't the only white lady that wants to work for Rosenberg these days. But I'm bound you shan't cook. . . . Miss Felicia, what's to hinder us taking boarders?"

She looked somewhat apprehensively at Mrs. Borland as she ventured this brilliant suggestion.

"Nothing and nobody," replied that lady briskly. "We certainly can take them if they're to be taken. Gather up your belongings and we'll have time to get to town before dark."

Among other things Pavilion brought out the despised chairs and piled them in the cart.

"Miss Felicia, I reckon your boarders won't mind sitting on these Yankee chairs, if you do. I'm going to put them in the parlor." And she did.

A large mirror had been over the mantelpiece of the town-house, but some vandal had torn it down, leaving a space of defaced and broken plaster; over this the two women fastened the frameless splendor of the Madonna of the Storm.

One day Rosenberg came to see Mrs. Borland on business. She was sewing on one of the heavy quilts and looked miserably tired and depressed.

"Gott in Himmel, Matame!" quoth the merchant, holding up both hands, "vy vill you do this? Vat vill your fater, Chenereal Gotard, say? Your husbandt, too—he vill raise from de crave! I beck you, Matame, let me advance you money."

Mrs. Borland flushed to the roots of her hair.

"I do not need anything, thank you. You have been misinformed."

She suspected Pavilion.

Rosenberg, who had been a special friend of the Borlands—having been set up in business by the old gentleman—could have stamped with vexation.

"Misinformed, Matame? Mine eyes do not misinform me! Dat vork dere—it is not fit for you." His appreciative eyes fell on the painting. "Vat haf you here, Matame?"

"One of the few things that was saved when the plantation house was burned."

He examined the canvas carefully, noted the character in one corner of it; then pushed out his lips, tapped his chin.

"It is a goodt bainting," he affirmed. "It is not easy to say vat it is vort."

"It is not for sale," she replied, coldly.

"If it ever should be," he said, eagerly, "I beck you vill gif me a feerst offer."

Pavilion intercepted the merchant at the front door. She beckoned him down the long flight of front steps, and when out of sight and hearing of her mistress, recounted the history of the picture as far as she knew it.

"Vat vas de man's name?" queried Rosenberg, in a stertorous whisper.

"I don't know, sir. My mistress has 'Dispersed of Judah' on his gravestone, but Dispersed doesn't sound like a Christian name."

"It is not," replied the merchant, emphatically. "Poor deffle! He gets a crave—who gets de bainting?—Ve vill see."

He wrote a letter when he got back to his office, but the Italian address in the German chirography carried it no farther than Kingstreet, South Carolina.

During the next year the house on the Battery by degrees filled with what would be called "a very desirable class of boarders," so that Mrs. Borland had to give up quilt making

and devote herself to housekeeping. In consequence of the change she improved in both health and spirits. One evening, as she was arranging flowers on the table for the late dinner, the house-boy ushered some one into the parlor and brought a card to her. It announced Gino, Marquis Perino del Vaga, and informed her (in one corner) that one, at least, of his residences was known as the Villa Fiorita, Ferrara. When she went into the drawing-room the visitor—in a travelling cloak of decidedly foreign appearance—was planted in the middle of the floor apparently transfixed by sight of the painting over the mantelpiece. He turned at once as Mrs. Borland entered. She was in the full light of the western windows and was quite unconscious of the picture she herself presented as she approached with her buoyant step, tall and graceful in her nun-like dress, relieved by the strips of sheer lawn at throat and wrists; her blonde hair crowned with a widow's cap, her hands filled with flowers that diffused the spicy and delicious odor of Chinese pinks.

"Madame Borland?" the visitor ventured with a bow.

"Yes; I am Mrs. Borland. Will you be seated, monsieur?"

The marquis had not expected a landlady of this sort, and for a moment felt awkward; something that seldom happened to him, so he quickly recovered his wits.

"Madame, I came to the city in search of a picture that was stolen from me several years ago, and which was finally traced to this place. Not this house," he added hastily, "I had no idea of finding it here. I came to inquire for lodgings. Your house was recommended by persons in the city well known to you, one of whom kindly wrote me an introduction to you."

She took the note from him, amazed.

"How singular!" she exclaimed. "To think that the Madonna is yours. Will you please tell me about it?"

"It is a Garofalo, madame." She glanced at the flowers in her hands. "I see that you understand my language. It is strange, is it not? The clove-pink was the artist's signature. That painting—*La Madonna della Nube*—is one of the finest specimens of Tisio's in a private collection. Its loss was greatly regretted."

"I should think so!" she replied. "We were in such a condition at the time it fell into our hands we could do nothing about it. The war. . . ."

"I understand," said the visitor courteously. "Italy has had a similar experience, but a reward was offered . . . is still offered."

Mrs. Borland's ready color mounted.

"Monsieur, the picture was brought to the plantation by a Jew . . . a peddler, we thought. . . ."

"Ah," exclaimed the marquis, "my *maggiordomo* was probably well acquainted with him."

"He died at our plantation," Mrs. Borland continued. "We saw that the painting was of great value. We even thought it might be a Raphael."

She smiled a little doubtfully.

"I am not surprised," replied the marquis quickly. "At his best Tisio is easily taken for Raphael."

"I had it hung in the drawing-room," Mrs. Borland went on, "and when the house was burned it was cut out and saved by my housekeeper. If any one, therefore, deserves a reward, she does. Otherwise, the picture is yours. Please take it."

She rose, looking at him if expecting him to carry it off forthwith, but the visitor retained his seat.

"I hope, madame, that your house is not too full to accommodate me for a while? I have just arrived in the city, I have other business here, and I have an antipathy for the hotel at which I am staying. . . ."

For a moment Mrs. Borland hesitated, observing his handsome, apparently ingenuous face; he might be four or five years her senior. Then she said in her most business-like manner:

"You can look at the unoccupied rooms, monsieur, and if you like any of them, and if my terms suit you, you are, of course, welcome."

Needless to say the marquis found the rooms delightful, the terms entirely reasonable. Pavilion's cooking completed his satisfaction. Like all Italians he was cautious in certain affairs and impetuosity itself in others.

He soon found out all about his landlady, and resolved that she should either accept the offered reward for the painting or the picture itself, knowing that she would do neither.

He told her, with much apparent frankness that as long as she declined the money—some 15,000 lire—he would decline the Madonna.

“If I had stolen the painting myself,” she said with flashing eyes, “I would sell it to Rosenberg, who offers me three times that amount.”

“It is yours to do as you please with,” replied the marquis courteously.

He had been in the city for a month or two when General Godard came from New York accompanied by Herbert Walton. The latter put up at the hotel to which the marquis had so great an antipathy; the general went to the house on the Battery where he fared better in some respects. But he was much displeased with Felicia. He managed to conceal his displeasure until her second decided refusal of Walton who had addressed her before her marriage.

“What objection can you have to Herbert?” he urged. “He is a fine fellow.”

“I only object to him as a husband,” Felicia answered. “I am willing to concede him all the virtues otherwise.”

She would not condescend to relate the plantation episode as colored by Pavilion, but poor Walton's hair would have risen had he known the light in which he stood as far as Mrs. Borland was concerned.

“If you will not marry,” said the general testily, “it is your duty to return home. To come to New York is the decent thing to do. Everybody thinks I have quarrelled with you.”

“But, father,” she said quietly, “it is not my home and never can be again. I realized that during the last year of the war.”

“Were we unkind to you?” exclaimed the general, who had not been at home.

“No,” she answered, but her heart filled and she would say no more. She would not arraign her sisters.

“Then why do you say it is not your home?” he persisted.

“You did not like Alfred,” she murmured. “You did not

want me to marry him. You were on opposite sides during the war?"

"Did you expect me to turn rebel!" The general turned red, and got up.

"No, I did not. But did you expect Alfred to oppose or betray his people?"

"Well," said her father vexedly, "you have no children, the Borlands have lost everything, are they any fonder of you than I was of Alfred?—why on earth are you staying in this miserable hole, keeping a common boarding-house, earning your living like a pauper, when you might live in luxury! You put me in a false position, Felicia, and I tell you, I don't like it."

"I am very sorry," began Felicia.

"Yes, you are sorry," cried the irate general, "but you are as obstinate as—as—as you always were. Once for all, Felicia, you must decide. I cannot ask you again. Will you come home with me or will you not?"

"If my mother was alive I would not hesitate," she replied, determined not to cry. "But you have Stella and Frances and the boys, and cannot need me. I will stay here. I am not unhappy."

But she was. If she had had children it would have been different. She might have made any sacrifice for them. But she was quite alone.

Old Mr. Borland had just died and the rest of the family were scattered throughout the south. Those in the city were not especially interested in her, and their own sore needs kept them harassed and made them selfish. She wondered how long she would be able to keep the house on the Battery. Would she grow old and ill-favored "taking boarders" and endeavoring to make both ends meet? She appreciated the struggles of her sister-in-law who wrote from Hendersonville:

"Oh, my dear girl, don't talk about scuffling! If I can make one end meat and the other bread, I'll be satisfied."

The question of keeping the house was decided by Mr. Borland's death. It was to be sold at auction at the settlement of the estate, and she received a brief notice to that effect, which amounted to an order of removal.

The marquis was informed of the impending change :

"Now," she added, with a slight smile of triumph, "you will be obliged to take your painting."

"What are you intending to do, madame?" he inquired with anxiety.

"Take another house and begin over again," she replied, with a sigh not too faint for his ears. She suddenly realized that she would have to pay rent for another place and might be called upon for arrears on the Battery house, as she had had no hard and fast contract with her father-in-law.

So she looked up at the marquis with a pale face and an expression more eloquent than she had any idea of. In fact, she hardly saw him. He sat down on the sofa beside her and said, gently :

"Take my house—take me—" he gazed beseechingly at her with his very fine, soft, black eyes. "Take mine and me—and as for the Madonna, do we not both belong to her?"

Large tears hung on Felicia's lashes and would not be winked away.

"I intended to be so helpful—so independent," she whispered. "I wished to be brave—and here I am crying like a coward." For some reason the marquis seemed enchanted with this avowal. He ventured to take her hands.

"You can be helpful—to me! You can be independent, in my house! You are brave, and I adore you for it," he exclaimed. "Oh, *bella mia*, in my home—in Ferrara—you will find ample opportunity to practise these virtues. My poor country! Ah, madame, have we not both suffered alike? Say that you will come with me! Italy is beautiful; you will love her, and she will adore you—as I do."

Felicia thought it a little provoking that everybody said it was the best thing that could have happened, when she herself felt that she was only making another experiment.

A few months later, however, when the Madonna was restored to its place in the gallery of the Villa Fiorita, to Felicia's fancy the dim half-smile seemed to have reference to the little journey into the world and its predestined happy ending.

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