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RT. REV. J. T. McMANUS

Demise of the Vicar-General of the Rochester Diocese.

The Venerable Priest Expires at the Parochial Residence of St. Francis de Sales

Geneva.

Special to the CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

GENEVA, N. Y., June 28.—Rt. Rev. J. T. McManus, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Rochester, Domestic Prelate of the Papal Household and pastor of St. Francis de Sales church, died this morning at the parochial residence. Probably no death in the city has excited more universal sorrow than that of the venerable monsigneur. His life, both as priest and citizen, has been most exemplary and all feel that a great soul hath gone from among us. No detailed arrangements can be given as yet concerning the funeral.

When Bishop McQuaid returned home last summer he brought with him the glad news that the Holy Father had been pleased to raise the beloved pastor to the rank of Domestic Prelate of the Papal household, with the title of Right Reverend. Father McManus was in too poor health to be invested with the robes of office and that ceremony was deferred until December 11th, 1889. On that day the Bishop conferred the honor upon him.

Rt. Rev. James T. McManus was born in County of Cavin, Ireland. He pursued his theological studies at Fordham, N. Y., in the Catholic seminary presided over by Archbishop Hughes. The building still stands at Fordham, and is now a part of St. John's College, being known as St. John's hall. In 1861 he was ordained for the diocese of Buffalo. His first parochial appointment was to the parishes of Oswego, Waverly and Ithaca, comprising all that stretch of territory between the southern boundary of Ontario county and Pennsylvania. In this vast field the devoted priest labored for several years. Father McManus came to Geneva saying his first mass here December 8, 1868. He ministered to the wants of the congregation for thirty-one successive years, with the exception of about seven months spent in Rochester as pastor of St. Mary's church. In 1876 he was appointed vicar-general of the diocese, to succeed Rev. James M. Early. A papal brief, dated Rome, August 9, 1889, conferred upon him what seems to be the crowning glory of his life, the title of Monseigneur, making him the dignitary of the papal household. The title is permanent, and does not end with the death of the pontiff conferring it, as obtains in some cases. The insignia of office are the mozetta, the mantelletta, and the purple cassock. Upon no more delectable shoulders have the sacred vestments of the Church been placed. With the going out of his grand well spent life, a great man shall have died. He strikes no coward's blow for religion. His utterances are all strong, bold, sturdy—characteristic of the man. To the Catholics of Geneva, he has been everything. The magnificent edifices—church, parochial residence, school house and convent—reared through his indomitable energy and unflinching zeal, stand as monuments. They are all paid for, not a shadow of debt resting over any part of them.

Beggars in London.

The barefoot dodge is a favorite one with beggars in London. During the Christmas season I saw one lusty knave take off his shoes and stockings, leaving them in a barroom, and then pick his way over the cold cobblestones of the street, singing a melancholy ditty and holding out his cap pleadingly for pence. Every English beggar that accosts you reminds you that he is "a poor" fellow. "Oh, please give a penny to a poor devil." "Please help a poor old man." "Please remember a poor lad." "Please buy a box of matches of a poor old woman"—these are the entreaties which come to you from every side. The alleged poverty of these people is their stock in trade. Then, again, the most hideous monstrosities are to be met with upon the street corners—maimed, scarred and deformed creatures who seek to profit by their hideousness. Many of these creatures are well to do.

At the corner of Tottenham Court road and Oxford street sits a woman as fat as butter, comfortably clad and wearing a cheerful expression. A placard suspended from her neck informs the passer by that "this poor woman is blind," that she "is afflicted with fits," and that she is trying to earn money enough to pay for being "tapped for the dropsy." This professional rides to and from her place of business in a cab.

Oxford street is patrolled by several blind men who affect dogs and lugubrious songs and dismal countenances. These fellows have entered into a sort of business partnership and they are rich. Suggest to a London beggar that he apply for admission to one of the numerous homes or asylums for the indigent and afflicted, and see how quick he is to resent the idea.—Eugene Field's Letter in Chicago News.

"Money-makers" in the Country.

"Come out and see my money-makers," said a lady living in the country the other day to a lady from the city who was visiting her. "These," she said, as they came to a large and well appointed house, "are my 'church hens'; all that I make out of them above expenses is devoted to religious objects. The geese you see down there on the pond are my 'poor and needy geese.' They cost little or nothing, and the profits are applied to the relief of the poor and needy. Away down beyond that wood I keep a drove of hogs, 'dress hogs' I call them, because I buy my dresses, frocks you say, I suppose, out of what I make from them."

"Those Alderney cows are my 'theatre and opera cows.' I saw four Wagner operas out of the profits of one of them last winter. You see that bed of straw-berries? Well, we don't call them strawberries, but 'shoeberries,' for I buy all the children's shoes and my own, too, out of the income I get from them. These and many other little, money-making schemes I manage myself without troubling my husband, who works very hard in the city for a small salary. Consequently we have a great many comforts and luxuries that we couldn't otherwise have. And I thoroughly enjoy the work." Philosophy of Dining.

One of the old Greek philosophers was once approached with the question as to the hour of the day at which one should take his dinner. The answer was characteristic. "If you are rich," said the wise man, "you will dine whenever you please; if you are poor, whenever you have anything to eat." This same philosophy seems to be accepted by the Turks of the present time, judging by what Mr. Barkley says of the practice of this people.

There is a peculiarity about Turkish cooking. Wherever you are, and at whatever time of the day you ask, "When will dinner be ready?" the answer is always the same. "In ten minutes," and yet I have had all sorts of dishes on the table at the same time. I don't know how it is managed, but I think it is an improvement on our English plan of having to keep a fixed hour. If no order is given dinner is served as a matter of course at sundown, and this habit is usual among all classes.

We were somewhat surprised one day at Clonville, our Greek cook, asking, "Please, sir, what time you eat your dinner today?" We answered, "When we are hungry." "Very good, sir, 'tis megalone boofel dinner—ros' bid sure. One buffalo he kill over cliff last night and break him open."—Fowler's Correspondence.

AN ANTELOPE'S MIGHTY LEAPS.

Typical Yarn of the Champion Liar of the Mining Region.

In one of the old mining towns of this part of California, away up on the slope of the Sierra Nevada, there lived several years ago, during the active working of the hydraulic mines, a celebrated character whose modesty, as he still lives in the land of the living, forbids my giving his name. His justly celebrated fame arose from his remarkable power of narration. He could take any trivial occurrence that happened in town, dress it up in such glowing colors and throw so many vivid sidelights upon it that not even the participants themselves could recognize it. G. B. undoubtedly wore for years the belt as champion liar of that mining region, and one of his stories that I happened to hear him relate, I think is worth preserving. I will let him tell it in his own words:

"It was in the spring of '50 that a train of sixty-five on us started across the plains for California. The most on us were young men an' able to rough it, but we had three families, with about a dozen young uns among us, an' one baby was born on the way. Wal, of course, fresh meat soon got mighty scarce, as there was so many trains on the trail ahead on us that all the game had been killed or scared away. The young mother she kept kind o' pindlin' like after her kid was born and got sick o' bacon an' sich like, an' the young fellers that had hosses o' their own to ride, there being half a dozen on 'em in our train, used to scour out on the plains for fresh meat for her."

"One day three on us got arter a couple o' antelope early in the mornin' when our hosses was fresh, an' we jest took arter 'em, a yellin' like Comanches jest to see 'em run. There was a couple o' hills on the plain that stood seprite, with about twenty rods o' ground between 'em at the fur end, and the critters made a break to go between 'em. We was comin' on arter 'em like we meant to catch 'em, when they see that this open place between the hills had grown up with tall chapparral."

"Now an antelope won't run up a hill, nor into thick brush if he knows it, so they stopped till we got a most up to 'em, an' one on 'em tried to run back by us, but one o' the boys stopped him with a charge o' buckshot. The other one, seein' what an almighty tight place he'd got into, jest made for the brush an' tried to jump over it. Wal, sirs, he made the all-fired jump as ever I see; but when the critter got up into the air he seed he hadn't jumped far enough, an' I'm a liar if he didn't gather himself in the air an' gin another o' the most tremendous jumps that any critter ever did make, an' jest went a-sailin' right on over the brush an' landed on 'other side on't slick and clean!"—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Deceptive False Curis.

Every one must have noticed the number of ladies who wear short, curly hair at present. It may astonish you to learn that most of these charming curls are false. Typhoid and other fevers have played havoc with hair. After such an illness the hair is almost invariably seriously injured, and even if it does not fall out it becomes so dry and harsh that there is nothing to be done but to shave it close and wait for a new growth. Unless the hair grows very rapidly it will be two or three months before it is long enough to look well, and in the meantime a wig is a necessity. The short, curly hair looks more natural than a dressed wig, and is easier to keep in order, so most ladies prefer them. Evidently ladies, however, often use French twists and pompadours. Few people know how common wigs are. I have sometimes sold five or six in one day, and a great many ladies say they are sorry when their own hair grows out, as the wig has saved them so much time and trouble.—Interview with Wigmaker.

Inventor of the Detective Camera.

It was a Parisian, who hit upon the novel idea of a detective camera. He made a small camera, which he concealed in his hat. A shutter in front was so cleverly arranged that the joint could not be seen. At first he used wet plates, but he soon saw the disadvantage he was laboring under. About that time the lightning dry plates came out on the

market and the Frenchman's hopes rose high. He could take his hat anywhere with him, and no one, at a glance, would suspect its double purpose. Placed on a table facing the person to be taken, the little button at the back could be pressed and the exposure made. In some respects the hat camera was immeasurably superior to the toys now on the market.—New York Evening Sun.

More Than An Editor Could Stand.

The other day a Sioux Indian walked up and down the street with a long tailed coat on, gloves and gold headed cane, etc., and put on agony in great shape. We just laid up our silk plug, scrubbed the blacking off our shoes, took off our necktie, gave him the field and concluded that we were no longer in town. We did not ask him whether he would prefer being president of the United States or governor of Nebraska, but we suppose he will be around before election.—Gordon (Neb.) Republican.

How to Spoil a Cigar.

A cigar should never be exposed to the light. Such goods as are in showcases are sacrificed for the purpose of making a display. Within a few weeks the cigars in an open box lose all the attributes of tobacco. They become dry and tasteless and there is no demand for them in this country. With the English this is different. They want a cigar that is as dry as tinder and will have no other. Over here the cigar dealer must keep his goods in a damp chest like a refrigerator.—Exchange.

Pound for Pound.

English Justice—Prisoner, you pounded this complainant, eh? Prisoner—Yesser, y'r honor. English Justice—Fined £1.—Chicago Times.

Made Wealthy By a Whipping.

John James Mago, a millionaire who lives nine months of the year in Paris, is the hero of a curious story. It is related of him that fifteen years ago he was British vice consul at San José, Guatemala, and a poor man. One day a native commandant, who was running the port, ordered that he be given 100 lashes for some fancied insult. The vice consul was lashed accordingly. Later the British government stepped in and ordered that Mago be paid \$500 for every lash Guatemala was glad enough to pay the money, which made the vice consul a comparatively rich man. Having more ready money than any one else in the country, President Barrios entered into partnership with him. Mago became a large coffee planter and dealer and also was given exclusive franchises for building docks in the ports, out of which he made a great deal of money. His fortune is now estimated at \$5,000,000.—New York World.

When You Are in Europe.

In traveling on the continent get Bedeaker's guide books. Look up the hotels, and if intending to stop at any place for several days write ahead for terms. Ask for a price including light and service, as they are always extra. When the price does not include lights take candles along. The charge for lights is fifty cents a night for each person, and a dozen candles cost but twenty cents. Soap is always an extra except in England.

Those who ask for anything not on the bill of fare will pay handsomely for it. In all the Paris restaurants they charge for the table cloth and napkins to begin with.—Exchange.

The Seaside Parasol.

The extremely fashionable parasol to be used at the seaside or at the mountains is the most unique Japanese one that can be got. On top must be tied a large black ribbon bow, the ends of which come far down on the parasol when it is opened. It really looks very pretty when worn with a cotton gown and makes a bright speck on the landscape. The red parasol is also in vogue, and is of plain, heavy silk, with a natural wood handle. One having a silver handle is voted extremely bad form. The very pronounced liking for red is thought to be the outcome of the general woman's disposition. Lining her coat with scarlet, wearing a scarlet frock, having a scarlet parasol and wearing a scarlet bonnet is the nearest she can get to painting the town red, which from her youth she has always had a yearning to do.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

Graphic Account of a Sharp, Short Storm in the Gulf of Gascony.

In the month of July, 1886, the schooner Swallow, recently overhauled and made ready for a scientific exploration of the Gulf of Gascony, following the line of coast which borders the great depths, commenced the first attempt at dredging the bottom at a depth of 500 meters.

On the second day our rope scaffolds and dredge were let down under a cloudy sky and into a muddy sea. The barometer did not indicate anything abnormal, still the aspect of a sudden cloud, forming rapidly in the west, south-west in the course of the operation, seemed sufficiently threatening to cause us to postpone the drawing up of the dredge until the passage of that momentous danger.

It was necessary to shorten sail with the utmost rapidity in order to avoid too great a traction on the cable, the breaking of which would have caused the loss of our only deep sea dredge. The violence of such a squall not permitting the exposure of any ordinary sail we found we would only be able to carry the top, and that only if the space before us was clear.

I terminated these arrangements waiting whether we were going to lose our principal implement when the first puff of wind which preceded a gale of gathering intensity struck us powerfully, careening the schooner to the larboard. A dust of water was raised by the first puffs of the squall from the waves which were almost instantly formed, and the joined the stinging whips of an incessant rain and hail and lashed the sea to a crystalline whiteness which reflected the brilliance of a meteor.

The crew, sheltered from the wind by the lee-bulwarks, awaited in silence, in order for action there where it should be most necessary. But at the supreme moment of such a catastrophe which would all, which bruises faces, stifles voices, when the water has stiffened the rigging and sails, when the vessel under bare poles crouches and quivers under the anguish of the tempest, regular work is out of the question and the helmsman is the only one who pursues any active labor. But the schooner, held by the weight of the dredge which she drags, does not obey the helm with her usual readiness.

After an hour of fierce rage the thick masses of cloud are suddenly broken, and behind them hangs a thin curtain of vapor which is dissipated in a few minutes and the blue of heaven reappears.

Soon the squall hiding the horizon, glides away from us, leaving us powerless and no trace is left of the mobile sea to betray its passage.

The schooner anchors and bottoms by one her sails, whose folds as they open shed cascades of water which have accumulated there, and soon the soaked garments of the crew float on and are out to dry, and the wind which blows now with kind benevolence on these multicolored lines of tricots, sabots, capulins, caps and shirts seems to impose a vulgar labor upon itself, which it has recently had threatened their lives. Princes of Monaco in Sunny Bree.

Points About the Hair Brush.

There is another consideration in connection with the use of the hair brush, which, though it may scarcely need mention, should not be overlooked. The brush should be kept clean. It gives one a shudder to see the bristles and combs that are sometimes supplied in places of public resort. No one should ever think of using a public hair brush, less it become a matter of absolute necessity; but the fact remains that the individual article requires to be properly cared for, else it becomes an instrument of danger rather than a delight.

If the case is not very aggravated the bristles may be washed in lukewarm water, to which a few drops of ammonia can be added. This will clean away accumulated dust and dirt as by magic. The bristles can be rinsed in pure water and allowed to dry in an airy place. The brush should not be exposed to the sun, nor should the back of it be wet any time. Soda and soap soften the bristles, and if the back of the brush be wet, it will turn yellow by long use. For general use it is better to have a clean brush and use it often, than to have a filthy one and use it seldom.