

The Catholic Journal

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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BY THE

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Weekly Church Calendar:

Sun. Oct. 4.—Twentyfourth Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel St. John iv. 44-53.

Mon. 5.—St. Placidus, Martyr.

Tues. 6.—St. Bruno, Confessor.

Wed. 7.—St. Mark, Pope and Confessor.

Thurs. 8.—St. Bridget of Sweden, Widow.

Fri. 9.—St. Louis Bertrand, Confessor.

Sat. 10.—St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.

OUR THIRD YEAR.

With this issue the JOURNAL

opens a new volume and enters

upon the third year of its existence.

In our two years of life we have

succeeded in making many warm

friends and a few active enemies.

It is not in a boastful spirit we say

we are fully as proud of our enemies

as of our friends. We have at all

times endeavored to be fearless

and honest; to speak out boldly

for Truth and Right and to defend

our Church and religion against all

traders, whether from without

or within. We have frankly ac-

knowledgeed error when mistaken;

we have carried to the end contests

in which we knew were right.

And we believe our efforts have been

appreciated, as our subscription

list constantly increases. Never-

theless, we hope to see it much

larger, as with added circulation,

comes added opportunity and in-

fluence.

When the CATHOLIC JOURNAL

was started, more than one person

told us we were foolish; that the

paper was not needed, that it would

soon die a natural death, etc., etc.

Withal we have lived and thrived.

The JOURNAL has made a place

for itself and is its own demonstra-

tion that a Catholic paper is need-

ed in this diocese and that the

Catholics will support it.

Still it is not yet what we would

wish it to be. For that matter,

few editors, however successful,

are entirely satisfied with their pa-

per. We are not. And our con-

solation lies in promising our

readers that a proportionate share

of added support will be devoted

to enlarging and bettering the

paper.

To achieve its full measure of

usefulness, the JOURNAL should

have the co-operation of every

Catholic. Persons, both clerical

and lay, expend time and pains to

prepare papers to be read before

clubs and societies, where, at best,

they can reach but two or three

hundred people. If forwarded to

the JOURNAL afterward, they would

reach thousands of readers. Our

columns are always open for the

discussion of questions of interest,

and we are always ready to receive

suggestions and hints from our

friends.

A word to advertisers: The

JOURNAL reaches a class of people

who are good buyers. Our paper,

from its character, is necessarily

read and read thoroughly. An ad-

vertisement in our columns will

pay you better than in any other

weekly published in this section.

In the past two years we have

printed issues of four, six, eight,

twelve and sixteen pages, and have

sent out single editions, ranging

from three to twelve thousand

copies. We go into every parish

in the diocese and into many pa-

rishes in other dioceses. The JOUR-

NAL is an advertising medium, is

unexcelled.

As regards job printing, the

JOURNAL's office has been equipped

with new type, machinery, presses,

etc., and is now able to execute all

orders in a reasonably short time.

While our job business is good,

yet while many patronize us lib-

erally we do not think we have

yet done that reads this article if

he thinks he has done his share in this respect. We ask no favors. Our prices are as low as any other firm. We ask a fair share of Catholic patronage. In conclusion, we beg leave to say that the JOURNAL is here to stay and to add we ask all Catholics to give us their hearty support, in such measure as they deem we deserve it.

UNWARRANTED MISREPRESENTATION.

We are waiting to hear from the Rev. Patrick Cronin, of the Buffalo Union, Rev. Father Smith, of the Catholic Review, quondam secretary of the C.T.A. Union, O'Brien, of the Catholic Union, (N.Y.), Bishop McQuaid's organ at Rochester, and sundry other New York Catholic journalists on the topic, "Mr. Sheehan—or the success in politics of the Irish boy who threw the priests' petition in the waste basket at the behest of the liquor dealers." Mr. Sheehan is the Democratic nominee for Secretary of State. Here's a chance for a great moral lesson.—*(Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.)*

The CATHOLIC JOURNAL is the only Catholic paper published in the diocese of Rochester, but it is not "Bishop McQuaid's organ." The Bishop of Rochester needs no "organ," and has no "organ." He can speak for himself. The JOURNAL aims to give the Catholic news of this and other dioceses and to treat public topics of the day from a Catholic standpoint. So long as we do this as nearly right as we can, we believe we will retain the friendship and respect of our Bishop, but it should be distinctly understood the JOURNAL is not "the Bishop's" organ. We have repeatedly stated this fact before and we would like to ask the *Citizen* upon what authority it printed such a gross misrepresentation of facts.

One or two other statements in the printed extract will bear comment. Mr. Sheehan is not an Irishman, albeit the *Citizen* covertly sneers at him, supposing he is; he is an American citizen and eligible to the highest position in the land. Mr. Sheehan did not throw the priests' petition in the waste basket; he simply did his duty as Speaker of the Assembly and, under the rules, referred said petition to the proper committee; he did what was required of him as a presiding officer—enforced the rules. Had he done otherwise, the papers and people now abusing him would have been first and foremost in accusing him of discriminating in favor of Catholics and soundly beating him therefor. Mr. Sheehan is not the Democratic nominee for Secretary of State; he is for lieutenant-governor. And we hope and believe he will be elected.

Has the *Citizen* heard from the JOURNAL?

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

There is no question but that the Democratic ticket is growing in favor of the masses of voters throughout the Empire State. Day by day the solidity and business worth of Roswell P. Flower is winning its way to the hearts of the sensible voters. Mr. Fassett's star, on the contrary, is waning. The enthusiasm at first bubbling over is now to seem to have been effervescent and to have been largely froth. When his public life is held up to the close scrutiny of a political canvass his friends have not so much as they thought to urge in his favor. He has been a politician from his very youth—that has been his business. He is a brilliant, showy man—that is all. He is closely identified with "Tom" Platt and that should be enough to politically damn him among fair-minded men. On the great question of the location of the World's Fair, Mr. Fassett showed himself disloyal to his state, as he schemed heart and soul to drive the great exposition away from the Empire state. The cry that Tammany would have controlled the fair is all bosh and shows Mr. Fassett had only political expediency in view when he worked against New York.

Mr. Flower is a man who has made himself what he is—an honored and respected business man of the metropolis. He has and no wealthy relations to push him on. Not like the proverbial fellow who becomes a miser or a cad when he has attained opulence. Mr. Flower's purse is always open to help the needy and encourage educational and charitable institutions. He is level-headed and, although apparently a Hill man, it is whis-

pered he will be governor himself and will not toady to another's bidding.

This is the political situation as it presents itself at present. Just now it looks as though Roswell P. Flower would be the next Governor of New York.

NO NEED FOR ALARM.

It is said that the New York state officials are organizing a naval force at Rochester for service on Lake Ontario. It is very much to be regretted that the Americans should show a disposition to go beyond the arrangements which have so long existed under the treaty of Ghent. If the United States commence establishing naval militia then Canada will probably follow suit and fresh militia expenditure become necessary. As to the armed vessels on the lakes the limitation is one that has worked well, and there is no reason whatever for its violation. Until the United States become offensively aggressive they need never fear a war with Great Britain which has much to endanger and nothing to gain by one.—*(Montreal True Witness.)*

Our Canadian friends need not be alarmed. What is proposed to be organized is a body similar to our volunteer militia and will in no wise interfere with the stipulations of treaties now in force.

Three hundred and seventy-five of the six hundred railway companies controlling the railway traffic of the United States prohibit the use of intoxicating liquors by their employees.

Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, Iowa, celebrated the silver jubilee of his episcopacy, Wednesday last. The JOURNAL acknowledges the receipt of a kind invitation to be present at the exercises.

According to present indications Senator McNaughton will not be the Democratic candidate for this district. We are sorry to hear this and hope he will yet make up his mind to run. If he does we would like to see him elected.

The *True Witness*, of Montreal, has changed proprietors. D. M. Quinn is the new name at the head of the paper. We wish our contemporary as marked success under the new regime as under the old, and trust to see it as ably conducted as of yore.

Church News, of Washington, D. C., has entered upon its sixth year and signalized the anniversary by the formation of a stock company and the purchase of new and handsome quarters. We congratulate our contemporary and hope its prosperity will increase. We personally extend felicitations to its gifted and fearless editor, Milton B. Smith, and trust he will be spared many years to battle for Truth and Right.

Katherine E. Conway, of the Boston *Pilot*, wrote a poem for the monument to Daniel Ryan, a brave lad who lost his own life, February 15, 1890, at Haverhill, Mass., while trying to rescue a little schoolmate who had broken through the ice while skating. The poem, the music and bells of the merry-go-rounds, the trumpets and drums, hurdy-gurdys and squeaking playthings of the children made a most horrible din, for the annual festival was in full tide.

"Covered by a group of curious people, I was crowded and crushed, raised off my feet and carried along before a booth. Above the door I read the word, 'Metempsychosis.'

"A fat man was selling tickets; he was pitted by smallpox and had one eye smaller than the other.

"Inside it was very, almost quite, dark. Before us a square of light opened in the canvas which was stretched at the farther end of the booth. Within this frame appeared a table with a gauze screen separating it from the spectators.

"The fat man passed around a pasteboard head such as milliners use for bonnets. When it had gone from hand to hand and was acknowledged to be truly what it appeared to be, he placed it on the table and fastened the gauze screen. The light brightened by the transposition of the catch, without anything seeming to move, as the man announced a transformation the pasteboard head turned into a vase full of flowers, then into a cage full of birds, after that into a death's head which became the mask of celebrated statues representing successively Venus, Juno, Cleopatra, Anne of Austria, Marie Antoinette, and so on and on, until the showman said, 'Fastened pasteboard and success you shall now see living flesh.'

"Slowly the face dislocated, the features became hazy, confused, to form again little by little and appear distinct, animated, humanized.

"An ingenious trick, I thought; 'I don't even care to know it.' It is accomplished by the aid of mirrors.

"The head of a young girl, sweet and fair, had formed behind the gauze. She opened her great black eyes, which, with out definite expression, followed me with the strange fixity of a portrait, while across her face flitted the rather silly smile of the antique statues.

"This steady stare seemed to turn me to stone. My limbs grew rigid. I felt very strange, though I was neither fatigued nor pain, and there was something oddly familiar about the head. Where I could have seen it before under different circumstances and in different attire I can no more remember now than I could then.

"When the crowd of spectators left I remained. The showman seemed surprised, but said no more.

"I remained there, another presentation. When the young girl appeared in the last act I experienced the same singular sensation of terror, and could not move hand or foot until she vanished from the figure.

"The showman walked toward the door and I followed him.

"Why, I asked, did you write me—

ENIGMATA.

I wanted the sweep of the wild wet weather. The wind's long lash and the rain's free fall. The toes of the trees as they swayed together. The measured gray that was over them all. Whose roar speaks more than a language spoken: Wordless and wonderful, cry on cry— The sob of an earth that is vexed and broken. The answering sob of a broken sky.

What could they tell us? We see them evel— The trees and the sky and the stretch of the land. But they give us a word of their secret never. They tell no story we understand. Yet haply the phœnix hatched out yonder. Knows much in a placid and silent way. The rain might tell what the gray clouds ponder.

The winds repeat what the violets say. Why wonder the rain? Do you know its sorrow? Do you know why the wind is so sad—so woe? Have you stood in the rift 'twixt a day and a morrow?

Seen their hands meet and their eyes grow glad? Is the tree's pride stung at its top's achievement? Is the white snow more of a saint than the red?

What thinks the star as it sees through the casement? A young girl lying, beautiful, dead? —Barry Pain in Speaker.

SUGGESTION.

"What do you think of it, doctor?" asked the prisoner's counsel.

The physician, a celebrated specialist and authority on mental diseases, shook his head gravely in a noncommittal sort of way.

"You followed up the clew I gave you?" persisted the lawyer.

"Yes."

"And you think—"

"I shall examine him again today," replied the doctor. "I have given several experts in the new science, and they all agree that poor Julian is an impressionable subject, a ready-made victim to any one who might have wished this deed done by proxy; but the motive? Probably some lover's quarrel, some revenge; they say the girl was pretty and coquettish. There is something, however, about the affair."

"Added the doctor with a slight relaxation of his professional caution: "While I have never had too much confidence in this idea of 'suggestion,' I am not prepared to say there is nothing in it."

"Let me go with you today, doctor. I will slip in without speaking, listen to the story he relates, and one of us may chance on some word or idea to give us the indication we seek."

"So it was agreed. "How do you feel today?" asked the doctor kindly, as they entered the prisoner's cell.

The man was lying on his hard bed, staring in front of him, with hollow, vacant eyes.

"My thoughts," he replied, "flutter about aimlessly; sad, or sad, as long snow covers the plains of the moon. I feel weary, have worn myself out with walking to and fro. My limbs ache as if I had been beaten. I feel very cold, but the palms of my hands are burning with fever, and I have a dull pain at the base of my brain."

The physician nodded gravely and said a few soothing words, then requested the patient to relate all he could remember about the crime.

"But, doctor," objected Julian, "I have already told you twenty times or more. It will be monotonous to go over all that again, though, to be sure, there is nothing better to do here. Well then, place your self there, opposite to me, so that you will see that white wall; it looks to me like a canvas on which is painted that unfading image, the coffin with the head upon it. When you go away my terror will return. If they would pry so that wall a little; it seems to me the slightest stain would obviate this fancy. I tried to soil it, and the jailer scolded me as if I had been a schoolboy."

"Go on with your story," said the doctor quietly.

"I was walking along aimlessly, when from a long, dark, narrow street I emerged on the thoroughfare. Lights were shining here and there under the trees like great flowers of flame. The yelling of showmen, the music and bells of the merry-go-rounds, the trumpets and drums, hurdy-gurdys and squeaking playthings of the children made a most horrible din, for the annual festival was in full tide.

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"I must have been mistaken," he said. "Bahl never mind: very few will know the difference."

"Profiting by a push of the crowd I slipped behind him and hid against the canvas. He went out, saying: "Don't be impatient, Millie; I am going out to get something for supper."

"I raised the canvas. On a larger coffin, covered with some Algerian stuff and ornamented with copper nails, I saw the pasteboard head. A young girl, tall and thin, dressed in a gray wrapper, was coming the long hair that fell over her face. She threw back her hair as she heard my step and recoiled so that the floor of the booth rattled. It seemed to me as if she were trying to break through the boards to escape from me. She looked pale, super-naturally pale. It might have been an effect of light, for the gas was directly above her head.

"I gazed alternately at her bloodless face and at the white face of the manikin. They seemed to grow confused in my mind. "The girl's eyes shone, haggard and dilated like those of a somnambulist. Her pallid lips moved: "You have come to kill me!"

"Kill you? Nonsense! What weapon could I use? I remember laughing as I said these words, and that is all."

"Collect your mind. Force your memory to say 'yes' or 'no' to the doctor anxiously. "This is all I can remember. The next thing I recall is that a man's hands closed around my throat and the man was shrieking with sorrow. His grasp must have been furious, yet I felt nothing.

"Over his shoulder I peered about to see the coffin without trying at all to free myself. The coffin was still in the corner, and the head was still on top of it. There was blood on the floor. The head looked like a pale young girl. Beside it lay a shining sword of curious shape, like an African weapon."

"The sword was in the booth," explained the physician, "you took it to cut off the girl's head. Then you substituted her head for that of the manikin. All that was accomplished with a strength and rapidity only explicable by vertigo—temporary insanity—aberration, call it what you please."

"Decidedly, you insist upon it as firmly as the examining magistrate," said Julian. "Yet I can never admit myself guilty of an act I am unconscious of having done."

"You were out of your mind," said the doctor. "What happened next?"

"I remember gendarmes with drawn swords. A walk past the booths of the showmen. And I think they hooted and jeered. All the clamor mingled and confounded and became one great sound of rushing waves, then that noise resolved itself into a harmonious concert with dominating chords of deep, sweet sound. After that I found myself here, and you know the rest. You, doctor, felt my pulse, my forehead, and questioned me searchingly, but without succeeding in establishing my irresponsibility. I have never been subject to epilepsy, nor to somnambulism and my brain is not diseased. My own opinion? I have given it and been laughed at. Yet if I really did this hideous thing I am accused of, the very thought of which freezes the blood in my veins, then I have been the instrument of another's crime, a victim of suggestion. I am excessively nervous and susceptible to hypnotic influence, and have submitted to experiments until I have become a 'good subject.' I have no hope of this theory being accepted. I offer it merely as my own conviction."

"Have you arrived at any conclusion?" asked the lawyer three days after, as he entered the doctor's office with a curious expression on his keen face, and a certain palor and subdued excitement that at once attracted the physician's attention.

"Why, no; I am just where I was," replied the latter. "I can make nothing of it. And you? You have found some solution?"

"The solution—the motive—all," said the prisoner's counsel, unfolding a copy of age of manuscript. "The girl had been insane, melancholy, suicidal mania, and all that, but had been cured, as it was supposed, and was not considered dangerous. The idea fixed, however, still enthrall her brain, and, like all demented women, the more fantastic the mise en scene of the crime the better it would please her warped imagination. She conceived the idea of employing hypnotism, attended lectures and seances, and became an expert pupil. At one of these pseudo scientific gatherings, which were frequented by some of the students of the Latin quarter, she met Julian and—indeed as it seems—hypnotized him and suggested her own murder. This MS. found a few hours ago among her effects, contains a calm statement of the facts and completely exonerates the prisoner." Translated for "Romance" from Le Petit Journal by Edyth Kirkwood.

Telling Time by the Sage Brush. Marcus P. Hayne has returned from a three weeks' trip through the Kootenai country.

"The vegetation in the Kootenai country is very sparse," said he, "and you can travel for miles without finding water. The sage brush, which is the only living thing in the country whose growth is not stunted, grows to an enormous height in a single day, and dies in just thirty-six hours. It is nourished by the alkali springs which flow beneath the surface of the ground, but it is fed so abnormally that it dies in an incomparably short time. Well, the natives in that district have got the thing down so fine that they can tell by looking at a piece of sage brush just what time of day it is, so if you pull a watch on 'em they'll know that you're a tenderfoot."

"Well, how can they tell the time by looking at the sage?"

"Well, you see, they know that the sage lives but thirty-six hours, and they are so accustomed to it that they can tell at a glance to a minute just how far growth has advanced."

"Yes, but they don't know what time of day or night the sage began to grow, so how can they estimate the time?"

"Oh, they tell that by the number of branches, and the branches never sprout till sundown, and then one sprouts every six hours."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

A Rare Natural Gift. The tomako, a native of tropical America, is a rare gift to man. Though long unappreciated, the fact that no other vegetable is now so universal in gardens, and that on hundreds of small places room is found for it, though denied to everything else, seems a sufficient certificate of merit.

—Boston Transcript.

I am more fitted to decide than you can be," remarked Mrs. Edsall with dignity. "No matter, for I have been able to make some inquiries. Young Chambliss, the gunner's knave, him I do like. He says—"

But his sister broke in upon his revelations. "I won't stay here, ma, to hear him slandered behind his back," she cried with spirit. "He has never said anything that was not kind of you, Rupert, and I don't know why