

## The Catholic Journal

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SATURDAY OCT. 10, 1891

Weekly Church Calendar.

Oct. 11—Twenty-first Sunday after

Pentecost. Gospel St. Matt. xvi. 23-35.

Mass: 12—St. Wilfrid, Bis. and Con.

Tues. 13—St. Edward, King and Con.

Wed. 14—St. Callistus, Pope and Con.

Thurs. 15—St. Theresa, Virgin.

Fri. 16—Blessed Victor, Pope and Con.

Sat. 17—St. Margaret Mary Alcouque.

MORE MISREPRESENTATION.

William F. Sheehan has been nomi-

nated for lieutenant-governor of New

York. He is a Catholic and a gradu-

ate of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy.

This is the man, who, when speaker

of the legislature last winter, refused

to present a petition from the New

York clergy against the saloons of

their city. No man of decency, be he

Pagan, Protestant or Catholic, would

refuse in such circumstances. We

hope he is not a fair representative of

Troy seminary. Doubtless the world

will be told of his generous benefac-

tions to widows and orphans, of the

churches and schools he sustains, and

of his whole-souled generosity. Peo-

ple of St. Paul are sometimes treated

to this twaddle. His actions aids in

making widows and orphans, and in

improving churches. The Catholic

press of New York will doubtless be

heard from in this campaign. Exces-

sive ecclesiastical decorum, regulated

either proximately or remotely by the

rum politicians, need not seal the lips

of the New York clergy during the

trying period. John Brisben Walker's

pamphlet, would not be a bad campaign

document. (Northwestern Chronicle.)

It is astonishing what a vast amount

of interest outside newspapers

are taking in the election in New

York state. Did the above emanate

from a bitter partisan Repub-

lican organ, we would not be sur-

prised. But to see it in the col-

umns of the ordinarily respectable

paper the Chronicle is, pains and

saddens us. We have before stated

Mr. Sheehan's conduct in regard

to the petition spoken of was both

right and proper. It was accorded

as much courtesy as any other doc-

ument of the kind. We are not

aware that Mr. Sheehan toadies to

the liquor interest. We understand

he is a good and sincere

Catholic. We do know that he is

not a wealthy man, so the

Chronicle's prediction will not be

verified. But it does seem a shame

that Catholics will persist in de-

nouncing and trying to defeat a de-

cent Catholic when nominated for

public office. If priests or laymen

are not in accord with a man's po-

litics they are at perfect liberty to

exercise their rights as citizens and

vote against him. But no ecclesi-

astic has the right to attempt to

use his clerical position to coerce

enclave members of his flock to vote

as he thinks best.

If Mr. Sheehan's politics don't

suit, vote against him; but for de-

cency's sake don't disgrace yourself

self by saying you voted against

him because he refused to accord

the right of petition. That

rise is altogether too thin, and, if

Mr. Sheehan is defeated, the Re-

publican wire-pullers will laugh

openly at you for being "gulled"

so easily.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Both parties have settled down

to work. The Republicans were

first in the field, but the race is

not always to the swift. Mr. Fas-

sett has made a great many

speeches since he was nominated.

Some of these speeches have been

good, more indifferent. Many of

his statements have been reckless

and not well substantiated. His

rate of interest, in fact, a charge  
at the state officials were dishon-  
est, was a very rash one, and we  
fail to see where he has supported  
it by facts. The burden of proof  
rests with the prosecution. And  
Mr. Fassett's proof has not yet  
been forthcoming. Taken in all,  
Mr. Fassett's speeches have not  
been what one expects from a can-  
didate for gubernatorial honors.  
Of course, the Democratic cam-  
paigners have not yet begun their  
speech-making to any extent, so  
we have nothing to contrast with  
Mr. Fassett.

One thing is certain. Both parties  
are working like beavers. They  
realize that as New York goes  
this year so it will in 1892. If  
Mr. Fassett be elected this year,  
he can safely be counted that the  
Republican candidate for president  
will receive the electoral votes of  
the Empire state. So it can read-  
ily be seen that Republican success  
this fall means an endorsement of  
the McKinley bill and President  
Harrison. We don't believe that  
endorsement will be given.

AN UNPRINCIPLED BIGOT.

The workingmen desire to throw  
off the yoke of the bosses—boss Hill,  
boss Grant, boss Croker, boss Corri-  
gan, boss Corriggan, boss Cantor, and  
be free men. If the people of this  
city will fully register themselves,  
and then vote the Republican ticket,  
they can get rid of the ecclesiastical  
tyranny, calling itself the Tammany  
society, which now completely domi-  
nates every branch and root of our  
municipality. (New York Mail and  
Express.)

The Mail and Express is edited  
by Colonel Elliott F. Sheehan, an  
influential Republican politician  
and supposedly near to President  
Harrison. The "Corriggan" re-  
ferred to is the venerated Arch-  
bishop of New York, a man who  
never interferes in politics, and  
who will certainly pay no atten-  
tion to this gratuitous and unde-  
served insult. But his admirers in  
New York city are legion and we  
will be very much mistaken if  
thousands of Catholics do not re-  
hearse and discountenance the Mail  
and Express's unprincipled attack  
on their beloved prelate. Certain-  
ly every Catholic who votes for the  
Republican ticket will, to a certain  
extent countenance the vile insult  
of the Mail and Express.

THAT FARIBAUT SURRENDER.

It has been stated in the secular  
and Catholic press that Father Con-  
roy, of Faribault, Minn., had un-  
reservedly turned over his paro-  
chial school to the state, the latter  
assuming educational functions  
over the Catholic children. From  
all we can learn there is simply  
being tried an experiment of what  
in the east, know as "the Pough-  
keepsie plan."

The parochial school building  
becomes the property of the State  
and the latter foots all the expenses  
of the school. But the Catholics  
still select the teachers (who will  
still be Sisters in their accustomed  
habit) and elect the studies their  
children shall pursue. It can  
readily be seen there has been no  
unconditional surrender of the pa-  
rochial school to the State.

While "the Poughkeepsie plan"  
is not all we could wish, still it is  
a concession not made in many places  
in the east. We advocate accept-  
ing whatever concession the State  
may choose to make, reserving the  
right to ask for more if not satis-  
fied.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

Charles Stewart Parnell is dead.  
He who was once the trusted and  
honored leader of the Irish Home  
Rule party has passed to his last  
reward and his soul is now with  
the God who created it. It could  
well be wished that Mr. Parnell's  
death were under different circum-  
stances and in different surroundings.  
Had he died a year and a half  
since, what a changed tale there  
would have been. As it is, his  
memory is sullied with the stain of  
a crime against morality and God's  
laws. We cannot say a prayer for  
the departed. So far as we know,  
he passed away without a sign of  
sorrow or repentance, for he really  
died in the home of sin. But let  
the dead rest.

With Parnell's death, it is to be  
confidently hoped all divisions in  
the Irish party will be healed and  
the Home Rule phalanxes march  
onward to victory.

IT IS NOT AN ORGAN.

The Rochester Democrat impu-  
dently tells its readers that the  
New York Catholic Herald, the  
official organ of the Catholic body,  
repudiates Mr. Sheehan. If the  
young man who edits the Democrat  
were well informed, he would know  
that there is no Catholic paper in  
this state that can lay claim to the  
title "organ." The Catholic Her-  
ald certainly is not. It has not the  
official endorsement of Archbishop  
Corriggan or one Catholic prelate of  
the New York province. It simply  
fleets the opinions of its editor and  
such of his readers who agree with  
his views. If the Democrat thinks  
it is making Republican capital in  
such mis-statements as this, it is  
mightily astray. When the votes  
are counted for Sheehan this will  
be demonstrated.

The Syracuse Sentinel adminis-  
ters a merited rebuke to the Jour-  
nal, of that town, for insulting its  
Catholic readers by a lot of ribald  
sneering at those who believe in  
the "Holy Coat." If a man does  
not believe in the antiquity of an  
old sword of George Washington's  
that may be preserved in the Na-  
tional Archives in the Capitol, it  
does not furnish a valid reason for  
withdrawing from citizenship in  
the United States. Neither is a  
person forced to withdraw from  
the Catholic Church because he  
does not believe in the "Holy  
Coat" or any other relic, as the  
Syracuse Journal would seek to  
convey.

Facts, of Chattanooga, Tenn.,  
speaks out boldly in denunciation  
of the white rascals in Indiana who,  
a few days ago, took a defenseless  
woman from her bed, lashed her to  
a tree and horsewhipped her till  
her body was a mass of bruised  
and bleeding flesh. No matter  
how bad a woman's character,  
brutes like these have no right to  
molest her. Every one of the  
motley crew of scoundrels deserves  
a triple dose of the same torture  
meted out to this woman.

We see the Catholic Herald has  
joined the Republican New York  
Recorder and other anti-Catholic  
papers in trying to defeat William  
F. Sheehan, the only Catholic  
nominated for high office in the  
Empire state in many a long day.  
The Herald should be in bigger  
business. Or was its article last  
week a paid "ad" from the Repub-  
licans? If so, why not label it  
"ad?"

In 1885, the Sovereign Pontiff  
ordered special services during the  
month of October. These services  
were to be held annually in Octo-  
ber as long as the present tribula-  
tions of the Church endure. They  
consist in the Rosary of the Bless-  
ed Virgin, the Litany of Loretto  
and a special prayer to St. Joseph  
to be recited daily in the church.

The Catholic Home has been  
succeeded by the Chicago Catholic  
Home, Rev. James J. McGovern,  
D.D., is its editor, P. J. Mahon,  
assistant editor, and Andrew Ca-  
hill, business manager. We wish  
our new contemporary the fullest  
measure of success and we are sure  
our wishes will come true.

Wisconsin has lost its constitu-  
tion. At least, that is the suppo-  
sition. The Secretary of State  
claims there never was any such doc-  
ument. Well, the Solons of the  
State had better frame one. It is  
an unholy thing for a state to get  
along without a constitution.

During the long fall and winter  
evenings would it not be well for  
our young people, in kindred or-  
ganizations do not already exist,  
to form literary clubs, and, where  
possible, start reading rooms?

Church Progress says an excel-  
lent example to set children is to  
keep the subscription to the paper  
pious. Excellent advice, that.  
Wish everybody would practice  
such preaching.

The Journal acknowledges an  
invitation to be present at the con-  
secration of Rev. Dr. Chapelle,  
Archbishop-elect of Santa Fe, New  
Mexico, which takes place at the  
Baltimore Cathedral, November 1.

MAGIC.

When the sparrow leaves left in the oak  
And frayed at their boughs and night is near,  
And the wind wails over marsh and mere  
Where the after light lies dead and drear—  
Then, at that again,  
Come days that have been—  
Dead many a year—for many a year!  
When the wild drake calls in the early night,  
When the plucky pools give back dull light,  
And above in the gray void out of sight  
The flocks pulse by on their inland flight—  
Then, at that the dawn  
Sweet days that have been—  
And their dead delight—and their dear de-  
light—  
—G. K. Turner in Springfield Republican.

## THE EGG STEALER.

It wanted less than hour to high tide  
when Miss Marty Lear heard her broth-  
er's boat graze on the narrow beach be-  
hind the garden, and set the knives and  
glasses straight while she listened for  
the rattle of the garden gate.  
A stunted line of hazel ran along the  
foot of the landing and prevented all  
view of the garden place from the  
kitchen window. But above the hazel,  
one could look across and catch a  
glimpse, at high tide, of the intervening  
river, or, toward low water mark, of the  
mudbanks shining in the sun.

It was Miss Lear's custom to look  
much on this landscape from this win-  
dow; had, in fact, been her custom for  
close upon forty years. And this even-  
ing, when the latch clicked at length,  
and her brother in his market suit came  
slouching up the path that broke the  
parallels of garden stuff, her gaze rested  
all the while upon the line of gray water.  
Nor, when he entered the kitchen and  
hitched his hat upon the peg against the  
wall—where its brim accurately fitted a  
sort of dull halo in the whitewash—did  
he appear to want any welcome from  
her. He was a long jawed man of six-  
ty-five, she a long jawed woman of six-  
ty-one; and they understood each other,  
having kept this small and desolate farm  
together for twenty years—since their  
father's death.

There was a cold pasty ready on the  
table, and the jug of cider that Job Lear  
regularly emptied at supper. These sug-  
gested no questions, and the pair sat  
down to eat in silence.

It was only while holding his plate for  
a second helping of the pasty that Job  
spoke with a full mouth.

"Who'd 'y reckon I ran against today,  
down in Troy?"

Miss Marty cut the slice without  
troubling to say that she had not an idea.  
"Why, that fellow Amos Trudgeon,"  
he went on.

"Pears to me you dismembers 'em on  
old Jane Trudgeon that used to  
live 'cross the water; him that stole our  
eggs long back, when father was livin'."

"I remember."

"I thought you must. Why, you gave  
evidence, to be sure. Be dashed! now I  
come to mind, if you wasn't the first to  
walk us up an say you heard a man  
cryin out down 'pon the mud."

"Isa, I was."

"An saved his life, though you did get  
'em two months in jail by it. Up to ar-  
rive, he was; an not two minutes to live,  
when we hap'ed 'em on an found he'd  
been stealin our eggs. He inquired after  
you today."

"Did he?"

"Isa, 'How's Miss Marty,' says he.  
'Agetn rapidly,' says I. The nerve that  
some folks have! 'Comes up to me cool  
as my lord and holds out his hand. P'd  
a mind to say 'Eggs' to 'em, it so an-  
noyed me; but I hadn't the heart. 'Tis  
an old tale after all, that feat of his."

"Two an forty year, come seventeenth  
o' July next. Did he say any more?"

"Isa—wanted to know if you was  
married."

"Oh, my dear God!"  
Job laid down knife and fork with the  
edges resting on his plate, and with a  
lump of pasty in one cheek looked at  
his sister. Before he could speak she  
broke out again:

"He was my lover."

"Mar—ty!"  
"I swear to you, Job—here across this  
table—he was my lover; an I ruined en.  
He was the only man, 'cept you an  
father, that ever kissed me; an I be-  
trayed 'em. As the Lord liveth, I stood  
in the box an swore away his name to  
save mine. An what's more, he made  
me."

"Mar—"  
"Don't hinder me, Job—it's true I'm  
teller en. His people were a low lot, an  
father'd haid hid me if he'd know.  
But we used to meet in the orchard,  
'most every night. Amos'd row across  
in his boat, an back again. For the Lord's  
sake, brother, don't look so. I'm past  
sixty, an no harm done; an now ev'm an  
god's the same to me."

"Go on."

"Well, the last night he came over,  
'twas low tide. I was waitin for 'em in  
the orchard; an he would have me tell  
father and you, and I wouldn't. I reckon  
we quarreled over it so long his boat  
got left high in the mud. Anyways, he  
left me in wrath, an I stood there by the  
gate in the dark length for 'em to come  
back. But the time went on, an I didn't  
hear his oars pullin away, though I list-  
enin with all my ears."

"An then I heard a terrible sound, a  
low sort of breathin, but fierce, an some-  
thing worse; a suck-suckin of the mud  
below, an ran down. There he was,  
above his knees in it, half way between  
firm ground and his boat. For all his  
fightin, he heard me and whispers out o'  
the dark:

"'Little girl, it's got me. Hush! don't  
speak.'"

"'Can't you get out?' I whispered  
back."

"'No, I'm afraid.'"

"'I'll run an call father an Job.'"

"'Hush! Be you mazed? Do you  
want to let 'em know?'"

"'But it'll kill you, dear, won't it?'"

"'Likely it will,' said he. Then after  
a while of battlin with it he whispers  
again, 'Little girl, I don't want to die.  
Death is a cold end. But I reckon we  
can manage to save me an your name as  
well. Run up to the henhouse an bring  
me a sunny egg as you can find—and

don't ask questions. Be quick. I can keep

up for awhile."

"I didn't know what he meant, but  
ran up for my life. I could tell pretty  
well how to find a dozen or more in the  
dark by gropin about, and in three min-  
utes had gathered 'em in the lap o' my  
dress, and ran down agen. I could just  
speak him—a dark blot out on the mud."

"How many?" he asked, his voice  
hoarse as a ruck's."

"'About a dozen.'"

"'Toss 'em here. Don't come too near,  
or I'll cuff you, so's I can catch. Quick!'"

"I crept down pretty near to the  
brim o' the mud an tossed 'em out to  
him. Three fell short in my hurry, but  
the rest he got hold of, somehow."

"'That's right. They'll think egg  
stealin natural to a low family like our'n."

"Now back to your room, undress an  
cry out, sayin there's a man shontin for  
help down 'pon the mud. When you  
wave your candle twice I'll the window  
I'll shout like a Trojan."

"An I did it, Job, for the cruelty in a  
fearful woman passes knowledge. An you  
rescued 'em, an he went to jail. For he  
said 'twas the only way. An his  
mother took it as quite reason'able that  
her husband's son should take to the bad  
—'twas the way of all the Trudgeons."

"You needn't look at me like that.  
I'm past sixty an I've done my share of  
repentance. He didn't say if he was mar-  
ried, did he?"—Arthur Quiller Couch in  
London Speaker.

A Sacred Log.

There is a log of yellowish colored  
wood standing just outside of Ch' Hua  
gate, Pekin. This log has remained  
all in its present position since the fall  
of the old Ying dynasty. It is in  
good preservation and has commanded  
the respect of all classes and conditions  
of people. Insects in China usually  
make inroads in timber in a very short  
while, but they are said never to alight  
upon this sacred tree trunk, and it is  
true that they have not left a single  
trace of their work upon it, while the  
timbers in every direction are a perfect  
honeycomb of insect work.

The Chinese of people believe that  
the log is the habitation of some god,  
and on that account gather and worship at  
its base at least once a year. Among  
the higher classes the day for this unique  
species of worship is the first of each  
succeeding month, unless that day  
should happen to be a new moon day.  
Oct. 1 of every year the emperor com-  
mands the board of ceremonies to ap-  
point a committee to pay their respects  
to the deified log.—Chicago Times

OCEAN REMINISCENCES.

Let me recall a trifling incident of my  
shipboard life—an experience small and  
brief, indeed, but vividly fresh and of  
clearest and keenest outline in memory.  
We were on the Mozambique parallels,  
well to the eastward; the weather hot,  
the sky coppered and the sea of a sal-  
lowish blue, with a thick, slow flow of  
swell as though the water was heavy  
and sluggish with oil; a weak breeze of  
wind blew off the port quarter, with a  
sort of sting of heat in it, like the bite of  
the sun himself; and the ship under all  
studding sails on that side went rolling  
forward in a kind of loathing way, as  
though alive to the trucks with instinct;  
and I very well remember the slopping  
noise of the water as it fell from her  
bow like flinging bucketfuls of liquid  
grease overboard.

It was about 3 o'clock in the after-  
noon when the thickness over the star-  
board bow died out along the horizon  
there and showed the sealing clear to the  
edge of the ocean, with a twisting and  
glancing of yellow fires in it from the  
sun, as though lines of molten brass were  
slowly sinking in it. It was then that a  
sail was made out some three points on  
the bow or thereabouts, apparently a  
large ship, showing to her courses with  
her mizenmast gone and the spanker  
gaff waving, with some colors flying at it.

As we slowly rose she showed like a  
frigate upon the water, with her band of  
broken ports and her big wing of stand-  
ing jib; and I heard the captain tell the  
mate, after taking a long view of her  
through a telescope, that he believed that  
she was such and such a ship, naming a  
well known Indianan of those days. She  
was in distress, it was now gathered; for  
it seemed that she carried a brace of sig-  
nal balliards at her garf end, on one of  
which was hoisted the English ensign,  
jack down, while on the other fluttered  
a row of bunting out of Maryatt's code,  
signifying that there was serious sickness  
on board.

I see that ship now as I saw her then;  
her canvas had the whiteness of froth  
touched by moonshine; she rose and fell  
very majestically, her ports bristling  
and fading as she leaned to the heave of  
the waters. By the aid of the glass,  
which I furively employed on the mate's  
bosk, I could distinctly make out the  
white quarter boat swing-  
ing at her davits, the gleams off the  
glass of her large windows, a group of  
white and blue from the peak and  
The helm of our ship was shifted for her,  
and we got her right under our flying lib-  
boom end. There was not enough yawn  
in the foot of the foresail to disclose her  
from the poop; and it being now 4  
o'clock and my turn to quit the deck, I  
stroked forward up to the forecassle to  
watch the very noble picture on the sea  
line that was rendered significant beyond  
expression by her appealing colors and  
by the mutilation of her aloft. A group  
of old Jacks stood against one of the  
cathedrals, gazing too. I had not been  
looking above three minutes when one of