

The Catholic Journal

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SATURDAY AUGUST 6, 1892

Weekly Church Calendar.

SUN. 7.—Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.
Less. Ecclus. xxxi. 8-11; Conf. Matt.
vi. 24-33. St. Cajetan, Conf. St. Don-
atus, Bp. and M.
MON. 8.—SS. Cyriacus, Largus and
Smaragdus, M.
TUES. 9.—Vigil of St. Lawrence.
WED. 10.—St. Lawrence, Martyr.
THURS. 11.—Of the Octave of St. Law-
rence. SS. Tiburtius and Susanna,
Martyrs.
FRI. 12.—St. Clare, Virgin.
SAT. 13.—Of the Octave. SS. Hippolytus
and Cassian, M. Vigil of the Assump-
tion. Fast.

A DANGEROUS MAN.

General Snowden, who com-
manded the Pennsylvania militia
at Homestead, has given expression
to the impressions he received dur-
ing his stay in that vicinity. His
utterances stamp him as a man to-
tally unfit to command a body of
armed men in times of excitement
or trouble. Indeed, it is none too
severe to call him the most infamous
infarction that any American has
made in many a year. The two
paragraphs which we quote below
are the most objectionable:

"The law-abiding citizens of other
parts of the State do not seem to re-
alize the condition of affairs either
now or before the arrival of the
troops at Homestead. To my mind it
is very evident that the authorities
of the State will have to join in actual
battle with anarchists and the com-
mune. The people may as well make
up their minds that the eruption at
Homestead indicates the prevalence
of the disease in the body politic
which extends far beyond what they
have any conception of.

"I believe that the hour is not dis-
tant when peace and order will have
to be enforced at the point of the
bayonet on obedience to the execu-
tive."

It will be a sad day for our
young republic when peace and
order can only be enforced "at the
point of the bayonet." That it is
necessary to use stern measures in
dealing with the class represented
by Berkman and the bomb-throw-
ers of Chicago no one will deny.
The number of Anarchists in this
country is, however, small. They
comprise a few fanatics who follow
the teachings of men still more
godless and irreligious than them-
selves. The police are capable of
taking care of them without the
assistance of State troops. But
it is evident that General Snow-
den regards the greater number of
the strikers at Homestead as anar-
chists and communists; and be-
lieving it is only a question of time
when the State will have to "battle
with anarchists and the commune,"
he would order his troops to shoot
them down at slight provocation.
Once let such a lamentable trag-
edy occur and the germs of anarchy
and lawlessness are planted. The
children of the men thus slain
would be the anarchists of the
future. Prudent men would seek
to avoid such a catastrophe; Gen-
eral Snowden would invite it.
Hence, we say, it is criminal folly
to allow such a man to remain in
command of armed troops. He
has not the prudence which a man
holding that position should pos-
sess. He is positively dangerous.

But, it may be asked, have not
the workmen at Homestead broken
the law and committed acts which
should be condemned? Some of
them have and should be properly
punished. But when a crowd of
workmen lose their heads, and—
while laboring under great excite-
ment and an impression, whether
mistaken or otherwise, that they
are being wronged—overstep the
law, we believe they stand more
in need of good advice and careful
management than rifle balls and bay-
onets. This is not preaching an-
archy. It is common sense.

Let us say that peace and order can

only be maintained at the point of
the bayonet, is to charge that "the
press, the pulpit and the school are
failures as guardians of law and
order. This we are loath to believe.

SCHOOL FOR CATHOLIC JOURNALISTS.

It may safely be said that the
secular "School for Journalists" has
not been so brilliant a success as
its projectors hoped it would
become. Practical experience,
added to the necessary education,
has been found to be the best prepa-
ration for journalistic life.

The same qualifications are nec-
essary for the equipment of the
successful Catholic editor. But,
it would seem that a few years
spent in preparing for the special
labors which will devolve upon
him, would add to his fitness for
discharging those duties worthily.
A course in theology, for instance,
would be of great value to our lay
editors, not to equip them as critics
of their ecclesiastical superiors,
(God forbid), but in enabling them
to keep in line with the teaching of
the Church, detect false doctrine,
and avoid error.

Since our Catholic press bids
fair to become an important factor
in moulding public opinion, and
to exercise a wide influence, any
discussion pertaining to its future
welfare is sure to be interesting.

"Tolerari" has been discussed
until the subject has become tire-
some; Morgan has been scored to
such a degree that the bigoted In-
dian commissioner should blush for
him; the Summer School for 1892
will soon be a thing of the past,
and the sound of the lecturer's
voice will no more be heard in the
old Connecticut town; the discus-
sion as to whether priest or lay-
man shall edit the Catholic paper
—a discussion, by the way, which
should never have been started—
has quietly sunk into a grave from
which we hope none will attempt
to resurrect it. A change of topic
is demanded, and we suggest this
subject as a pleasant diversion for
Catholic editors during the warm
weather:

Should the Catholic editor of
the future receive a special training
to fit him for his chosen vocation?
We have no doubt arguments
against the necessity and practica-
bility of such training can be
brought forward. But it is a sub-
ject over which no editor need lose
his temper. Our own opinion is
that a life income of a few thou-
sand dollars a year, settled upon the
young man who is to edit a Catho-
lic paper, would be a good feature
in preparing him for such a life.

AGAINST SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

Press despatches announce that
considerable excitement has been
caused among Canadian Catholics
by intelligence received from Eng-
land to the effect that the imperial
privy council, the highest court in
the British Empire, had made a
decision in the Manitoba school
case. The judgment of the Domin-
ion Supreme Court is overruled,
and the constitutionality of the act
passed by the Manitoba Legislature
abolishing Catholic separate schools
has been upheld.

Some of the Winnipeg Catho-
lics refused to pay taxes in sup-
port of the public schools and the
matter was brought before the
courts. The Catholics won until
the case reached the privy council,
whose adverse decision has just
been announced.

This is, indeed, unwelcome news
for our co-religionists across the
border. It means that in the Prov-
ince of Manitoba, at least, they
will be forced to submit to injus-
tice similar to that against which
Catholics in the United States have
so vehemently protested. They
must contribute toward the sup-
port of schools to which they can-
not conscientiously send their chil-
dren.

How far the example of Manitoba
will be followed by the other
provinces, it is not easy to say.
In Quebec, with its large Catholic
majority, there will, of course, be
no change from the present system.
In the separate school plan
Canadian Catholics have enjoyed
a great advantage over the Catho-
lics of the United States—so great
indeed that it is not surprising if
many of their leaders regarded the
idea of annexation to this republic
with disfavor. Since, according
to the decision just laid down by
Great Britain's highest court, they
may be deprived of that advantage

at the whim of their provincial
legislature, this objection to a
union with our country can not be
again raised.

When our own fellow-citizens
realize the injustice and unfairness
of the American public school sys-
tem, and re-place it with one in
which parental rights will be re-
spected, the advantage will be
in favor of Catholics this side the
line, and it may be said that the
United States has moved forward
while Canada has gone backward.

HUMAN WRECK.

Sad sights meet the eye of earth's
pilgrims as they journey along
life's sorrowful path on their way
to never-ending bliss or eternal
damnation. It is sad to see want
and poverty in the land; sad to see
fatal illness enter homes in which
sorrow has been a stranger, and
rosy-hued health the prized com-
panion of many a happy month
and year; it is sad to watch the
grief of fond parents, as the al-
most idolized darling of their
hearts is torn from their embrace
and the childish prattle they loved
so well to hear is hushed in the
silence of death. There are scenes
so pathetic that all but the stoniest
heart will melt with tender pity;
and again there are spectacles so
woeful that tears refuse to flow, so
awful is the agony they cause to
the beholder and the sufferer.

But if there is a sight that is
sad even among the saddest, that
is mournful to the corporal vision
of man and mournful to the all-see-
ing eye of God, it is a blasted life
—a human wreck. And who
among us has not seen such an one?
Often the doomed one is the
cherished friend of by-gone years,
the most brilliant among the asso-
ciates of our vanished youth.
Gifted by God with ability and
blessed by many a grand opportu-
nity; possessed of winning ways
and manly beauty—alas, a fatal
gift. But temptation comes and
finds an easy victim. Dissipation
seeks its seal upon the lordly brow;
the eye, which in youth reflected
back a soul made in the image of
its Maker, is dead and lustreless
or lit with a horrid light, the mark
of Demon Alcohol; the cheek, is
swollen till the flesh almost breaks
through the skin; the body bloated
almost to bursting. The sparkling
wit has changed to coarse obscen-
ity, the merry laughter frown.

Down, down, down, until the
goal of such a life is reached—a
drunkard's death, and then—but
we must not judge. While life
still warms the body there is hope;
hope because a merciful God will
reject none who come to him with
repentant heart. And as a trite
old proverb says: "It is never
too late to mend."

It is the old drama of the Gar-
den of Eden. All around him,
man finds that which will give
happiness; the consolations of re-
ligion, the inestimable privilege of
receiving his Lord and Master at
the altar rail; the pure delights of
literature are his to enjoy; before
him Nature spreads a lavish feast
for mind and eye; nor must the
joys which cluster round the hearth-
stone be forgotten in the list of
God's best gifts. Yet man will
eat of the forbidden fruit. Pas-
sion tempts him from the path of
virtue; appetite, indulged till it
becomes sinful, lures him from the
walks of sobriety; at last he is
driven from the Eden which he
has forfeited through sin.

It will be two years next Wed-
nesday since the chilling news of
the death of John Boyle O'Reilly
was flashed around the world, in
few parts of which there were not
men who loved and admired the
sweet poet and pure Christian gen-
tleman. Not until the Irish heart
has become ungrateful; not until
mankind has ceased to love that
which is kind and brave and true,
will the memory of this noble son
of Erin fade from the minds of his
countrymen, or this mournful an-
niversary glide by unnoticed.

The *Post-Express* charges that
"the teachings of the JOURNAL on
assassination and anarchy are ex-
ceedingly liberal." Always in
accord with the commandment
"Thou shalt not kill." Never
more liberal than that, dear or-
thodox contemporary. The *Post-
Express* should be honest enough
to confess that the article from
which it quoted condemned anarchy
and assassination.

FREE THOROUGHFARE.

In hollow trees
Live white ewe, kid, fawn, and doe.
If I were a chipmunk, bat or bee,
I'd pack my stores in an empty tree.

Under the ground
Ants and beetles and snakes are found.
And toph, the snake with a leathern skin
Needs a cellar to hide him in.

By the brook's brink,
Splash! go the beaver, muskrat, mink.
Chop! chop! a stout axe as he,
A beaver's hut were the place for me.

High o'er the rocks,
Lord of his watch tower, dwells the fox.
Were I more fleet than the west wind is,
I'd have a staircase steep as his.

Of nose and beak,
Tooth and tal, it were long to speak.
Who lives in winter and needs no fire.

Whichsoever any one meets
Has rooted his chamber or paved his streets:
Yet of all their wit, not one, you see,
Has learned the secret of lock and key.
—Dora R. Goodale in *Springfield Republican*.

A DOWRY OF HERRING.

It was the 20th of January, 1795. The
French army had entered Amsterdam,
and the soldiers waited in groups in the
square where they had stacked their
guns to have their lodgings assigned them.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of
the weather, the inhabitants had left
their houses and were collecting in the
streets to welcome this liberating army.
The greatest enthusiasm reigned in the
city, and in the evening every house was
illuminated.

Near the admiralty, however, stood
one house whose dark and silent aspect
contrasted strangely with the brilliant
exterior of its neighbors. A narrow
courtyard inclosed in a high wall, with
a porte cochere, intervened between the
street and the house, and all the doors
and blinds were now closely secured.

Master Woerden was a rich Dutch
merchant. Entirely taken up with his
commercial affairs he was totally indif-
ferent to the political events which so
interested his countrymen, besides which
he too thoroughly understood domestic
economy to waste candles after the prodig-
al fashion of his neighbors.

At this moment Master Woerden was
seated in a comfortable armchair in
front of a blazing fire. His fur bordered
robe was folded across his chest, and
his wolfskin cap was pressed down upon
his brow, whose few scattered gray
hairs offered no protection from the
sharp currents of frosty air that found
entrance at every opening of the door.

On a table near him stood a polished
brass lamp, a large pitcher of beer and
a clay pipe. In the chimney corner an
old servant, whose extreme embonpoint
betrayed her Flemish origin, occupied
herself with occasionally stirring and
feeding the open fire.

Presently the doorbell rang and the
servant rose quickly to answer it. A few
moments later a young man entered,
who threw his cloak on the sofa and ap-
proached the old man.

"Is it you, William?" exclaimed Mas-
ter Woerden. "I had not expected you
so early!"

"I left Broek this morning," he re-
plied, with a respectful salutation, "but
the roads are so cumbered with soldiers
and fugitives that it has taken me all
day to get here."

"Did you see Van Elberg?"
The young man drank a glass of beer
and sat down by the fire before answer-
ing this question.

"Yes, sir," he said slowly. "Master
Van Elberg consents to the marriage,
but he refuses to give his daughter more
than 4,000 ducats as her dowry."

"Ah!" cried Master Woerden, frown-
ing heavily, "then he may keep both his
daughter and her dowry."

"But, father, let me!"
"Hold your tongue, William; at your
age one would sacrifice everything to
love, but let me tell you love fades
away, while money remains."

"But Master Van Elberg is one of the
richest merchants in Holland, and what
he will not give his daughter in his life-
time, will surely come to her at his death."

"What then? Am not I as rich as he?
Listen to me, my son. You will one day
succeed me in my business. Remember
then these two axioms—never give more
than you receive, and do nothing for the
sole benefit of others. These are good
rules for marriage as well as for com-
merce."

"But!"
"Let the matter rest, my son. We
will not speak further of it now."
William knew the self-willed obsti-
nacy of his father too well to reply, and
sat still in great sorrow and perplexity,
while the old man calmly smoked his
pipe.

Again the doorbell rang, and the dogs
in the courtyard began to bark furiously.

"Ah!" said Master Woerden, "it must
be some stranger. Look out of the
window, William, and see who it is."

The young man did so, saying in tones
of surprise:

"It is a mounted militiaman, father!"
Presently the old servant brought in
a letter, which Master Woerden re-
ceived with an air of great disquietude;
but on tearing open the envelope with
impatient fingers his face assumed its
wonted expression of serenity as he read
the inclosure.

"That is well!" he said, as he handed
the letter to his son.

It was a requisition from the govern-
ment for 400,000 herrings to be deliv-
ered within a month for the use of the
French army.

"William!" exclaimed the old man
after a moment's reflection, "I have an
idea! You shall marry Van Elberg's
daughter, and she shall have a good
dowry too."

"Can it be possible?"
"Leave it to me. As the canals are
all closed by the ice, be ready with two
saddle horses at daylight tomorrow.
Ah! my son! if you only inherit your
father's good sense!"

The next morning the rising sun saw
the two travelers on their way to Broek.

They arrived about midday, but were
obliged to leave their horses at an inn
outside the village, as neither horses nor
carriages were permitted to enter the
streets. Broek enjoys in Holland an
extraordinary reputation for neatness.
The streets are paved with polished
stones in different colors, which are ar-
ranged in mosaic designs. In front of
each house is a space reserved for the
use of its inhabitants, which is inclosed
by an iron railing with bright ornaments
of brass and furnished with settees of
carved wood. So great is the mania for
cleanliness that a withered leaf cannot
fall in one of these elegant parades
without the family's rushing out in the
utmost haste to remove it.

When Master Woerden and his son
arrived with snowladen shoes, many
covert glances of indignation followed
their progress toward Master Van El-
berg's house; but as they were at once
well known and greatly respected, no
open remonstrance was made. On
reaching their destination, however, the
servant met them at the door with slip-
pers in hand that they might leave their
heavy shoes outside.

When the travelers entered the par-
lor, not only Master Van Elberg but his
charming daughter also received them
with much cordiality.

Clothed in the costume of her coun-
try. The short, full skirt richly de-
corated with embroidery, the velvet bod-
ice, and the dainty cap with its border
of lace, the gold band across her dark
hair, and the heavy gold earrings
thickly set with jewels, made a pic-
turesque garb that daintily set off her
fair, placid features.

"Good morning, Master Woerden!"
cried Van Elberg as he held out his
hand cheerily to his visitor. "You are
welcome. Have the French scared you
away from Amsterdam?"

"They have not troubled me in the
least," replied Woerden. "You know I
care as little for the French as for the
Prince of Orange. Politics never inter-
est me. I come to propose a good specu-
lation."

"That is well! What is it?" returned
Van Elberg.

"I have engaged to deliver 400,000
herrings in a month. Can you furnish
that to me in three weeks?"

"At what price?"

"Ten florins a thousand."

"Ten florins? Yes! I will undertake
to supply them."

"Good!" returned Woerden, rubbing
his hands together contentedly, as the
dining room door was now open, dis-
playing the plentiful breakfast which
awaited them.

After partaking liberally of the good
things before him, for the long ride had
sharpened his appetite, Master Woerden
glanced significantly at the young girl,
who shyly turned her eyes away from
him as he began to discuss the question
of the young folks' marriage. Finding
his host firmly insisting on giving his
daughter only the dowry he had before
fixed, Master Woerden made but a
feigned remonstrance to these terms,
and in the end conceded the disputed
point. It was then decided that the
marriage should take place in eight
days.

As they returned to Amsterdam the
next day, William ventured to ask his
father why he had thus agreed to Master
Van Elberg's terms.

"My son," replied Master Woerden
gravely, "do not disturb me about trifles.
This contract for herrings is a serious
matter, and requires all my thoughts."

Once more in his own house, Master
Woerden shut himself up for hours in
his own room, and when he at length
came forth he gave his servant a large
package of letters to mail.

Three days later the old man, with
his wrinkled face all alight with tri-
umph, whispered to his son:

"Ah, William, I have your dowry all
ready for you."

On the day appointed for the wedding
Master Woerden and his son returned to
Broek. This time they were received
with great ceremony. The wide fold-
ing doors that are only opened for Chris-
tenings, weddings and funerals were
drawn apart, and a large party of friends
and relatives were assembled. The mas-
ter of the house, however, came to meet
them with so pale and troubled a coun-
tenance that William feared he had some
bad news to make known. Master
Woerden did not share his son's alarm,
for he knew only too surely the cause of
his host's distress.

"What troubles you, dear friend?" he
said, with a hypocritical smile. "You
look anxious and worried!"

"Ah! I am cruelly embarrassed! I
must speak with you at once!"

"Can it be this marriage that dis-
pleases you? Do you wish to retract
your consent?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, then, let us go on with the cere-
mony; when that is over, and your
friends are amusing themselves, we can
speak at our ease of other matters!"

Master Van Elberg hesitated. He
would gladly have put all else aside till
his distress of mind was explained; but
seeing also how much wiser it would be
to take the advice thus given him, he
gave the signal for the marriage to go on.

A few moments later the wedded pair
were kneeling at the altar to receive the
church's blessing on their union, and
immediately on the return of the party
to the house Master Van Elberg hurried
his guest into his private room.

"My friend!" he said anxiously, as
soon as he had closed the door, "I have
engaged to deliver 400,000 herrings to
you in fifteen days, and I have not yet
succeeded in getting a single one. They
are all sold."

"Of course they are!" cried Master
Woerden with a burst of laughter; "I
have myself bought them!"

"Ah!" cried Van Elberg, after staring
a moment at his companion in utter
amazement. "What then do you ex-
pect?"

"That you will fulfill your engage-
ment. Listen to me, my friend! You
will one day leave your daughter a large
fortune, and I shall do much for my
family. That is all very well for the future,
but for today they are not on equal
terms. I shall give my son a share of

my business, but you give your daugh-
ter only 4,000 ducats. I have not wished
to disappoint our children's hopes, but I
have planned to compel you to be more
just in your arrangements."

While Master Woerden thus spoke,
his companion was becoming more and
more bewildered.

"This is what I have done!" continued
the merchant of Amsterdam; "you have
engaged to sell me these herrings at ten
florins a thousand, but I already have
them. You can only retrieve your honor
by buying them from me! I will sell
them to you for fifty florins a thousand.
Thus, you will pay me 16,000 florins,
and we are quits."

"It is well!" replied Van Elberg, who
had now regained control of his scat-
tered wits. "You are a skillful mer-
chant, and have caught me finely."

He bowed ceremoniously to his com-
panion, turned to his desk and drew up
a check for the required sum, which he
handed to Master Woerden with another
bow.

The two fathers then returned to the
parlor to take part in the wedding fe-
stivities.

Eight days later the merchant of
Broek came to visit his daughter, who
now lived with her husband at Amster-
dam. He found Master Woerden in
great tribulation.

"Ah, friend Van Elberg!" he cried in
despair. "What shall I do? The fisher-
men are bringing in my herrings, and I
cannot find a single cask to pack them
in. They will all be spoiled!"

"Ah," returned Van Elberg coldly.
"You bought up all the herrings and I
have bought all the casks. I could sell
them to you at an exorbitant price, but
as I wish to keep my word about giving
my daughter her dowry of 4,000 ducats,
I will only charge you the amount you
so skillfully made out of me in the other
matter. You are very cunning, you
merchants of Amsterdam, but we of
Broek have positive genius, you see."

"But you got the idea from me!" re-
sponded Master Woerden proudly.—
Translated from the French of Hippo-
lyte Etienneux by Mary Cruger for Ro-
mance.

Facing a Buffalo.

We had not gone 200 steps when I saw
six fine male buffaloes. Hiding behind
an hills and taking advantage of the
wind, which blew toward us, we slowly
approached the animals. When we were
within eighty paces of them they scented
the danger, and the two which were on
guard fixed their eyes in our direction.

We waited behind a sugar loaf anhill
for half an hour, not daring to move for
fear of scaring the game. Then I
changed my mind and tried to reach
another anhill a hundred feet away,
from which I could shoot sideways, as I
supposed, taking advantage of the
bushes.

Without being noticed by Haggi, to
whom I had said nothing of my inten-
tion, I started for the place. When I
was half way between the two anhills
I saw that Haggi was taking aim, and
before I could call out to him the shot
resounded.

The buffaloes looked up, uncertain
whence came the danger. The grass
where I stood was low and I was plainly
visible. One of the animals was wound-
ed in the shoulder, too high to break the
bone, and foaming at the mouth with
his tail in the air he rushed upon me.

I waited motionless till he was within
twenty paces. Then I placed a ball in
his head about an inch below the horns.
He bent his hind legs, but recovered
himself almost at once. I fired my
second barrel and he fell lifeless to the
ground.—"Seven Years in the Sudan."

The Hair Rope a Protection.

For some cause no rattlesnake will
cross a hair rope. When a camping
party is in a region infested with these
vermin all that is necessary to protect
the camp at night is to lay a hair lariet
on the ground around the camp in such
a way that no snake can approach the
camp from any quarter without crossing
the rope and the campers are perfectly
secure from intrusion. Why it is no
human being can explain, but that it
is so has been too often proven to be
doubted.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Twin Maples.

At Greencastle, Ind., there are twin
maple trees of equal size, but curiously
grafted. At the height of fifty feet one
makes a sharp angle, growing solidly
into the body of the other, forming a
natural arch. The trees at the base are
about fifteen feet apart, and their iden-
tity cannot be distinguished at the point
of confluence.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

When Labouchere Was at Eton.

There is a characteristic story of
Henry Labouchere in his Eton days.
For some reason or other the head mas-
ter decreed that he should get a flog-
ging. He went through his flogging like
a man, as one would expect who
knows how much real grit, obstinacy
and will lie underneath his superficial-
ties. Then he insisted that he should
get possession of the birch which had
been the instrument of his punishment.
There is, it seems, or there was, a tradi-
tion at Eton that the culprit had a right
to his birch, and after some argumen-
tation, in which Lab