

The Catholic Journal

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SATURDAY SEPT. 10, 1892

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sun. Sept. 11—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost...

A JOURNALIST, AN ORATOR, A POET.

Within the past two weeks three prominent figures have passed away from American public life.

One of these was a devoted son of our Holy Church.

Not vainly Roman hearts have bleared to pull the twin-born vipers down.

Catholics can be generous. They should forgive the continued hostility of Curtis.

The good old Quaker poet was not always as bigoted as his lines on the crozier and the crown would indicate.

Still another illustrious American has been called home since the above was written.

Hon. Francis Kernan was born in Wayne, Steuben county, on the 14th of January, 1816.

In an editorial on George William Curtis, the Catholic Review of this week says:

and also on the commission that reported to the Legislature the amendments which were adopted in 1874.

DEGRADING AND BRUTAL.

It is lamentable that in this day and age such a barbarous custom as prize-fighting should prevail.

For such widespread interest as has been shown in the disgusting events of the past week, and its shown on every occasion, the newspapers of the country are much to blame.

We do not believe in the wholesale condemnation of the secular press, in which some Catholic contemporaries are fond of indulging.

It is an idle plea to say that the public demands such reading. Since a newspaper's power for the accomplishment of good or evil is so great, the man who conducts them should endeavor to improve the moral tone of the community.

THE WINTER EVENINGS.

To countless young men and women the important question as to how the long fall and winter evenings can be best enjoyed will soon present itself.

It is really a serious question since the manner in which leisure time is spent has often an important bearing upon the character and future of young people of both sexes.

To our young Catholics we know of no better advice to give than this: If there is a reading circle in your parish join it and take part in the exercises.

There is no reading circle in your parish, then confer with some of your young Catholic friends and endeavor to establish one.

A CHANGE SINCE THEN.

In an editorial on George William Curtis, the Catholic Review of this week says:

ber of Harper's Weekly was published, and that number contained a parody on Moore's poem of "The Last Rose of Summer," entitled "The Last Paddy Left Blooming Alone," with a poorly executed woodcut at the head, supposed to represent a ragged Irishman.

Jack Leathers did not meet with so much difficulty in picking up a crew as he had anticipated, for, although the war clouds of civil strife had already begun to lower over the country, the ignorant boatman did not realize the bitter feeling with which the people of the south were imbued, and consequently had not the fears for their safety which the pilot, more enlightened, possessed.

But all things come round to them who will but wait. The Irish element of the American people has at last become so closely identified with the history of the United States, with all that is progressive, and at the same time conservative, in the tendencies of our people, that now at length Americans of Irish descent can afford to be magnanimous and to forgive, if not forget, the cruel fortune which men of Mr. Curtis' stamp years ago would have staked for them.

Extracts from the pastoral of our Rt. Rev. Bishop on the collection for Ecclesiastical students, and on St. Bernard's Seminary will be found on our first page. It is an interesting document, and should be carefully read by the Catholics of this diocese.

Contributing to the annual collection should be regarded as a pleasant duty by all as it is a practical way of aiding religion, and we can see the fruits of our own diocese in the welfare of our old and new seminary every Catholic of the diocese should feel a personal interest.

This idea seemed to greatly please both men, although Brown observed that he would not go to so much trouble and volunteer to do all the lying in case they were stopped and questioned.

YANKEE COAL.

"I know it's a right smart offer, squire, and \$300 is a big sum of money for a pilot to get for taking a pair of boats from Pittsburg to New Orleans, but, don't you see, there's a heap of risks to run. I ain't afeer'd o' what the river can do. I've been down to Ohio and Mississippi's times enough to make their acquaintance pretty well, but feelin' sure hot among the people along the banks of the lower waters, and 'twould be as much as a man's bread to be worth to be caught with a load of Yankee coal anywhere betwixt Cairo and the Old Red Church." (The place where the coalboats used to tie up at New Orleans.)

"I'm well aware, Jack Leathers, that the risk is great," replied Squire Thomas, the owner of the coal. "But we have the boats all loaded and I want them started, even though they don't get farther than the mouth of the Ohio. I promise you \$300 if you go through to New Orleans all right, with \$200 in advance, which will be yours if your trip does not extend beyond Cairo."

"As I said," returned Jack, who was one of the oldest pilots on the two rivers, "it's a mazin temptin' offer. And if I can pick up a crew of square men here in Pittsburg I'll make a start of it."

"That's right, Leathers," answered the skipper. "Offer them \$150 apiece, one-third in advance."

"Very well, squire, and if any of the boys are loagin' around that's got the 'bottom' in 'em to go with me, I'll be ready to 'cast off' at daylight tomorrow morning."

"Ain't you going down, Jack?" asked one of the crew significantly. "I should say I was," was the grim answer.

"Then I reckon we uns have got as much sand as you uns, so there ain't any need of more talk about it."

"Though the reply was given in a gruff, almost surly tone, yet the pilot was well pleased to receive it, as he knew the nature of the material he had to deal with, and accepted the laconic retort of the rough boatman for what it was—viz., a pledge of fidelity."

"Well, my advice is, Jack, not to bug that trouble before it comes aboard," replied the youthful and light hearted "second" as he gave a vigorous sweep with his long steering oar, as much to emphasize his remark as to guide the boat out into midstream.

"I don't propose to, but, don't you see, while we're up here among the Union folks, if any one stops and asks us what we've got we can say we've got Yankee coal and tell the truth. But when we get down into the Mississippi and the other chaps half of we can't say we're loaded with a secech cargo, cause that'd be a lie, and Jack Leathers hasn't told a lie since he was a boy."

"Well," replied his companion, "you wouldn't be afeer'd to get a secech long before a lie that would burn his tongue and the nose of a rope. If I was in charge of this broadside, and any one around here asked me what I'd got, I should say Yankee coal. If I was down about Vicksburg way, and the chaps should ask me the same question, I would tell 'em secech coal. If they stop my word for it and let me pass, I'd stop a heap sight sounder that night, thinkin' I had squandered through a mighty narrow hole."

"The conscientious chief slowly shook his head, but made no answer for several minutes; finally he said: 'Get around there now, Kentucky we can get there if we're rep'ed for the Union, so I was thinkin' if we could make a trade for a hundred bushels or so of her coal, we'd have both kinds aboard and we'd be all right.'"

"This idea seemed to greatly please both men, although Brown observed that he would not go to so much trouble and volunteer to do all the lying in case they were stopped and questioned."

Day and night the broadside steamed tranquilly down the Ohio. One after another the large towns and cities were passed, and our friends could see that everywhere on shore great excitement prevailed.

"You uns won't get very far with that Yankee coal," observed a loafer on the levee.

"Reckon they be," replied Brown, to whom the remark was addressed. "And they wouldn't have to look hard to find us, for a broadhorn ain't so small an object that it can't be seen from one bank to another."

"That was the only comment made which would tend to cause the boatmen to fear for their safety farther along. When again well on their way, leaving the city behind them, the pilot said: 'I've fixed it, Billy. The fix is all right. You know Enb Skelton, the cap'n of the Sandusky? Well, he's coming out of Louisville some time tonight, and all overhand us a long way this side o' Cairo. He's agreed to allow down at meek fast, an give us 120 bushels of secech coal for 120 o'urn. What do you think o' that, my boy?'"

"That's just it, my lad." Some hours after midnight the heavy puffing of a high pressure boat was heard approaching from up the river.

"That's all right," said the pilot. "Stand by for her lines. And you fellows get ready to roast 120 bushels of her live-uns."

"Cur'us," a boat just out of Louisville wantin ter buy coal," grumbled one of the men.

"Praps she's seceh, an the Yanke wouldn't sell it to her, an p'raps she's a bank and the secech wouldn't sell it to a 'er," returned another of the crew.

"You can't tell how it is in these times." The boatsmen saw the negro crew of the Sandusky pass them with filled baskets and dump coal on their own pile, they came to the conclusion that either Leathers, the pilot, or the captain of the Steamer, or both, were crazy, but they continued their labor until ordered to cease.

"On, one they drifted, until the Mississippi opened before them. Although many boats were met, some containing officers and soldiers in uniform, they were interrupted but once before they reached the Father of Waters."

"If you know when you're well off, you'd better work in and make a landing on the Illinois shore and sell your coal for what it will fetch, an let them men who had come off in a skiff to hail them, 'if you don't, the secech will seize it and chuck you fellows overboard to the catfish.'"

"I hope things ain't quite as bad as that," returned Leathers. "If they're not you'll be before you get 200 miles further."

"By this time the man in the skiff was so far astern that his voice could scarcely be heard, and the pilot winked at his assistant and chuckled.

"The third night after passing Cairo they were started by seeing a boat containing six men shoot out of the darkness, and its occupants spring over the rail.

before daylight, it seems to me wifery cowardly to allow half a dozen men, though they are armed, to capture thirty big fellows like us."

"All right," returned the second pilot. "Fall away, you're gettin' it now, fast'n you can take it." Though in reality Brown was holding onto the rope until he could secure a piece of timber to it, to mislead the would-be captors and induce them to think they were towing a hawser. Then he cut the line and noiselessly dropped the log of wood into the water.

"In the darkness the four soldiers, who were gathered about the indignant pilot, could not see what was going on, nor did they realize any change in the situation until they felt their arms plucked over their mouths.

"What does this mean?" questioned Leathers. "Means," replied the intrepid Brown, "that we don't propose to make a landing at Vicksburg, that's all."

"It's a bold stroke, but perhaps the best one," replied Leathers. "Secure them firmly until we get by the city. It won't take half an hour to leave the lights behind. Where are the two rascals that went off in the skiff?"

"Towing a log of wood ashore to secure it to the bank," answered Brown, with a chuckle.

"What are you going to do with us?" demanded the officer, as soon as he recovered speech.

"Set you adrift in one of my skiffs when you have finished eating, if the cool reply.

"Oh, I reckon not. My instructions were to take this coal so quickly as possible, and not to 'tie up' or allow myself to be stopped under any circumstances. And I judge the officer who is looking for this cargo is a little bit higher up than you are, my friend."

"But where are you taking it?" "To tell a soul on the river to whom it is consigned. So if you have finished your repast you may climb into the skiff and go back to Vicksburg. It'll be a hard pull, I know, but it is my own fault. You should have taken my word for it. Not made the attempt to retard my progress."

"In a surly mood the soldiers took their seats in the boat, and without responding to the pilot's farewell started on a goodly ten mile row against the strong current of the Mississippi."

"When they were well out of hearing Leathers grasped the hand of his assistant and said: 'Brown, you did well, and if we reach New Orleans all right you shall have a hundred dollars for last night's work, if I have to pay it myself.'"

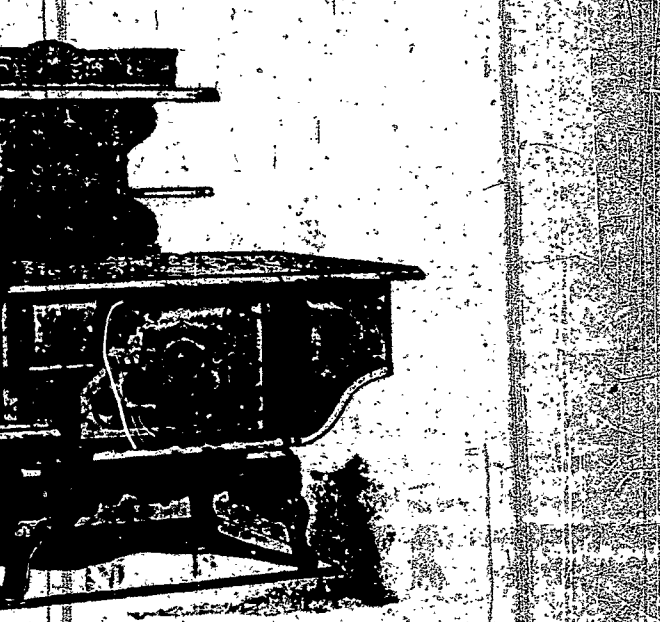
"Oh, we'll be sure to get there safe now, I tell you the way I reason. Vicksburg is the principal upper guard station, and having run the ganlet there successfully there is but little danger of being stopped further down."

"Yes, but those fellows will report us as soon as they get ashore, and the telegraph at work and we'll be caught again."

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