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CLERICAL BLACKGUARDS DEFENDED.

There are far too many clerical blackguards attached to irrevocably blackening the fair fame of the Catholic press of the United States.—CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

Fathers Lambert, Cronin, Phelan and Malone are four blackguards. The JOURNAL has said it. Therefore it is so. There is more intelligence in the brains of any of these priests than the head of the writer of the above.—THE SYRACUSE SUN.

The JOURNAL did not call either of the four reverend gentlemen any such names, as their voluntary defender of Syracuse is pleased to call them. We mentioned no names. We will admit that we did not refer to Rev. John Talbot Smith, who so ably edited the "Catholic Review," or to Rev. Joseph E. Conroy, the brilliant Chancellor of the diocese of Ogdensburg, who, for several years was known as the editor of the Ogdensburg "Courier," neither did we refer to the pious editor of the "Roseary," nor to a number of other priests whose writings contain naught but the loftiest sentiments. We do not need to say just who we had in mind. The "Sun's" editor is a mind-reader. He has proclaimed the news to the world. He reminds us of a clerical editor, who, not so long ago, with rare perspicacity, discovered that the editor of the JOURNAL was not the editor, but some one else.

The rest of the "Sun's" editorial page reads as though the breasts of one of the quartette its editor so profoundly admires has been flying around the office. The regular editorial contributor is out of town, so the editor shoves in a lot of selections from his former writings. The quotation at the beginning of this article is one of the other editorial paragraphs. Here is still another:

"Father Phelan may be injudicious, but it would be well if we had more men in the church who could use their education to half as good advantage."

If there were many more Revs. Phelan editing Catholic papers, the membership of the A. P. A. would be doubled. It is such intemperate writers and talkers who help to propagate the A. P. A.

Here is another choice bit from the "Sun."

Archbishop Kain has, since his arrival in the diocese of St. Louis, censured two Catholic papers. A very good record."

Note the veiled sarcasm here. When the co-adjutor Archbishop of St. Louis was bishop of Wheeling, the clerical editorial clique could not say enough in his praise. When he finds it necessary to give a little needed advice to one of these clerical censors of the hierarchy, and Monsignor Satolli sustains his action, the clique changes its good opinion of the Archbishop.

There is another paragraph so nasty in its suggestiveness, that it cannot be produced here.

It may not be out of place to recall a little history for the benefit of the "Sun." The "JOURNAL" is not yet seven years old, but it is a trifle older in journalism than the "Sun." The JOURNAL was not started with a blast of trumpets, neither was it launched upon the journalistic sea with a big cash capital. It was not able to engage, as its editor, a dis-

tinguished author. Its projectors, however, were men who thought that a Catholic paper could live in Rochester. The paper was started, and, so far, it has paid its debts. One would have thought that the clerical editors would have been glad to welcome another paper, and to have extended a helping hand. Not so. Sneers and jibes were all the clerical editors gave us, and when mistakes were made in these columns that any one not inspired by a desire to find fault, would have allowed to pass unnoticed, or would have called attention to in a charitable way, one of the quartette, the "Sun" holds up to the light as the acme of intelligence in the Catholic press, and who but a few weeks before had been reproved by a Catholic magazine in his own town for calling woman suffragists "sempiternal old hens who cackle about their wrongs," called the JOURNAL a "Tom Thumb boiler-plate sheet," and advised the "devil to keep a close watch on the man who wrote the heavy editorials." We advised the reverend editor to mind his own business, and leave the diocese of Rochester alone. This angered the reverend writer, and in the next issue of his paper, under the heading "To a Veiled Prophet," he made a personal attack upon the editor of this paper, in which various slang expressions were used.

There was more of this scandalous sort of language, so bad that it moved the "Union and Advertiser," edited by a staunch Catholic to remark that the paper in question was "a disseminator of falsehood, and scandalous clothed in language more fit for the Police Gazette than of a journal pretending to speak for any religious body."

The outcome of the sad affair is a matter of history. It might be said that the clerical editor of the paper in question, who but a few months before had sneered at the Catholic Press Association, hastened to the convention in New York, had himself invited to read a paper before it, and also had himself elected vice-president of the association, and then loudly proclaimed in his paper that his brother editors had vindicated him.

The files of the JOURNAL are open to the "Sun" for a few facts about another of the clerical editorial clique that he may not know. There is still another who started out to annihilate certain persons, but who was in the pugilistic vernacular, "put to sleep in one round" by a fledgling Catholic Journal, "The Vatican," of Albany.

After these explanations, will any one deny first, that Bishop Ludden was clear-headed in refusing to allow his imprimatur at the head of the "Sun," second, that the columns of the "Sun" bear indisputable evidence that Bishop Ludden is not in his diocese now?

Intemperate outbreaks on the part of Catholic priests do not justify slurring remarks about Catholic priests and nuns by non-Catholic bigots. The JOURNAL wishes to emphasize the fact, and while condemning unfortunate outbreaks on the part of Catholics, it has no toleration for non-Catholic outbreaks of the same sort.

The Board of Education has acted wisely in awarding the official printing of the Board to the lowest bidder. It is an example that should be followed by all branches of the city government. There is no reason why the taxpayers should be made to pay higher taxes that party organs be subsidized.

A great many of our Catholic contemporaries are urging charity toward Rev. Phelan, of St. Louis. There is a point where charity ceases to be a virtue, and plain speaking is a duty. Father Phelan is very much addicted to uncharitable writing. It may be that his brother editors are inclined to speak plainly, so far as he is concerned, just on that account.

The A. P. A. is not seeking so much to oust Catholics from office as to secure the places of the A. P. A. men. There is a great deal of "reform" on this line nowadays.

It is painfully apparent that the McMaster fame has passed away from the New York "Freeman's Journal."

The family of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Connelly have the sympathy of a large circle of friends, including the JOURNAL, in their bereavement. May her soul rest in peace.

General Kerwin, the Republican Police Commissioner, whom Mayor Strong has deposed, was once editor of the New York Tablet.

The most damaging attacks on the Catholic Church come from within. The sober second thought of fair-minded people turns from the slanders of corrupt women and men to the experience of their lives among Catholics, and the result always, in the end, is in favor of the Church and its children. The American people may be charged with many faults, but in that charity which our Divine Lord approved in the good Samaritan, they are conspicuous among the peoples of the earth. Catholics should not forget or ignore the magnificent institutions which exist in every city, for the benefit of Catholics, as well as of all others, without discrimination. Lodging houses, employment agencies, societies for the protection of children, without number, organized and maintained by non-Catholics, for the most part exercise their blessed influence over all, without question. Wherever there is good to be done in this great and beloved country of ours, there is some one, nay, many to do it. In the doing of it, hands are clasped over religious differences. Jew, Protestant and Catholic bend their united effort to successful accomplishment, and the results are without parallel on the face of the earth.

Let us take as a simple charity, the Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Children, in the City of New York. There stands on Fourth Avenue in that city—a city which is six-tenths Catholic—a building that cost half a million to erect, for the temporary care of children, the majority of whom are Catholic, but who, through the destitution or cruelty of their parents, are without proper guardianship. At a great expense this Society takes these unfortunates under its care, and passes them on to the care of proper institutions, according to the religious belief of the child. Could the Society do more if its members were all Catholics? In the city of Rochester, the Humane Society takes more than one child a day, on an average, from surroundings of misery and sorrow, and places them in homes of comfort and happiness. A very large proportion of these children are Catholics. Could more be done in this city if the members of the Humane Society were all Catholics? In every large city in the Union there exist similar monuments to the charity, the Catholic, Christian charity of our non-Catholic brethren. The sum total of misery relieved, of good accomplished in quiet ways will never be known, until that day when we all stand together for an accounting before God, on that day when it will be shown, indeed, that charity covereth a multitude of sins. In the face of these great facts it seems strange that a Catholic, more than that, a priest, should be found, even among the many thousands of the clergy, to cast a cruel, and so far as one brought up among Protestants can see, a totally unfounded charge against a large body of non-Catholics. Father Phelan, in his attack on the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will find few sympathizers among Catholics, and the only damage he has done to the Church will be misrepresentations. If his charges against these young people were true, they should not be said; but if their falsity every priest, will bear witness, especially if born in this country, and brought up among the people assailed.

THE OAK LEAF THE GOSPELS.

GOSPEL: St. John xvi. 5-14—At that time, Jesus said to His disciples: "I go to Him that sent Me, and none of you asketh Me: Whither goest Thou? But because I have spoken these things to you sorrow hath filled your heart. But I tell you the truth: it is expedient to you that I go, for if I do not, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send Him to you, and when He is come, He will convince the world of sin, and of justice, and of judgment. Of sin: because they believed not in Me. And of justice: because I go to the Father, and you shall see Me no longer. And of judgment: because the prince of this world is already judged. I have yet many things to say to you; but you cannot bear them now. But when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will teach you all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself, but what things soever He shall hear He shall speak, and the things that are to come He shall show you. He shall glorify Me, because He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it to you."

What shall we learn from this Gospel? Seeing the apostles filled with sorrow because they must separate from their Divine Master, we should learn how great our sorrow ought to be when of our own accord we separate ourselves from Christ by sin, and learning how necessary the Holy Ghost was to the apostles, we should always invoke Him that He may also instruct us in the truths of our faith, and guide our steps on the way of evangelical perfection.

Weekly Church Calendar.

- Sun. 12—Fourth Sunday after Easter. Epist James 1, 17-21. Gosp. John xvi, 5-14.
- Mon. 13—St. Anselm, Bishop, and Confessor, and Doctor of the Church.
- Tues. 14—St. Boniface, Martyr.
- Wed. 15—Feria.
- Thurs. 16—St. Ubaldo, Bishop and Confessor.
- Fri. 17—St. Paschal Babylon, Confessor.
- Sat. 18—St. Venantius, Martyr.

Do You Know

That the best people, and the most competent judges buy their teas and coffees at the stores of the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., 210 East Main street, opposite the Whitcomb House, 164 State street, 74 West Main street, and 294 North Street.

N. B.—Sugars sold in any quantity at wholesale prices.

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HYPHENATED NAMES.

Some Are Genuine, Others Simply Stand For Snobbery—How to Distinguish.

Hyphenated names in Europe may be divided into two categories—namely, those wherein the hyphen is a mere piece of snobbery and affectation, and those wherein it is consequent upon a legal obligation. The latter are in the minority and are borne almost invariably by legatees and their descendants, who have inherited property, usually real estate, contingent upon their taking the name of the testator or to their own, or else they are men who have married heiresses and been accepted as husbands for the latter on the condition that they should append the family name of their wives to their own patronymic.

People in the latter category, who use the hyphen merely with the object of creating the impression that they are of more ancient lineage than is really the case, invariably prefix, instead of appending, the additional name, and it is this that enables one to distinguish the "bona fide double barrel," as Lord Randolph Churchill used to call them, from those who are not, for you have only to ask Mr. Ponsoby Jones for the name of his paternal grandfather in order to find out that the old gentleman was a simple Jones, devoid of the aristocratic Ponsoby, whereas in the case of surnames adopted in deference to testamentary dispositions one will invariably find an inquiry that the paternal grandfather and ancestors bore the first of the two patronymics.

The persons who make use of hyphenated names without being compelled to do so are usually the owners of patronymics exorbitantly pibelian, who hope, vainly, it is true, to redeem the commonplace character of their name by prefixing thereto one calculated, they trust, to create the impression that they are connected with some of the great houses of the nobility. Thus it is quite common to find Montgomery Smiths, Plantagenet-Robinsons and Vere de Vere-Browns.—Chicago Tribune.

RUMSEY'S STEAMBOAT.

Records Which Show That It Antedated Fulton's Product by Twenty-two Years.

The records of Jefferson county, Va., prove what is not generally known—that Robert Fulton was not the first man to build a steamboat in this country. He was anticipated over 22 years by James Rumsey of Charleston, Va., now West Virginia. Rumsey's steamboat was partly constructed in Frederick county, Md., in 1785. It was fitted up with machinery partly manufactured at a furnace called "The Cockatoo Furnace," owned by Johnson Brothers, and located near the town of Brodrick.

The two cylinders, the boiler, pumps, pipes, etc., were built in Baltimore. Part of the work was done at the old Antietam Iron works. Rumsey's boat was 80 feet in length, and it was propelled by an engine which worked a vertical pump placed in the center of the vessel. The water was drawn in at the bow and forced out at the stern through a horizontal pipe. The entire weight of the machinery was 665 pounds, and the tonnage of the vessel was three tons. The entire machinery, including the boiler, etc., took up a space of very little over 4 feet square.

The first public experiment took place on the Potomac river on March 14, 1786, when the boat showed a speed of four miles an hour upstream. The records of Jefferson county also show that George Washington and Governor Thomas Johnson of Maryland were among the patrons of Rumsey, and that the experiment was made in the interest of the then proposed Chesapeake and Ohio canal.—New York World.

He Could Be Indifferent.

It isn't every man that owns a silk hat, but it is the dream of every very young man's life to possess one. A young man in our end of town went to the matinee with the only girl he ever really loved, and he wore a silk hat. He put it under the seat carefully, and the next person who came in gave it a kick that practically ruined it. Most young fellows would have had a fit fight there, but this one said nothing at all. He was so philosophical that the girl was charmed. As they came out of the theater they met another young man, and the three went to get some soda water. The girl told about the young man's hat, and how philosophical he was.

"Why, do you know, Jack," she said, "Charley didn't even look annoyed. It was lovely."

"Umph," said Jack, with fire in his eye, "it's all right for him to be lovely, but it's my hat!"

It is just such little things as this that wreck the friendship of a lifetime.—Washington Post.

Chair of the Giant Idris.

One of the mountain peaks of north Wales is known as the Chair of Idris, or Cader Idris, as the Welsh people call it, because its top is hollowed out like an immense couch. According to local tradition, whoever spends a night in the Chair of Idris will, on the following morning, be dead, raving mad or endowed with the loftiest poetical inspiration. No one seems to know exactly who Idris was or when he lived, but he must have been a giant if his body was in proportion with his celebrated "chair." Mrs. Hemans has a fine poem with the Chair of Idris as the theme, and Tennyson also mentions it in "Enid"—St. Louis Republic.

Cost of Policemen's Uniforms.

The prices paid by the Baltimore police are: For overcoats, \$20; dress coats, \$9.90; blouses, \$8; summer trousers, \$5.13; winter trousers, \$6.25. These prices, the commissioners say, are lower than those in any city, with the exception of Philadelphia, where a different system obtains, and where the men are required to purchase new clothes every year, making the cost to them eventually more than to the Baltimore police.—Baltimore Sun.

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR.

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