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CATHOLIC PAPERS

An exchange contends that whereas the people turned a deaf ear to oratory a few years ago and turned rather to the press for their education and inspiration on public questions, but that now the press has become so corrupt and venal that the people no longer trust the editors and are now taking their inspiration from orators again.

The truth of the latter part of the assertion depends upon what style of oratory is meant. There are plenty of talkers abroad, hosts of "wind pushers" and hordes of men who make their mouths go. These men can reel off figures, rhetoric, mixed metaphors and diction by the yard, but the common sense gleams from a perusal of their effusions is infinitesimal, while the lasting effect on humanity or the world's history can be expressed by zero. The really eloquent speakers, the orators of the present generation, can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

As to the degeneration of the press, we think that a mistaken idea. It is a common fallacy nowadays when a person or a paper differs with you to say that both have sold themselves; that they are prompted in their views and position by corrupt motives. Very few litigants when the decision of their cause is adverse to their expectations, fall to privately express their opinion that the court was biased or influenced by some ulterior motive. Let a legislator cast his vote contrary to what certain persons think is proper and he is at once branded as a bribe taker. It is too true that there have been instances of corrupt newspapers, legislators and even judges, but their number is proportionately few as compared with the great body of men engaged in these callings and we should not brand a man as corrupt unless we have the best of proof.

There are few newspapers that are venal in the sense that they can be bribed to distort facts, suppress news or advocate what is dishonest. It is true that partisan political papers go a trifle further in their editorial advocacy of men and measures in their party, but as a rule their news columns give the "news"—all that the general reader buys or reads the paper for—free from bias or personal pique. Were it not for the newspapers many a piece of rascality would remain a secret; many a scoundrel would escape his just deserts; many a poor person would be swindled out of their little all, and a thousand and one other things detrimental to the welfare of the great mass of the people would never be made public. The press is and will be the great educator of the masses. And we believe, in the main, it will be a safe and conservative educator.

With rare exceptions the Catholic press of the United States is a credit to the Catholic church. Elevated in tone, refined in sentiment, the Catholic papers can be read by every

member of the family from the youngest child up. Nothing will be found in the Catholic paper that will corrupt faith or morals. All the news of the movements of individual Catholics in the diocese and country is given in detail with carefully selected reading matter on other lines. The editorial pages treat on matters of Catholic interest and on general matters from a high moral standpoint. The Catholic church is defended from assaults, and to non-Catholics the principles and doctrine of our blessed faith are explained. In short, the Catholic press has a peculiar place and a peculiar mission, and in the face of numerous obstacles, notably lack of Catholic support and lack of funds, it is fast attaining a rank second to none in the press of the country.

GOLD, SILVER AND WHEAT

Before 1878 there had been coined in the United States \$87,693,789. Since 1878 \$598,000,000 in silver has been coined, making \$675,000,000 of silver that has been coined by the United States. Last November, according to the report of the director of the mint, the gold in the United States footed up \$626,632,068, and the silver \$625,385,551. On July 1st, 1894, there was held in the national banks \$125,051,677 in gold coin; that is, out of a total of \$626,000,000 of gold in the country, the national banks held about one-fifth; the rest was held by the people. In November, 1895, \$500,881,380 in gold coin out of \$626,000,000 were in the hands of the people; out of \$625,000,000, there was \$56,443,670 in the hands of the people. The highest circulation of silver since 1886 was in 1890, when but \$65,000,000 were in circulation.

The world's total stock of metallic money is approximately \$8,600,000,000, the proportion of gold and silver being not far from equal, there being about one-tenth more of the latter; say \$4,100,000,000 gold and \$4,500,000,000 silver. This is the total money accumulation of these metals from the date of their use to the present time. The world's production of the money metals within the last 35 years has been approximately \$7,300,000,000, of which about \$3,950,000,000 was gold and \$3,350,000,000 silver. The coined silver of the world would load fairly well 300 trains of 20 cars each, or a total of 6,000 car loads. There are 844 car loads of silver held for monetary purposes, and about 76 car loads of that is in circulation.

The world's production of wheat has grown from 2,483,000,000 bushels in 1891 to 2,645,000,000 bushels in 1893. This is a gain in supply of 212,000,000 bushels. But a more significant fact, and one of greater concern to American agriculturists, is that the wheat exporting countries of South America and Russia have in this period gained 256,000,000 bushels in wheat production. That is to say, in 1894 Russia and South America had 256,000,000 bushels more wheat to sell in competition with the wheat of the United States than they had in 1891. And a matter of still greater significance and concern is that the large export surplus of 50,000,000 bushels of the Argentine Republic last year was produced at a cost estimated not to exceed 34 to 37 cents per bushel laid down at the seaboard shipping point. The New York "Times" of March 25th, 1895, from which the statistics are taken, commenting on the effect of over production on prices, says: "The natural effect of such increase, in exporting countries, on prices, can easily be seen. It may be noted, also, that Russia has an export surplus of 192,000,000 bushels of rye against 70,000,000 bushels a year ago." In 1885 coffee was sold in New York at about 70 per pound for fair grades. It is now worth about 18 cents. The reason for this is that in 1885 the production and supply of coffee was excessive. Because of the high prices in former years an undue number of persons went into coffee growing. In consequence the market was overstocked and prices declined. When they got so low that coffee production became unprofitable many of them went out of the

business. The supply was reduced and prices went up again until they reached present figures.

FOOLISH ENGLISH LORDS.

It looks as though the House of Lords will have to be abolished before Ireland will ever receive any reform measures at the hands of English legislators. The snobs who "by heredity" are entitled to sit in the upper house of the English parliament could not allow a bill drafted by their old time allies, the Tories, and intended to ameliorate the condition of the Irish tenants, to pass through their branch of the government. Viscount Templeton offered an amendment to the effect that all improvements made on property are acquired by the landlord. This was intended to incorporate into law the practice the absentee, non-producing, leechlike English owners of Irish estates have of treating all improvements made by the tenant at his own expense as having been made by the landlord and accordingly raising the tenant's rent. This practice has deterred the average tenant from making any improvements on his place lest his rent will be advanced, and squalor and tumble-down buildings are the rule. The miserable snobs who are "dignified" with the titles of "peers" are so shortsighted that they do not see that by their denial of even the smallest privileges to their Irish tenants they are but hastening the day when there will be such a popular uprising that the titled aristocracy will be deprived of its veto power in English law making if the nobility is not abolished by means more forcible than polite. One would think these snobs would have sense enough to see that by making a few concessions they can save off the evil day, because the Irish are still loyal to tradition and to old customs. It is painfully evident the English peerage is nearer perdition than the average American supposes.

The state of Delaware is fast coming to be the prize locality for "moss backism." A number of gentlemen who believe in a certain method of taxation have been endeavoring to propagate their doctrines in Delaware. They proceeded to hold open air meetings and were arrested and fined for violating supposedly obsolete state laws. They refused to pay the fines and were sent to jail. Now it is reported that the clerk of Kent county is preparing advertisements for proposals to "bind out" these prisoners to the parties who will pay their services. This is a relic of slavery days that should be abolished or the state wiped off the map.

A Massachusetts Apaiist who is a leading light in the populist party takes Bishop Newman to task because he dares to say a good word for the Catholics in reproving the sacrilegious creatures who carried about the convention hall at St. Louis a rude representation of the cross surmounted by a crown of thorns. This Massachusetts Apaiist says he is a Methodist and will make trouble for Bishop Newman in his own communion. From experience THE JOURNAL knows that of all non-Catholic sects the narrowest and most bigoted are the Methodists.

The weather the last few days has been so hot that even the campaign liar is afraid to ply his avocation.

The presidential campaign is to be enlivened by a bolting democratic ticket put in the field by the "National Democratic Party." The campaign of 1896 will be a memorable one.

The clerical editors have discovered a great mare's nest.

Bishop McQuaid has spiked the bones of the would-be traducers of the diocese of Rochester.

From now on it will be safe to only believe about half you read in the partisan secular papers.

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL: St. Luke, x., 28-37.—At that time, Jesus said to His disciples: "Blessed are the eyes that see the things which you see. For I say to you that many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that you see, and have not seen them, and to hear the things that you hear, and have not heard them. And behold a certain lawyer stood up, tempting him, and saying: Master, what must I do to possess eternal life? But He said to him: What is written in the law? how readest thou? He answering, said: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. And He said to him: Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live. But he, willing to justify himself, said to Jesus: And who is my neighbor? And Jesus answering, said: A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among robbers, who also stripped him, and having wounded him went away leaving him half dead. And it chanced that a certain priest went down the same way, and seeing him, passed by. In like manner also a Levite, when he was near the place and saw him, passed by. But a certain Samaritan, being on his journey, came near him, and seeing him, was moved with compassion; and going up to him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and setting him upon his own beast, brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And the next day he took out two pence, and gave to the host, and said: Take care of him; and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above that my return will repay thee. Which of these three in thy opinion was neighbor to him that fell among the robbers? But he said: He that showed mercy to him. And Jesus said to him: Go and do thou in like manner.

What did the apostles see in Christ? The apostles saw in Jesus Christ the Eternal Word, the only begotten son of the living God, the Messiah promised to the patriarchs, foretold by the prophets, and expected of nations, while ignorant and carnal men saw in Him only the son of a carpenter, an obscure and poor man of Nazareth, a son of Adam like all the rest of men.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday, August 16, Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Joachim, father of the B. V. M. St. Hyacinth, Confessor. Less. Ecclesi. xxxi. 1-11, Gosp. Matt. x. 1-16, Last Gosp. Luke x. 27-37.
Monday, 17—Octave of St. Lawrence.
Tuesday, 18—Of the Octave of the Assumption. St. Agapitus, Martyr.
Wednesday, 19—Of the Octave.
Thursday, 20—St. Bernard, Abbott, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church.
Friday, 21—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow.
Saturday, 22—Octave of the Assumption. St. Timothy and Companions, Martyrs. Vigil of St. Bartholomew.

Be Sure You Are Right

And then go ahead. If your blood is impure, your appetite failing, your nerves weak, you may be sure that Hood's Sarsaparilla is what you need. Then take no substitute. Insist upon Hood's and only Hood's. This is the medicine which has the largest sales in the world. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

"Cutross"

If you buy your baked goods from this famous bakery, you will never be disappointed, as all goods are fresh every day. Try some. Store only a step from the four corners, 80 State Street.

Get In Your Winter Coal.

Now is the time to place your coal order for the winter and get it in before the price advances. Clear coal and full weight at J. M. REDDINGTON'S 99 West Main street.

Disease attacks the weak and debilitated. Keep yourself healthy and strong by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

\$2.00—Chautauque Lake—\$6.00. Excursion via B. R. and P. Sunday, August 16th. Trains leave West avenue station 8:30 a. m.

Boys' Shoes.

M. T. Franey has a reputation for boys' shoes. He has good things for the boys, selling away down in price. 559 State

\$2.00 Only \$2.00

To Chautauque Lake. Excursion via B. R. & P. Sunday, August 16th. The above rate includes a boat ride the entire circuit of the lake. Special train leaves 8:30 a. m.

Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.

MICHAEL DWYER.

Life and Adventures of the Insurgent Captain of the Wicklow Mountains.

Written by John Thomas Campion, M. D.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

No wonder that the ardent temperament of Michael Dwyer precipitated him into such glorious companionship, and that he soon secured employment under the banner of the new Irish executive. He was appointed to the post of captain under General Byrne, of Ballymanus, for swearing in and marshalling the insurgents of the Wicklow Mountains—both of which trusts he executed with unprecedented success. The Irish rebel was now in his true element. Armed to the teeth, and accompanied by a faithful band of friends and associates, he took part in all the bloody skirmishes of his native valleys. Ever foremost in the fray, he soon became a distinguished leader in the fight, and his efforts were almost invariably crowned with victory; and—

"Not alone were his adventures of a startling character, but the scenes among which he wandered are unmatched for their quiet, regular, and diversified loveliness. There may be spots in Ireland which, standing alone, surpass Power's Court, Delagany, the Djonca, Lough Bray, Lough Dan, the Sugar Loaf, the Meeting of the Waters, or the Seven Churches; but, taking them all together—and they are within a circle not more than twenty miles in diameter—they constitute a group of loveliness nowhere else to be found in the island, or perhaps in the world. They are classic ground, too, every inch; for the O'Byrnes held haughtily away within their sacred precincts for four hundred years, in defiance of the Normans, until the time of Fiach MacAedha (Feagh MacHugh), who often consecrated their beauty by the blood of the Talbots, when they were prompted, by an evil fate, to seek him in his mountain hold.

"The sept or clan O'Dwyer is of high lineage, and dates from furthest antiquity. It produced in days long remote, and in far nearer ages, chieftains and warriors of great renown. Ugannt Mor, Ardriugh from A. M. 1884 to 1602, according to Dr. Keating, was the common ancestor of the O'Dwyers, O'Tooles, O'Gormanas, Fitzpatricks, and their co-relatives. He seems to have been the common stock through whose son, Laegaire Lore, these families with others branched off from the northern U'Neills, through whom they trace their pedigree back to Heremon, son of Milidh. Many of the descendants of Ugannt Mor were kings of Ireland and Leinster, princes of Ossory, etc.; but he was himself distinguished above many that went before as well as came after him. He had twenty-two sons and three daughters. These sons, it is said, were in the habit of making free tours through the island, and with their vast retinue consuming the whole produce of the districts as they passed. Complaint was made to the king, their father, and at an audience given to the complainants it was agreed that stipend should be paid to each of the king's sons and daughters from each of twenty-eight districts into which Ireland was divided for that end. Many of these districts retain the names given them to the present day.

"Among the descendants of Ugannt was Cathair Mor, who became Ardriugh A. D. 120 or 122. He was almost as remarkable a man as his great ancestors, leaving no less than thirty sons, twenty-two of whom had issue, from whom have sprung many of the noble Milesian families of Leinster. His celebrated and singular will, published in Leabhar na g-Ceart, is well known through the magnificent translation of James Clarence Mangan. Dubher, the man from whom the name of Dwyer is derived, was the 45th in descent from Ugannt, and the 20th in descent from Philip Dwyer, who lived in Keating's time, and was by him set down as the head of his family. The ancestors of the O'Dwyers of old held large patrimonies and long sway in Leinster; but in later times they were reduced to the territory, now the barony, of Kilmamogh, in Tipperary, of which a small portion vested in the late John O'Dwyer, barrister-at-law. Whether any one of the name now owns this remnant of a royal inheritance, converted into feudal tenure by landlord law, and stolen from the rightful owners

in the few a jury of conscience, this history cannot relate.

"Nor can it explain how so many tenants on the lands their ancestors owned, and paid rent to the stranger, and sowed that he may reap, and thrashed that he may eat; and sweated and warped and hardened, of back and hand, that his cup may sparkle and his bed be downy. Of that numerous progeny, so doomed, Michael Dwyer was one." —John O'Mahony.

In this sort of terrible, cruel strife the insurrection went on, both parties slaying and burning, and fighting and fleeing, alternately, until the bloody drama began at last to come to a close, and the people were betrayed, beaten, and almost exterminated. We have not space, nor is it within the scope of our present task, to go into the details of the tyranny on one hand, with its new legislature of gun and bayonet, pitch cap and triangle, halter and scourge; on the other hand the furious reprisals of pike and scythe, and secret ambush and guerrilla charge. Enough that the people were conquered, and that the merciless work of death began, and went on unceasingly, until at length a pacificator was sent to staunch the ebbing life-stream of the land in the person of the Marquis of Huntly, who encamped one day at Leitram, in the Glen of Imaal.

No sooner were the pacific intentions of this humane nobleman made generally known, than a number of the heart-broken peasantry rushed to him for succor, nor were any of the insurgents themselves refused a protection when they frankly came forward and pledged themselves to offer no further opposition to the paternal government that had more than decimated the whole country wide. Amongst those who availed themselves of the Marquis' generosity was the arch-rebel of the mountains—Michael Dwyer. Our young captain now returned once more to his home. His father and mother still lived, as did his three brothers, none of whom ever joined him, either before or after, in any of his patriotic exploits.

There were two sisters also—Mary and Catherine—the latter a very pretty girl, both of whom subsequently made most excellent matches with mercantile men of high respectability, and principally for the prestige they acquired by being sisters to one of the bravest and boldest men that ever trod the paths of an utterly enslaved country.

We said that Dwyer returned home with his protection. So indeed he did, but the Orange yeomanry were still abroad, recovered from their mortal terror, and, like all such cowards, wreaking vengeance everywhere upon the disarmed and helpless peasantry. The atrocities committed by these scoundrels can hardly be credited—and that, too, when the insurrection was entirely over, and all opposition at an end. They roamed the country like fiends incarnate, and their superiors (whenever they happened to be so inclined) in vain interposed to check their cowardly excesses. The Irish Orange yeoman was the absolute personification of everything foul, heartless, sensual, and degrading in man.

Surrounded by such villains, protections were utterly useless; and just to give the reader an idea of how this fact became too painfully evident, we will cite an incident which took place immediately upon Dwyer's return home, and within the very locality where his people resided. There was a yeoman named F., a very prominent wrecker amongst the Wicklow Militia. This fellow, we have learned, was the only individual of a respectable Protestant family who signalled himself in wanton acts of cruelty and ferocity towards the prostrate people. One day he accosted a poor peasant boy whom he met on the highway, and the following dialogue took place between them:

"I think I know you, my man," commenced the yeoman.
"Very likely," was the reply.
"What do you know of me?"
"I know you to be of bad breed."
"My breed is as well known in Wicklow as your own, and nothing was ever known of them but what was honest and decent."
"Were you not out with Dwyer? Answer me that."
"Well, what of that? I got my protection from the Marquis of Huntly."
"You did, did you?"
"I did so, and there it is in black and white" (showing the written paper).
(To be continued.)