

The Catholic Journal

The Only Catholic Newspaper Published in the Diocese.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT 234 1/2 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

CATHOLIC JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

If paper is not received Saturday notify the office without delay any change of address giving both old and new.
Communications solicited from all Catholics, accompanied in every instance by the name of the author. Please contribute without delay if desired. Pay no money, agents unless they have credentials signed by us up to date.
Remittances may be made on our check, either by draft, express money order, post office money order or registered letter, addressed E. J. Ryan, Business Manager. Money sent in any other way is at the risk of the person sending it.
Discontinuance.—This journal will be sent to every subscriber until orders stopped and all arrears are paid up. The only legal method of stopping a paper is by paying up all dues.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Per Year, in Advance, \$1.00
Entered as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1896.

TELEPHONE 1800.

City News Agents.

The CATHOLIC JOURNAL is sold by the following newsdealers, and can be obtained of them Saturday mornings:
L. Merk, 234 East Main Street.
E. C. Weidman, 126 State Street.
Weidman & Heisler, 170 E. Main St.
H. Hackett, 100 Frank Street.
J. Schner, 325 Hudson St.
Mrs. E. L. Wilcox, 74 E. Main Street.
Metzger Bros., 780 N. Clinton Street.
A. E. Hauser, 322 North Street.

GROSS INJUSTICE

In its last issue THE JOURNAL reported some significant figures about parochial schools from the "Cathedral Calendar." The article stated in substance that, based on the average annual cost of \$22.12 for each public school pupil in Rochester, \$184,038.40 is saved to the city by the education of 8,320 Catholic children in the parochial schools. If the cost of school buildings and repairs is added, the annual saving to the city is \$242,704.40. It is estimated that there are 946,101 Catholic children receiving education in parochial schools in the thirteen provinces comprised in the United States. Taking the annual cost per pupil in the public schools of Rochester as a basis (and there are many places where the public schools cost more than they do in Rochester), it will be seen that the public treasury is saved about \$20,927,754.12 by the parochial schools. If the cost of building, repairs, etc., is included, the saving would foot up \$27,597,706.17. It is true that it costs us not much over one-third of that amount (and we educate the heart as well as the mind), but it should always be borne in mind that in addition to maintaining our own schools we pay our pro rata share toward the support of the public schools. In other words, the non-Catholic insists that the Catholic shall help to pay for the education of the non-Catholic children, and then also insists that the public schools shall be so run that the Catholic cannot send his child to them, and is forced to maintain other schools, at an additional expense, in which Catholic children can receive the sort of education that Almighty God intended they should.

We cannot believe that the majority of our non-Catholic citizens are so narrow-minded, so unjust, as to contend that this is right or just. They are simply ignorant of the facts; they have not stopped to consider the matter; the question has not been presented to them fairly and squarely.

The New York papers are teeming with accounts of the number of children in the metropolis who cannot attend school because of inadequate accommodations. What would be the condition were the parochial schools in New York city to be closed, say on January 1st, and their pupils turned over to the public schools? They could not be accommodated. Such an occurrence is not likely, but the non-Catholics should consider what would be the consequences. They could not complain if it did happen, because they are continually harping: "Let the Catholics send their children to public schools."

Another story of barbarity in connection with secret society initiation is reported. E. W. Curry of Des Moines, Iowa, was so roughly handled while being initiated into the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, that he died from the effects of the ceremony. Steps should be taken to prevent such carryings on.

TYPICAL IGNORANCE

If the Public Education Association of New York city is fitly represented by its president, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, then it is composed of a lot of ignorant snobs, despite their wealth and "influence." Here is what the New York "Sun" last week reported Mrs. Van Rensselaer as saying at a meeting of the association:

"I object to the parochial and so-called national schools. Not because they teach religion to the pupils, but because in the national schools the mother tongue is taught, such as Italian in Italian schools, German in German schools, and so on. No school that recognizes a particular creed or nation besides our own can Americanize our young. The children in our public schools learn our language. Our teachers Americanize them, while they do not in the parochial and national schools."

This is the stock cant of the ignorant and bigoted, but it comes with but poor grace from the lips of one who was at Albany last winter pleading with the legislature to change the public school system in New York city because it was outrageous and because it failed to give the children of that city anything like a decent education. It was to Mrs. Van Rensselaer and her colleagues that Andrew H. Green, who opposed the proposed change, remarked that "most of those who are pleading so strenuously for the passage of the Pavey bill were never inside a public school and either have no children to send to our public schools or would not send them if they had."

We think Mrs. Van Rensselaer forgets or intentionally overlooks the fact that were it for these same awful parochial schools, thousands of children would have no education whatever. Leaving that aside, however, we'll wager that Mrs. Van Rensselaer was never inside a parochial school. If she had she would have known that in Catholic schools the children are taught to be Christians, to be moral, to be truthful, to be honest (can that be said of the public schools? Catholics repel the insinuation that their children are a whit less American than their non-Catholic fellows who attend public schools. It may be true that they are not literally descended from the "Daughters of the American Revolution," but are all the latter the sort of Americans to be proud of? In what class are the toolies to foreign aristocracy most abundant? "No school that recognizes a particular creed or nation beside our own, etc.," says Mrs. Van Rensselaer. We never knew that there was a state creed in the United States. It is the Protestant, of course? But which of the thousand or so Protestant sects is the favored one? Mrs. Van Rensselaer is absurd.

We do not believe in perpetuating foreign languages and customs in this country, but the children of the poor have just as good right to study German, French or Italian as have the children of the rich. Mrs. Van Rensselaer is inconsistent and illogical.

CAN THIS BE?

When General Shirley captured Louisburg from the French in 1745 he carried away the cross from the Catholic church there. After a varied career it was set up over the entrance to Harvard library and remained there until about a year ago when it mysteriously disappeared. It is said that it was stolen by a student who was a candidate for admission to a secret college fraternity, one of the conditions to initiation is that the applicant must have been guilty of some act that would have resulted, if detected, in his expulsion from college. An exchange remarks truly that it is cause for wonder that such a society should have been permitted to exist in such a much advertised educational institution as Harvard. It is a still greater wonder that the college existed with such a "symbol of idolatry" within its walls. Still, perhaps, it was the influence of that very symbol that caused Harvard to lose some of the bigotry that has always overshadowed the institution like a pall.

Dr. Walsh should haul down "Catholic" from the mast-head of the "Catholic Herald" before he follows in the lead of the St. Louis clerical editor.

A BASE FABRICATION

Throughout most trying events—events that would have caused a weaker man to lose his head and temper—Archbishop Corrigan maintained an unruffled demeanor and presented a rare spectacle of Christian charity and forbearance. Hoist by their own petard, his enemies cannot accept their defeat in the same Christian spirit that he endured taunts and jeers and threats and all manner of insults, but must needs continue to carp and revile the saintly metropolitan of New York. They accuse him who has in reality been their best friend, because he has not followed their tactics, of all manner of un-Christian doings.

They have summoned to their aid the "clerical editorial clique," and we blush to say that the most malevolent attack on Mgr. Corrigan appeared in a so-called Catholic paper published in the west. The clerical editor—a layman would not stoop to such vile business—accuses the archbishop of New York of manufacturing spurious cablegrams and sending them to emissaries in Rome whence they are cabled back to sensational journals. Was ever a more senseless charge put into print? Mgr. Corrigan's whole course during the last six years repels the very insinuation and brands its author as a scandal monger whose rightful place is on a sheet owned and published by a Pulitzer or a Bennett.

We would not have alluded to this matter were it not to express our shame and regret that such a base falsehood could have appeared in a paper nominally Catholic, and also to warn our readers that they must not pay any attention to anything they see quoted from the paper referred to, as it is not regarded as a Catholic paper by decent Catholic editors or the Catholic press in general.

This is from the Boston "Republican": "An English Protestant bishop deserves the medal for sensationalism. He told a Bible society meeting in London recently that 'an eminent Catholic priest who had been entrusted with important missions by the Pope came to London and asked the bishop to prepare him for conversion to the church of England. After the preparations were completed the priest was kidnapped and taken to France, where is still kept under restraint.' This yarn is of a piece with the other fairy tales which Protestants love to tell about the forcible imprisonment of nuns in convents and the coercion of priests. There is no truth in it. Any priest who has lost his faith and who desires to become a heretic is free to do so. The church will pray that he may be saved from his folly, but nobody will kidnap him."

The "Catholic Review" emphasizes the fact that the Carlisle Indian school, supported by public money, is a strictly religious and strictly Protestant institution. "It is thoroughly Protestant," says the Review. "Its teachings are all Protestant, its methods are Protestant, its religious exercises are Protestant—it uses the Protestant edition of the Bible, the Protestant version of the Lord's Prayer, the Protestant division of the commandments and Protestant hymns. It is an intensely sectarian institution masquerading as 'secular.' It might be added that Captain Pratt, who is at the head of the school, is not only a Protestant of the most pronounced type, but a virulent and rancorous anti-Catholic bigot.

Says the "Catholic Standard and Times": "The query: 'Does education increase happiness?' is offered to the thoughtful consideration of the readers of the New York Sun by an unhappy young man who claims, while disavowing egotism, that there are few young men of to-day better educated than himself. He is either not congenially occupied or is not correctly educated. With one's time spent in work in which one takes pleasure and with a correct sense of moral rectitude, which an essential of sound education, there is no reason why one should be unhappy."

The New York Sunday papers are fast becoming unfit to be read in decent families.

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL: St. Luke, xxi. 25-33.
—At that time, Jesus said to His disciples: "And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations, by reason of the confusion of the roaring of the sea and of the waves; men withering away for fear and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world. For the powers of heaven shall be moved, and they shall see the Son of man coming in a cloud with great power and majesty. But when these things begin to come to pass, look up and lift up your heads, because your redemption is at hand. And He spoke to them a similitude: 'See the fig-tree and all the trees when they now shoot forth their fruit you know that summer is nigh. So you also, when you shall see these things come to pass, know that the kingdom of God is at hand. Amen I say to you, this generation shall not pass away till all things be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away; but My words shall not pass away.'

What shall we then do in this holy season of Advent?
We should meditate on the coming of Christ, the Judge, in order to prepare ourselves to commemorate the day when He came as the Saviour. We should often pray to the Child Jesus to be born and grow in our hearts with His holy grace. We should prepare in our hearts the way for Him by works of penance and piety, and above all by the use of the holy sacraments.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday, November 29—First Sunday in Advent.—Epist. Rom. xiii. 11-14. Gosp. Luke xxi. 25-33.
Monday, 30—St. Andrew, Apostle.
Tuesday, December 1—Feria.
Wednesday, 2—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.
Thursday, 3—St. Francis Xavier, Confessor.
Friday, 4—St. Peter Chrysologus, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church. St. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr. Fast.
Saturday, 5—St. Sabbas, Abbott.

Wreath for the Skis.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1896.—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify my blood. I was subject to eruptions on my skin, but after taking two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla the eruptions all disappeared, and I highly recommend this medicine to others."—R. H. Menindey, 117 West 64th street.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate.

Coal Burns, State Citizens.

L. C. Langie's coal is coal and nothing else. Yards, North street, near railroad, and corner South Clinton and Alexander.

Not to Be Sneezed At.

Our 95-cent umbrella isn't. But our old standby is still \$1.50. Likly's, 155 East Main and 96 State.

Quaker Crimped Crust Bread Pans.

Presented to purchasers this week only, at the stores of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Co., 210 East Main street (brass front), 74 West Main street, 294 North street. Telephone 1310.

No Money in Slaty Coal.

At least none for you. What you want is Langie's coal, that burns to ashes and makes a hot fire. Yards, North street, near railroad, and corner South Clinton and Alexander.

Wanted at Once.

Homes for children in Catholic families; board \$1.60 per week. Enquire "Children's Aid Society," 90 Sophia street, Rochester.

(Old broken jewelry discovered during fall housecleaning bought for spot cash. Gold or silver bugs, big bugs or any old bugs, see Hart, 45 Reynolds arcade. Upstairs. Open evenings.

When the People Say So, It's So.

Our customers say: That Delaware & Hudson coal is the best and cleanest coal in the market. You will "say so," too, if you try it. Millspaugh & Green, 136 Powers block; C. S. Kellogg, manager.

Furniture Movers.

Furniture moved, packed and stored by Sam Gottry Carriage Co. Orders taken at Erie office, 12 Exchange street, or house, 8 Thompson street. Telephone 1058 or 643.

Examine Our \$1.95 Umbrellas.

See how nearly they approach the \$2.75 values of other stores. All new, all rain proof, all with the favorite kinds of handles. Likly's, 155 East Main and 96 State.

Fur Collarettes.

Have you seen our line of fur collarettes? Do not buy one until you have. Prices range from \$3.50 up to \$25.00. Meng & Shafer.

How to Know Pure Coal.

Buy it of L. C. Langie. Yards on North street, near railroad, and corner South Clinton and Alexander.

MORE ABOUT WEXFORD

Our Irish Correspondent Makes a Call on Dr. Brown, Bishop of Ferns.

A Visit to M. A. Ennis, J. P. of Ardrubadh.

WEXFORD, IRELAND.

I made a very agreeable call on Dr. Browne, Bishop of Ferns, who lives in a fine, pleasantly situated residence adjoining the college. Dr. Browne is a prelate who impresses one as an ecclesiastic of great common sense, and whose quiet demeanor and affable manners call forth admiration. The bishop seemed very interested in America, about which he asked many questions, particularly as to which party was going to win the presidential election. In matters social Wexford is well up. It has a national club, a Catholic Young Men's Society, and several other social clubs and workmen's reading rooms. I made pleasant calls on Mayor Lacey and Mr. Brown, town clerk, and made a very interesting call on M. A. Ennis, Esq., J. P. of Ardrubadh, a pretty suburban residence. Mr. Ennis is a practical, enterprising young business man, engaged in the timber trade, of whom Wexford might be proud. While he takes no active part in politics, Mr. Ennis is thoroughly alive to the interests of his town and county, and being a gentleman of means and more than ordinarily gifted is, of course, a pillar of strength to the industrial edifice. He was mainly instrumental in securing an accelerated mail service for Wexford, and he is now taking an active part in bringing Rossare to the front as a port and a fine seaside watering place. Mr. Ennis is impressed that the success of this project depends on the people of Wexford—by taking hold of the opportunity and pushing it forward with energy. The more men of Mr. Ennis' stamp that Wexford and Ireland have the better for the country. They are the real patriots. During my researches I made many other calls on those "Gallant Wexfords"—too numerous to mention in brief. I may say they all impressed me as pretty sturdy citizens who, if not over-easily moved, yet, when they are once stirred you may look out for something good. Unlike the Celtic character their virtues are not very readily discovered. Nor is the sunshine of their hearts so ready to appear on the face.

There is no part of Ireland, where the antiquary will find more to interest him than in the town and county of Wexford. Here above all other places the Anglo-Norman left their impressions—not only on the character of the inhabitants, but in the many ruins scattered over the country. But these sturdy colonists could not absorb the Celt—the Celt absorbed them—and the historian tells us they became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Until in the course of time—and here the lesson comes in—these same sturdy settlers rose up in rebellion against the oppression of that country from which they had sprung. Too numerous to be mentioned are those ruined abbeys, castles, and the rest for the space of our present article. Some of the most interesting are Ferry Carrig Castle, a couple of miles from Wexford, on a narrow passage of the Slaney river where once a castle stood, in which King John held his court, called Shan-a-Court, which was besieged under Fitz Stephen in 1170; the seven Castles of Clonmies, ten miles from the town; Johnstown Castle, a beautiful, modern residence and demesne of Lord Maurice Fitzgerald—one of the Geraldines—while amongst the bunch of ruins within the quaint, old town itself are those of St. Patrick's and St. Mary's churches and ancient graveyards. At Lady's Island, some twelve miles south of Wexford, are the ruins of a castle and an Augustinian Priory. Close by, in the parish of Kismore, "Hon. est Jack Barry," Father of the American Navy, was born. But the most interesting of all the historic landmarks are the ruins of St. Peter and St. Paul, better known as Selskar Abbey, situated within the ancient walls of the town of Wexford. It is the same as I mentioned earlier as seen from windows of White's Hotel, and if one can judge from what remains—a grey, battlemented square tower and fragments of the church—this Abbey of Selskar or the Holy Sepulchre must have been very grand in its heydays indeed. From a historical point of view it is said to be one of the most interesting ancient buildings in Ireland. Besides

the Abbey is a portion of the old wall of Wexford and one or two of its towers, including what is called the West Gate. Around the abbey is an ancient graveyard, in which D'Arcy McGee, a famous Wexford man, erected a monument in memory of his parents. A Protestant church occupies at present a portion of the site of the ancient edifice. Selskar Abbey was founded by the Roches after the Norman conquest, one of which family afterwards took the title of Lord Fermoy. One of those Roches who was a Crusader Knight was the subject of a well-known and romantic legend of Selskar, and became a monk in the same abbey. This Crusader Knight, the legend says, having returned from the wars and finding his prospective bride had entered a convent went himself and took the habit of a monk in Selskar Abbey. Down through the stormy times which followed the coming of the English, Selskar Abbey was the scene of many vicissitudes and also of many stirring events. John St. John, first Norman prelate of Ferns, held a synod in Selskar 1240. Many of the events of the episcopate of Patrick Barrett, Bishop of Ferns (1404) and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, were associated with Selskar. 60 years later the Earl of Desmond besieged and captured Wexford, and held a Parliament in Selskar Abbey in the interest of the Duke of York. Nearly every event of civil or ecclesiastical importance connected with the early history of Wexford was associated with or had its scene in Selskar Abbey. Here the first treaty concluded between Ireland and England was signed at the invasion, surrendering the town of Wexford to Dermot MacMurrough and his allies, and King Henry II. spent the Lent of 1173 in Selskar Abbey. Selskar was finally wrecked by Cromwell's soldiers in 1649 and left much as we see it today. Wexford at one time contained eleven churches, none of which, as I have said, remain today save the ruins of St. Patrick's, St. Mary's and Selskar. Considerable portions of the ancient wall and towers remain, but its castle, said to have been the strongest in the county, has completely disappeared. Still enough remains, as I have remarked, to make Wexford town and county one of the most interesting parts of Ireland to the historian and antiquary.

EDMUND D. WHELAN

A letter from his Eminence Cardinal Sanfelice, Archbishop of Naples, has just addressed to his people is a pleasant document as revealing a state of feeling between pastor and people which reminds us of the ages of faith. The good Cardinal has recently been so ill that his life was in danger, and the conduct of his flock was touching in the extreme. Day after day they visited the churches to pray for him. Happily his Eminence has completely recovered, and in his letter to them he conveys with singular emotion and tenderness his gratitude for their prayers, to which he attributes his restoration to health. "Neapolitans," he declares, "my life has hitherto been devoted to you by the obligations of my ministry; for the future it will also be dedicated to you through a sentiment of the deepest gratitude. You have been everything to me. Now I will say to you in the words of the great Chrysostom that you are my riches, my treasure, my father and mother, and that if I had a thousand lives I would desire to sacrifice them all for your welfare, feeling that I was only discharging a debt which was due." These words breathe a noble Christian charity. It is not surprising that the Neapolitans cherish an ardent love for their Archbishop.

A very glowing tribute to Bishop Keane in the Washington Post closes with this paragraph: "We are glad to hear that he is happy, content and hopeful in his new abiding place at San Jose, in California; full of affection for those he has left behind; zealous with fresh plans for work; instinct with the same noble aims and purposes that have made him beloved and honored everywhere; free from the smallest taint of anger or reproach toward any living thing. He is there what he was here—a pure and gentle heart, a lofty soul, an exalted and commanding mind. He puts his hand upon the plow, looks not behind him with repining or complaint, and runs the furrow true. The love of those who knew him here will mingle with the loves that spring up in his pathway there, and so ancient and bless him.

A big railroad man will promise you more, and do less for you, than a politician or liar.