

Read
"Roll House"
Our New Story.
In this issue.

The Catholic Journal

Vol. X, No. 38.

Rochester, N. Y. Saturday, June 17, 1899.

\$1.00 per Year.

AMERICAN BONAPARTES.

THEIR AMBITION AND FAILURE TO RULE FRANCE.

Outlines of a Well Known Romantic Story Recalled to Memory—How Betsy Patterson Was Insulted by Napoleon and Learned to Deserve Her Country.

The late Prince Napoleon was the son of Jerome, the youngest brother of Napoleon the Great. This fact brings nearer to us that great series of events beginning with "a whiff of grape shot" and ending with Waterloo. His death, moreover, has a peculiarly vivid interest for Americans, because it recalls the story of the first love of his father, Jerome, for a young American girl, Betsy Patterson, of Baltimore.

It is a sad tale of romance, imperial ambition, and diplomacy. Napoleon had already won undying fame in Italy when his young brother, Jerome, was but 12 years of age. He soon entered the French navy, for it was his great brother's ambition to make of him a fighter on the sea fit to cope with Nelson. It was an English frigate that destroyed this plan by driving the French frigate bearing Jerome into American waters. At Baltimore Jerome fell madly in love with and married Elizabeth, the beautiful daughter of William Patterson, a rich merchant and an Irishman by birth. Elizabeth, or Betsy, as she was called, had a consuming ambition, and when friends opposed the marriage she said: "I would rather be the wife of the brother of Napoleon for one hour than the wife of any other man for life."

Napoleon was highly displeased with this match, because he already saw himself on the throne and wished his brother to marry only "blue bloods." Jerome and his wife only learned of the establishment of the empire when about to sail from New York to beg the forgiveness of the first consul. They learned at the same time that both Jerome and his brother Lucien were debarred from the line of succession for marrying against Napoleon's wishes. Nevertheless the young couple, still hoping forgiveness and advancement, sailed for Lisbon in 1805.

There Jerome was arrested and taken to France, after a fearful odium and protestations of everlasting fidelity to his wife, who was not allowed to land. She sent a message to the emperor which tickled him immensely.

"Tell the emperor," she said, "that Mme. Bonaparte demands her rights as a member of the Imperial family."

She proceeded to England, where a boy was soon born to her and christened Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. Jerome, the father, proceeded to Paris, little thinking that he would never see Betsy again, save as a stranger and with another wife upon his arm.

Napoleon positively refused to recognize the marriage, but promised Betsy an annual pension of \$12,000 provided she would return to America and renounce the name of Bonaparte, which conditions she accepted. Many times in later years she returned to Europe and figured as the center of sensations in foreign courts, winning the homage, not only of her husband's mother and other members of the family, but also from the Duke of Wellington, Mme. de Stael, Byron, and even the gouty old Louis XVIII, who tried to have her appear at court; but as she still received a pension from the exiled emperor she declined.

Her husband, Jerome, thus separated from her, was compelled by his brother to marry Catharine, the daughter of the king of Wurtemberg. Soon after he was made king of Westphalia. He then sent to America for Betsy's child, "Bo"—an abbreviation for Bonaparte. She refused to give him up, and in reply to the offer of her husband of a ducal crown, with an income of \$40,000 a year, she sent back the scornful message: "Westphalia is too small for two queens, besides, I already receive \$12,000 a year from the emperor, and I would rather be protected by the wings of the eagle than be dependent on the bill of a goose."

She ever afterward spoke with contempt of her husband although "Bo" frequently visited his father's family in Europe, where he was treated as a son and a brother, his half sister, Princess Mathilde, being especially fond of him. Afterward "Bo" married a Baltimore lady, causing his mother, Madame Betsy, great anger by doing so. His cousin, Emperor Napoleon III, invited him to France, where he was legitimized and received as a member of the family. His half brother, the son of Jerome by Catharine, quarreled with the emperor, and there was at one time a strong intention to make "Bo" the heir presumptive, but ultimately "Bo" was declared ineligible. He declined a duchy, refusing the condition attached of surrendering the name of Bonaparte. On the death of King Jerome, in 1880, his American wife, Betsy Patterson, contested his will. She was, however, refused a share of his property.

The letters show a great contempt for her native land. She wrote to her father from Florence in 1829 as follows:

"A parent can not make a silk purse of a sow's ear, and you found that you could not make a sow's ear of a silk purse. It was impossible to bend my talents and my ambition to the obscure destiny of a Baltimore housekeeper, and it was absurd to attempt it after I had married the brother of an emperor. I had not the meanness of spirit to descend from such an elevation to the deplorable condition of being the wife of an American."

"I often tried to reason myself into the courage necessary to commit suicide when I contemplated a long life to be passed in a trading town, where everything contracted so strongly with my wishes."

"I never could have degraded myself by marriage with people who, after I had married a prince, became my inferiors. The Americans themselves had sense and good taste enough to feel that I had risen above them, and have always treated me with the respect and deference due to a superior."

"When I first heard that my son could condescend to marry any one in Baltimore I nearly went mad."

"I repeat that I would have starved, died, rather than married any one in Baltimore."

In her old age Betsy's constant companions were a carpet bag and a red umbrella, the color of the Napoleonic dynasty. "Bo" died in 1870. His mother survived till 1879, dying at the age of 94 years, and leaving a fortune of \$1,500,000 to Bo's two sons, Jerome and Charles J. Bonaparte.

Charles J. married Miss Nellie Day, of Boston, who is a granddaughter of Mr. James C. Dunn, a merchant of Boston.

Prince Victor, who succeeds to the Bonapartist claims, was born in 1863 and educated in Germany. He lives in Brussels, whence, no doubt, a bombastic manifesto to the French people may be looked for before long.

"Our Little Dot."

A writer in the New York Sun describes a scene which he witnessed, late one evening, in the streets of St. Louis. A group of gamins were hanging about an old, gray haired woman, shabbily dressed, who carried a large package under her arm. The writer of the sketch followed, thinking to say something at the right moment.

The boys were jeering, and the woman was begging to be let alone. By and by she sat down on a doorstep. Then the young Arabs gathered thickly around her.

"Give us a song, old woman!"

"If you'll dance us a jig, we'll let you off!"

"Open the bundle and let's see what you've got!"

When there was a moment of silence she replied:

"Boys, come closer round me. I've got something here to show you."

They crowded up to her, and she removed the newspapers which concealed the object she was carrying, and held it up before them.

If a bombshell had dropped among them it would not have scattered them more quickly. What do you suppose it was?

A piece of board about three feet long by a foot wide, painted white, and on it in black letters the epitaph—

OUR LITTLE DOT.

DIED OCTOBER 17, 1885.

It was the headstone of a child's grave—such a headstone as only the poor and lowly erect over the grave of a loved one. Out of pity for her poverty and sorrow the painter may have done the work for nothing.

The boys could read, and as each read for himself he turned and vanished in the darkness. The last one to go took off his ragged cap and said:

"We didn't know it, aunty; please excuse us."

Recipes of Longevity.

Freedom from care is about the only incidental advantage that has been universally recognized as a factor of longevity. About hereditary predispositions there is no doubt, but the comparative benefits of cold and warm climates are still controverted, and the possibility of averting a premature death by abstinence has been altogether denied by some physicians who claim that a tendency to consumption and kindred disorders can be counteracted only by a generous diet. Teachers, parsons, pensioned officers, and well-to-do farmers have attained longevity in all parts of the civilized world, but their health theories differ amazingly. Baron de Waldeck ascribes his century of physical vigor to the love for fresh air; a Roman pedagogue to the "respiratory atmosphere of young females;" a giant Dutch sailor to using tobacco in the form of quids rather than cigars; the historian Fontenelle to his dread of late hours. Having worked himself into a fever in his 18th year by midnight studies, he ever afterward retired to a solitary but comfortable couch at 9 p. m., and divided his journeys into small trips rather than deviate from that rule. "To what do you chiefly attribute your continued health?" the Emperor Augustus asked a centenarian whom he found romping and joking with a party of young athletes. "Intus mulso, foris oleo," said the old fellow—"Oil outside, most outside, i. e., ointment of olive oil and unfermented wine for the inner man. Marshal Soult lived 83 years and died under the impression that he could have held the fort 10 years longer if he had not given up horseback riding at the advice of his physicians.—[Philadelphia Times.]

If we fail to show the proper deference and respect for our parents, even after years of maturity, a curse must hover over us. Let us not consider that because we have come to man's or woman's estate, love is no longer due the watchers of our blessed childhood. We are still children in a certain sense as long as God spares us our protectors. Be mindful of your action toward them, or when they are gone all these things will come surging upon you tenfold. You will then see what should have been seen while they yet lived. Too much love and tenderness cannot be shown them. Have no fear of this. If you would always be happy.

The man who throws dice for drink, generally finds that the drink turns around and throws him.—[Yonkers Statesman.]

DEPARTMENT STORE.

THE COUNTRY STORE WAS THE ORIGINAL.

One of the Ancient Kind Where Everything Can be Purchased—is the Same To-day as of Old—There Farmers and Sailors Bought Everything.

Kate Kipp's description of a department store is not much overdrawn, and it is amusing to every one who is familiar with these modern Pandora boxes, in which it is alleged one may purchase everything from a paper of pins to a pulpit. This institution had a close parallel in the country "general" store in which I spent my boyhood days. Many men of my day and generation will recognize the description as true to life. My father's "department" store was also the general post office and the town telegraph station. The other departments were many and small, and could not be strictly classified and separated. For instance, paint and hardware were handled over one little counter back in a dark corner of the store. Sugar, crackers, spices, tobacco, periodicals, telegrams and the morning's mail, confectionery, bread, shot and gunpowder, soap and washing soda, occupied the east of the store. Dry goods, boots and shoes, nails, screws, paints and oils, crockery, kerosene, rope and wine, clam-rake handles and woodenware occupied the west side. These were the principal divisions. On our grocery counter was a glass show-case for cigars, and on the dry goods counter a case for notions. In a convenient place on a third counter was an old-fashioned cheese case, which furnished many free samples of cream cheese to the lounging clammers, fishermen and farmers, who regarded the store something in the light of a Bishop Potter club room. At the rear of the room was a drug department inclosed in glass doors, where we supplied all proprietary and patent medicines and drugs. This contained a complete stock of soothing syrup, cordials and porous plasters, and in fact everything but a prescription counter. Once some advertising matter for a certain "German syrup" cough medicine fell into the hands of a neighboring German cobbler. He thought he would like to try some German syrup on his buck-wheat cakes, so came in with a pail and asked for "half a gallon" and was much disappointed at finding it to be cough medicine. The space in the middle of the store was "pretty well filled with barrels of apples and potatoes, smoked meats, hoes, shovels and unpacked boxes of soap and dry goods."

The scope of the store was the more remarkable because we supplied many sailing vessels as well as the resident fishermen and farmers with groceries and other commodities. A back room contained a large stock of flour and feed, and the cellar was used for storing and retailing lard, butter, molasses, vinegar and salt pork and fish. A fair specimen order for ship's stores might begin with sugar, salt, tobacco and spices, and wind up with a coil of rope or marine and a gallon of cider, with a few articles of ready-made clothing and tarpaulins or rubber goods included.

The farmers bought everything, including grain and feed, for in that part of the country, which was on an arm of the Atlantic ocean along the New Jersey coast, they raised very little grain, most of them raising truck and produce for the New York market. They came from a radius of perhaps ten miles to ship their vegetables and fruit to market on a little steamboat which was described on her time-cards as being large and commodious. She sailed once a day at high water. The trucks and fruit wagons would extend in several directions, sometimes for half a mile from the wharf, and from many of these we had orders to be put up, which were called for after the farm produce had been placed aboard the steamer, which had a considerable carrying capacity for her size.

The departments of our store were not all confined to the store building. We always had for sale good Jersey pine cord-wood, baled hay, coal by the carload, and usually one or two breeds of choice pigs. The store was always brightly lighted at night, and some remarkable men were among our so-called loungers. One man, a Scotchman, was much admired for his ready wit and his propensity for practical joking. He would sit and hold a man in conversation and at the same time by tying a dinner pail to the rear end of the man's dog, then protest his innocence of having touched the canine. This was only one specimen of the horseplay we might expect for an evening's entertainment. A little after lamp-light one of the star boarders, usually a thrifty Norwegian clam digger of intelligence, would begin and read laboriously all the news of interest in the New York papers. After this was over and the news had been discussed, we might be entertained by one of the clammers telling of his last trip to the "clams" to sell clams, of his

narrow escape from William Hunter, or of an evening spent in the then notorious Bowery, to which the stay-at-homes would listen in open-eyed wonder.

This little market place was the centre of local political thought and discussion and owing to its telegraphic connection with the metropolis, we were in touch with the outside world. In later years the post office and telegraph station were removed, and with them the centre of trade, and the busy store has now passed into history.—[Springfield Republican.]

THE NIGHTCAP.

Its Abandonment Has Gained an Increase of Cathartics.

"If the American people would only put on nightcaps when they go to bed, there would not be near so many cases of catarrhal trouble as there is now," said a Chicago physician. He continued: "It is well known that as a nation the percentage of catarrhal complaints is greater among men than among other nations in the world, and that there are more cases among men than among women. The reason for this disproportion is the absence of nightcaps and the habit of smoking in the open air. Women, if they smoke at all, do not do so in the open air, and if they do not wear nightcaps they are in a measure protected by their heavier heads of hair. Men, on the contrary, habitually wear their hair cut close, are careless about the temperature of the rooms in which they sleep, and while all the rest of the body is carefully protected the head may be exposed all night to a zero temperature, and that at the very time when nature is at its lowest ebb and can do the least to protect itself. If we would begin by nightcapping all our children and induce them to keep up the habit in later years, with a generation or two catarrh would be a comparatively rare disease in the United States."

"Englishmen and the people of this continent know an American by two things—his liberality with his money and his habit of hawking and spitting. They cannot understand the latter, as catarrh is an unusual complaint abroad. But nightcaps are not. They are a recognized part of the night toilet throughout Europe, and to this is due the freedom of the people there from a distressing complaint."

"Who ever sees a nightcap in this country? But in England it is so much a matter of course that its great writer, Dickens, frequently mentioned it in order to give the proper touch of realism to his creations."

Bulwarks of Liberty.

An alderman in Terre Haute said that when the council should pass an ordinance to restrain hogs and cows from running at large he no longer desired to live, as he would take it as a sign that the bulwarks of American liberty had been smashed all to smithereens. He owns three cows and seven hogs.

Even Old Hickory Could Not Stop It. Much amusement has been caused at Washington by the cable news from Rome to the effect that King Humbert was highly indignant at the cartoons of him published in American papers and disposed to go to war unless an apology was made by the Government. The spectacle of Harrison and Blaine, who have suffered about as much at the cartoonists' hands as anybody, trying to protect King Humbert from the wit and sarcasm of American pencils would be refreshing. A State Department official recalls the fact that this same question arose years ago, in Jackson's time, and was settled by Old Hickory in characteristic fashion. The czar of Russia was being lampooned unmercifully in the American press, and the St. Petersburg government, accustomed to ordering editors about at its own sweet will, asked the President to interfere and suppress the offending publications. Jackson's reply was that with all his power as President of the United States he had no control over the newspapers; and that for every assault upon the czar in American newspapers he could show a thousand upon himself.—[Chicago Herald.]

Invention of the Panoram.

About a century ago the panoramas were invented by Robert Barker, a Scotchman. He was imprisoned for debt at Edinburgh, in a cell with one opening only, in one corner of the roof of the dungeon. It was so dark that he could not see to read, but he found that by placing the paper near the narrow shaft of light that fell through the hole in the ceiling the letters of the writing became surprisingly distinct. This set him thinking, and after he was released he began experimenting pictures strongly lighted from above in a dark room.

Palmey Days of Counterfeiting. Counterfeiters now have at their disposal every facility which the Government must have. Their engravers are skillful as the Government engravers. The only defense has been in the use of special paper, containing hair lines, but now this defense has gone, for the special paper used by the counterfeiter in the bills just brought to light is as good as that turned out by the two mills in Massachusetts under Government control. The counterfeiters have the same delicate thread running lengthwise, which is discernible only by the aid of the microscope.—[Chicago Herald.]

MAKING FO.

CELLULOSE AND SMOKELESS POWDER FROM THE HUMBLE.

One Man Has Demonstrated That There Are Millions in What Heretofore Has Gotten to Waste—Mark W. Marsden, the Farmers' Friend.

Over 250,000,000 tons of cornstalks are grown in the United States every year, the acreage averaging 125,000,000 and the yield about two tons to the acre. Of this immense weight two-thirds, or more than 160,000,000 tons, has heretofore been regarded as sheer waste and litter, less than one-third of the total weight of the stalks being serviceable as fodder for cattle. This waste matter has been a serious trouble to farmers for a long time, not because of an understood loss of revenue, but simply because of the necessity of getting rid of it by burning it or otherwise. Science has demonstrated now that this so-called waste has value all its own, and, reckoned at its present market price, it is now known that the farmers of the country have been throwing away or burning up and otherwise destroying \$900,000,000 a year for two decades at least, or eighteen billions of dollars! It is a safe estimate that twice that enormous sum has been allowed to go to waste in cornstalks in this country alone in the present century. For cornstalks to-day are quoted at 25¢ a ton, which is the price paid for them by a company that is grinding them up in one factory in Kentucky and another factory in Illinois, and which expects within a few years to have other factories in all the great corn-belts in the country.

This company was organized by a man who discovered that cellulose could be manufactured out of this waste of cornstalks. Now cellulose is being used for a lining for our battleships and cruisers, to serve as an automatic leak stopper whenever these vessels may be penetrated by an enemy's shot below the water line. The rush of water following the passage of a shell or solid shot would cause the cellulose packing behind the armor to swell until it had choked the leak completely and effectively. The value of cellulose has been known for some years, and its efficacy was shown in the war between China and Japan at the naval battle of the Yalu, when the Chinese cruisers, which looked like mere junk, and the two Japanese cruisers, Matsushima and Yashukishima, which were protected by it, remained afloat, although several times perforated below the water line. That cellulose was made out of corn stalks, and it took a Yankee to discover that a better and cheaper article could be made out of the pith of cornstalks. It is hard to get cornstalks, and there you have the secret of this Yankee's success; and the farmers who now can sell their litter to this man at 25¢ a ton (or \$200,000,000 a year remember) will one day be building a monument to him—unless, indeed, the market for cellulose should come away suddenly, which isn't at all likely.

This friend of the farmer is Mark W. Marsden, and he hails from Philadelphia. His company already has factories in operation in Owensboro, Ky., and in Rockford, Ill., and he has been paying \$5 a ton for all the cornstalks the farmers of those sections can furnish to him. Mr. Marsden had a contract to supply the Government with cellulose for a number of new warships, some now building and others yet to be built. Among the former are the Kearsage and the Kentucky. Mr. Marsden's process is protected by patents, and the Government pays him \$400 a ton for all the cellulose he can turn out.

Whether he has a good thing in this contract may be judged by these facts. He gets 150 pounds of cellulose out of a ton of cornstalks, consequently it takes about fifteen tons of stalks to make a ton of cellulose. Then he has a by-product of fourteen short tons of ground cornstalks, and this he swears, and with molasses and pressed into bricks and sold as condensed food-stuff for cattle, and tests made upon Government stations show that it is as nutritive as the best mill-feed. The process of treating the cornstalks is almost automatic. The stalks are fed into the machinery by hand, and thereafter it is cut, ground, separated, winnowed and served out in its separate parts by machinery alone. Now the stalks cost him \$5 a ton put on the ground or 10¢ for enough stalks to produce a ton of cellulose, for which he receives \$400. He also has his fourteen tons of mill-feed, for which he receives \$70. So making a liberal allowance for running expenses, he is only earning about 100 per cent. Out of this, of course, is to be deducted the interest on the capital invested in machinery, which is of many hundred tons daily capacity, at this rate, he should be able in three years to build three other factories and spread joy throughout all the corn-belts in the country.

Not only Uncle Sam, but the five millions of the corn belt are interested in Mr. Marsden's success.

JEWISH WOMEN OF OLD.

Their Complaints for Our Love in the West.

A gentleman says: "When I was the stationer of the Cross and Crescent, that station where Christ condescended to dwell, I have seen many women of Jerusalem. I have seen them, many for converted Jews, and especially the Jewish women, in the city of that incident. I have seen them, many for converted Jews, and especially the Jewish women, in the city of that incident. I have seen them, many for converted Jews, and especially the Jewish women, in the city of that incident."

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