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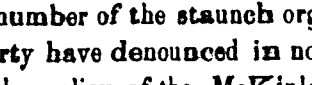
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IMPERIALISM DENOUNCED.

That there is a strong revolt by the republican press of the country against imperialism cannot be denied.

A large number of the staunch organs of the party have denounced in no mild tones the policy of the McKinley administration in the Philippines.

"We are growing very weary of these anonymous and irresponsible conflicting statements about affairs in the Philippines. It would be worth while to have an extra session of congress, in order to get, in the President's message, a fair account of how things are.

Or, if Admiral Dewey could be told to make a full report, and let our people have it to read, how the air would be cleared! What we want, more than anything else, is the truth, and the truth from such a source that it will be believed.

The best way would be call congress, state all facts, and then give the Filipinos the freedom they are fighting for, or else send 100,000 men over there, buy some of the explosive bullets from Great Britain which she uses so effectively on the "brown man," and without more ado, proceed to wipe out, to exterminate if necessary, the Filipinos."

The Springfield Republican (Ind.) says that "there is but one conclusion to be drawn, and that is that the administration should abandon its present policy, call congress in extra session, and adopt the policy of Senator Hoar. It is not yet too late. The war can be stopped at once and justice done. We have committed a huge wrong which should be rectified."

Other papers use just as strong language in their disapproval of the plan of subjugation and say that it is time for plain speaking. A warning note has been sounded to the McKinley administration all along the line. A correspondent has the following to say on the subject:

EDITOR CATHOLIC JOURNAL: Evidently, we are now engaged in what I may term a very ignominious war to acquire the full control of the Philippine Islands.

ginning to grow indignant at the enormous war taxes. Where is the individual who can prove the justice, consistency and honor in the purchase of those islands for self government are fighting as did our fore-fathers in 1776.

If the majority of the Filipinos desire self government it would be an American duty to assist them in that direction. They proved themselves our faithful allies in our war with Spain and that of itself was a worthy feature and deserving of their freedom.

THE ELKS AND THEIR STREET FAIR

The Benevolent Protective Order of Elks having been refused permission to hold their street fair in Mumford street, have accepted the proposition of one of Rochester's generous citizens, Mr. F. P. Crouch and will hold their fair on his premises on East Main street.

There is one thing that we wish to call to the attention of the directors of the fair and that is the Midway attractions. They should be of a character calculated to instruct and elevate the mind and worthy to be witnessed by our wives and children.

If this idea is carried out and the general tone of the fair is good, the people of this city will be proud of the organization and the Rochester Lodge of Elks will not receive such a condemnation as the Columbus, O. Elks did from the Catholic Columbian who said:

"Patronage was solicited under the specious plea of charity and it was taken for granted that the men who comprise the membership—our neighbors and some of them our friends—would at least have a decent regard for the ordinary proprieties and keep under cover the reputed natural tendencies of the order to orgies in the cloak of respectability. But not so. The scenes on the "Midway" with its gross immoralities and pandering to the lascivious have made the name of Elk synonymous with shamelessness.

No warning is needed to protect our families from the exhibitions of wanton women whose business it is to cater to "men only" but what shall be said of a society which throws its protecting aegis about such and offers their performances as amusements fit to be witnessed by our wives and sisters and daughters?

No stream can rise higher than its source, and it behooves self-respecting members to vindicate their honor and honesty by repudiating the society that is responsible for the outrage and atoning for it as far as they may."

DEMANDS ACTION.

Rev. T. A. Hendrick pastor of St. Bridget's church, has sent an open letter to Mayor Warner, the police commissioners and Chief of Police J. P. Cleary. He quotes the criminal law and calls the attention of the police department to the existence of several immoral houses on streets in his parish and demands their extinction.

He says a police officer does not lose his rights or ability as private citizen. "The police board admits that evidence to convict owners and keepers of the places can be obtained by private persons, and that prohibiting police officers entering such places except in emergency implies that a private citizen can be trusted where an officer cannot."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL is the only Catholic paper published in the diocese of Rochester. It is only \$1.00 a year, is published weekly (every Saturday). It numbers eight pages and contains all the news of the diocese.

Any Catholic family in the diocese can afford to subscribe for THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL. It only costs one and twelve thirtieths of a cent a week. Any person who does not receive one dollar's worth of reading in a year from THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL, receives it from no other paper.

"Having Her Own Way, or a Family Felling," is the title of our new story which will begin in our next issue.

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL.—Ninth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Luke ix. 41-47.—At that time: "When Jesus drew near, seeing the city, He went over it, saying: If thou also hadst known, and that in this day, the things that are to thy peace; but now they are hidden from thy eyes. For the day shall come upon thee, and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and straiten thee on every side, and beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee; and they shall slay thee, because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation. And entering into the temple, He began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought, saying to them: It is written: 'My house is the house of prayer; but you have made it a den of thieves. And he was teaching daily in the temple'."

What are we to conclude from this? It is the greatest misfortune to close our ears to the voice of God when He comes to visit us with His Grace. We should, therefore, profit by the call and invitation of the Lord while we have time, so that he may not abandon us as He did ungrateful Jerusalem.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday, July 23.—Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.—Gospel, St. Luke ix. 41-47.—St. Apollinaris, bishop, martyr.

Monday, July 24.—St. Francis Solano, confessor.

Tuesday, July 25.—St. James the Greater, apostle.

Wednesday, July 26.—St. Ann, Mother of B. V. M.

Thursday, July 27.—St. Pantaleon martyr.

Friday, July 28.—St. Nizaris & Companions, martyrs.

Saturday, July 29.—St. Martha, virgin.

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Don't borrow your neighbor's paper. The JOURNAL is cheap enough at a dollar a year for you to subscribe yourself. We give you a handsome premium besides.

FOR ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL

Subscription List Rapidly Increasing.

The central committee in charge of the St. Mary's hospital subscription acknowledge receipt of the following additional subscriptions:

Special committee, collectors—Henry Lomb, \$100. J. Miller Kelly, collector—J. Miller Kelly and J. A. Smith, each \$10. J. A. Smith, collector—J. A. Smith, \$10. J. A. Smith, collector—J. A. Smith, \$10.

St. Ann's parish, Montreal, will send a large delegation to the Catholic Summer School on August 15th. Archbishop Bruchesi will visit the school at the same time and will officiate at pontifical high mass. He will be accompanied by Rev. Dr. Lake Callaghan, assistant chancellor of the archdiocese.

Pere Buleon, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, who has been made titular Bishop of Chrysopolis and Vicar-Apostolic of Senegambia, was born at Vannes and is only thirty-six years old, so that he has a fine future of evangelization before him. His nomination was the last one signed by the late M. Felix Faure, in accord with the Holy See.

The new Benedictine monastery at Oregon City will be one of the most important Benedictine institutions in the world. The cornerstone was laid Wednesday, June 21, by Archbishop Christie. It will cost when completed not far from \$2,000,000 and probably more. It will cover nearly three acres.

A German exchange states that King Oscar of Sweden, usually considered a violent Protestant, lately visited the birthplace of St. Ignatius Loyola and paid much attention to the souvenirs exhibited of the founder of the Jesuits.

Home is What a Mother Makes It.

I might say you, "What is it that makes a home" and you would answer, "A mother's love." You know what it would be to spend one of your winter evenings in a room without a fire on the hearth, or a carpet on the floor; even though with furniture and friends congenial, nothing could impart the lacking comfort or diffuse the wanted radiance. And in this wintry world a tender mother's love, and a plous mother's care, are the carpet on the floor and the blaze on the hearth. They make the home; and to life's latest moment they mingle in every picture of pre-eminent happiness.

Subscribe for THE JOURNAL.

ELLEN BAWN.

Ellen Bawn, oh Ellen Bawn, you darling, darling dear, you, Sit awhile beside me here, I'll die unless I'm near you! 'Tis for you I'd swim the Suir and breast the Shannon's waters; For, Ellen dear, you're not your peer in Galway's blooming daughters!

Had I Limerick's gems and gold, at will to mete and measure, Were Loughrea's abundances mine, and all Portumna's treasure, These might lure me, might insure me many and many a new love, But oh! no bribe could pay your tribe for one like you, my true love!

Blessings be on Connaught! that's the place for sport and raking! Blessings too, my love, on you, a-sleeping and a-waking! I'd have met you, dearest Ellen, when the sun went under. But, woe! the flooding Shannon broke across my path in thunder!

Ellen, I'd give all the deer in Limerick's parks and arbors, Aye, and all the ships that rode last year in Munster's harbors, Could I blot from time the hour I first became your lover. For, oh! you've given my heart a wound it never can recover!

Would to God that in the sod my corpse to-night were laying, And the wild birds wheeling o'er it and the winds a-sighing, Since your cruel mother and your kindred choose to sever Two hearts that love would blend in one forever and forever!

BALLYCOOHEY.

On the 14th day of August, 1868, the following alarming message was telegraphed from Tipperary all over the kingdom: "Mr. William Scully, accompanied by a force of police and other armed attendants, again attempted to serve the ejection notices on his Ballycoohey tenants to-day. A lamentable tragedy ensued. The tenants barricaded and loop-holed one of the houses, from which they poured a deadly fire on the attacking party. The police returned the fire, and fought their way into the house, which they found evacuated. Three of the police party are killed; Mr. Scully is wounded in seven places—it is thought mortally. None of the tenantry were seen. Indescribable excitement throughout the district."

Ballycoohey is a townland in Tipperary County, rather less than three miles from the town of Tipperary. In the summer of 1868 it was held by a considerable number of tenants, whose forefathers had occupied the place for a hundred years. They were an industrious, peaceable and kindly people; they punctually paid their rent which was not a low one, and had got on quite smoothly with their successive landlords. It had, nearly a century ago, been a leasehold possession of the Scullys, but had passed from them in 1847. Mr. Carbery Scully, a near relative of Mr. William Scully says, after speaking of changes in the ownership of the property, that the tenants were the most honest, quiet and industrious people he ever met with; all paid high rents most punctually, and he mentions the names of Dwyer and John Tooley as the two worst men he ever met with. In 1847, when James Scully (the last life in the lease) died, his property went out of the possession of Mr. Carbery Scully into that of Lord Portarlington. Then Mr. Grey, agent to that best of landlords, Lord Nerby, purchased Ballycoohey, continuing the tenants at a rent which had been reduced at the time of the potato famine. Thus stood the matter until the property was purchased, a few years ago, by William Scully.

It was with dismay that the Ballycoohey tenants heard that Mr. Grey had sold the land to William Scully. He was already unpleasantly known to fame as a landlord. He was a man of great wealth, and had extensive estates, not only in Ireland but in America. He had been tried for the shooting of two young men, sons of a tenant he was evicting, but acquitted, and had been sent to Kilkenny jail for a year's hard labor for beating and wounding the wife of one of his tenants while attempting to break into his house to make a seizure. He was the terror of the unfortunate tenants who owned his sway. The Ballycoohey men paid their rent fairly, and though they knew that "Bully," as they called him, wanted to "get a hold on them," as they expressed it, it was not clear what he could do. They soon found out. He framed a form of lease for the Ballycoohey tenantry, refusal of which was to be the signal of eviction. The tenants were always to have half a year's rent paid in advance, to pay the rent quarterly, to surrender on twenty-one day's notice at the end of any quarter, to forego the claims to their own crops that might be in the soil. Whoever refused to accept these terms must quit.

Any one who knew the Tipperary people would feel sure that this would bring about. The magistrates and the police officers warned Mr. Scully in vain. He applied for a guard of police on his house and person, went about heavily armed, and wore a shirt of mail, or as two countrymen were heard calling it, "a helmet on his stomach." In June, 1868, he noticed the tenants to bring him the May rent to Dobbyn's Hotel, in Tipperary, on a particular day. He sat at the table with a loaded revolver at each hand, and a policeman with rifle and sabre close by. Only four tenants came in person; the rest sent the rent by mes-

sengers, which greatly angered him, as he wanted to get them to sign the famous lease, or else to hand them a notice to quit. The four who came refused to sign and ran away. He swore at them; they consigned him to another, and not a better world, and Mr. Scully took out ejection process, which must be either personally served or else left at the tenant's house, some member of the family or servant being at this moment within. The constabulary inspector had information that any attempt of Mr. Scully to appear on the lands to deliver these missives would be resisted to blood-him; but nothing could move him from his purpose. On the 11th of August he set forth at the head of a police escort and his own bailiffs to serve the ejections. A signal halloo was passed along the fields as they were seen approaching, the houses were immediately abandoned, and men were seen running from far and near to swell the angry crowd. The abandonment of the houses allowed few notices to be served, but by this time the surrounding crowd had become so excited, groaning, cursing and threatening, that the officer in command of the police called on Mr. Scully to desist forthwith, and let them retreat in safety of the town, ere it was too late. He reluctantly consented; but unwarned by what had occurred, on the following Friday he was once more at the head of his force, and making a dash to surprise Ballycoohey. His approach was signalled as before, and a similar scene ensued, the people being rather more violent. The police had much difficulty in guarding Mr. Scully, and young Gorman, his land bailiff. At length the officer once more pointed out the madness of persevering, and said he would not be accountable for the consequences.

Mr. Scully said his case was hard, but eventually assented, and they made for the railway, the police, with fixed bayonets, in front and rear. While thus, with some difficulty, pushing their way to safety, they passed near to a house, owned by one of the defiant tenants, John Dwyer. The temptation was too great for Mr. Scully. "We will try this one," he said, and walked into the little walled avenue in front of the house. The hall-door of the house was entered from a farm quadrangle formed by out-offices. Mr. Scully, Gorman, a bailiff, and sub-Constable Morrow dashed to the hall-door, opened it, and entered. At that instant the crash of a pistol and musket shot was heard in a regular volley; Morrow fell outside the door, shot from a loop-hole in one of the flanking buildings. Gorman fell just inside the threshold, riddled with bullets. Mr. Scully and Morrow, both wounded, the former in the neck, rushed from the house and took shelter behind the pier of the yard gateway. Here Mr. Scully and the police poured a sharp fire at the windows and loopholes. At length, at Mr. Scully's instigation, they entered the house "They are in that loft," said Mr. Scully, and at the words a shot struck sub-Constable Colleton.

The ladder to the loft had been taken up, and when, with difficulty, the loft was gained—lo, it was empty! There was a breastwork of feather beds, and a hole at the edge of the roof through which the firing party had escaped. On searching the premises, not a trace by which suspicion or identification could be procured could be found.

Morrow was dead, Gorman senseless, and never spoke again; the rest could walk, though bleeding profusely. Mr. Scully was made a target, but the suit of chain-mail he wore protected him.

"What shall we do?" said Mr. Scully. "Let us make our way at once to the station."

"What!" said the head constable, "abandon these wounded men? I shall stay here until help comes. You have your guard, and can go if you will."

Mr. Scully thought this absurd. "What good can you do dead or dying men? Come and protect me."

But the officer would not abandon his dead comrade and the dying Gorman.

The Ballycoohey tragedy passed the Irish Land Act of 1870. Mr. Scully's despotism came to a critical moment to illustrate and exemplify the state of things under which the agricultural population of Ireland had long groaned. Every voice was raised against him. His brother landlords and magistrates, in meeting assembled, passed a resolution reprobating his conduct, and the coroner's jury, inquiring into the deaths of the murdered men, expressed a similar opinion.

But Mr. Scully had the triumphant answer that he was within the law. There was no gainsaying this; so even from London journals there came the important upjinder; such laws must be changed.

The Ballycoohey tragedy has a very pleasing conclusion. Mr. Scully recovered from his wounds, and then prepared to exterminate every man, woman and child of "murderers." The kingdom looked on heartwringing and appalled, for there was no law to hold his hand; the doomed people sullenly and hopelessly awaited the blow. Heaven sent them succor, rescue and safety, Mr. Charles Moore, of Moorefort, their member of Tipperary, appealed to Mr. Scully and besought him to spare the people. "Say what price you put on this Ballycoohey property; I will pay it you."

Mr. Scully took for many thousands the money down, and Ballycoohey, to-day, is the home of peace, security, contentment and prosperity. Mr. Moore died soon after, but his son, Arthur Moore, succeeded him both in Parliament and in the Moorefort estates.

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