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MUSHROOM JACK.

John Mulligan was as fine an old fellow as ever threw a Cal low spur into the sides of a horse. He was, besides, as jolly a boot companion as ever a jug of punch as you would meet from Carlsruhe Point to Bloody Farland. And a good horse he used to ride; and a stiffer jug of punch than his was not in eighteen narrows. Maybe he struck more to it than he ought to have done—but that is nothing whatever to the story I am going to tell.

John believed devoutly in fairies; and an every man was he if you doubted them. He had more fairy stories than would make, if properly printed in a rivulet of print running down a meadow of margin, two thick quartos, all of which he used to tell on all occasions that he could find listeners. Many believed his stories—many more did not believe them—but nobody, in process of time, used to contradict the old gentleman, for it was a pity to vex him. But he had a couple of young neighbors, who were just come down from their first vacation in Trinity College to spend the summer months with an uncle of theirs, Mr. Whaley, an old Cromwellian, who lived at Ballybegmullinahone, and they were to full of logic to let the old man have his own way undisputed.

Every story he told they laughed at and said it was impossible—that it was merely old woman's gabble, and other such things. When he would insist that all his stories were derived from the most reasonable sources—say, that some of them had been told by his grandmother, a very respectable old lady, but slightly affected in her faculties, as things that came under her own knowledge—they cut the matter short by declaring that she was in her dotage, and at the best of times had a strong propensity to pulling a long bow.

"But," said they, "Jack Mulligan, did you ever see a fairy yourself?"

"Never," was the reply.

"Well then," they answered, "until you do, do not be bothering us with any more tales of your grandmother."

Jack was particularly nettled at this, and took up the cudgels for his grandmother, but the youngsters were too sharp for him, and finally he got into a passion, as people generally do who have the worst of an argument. This evening it was at their uncle's an old crony of his with whom he had dined he had taken a large portion of his usual beverage, and was quite riotous. He at last got up in a passion, ordered his horse, and, in spite of his host's entreaties, galloped off, although he had intended to have sleep there declaring that he would not have anything more to do with a pair of jackanapes puppies, who, because they had learned how to read good-for-nothing books in camp writings, and were taught by a parcel of wigwag, red-snouted, prating pigs, "not," he added, "however, that I say a man may be a good man and have a rednose." They imagined they knew more than a man who had held buckle and t'gus together facing the wind of the world for five dozen years.

He rode off in a fret, and galloped as hard as his horse Shanbule could powder away over the lime-stone. "Damn it!" he muttered, "Lord pardon me for swearing! the brats had me in one thing—I never did see a fairy, and I would give up five as good as ever grew apple potatoes to get a glimpse of one—and, by the powers! what is that?"

He looked and saw a gallant specter. His road lay by a noble demesne gracefully sprinkled with trees, not thickly planted as in a dark forest, but disposed, now in clumps of five or six, now standing singly, towering over the plain of verdure around them as a beautiful promontory arising out of the sea. He had come right opposite the glory of the wood. It was an oak, which, in the oldest title-deeds of the country, and they were at least five hundred years old, was called the old oak of Ballinghassig. Age had hollowed its center, but its massy boughs still waved with their dark serrated foliage. The moon was shining on it bright. If I were a poet, I should tell you how the beautiful light was broken into a thousand different fragments—and how it filled the entire tree with a glorious flood, bathing every particular leaf, and showing forth every particular bough; but as I am not a poet, I shall go on with my story. By this light Jack saw a brilliant company of lovely little forms dancing under the oak with an unsteady and rolling motion. The company was large. Some spread out far beyond the farthest boundary of the oak's branches—some were seen glancing through the flashes of light shining through its leaves—some were barely visible, nestling under the trunk—some, no doubt, were entirely concealed from his eyes. Never did man see anything more beautiful. They were not three inches in height, but they were white as the driven snow, and beyond number: numberless.

Jack threw the bridle over his horse's neck, and drew up to the low wall which bounded the demesne, and, leaning over it, surveyed with greatest delight their deersified gambols. By looking long at them he soon saw objects which had not struck him at first, in particular, that in the middle was a chief of superior stature, round whom the group appeared to move. He gazed so long that he was quite overcome with joy, and could help shouting out "Bravo! little fellow," said he, "well kicked and strong." But the instant he uttered the words, the night was darkened, and the fairies vanished with the speed of lightning.

"I wish," said Jack, "I had held my tongue. I shall just turn bridle about and go back to Ballybegmullinahone Castle, and beat the young Master Whaleys, fine reasoners as they themselves, out of the field clean."

No sooner said than done; and Jack was back again as if on the wings of the wind. He rapped fiercely at the door, and called aloud for the two colleagues.

"Halloo," said he, "young Flatcaps, come down now, if you dare. Come down, if you dare and I shall give you a good demonstration of what I am saying."

Old Whaley put his head out of the window, and said, "Jack Mulligan, what brings you back so soon?"

"The fairies," shouted Jack, "the fairies!"

"I am afraid," muttered Lord of Ballybegmullinahone, "the last glass you took was too little watered; but no matter—come in and cool yourself over a tumbler of punch."

He came in and sat down again at table. In great spirits he told his story, how he had seen thousands and tens of thousands of fairies dancing about the old oak of Ballinghassig, he described their beautiful dresses of shining silver; their flat-crowned hats glittering in the moonbeams, and the princely stature and demeanor of the central figure. He added, that he heard them singing and playing the most enchanting music; but this was merely imagination. The young men laughed, but Jack held his ground.

"Suppose," said one of the lads, "we join company with you on the road, and ride along to the place where you saw that fine company of fairies?"

"Done!" said Jack, "but I will not promise that you will find them there, for I saw them soddling up in the sky like a flight of bees, and heard their wings whizzing through the air. This you know was a bounce, for Jack had heard no such thing."

Off rode the three, and came to the demesne of Oakwood. They arrived at the wall flanking the field where stood the great oak, and the moon, by this time, having again emerged from the clouds, shone bright as when Jack had passed. "Look there," he cried exultingly, for the same spectacle again caught his eyes, and he pointed to it with his horse whip. "Look, and deny if you can."

"Why," said one of the lads, pausing. "True it is that we do see a company of white creatures; but were they fairies ten times over, I shall care among them," and he dismounted to climb over the wall.

"Ah Tom! Tom!" cried Jack, "stop man, stop! what are you doing? 'Tis fairies the good people, I mean—hats to be modded with. You will be punched or blinded; or your horse will cast a shoe, or—look! a wiffling man will have his way. Oh! he is almost at the oak—God help him; for he is past the help of man."

By this time Tom was under the tree, and burst out laughing. "Jack," said he, "keep your prayers to yourself; your fairies are not bad at all. I believe they will make tolerably good catsup."

"Catsup?" said Jack, who, when he found that the two lads (for the second had followed his brother) were both laughing in the middle of the fairies, had dismounted and advanced slowly—"what do you mean by catsup?"

"Nothing," replied Tom, "but that they are mushrooms" (as indeed they were); "and your Oberon is merely this overgrown puff-ball."

Poor Mulligan gave a long whistle of amazement, staggered back to his horse without saying a word, and rode home in a hard gallop, never looking behind him. Many a long day was it before he ventured to face the laughter at Ballybegmullinahone; and to the day of his death the people of the parish, and five parishes round, called him nothing but Mushroom Jack, such being their pronunciation of mushroom.

West Point Chapel.

There is a movement under way in regular army circles to place a series of memorials of deceased officers who held the Catholic faith in the proposed chapel at West Point. The idea is to place memorial windows in the sanctuary, in loving memory of Generals Sheridan, Rosecrans, Newton, Sumner and Andrew Jackson Smith, and all the brave with windows in memory of Cahill, Ryan, O'Brien and others of the noble army of two hundred and sixty-seven thousand Catholics who died for the flag of the Union.

NOBLE IRISH GIRLS

THEY HEARKEN TO CHRIST'S CALL AND BID FAREWELL TO HOME.

Off to America to Labor in the Master's Vineyard—Bishop and Clergy Wish Them God-speed and They Carry With Them the Love of Their Fellow-Children of Mary.

The New York dailies, says the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, have published a sensational account of the arrival in New York City of a party of young Irish girls on their way to enter the Novitiate of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word, at San Antonio, Texas, and told of the efforts made, however without success, by their friends to prevent them from carrying out their noble purpose. It may, therefore, be of interest to learn some details of their setting out from their native land, as narrated by the New Era.

The exercises of the Retreat usually given at this season of the year to the members of the Sodality of the Children of Mary, at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Our Lady's Mount Harold's Cross, was recently brought to a close, when an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Flavin, C. C. Chaplain to the Hospice. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, president of the Congregation of the Children of Mary, attended to receive fifty-two aspirants, and vest them with their medals and ribbons. The Retreat was given previous to the departure of a number of youthful missionaries who were about to go forth from their native land in order to spread in other countries that same strong Irish faith that made so many missionaries in the early ages of the Church and so many heroic martyrs in the times of persecution. Addressing the candidates his Grace exhorted them to pray for that greater and nobler mission with which the Sodality seems especially to have charged itself, and which is undoubtedly blessed by Almighty God—the sanctification of the spirit of those of its members whom God has called to this holy state. They should remember to be true to the marvellous missionary zeal, that it may never fall in its work. How many are there who have found their true membership of the Sodality, who have heard and obeyed the call of God, and become members of the holy religious state? They are to be found in all parts of the world, and have long since come to be counted by the hundred. At the conclusion the Archbishop gave the fifty-two aspirants their medals and ribbons and received their vows to lead lives of purity and true Christian piety. Having imparted solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, his Grace gave his own Blessing and farewells to those who had chosen to follow the missionary path. In the unavoidable absence of his Grace, the Very Rev. Canon Fricker, P. P., Rathmines, celebrated the parting Mass in the Oratory of Our Lady's Mount, Harold's Cross, on the following Friday morning. On that evening the young travelers bade farewell to home and Ireland when they sailed from the North Wall bearing with them the love and good wishes of hundreds of their fellow-children of Mary assembled to see them off. At Greenock they boarded The City of Rome, bound for New York, where the good Sisters of the Incarnate Word never fail to welcome the exiles of the B. I. and to conduct them with loving care to their novitiate home in San Antonio, Texas.

The attention of Bishop Schwabach, of La Crosse, having been called to a report in a Chippewa Falls paper that the diocese of La Crosse is to be divided and a new see established, said: "I have not the least idea how such a story could have originated, and can only say it is without the shadow of truth. The diocese is large and growing. I hope it will continue to increase, and it will need to be much greater than at present and its Bishop much feebler before a division is necessary."

The Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago is preparing to celebrate next month the golden jubilee of the organization of the parish and the silver jubilee of the erection of its present fine church. The double event will be the occasion of a very imposing ceremony, at which Archbishop Feehan will, as a matter of course, preside, while the eloquent prelate of Peoria, Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, will be the preacher.

An old Negro in Georgia insists that Adam was black and the first white man became so because he turned pale with fright.

In a backwoods county of California there lives a man who refuses to travel on a railroad train, as he prefers the stage coach.

Columbia (Mo.) is to have a Fathers' club at which married men may gather every evening and all day Sundays to discuss the correct rearing of children and other things.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The beatification of Bishop John Neponomucene Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia from 1852 to 1880, is expected soon to be proclaimed.

There are four Catholic churches in the Klondike region, at Dawson, Selkirk, Hunter Creek and at Last Chance Creek.

In the treasury of the Cathedral at Seville, Madrid, is preserved a obolus made from the first gold taken to Europe by Columbus.

The German Catholic Societies of Chicago have formed a union for the purpose of consolidating Catholic influence and defending Church institutions.

It is estimated that there are \$10,000,000 worth of coppers—pennies, halfpennies and farthings—in circulation; that is, roughly speaking, 4,400 tons of copper.

On May 17, 1879, La Salle made a grant of land at Niagara to the Recollect Fathers for a residence and cemetery and this was the first Catholic Church property in the present state of New York; and Father Melitton Watteaux, its chaplain, ranks as the first Catholic priest appointed to minister to whites in New York.

In the month of November, 1678, a bark cabin was built at the mouth of St. Joseph's river by the Recollect Fathers, which was the first Catholic church in the lower peninsula of Michigan. It was dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

As the Incarnation of God's Book of Life the knowledge of His Sacred Heart is the interpretation and the unfolding of that Book. The sanctuary where He dwells in the Blessed Sacrament is the type of that sanctuary of the Sacred Heart in which He personally dwells by incarnation.—Cardinal Manning.

Prominent among the alumni of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, who attended the recent annual reunion at Detroit, were the five Fathers Hickey, all brothers of the Cincinnati archdiocese. The eldest brother is still on the shady side of 50, and the youngest is only 28 years of age. These five revered brothers have frequently been mentioned as instances of how religious vocations sometimes develop in families.

Wonderful indeed is the growth of the Church, looking at from any standpoint. Fifty years ago the Continent of Africa had not yet seen the light of the true faith. Progress most extraordinary has been made within the interval, and the mustard seed, since that time introduced, has increased and multiplied to an extent which few, even our well-informed Catholics, dream of. At present, there are sixty bishops, vicarates and apostolic prefectures, each having its own phalanx of missionaries and religious, dividing amongst themselves the entire African Continent.

On a recent Sunday there took place in St. Francis, Glasgow, a ceremony the like of which has not been seen in Scotland since the time of the Reformation—the translation of the relics of St. Valentine (which have been brought from the Catacombs in Rome) to a shrine prepared for them in the base of St. Joseph's altar. The impressive ceremonies were dignified by the presence of the venerable titular Bishop of Jericho, the Right Rev. Etienne M. Potron, who came specially at the desire of the Pope to attest the genuineness of the relics.

Says the Catholic Universe of Cleveland: "The appearance of the funeral car in front of the cathedral last Wednesday was an event of no little local importance. The car is handsome. We hope that the car will inaugurate a new departure in Catholic funerals. It appeals to our sense of privacy, order and economy. The funeral car supplies the place of a horse and eight carriages at about one-fifth of the cost."

The Freethinkers of Castellon, Valencia, Spain, have created disturbances because the Catholics affixed over their doors small placards bearing the words, "Sacred Heart of Jesus." The Freethinkers have nailed over their doors placards with revolutionary inscriptions. The Mayor ordered the placards of both kinds to be removed, and there is said to be much excitement.

Sir William Crookes, the English scientist, took up photography early in life, and for some time intended to devote his career to that work.

Minister Garcia-Menou, of Argentina, is spending the summer at Nahant. He is an expert yachtsman and most of his time is put in upon the water.

One of Gov. Roosevelt's admirers has presented him with a rare old Damascus blade supposed to be that carried by Gen. Blicher at Waterloo.

GODLESS EDUCATION.

SOME OF ITS EVIL RESULTS PORTRAYED BY AN ELOQUENT IRISH BISHOP.

Instances Cited Wherein God's Altars Have Been Desecrated and the Faithful Assailed by the Savage Hands of Infidel and Freemasons.

At the dedication of the new church of the Sisters of Mercy, Sligo, the Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, Lord Bishop of Achonry, preached a sermon of great power and eloquence, in the course of which he dealt at length on Godless education. "Look at the countries of the continent," said his lordship, "where infidel statesmen and sneering scoffers manage and manage the schools as their provid hearts desire. Cast your gaze on France, once the glory of the Catholic world, the eldest daughter of the Church—the land which Clovis won by his victories, which Clotilde gained by her prayers, the birthplace of Joan of Arc, the home of St. Vincent de Paul, where good St. Louis reigned; the country blessed by the miracle of Lourdes, sanctified by the vision of the Sacred Heart—shattered, riven, torn by shock after shock of successive revolutions, until we see her to-day the by-word of the nations trying to save her sense of justice from being a travesty, and her army from being her shame—where since last Sunday's sun went down the revolting orgies of the revolution have been renewed, the abomination of desolation has been again in the holy place; savage hands have pulled down the emblem of God the Crucified; brutal feet have trodden on the Abiding presence of God Himself. And this—the outcome of her godless schools. Cast your eyes on Italy—once Catholic Italy; whither the Italy of the Popes—now with her emigrants abroad lynched as murderers; her people at home ripe for revolution, ready for ruin; infidels guiding her destinies, Freemasons precipitating her fate, her sons wrooking her monasteries and howling down the crosses over their dead fathers' graves! And this—the outcome of her godless schools!"

Look at the countries of every continent, see the cities of every state honeycombed by secret societies, saturated with infidelity, sodden in sin, steeped in shameful crime; those in position, those in power, creeping along with quaking hearts, peeping round with anxious eyes; their rulers and representatives white with terror, pallid with apprehension, shivering with fear, dreading at the striking of every hour, beneath the hedge of every highway, at the corner of every street, the murderers smoking pistol, the assassin's gleaming knife. Read in red ruin; read in black anarchy what godless education has done. Ah, me! does your nineteenth century secularist seek the outcome of his own handiwork? His book is open; all lesson is clear; he needs but to look and read. Within the last few years the courteous president of the French republic stabbed and hacked amidst the pomp and pageant of a festive city's streets; Spain's prime minister, lying gruesome and gory, with a bullet through his heart, in the midst of a gay assembly, where shone the brightest of summer suns and sparkled the loveliest of Spanish seas; and but the other day the quiet, gentle lady, amiable and unassuming, beautiful and good, Austria's empress, Hungary's queen, whom all Europe revered, whom we loved within the Irish seas, done to death by a brutal hand, beside the blue waters of fair Geneva. Read in red ruin; read in black anarchy what godless education has done, and what it will do wherever religion is not the foundation and framework of instruction for the child."

Non-Catholic Missions.

The interesting announcement is made that Bishop Shanahan, of Harrisburg, Pa., is about to place two well-known Passionist Fathers, the Rev. Xavier Sutton and the Rev. Richard Barrett, in the field of non-Catholic mission work in his diocese. The success of the Passionists as missionaries is famous. They are not, however, the first order to engage in non-Catholic mission work. Under the direction of the Missionary Union, these missions are given by Benedictines in Florida, and in other parts of the South, the Josephite Fathers give similar courses of instruction.

The current Owensboro, Ky., Messenger states that Sisters Mary Carmel and Genesee of the Sisters of Charity, are visiting relatives in Davies county, Kentucky, preliminary to going on a long journey to the Philippine islands, where they expect to perform the duties of their Order for years to come. Order to depart for the far east came only a few days ago and the privilege of visiting relatives was accorded them, since it is not considered likely they will ever return. The same article states that a large number of American nuns will probably soon be ordered to that country. May God bless their labors under the morning sun.

GOOD BOOKS.

Their Power in Inspiring Men to Faith and Valiant Deeds.

Rev. Morgan M. Shady, of Ansonia, writing in the Weekly Register, London, on "Books That Have Influenced Me," has this to say of the work which proved the turning point in his life:

"The 'Anna-virgine' came of the great epic stirred, perhaps I should say awakened, a passion for military glory at a very early period in my life. I shall tell presently how the reading of another book quenched eternally the rising flame and had something to do with making me a soldier of the cross unworshipful though I be, rather than a soldier of fortune helping to carry the benefits of 'Anglo-Celtic' civilization and to bear my share of 'the white man's burden' at the point of the bayonet, in the last limits of the earth. The story runs thus:

"I had half made up my mind to become an officer in one of her majesty's regiments, providing, of course, that I was acceptable and came up to the requirements. Accordingly I set about fitting myself for this career of military glory which I saw awaiting me. I was hard at work on the study of the required branches in English literature, mathematics, science and one or two foreign languages, which were to be the matter for examination at the war office, when, during a six days college retreat, the reading of the 'Imitation of Christ,' no doubt recommended by the spiritual director of the exercises, changed the whole course of my thoughts and my life. The change came very sudden indeed. I was unlike most men, though I was passionate. The reading of that wonderful little book in the silence of retreat settled, I always believed, my vocation to the priesthood. Of all books, therefore, that I have read 'The Imitation' evidently has influenced me most. It spoke to me very clearly the spiritual language of the soul as it has spoken and will continue to speak to countless others."

What Catholics Do Not Believe.

It seems to be more necessary that the non-Catholic people to know what Catholics do not believe. At any rate non-Catholics are not in a position to learn what the Catholics do not believe, in what they have misinterpreted, and that is not.

Here are a dozen matters which Catholics do not believe, but which are often ascribed to the church:

1. Image worship.
2. That the indulgence is a permission to commit sin.
3. That the church has a right to prescribe.
4. That a mere confession of sins to the priest and absolution is sufficient to merit forgiveness.
5. That the Pope cannot commit sin or err in matters of science.
6. That Catholics cannot "search" the Scriptures.
7. That republican forms of government are not favored by the church.
8. That the Catholic church is opposed to religious toleration.
9. That the end justifies the means.
10. That lying is permissible.
11. That the world may be older than six thousand years.
12. That innocent recreation on Sunday days is forbidden.—The Catholic Observer.

Bishop Moore of the St. Augustine (Fla.) Diocese was stricken with paralysis at Harvey's Lake Wednesday of last week. The attack is not severe, and it is thought he will recover. His secretary has been summoned. Bishop Moore is 69 years old, and has been in the diocese for several weeks, returning to rebuild the cathedral at St. Augustine, which was recently destroyed by fire.

This is from the Tamil East India Pioneer: "Tuan Hye Mohamed bin Abdul al-Haddad, of Singapore, has arrived on a visit to his fellow-countrymen. The gentleman has been some years in the East, and is accompanied by his harem, which consists of four women and two slaves. We are told that he never allows the number of his wives to fall short of the figure given above, and that he has also retained contracted no less than 117 mistresses."

The conflict which has raged in certain circles in Washington around the question as to whether several hundred women clerks in the patent office who ride bicycles shall wear short skirts during business hours appears to have been ended by Assistant Secretary Webster Davis, who has declared himself in favor of those who come to the office in a way that they wish to dress. Davis thinks the women are entitled to do as they please.

Raphael Josephy will make a record of the principal cities of the United States, beginning in the month of November, appearing in regular issues. He will limit the number of cities to fifty.

Senator Carter, of Ohio, is to be one of the new members in all the World's Fair, and will also be one of the new members in all the World's Fair, and will also be one of the new members in all the World's Fair.