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SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1901.

STOP THE WAR.

When Spain was at war with Cuba and our ears were filled with the details of Weyler's butcheries, the cry went out from one end of the United States to the other that it was the sacred duty of our government to interfere in behalf of the suffering Cubans. Appeals were made in the name of liberty, in the name of humanity, in the name of that common brotherhood of man which revolts at the sight of a fellow man suffering without cause. The press, the pulpit, the tender heart of womanhood took up the cry and it was echoed and re-echoed throughout the land until at last the government was forced to action. Accordingly Spain was duly warned. A time was set within which she must bring the war to a close. She was peremptorily informed that she must conquer within a limited period, or—failing to conquer—she must abandon her claims on the island. The threat was enforced more or less exactly, and to-day Cuba is, if not free, at least at peace. In that quarter of the world at least we hear no more of butcheries and atrocities that harass the mind and shock humanity. The intervention of the United States government was prompt, effective, decisive. And yet, strictly speaking—in the international sense of the terms—the United States had no right to interfere at all. Such interference derived no sanction whatever from the Monroe Doctrine. Cuba was a Spanish possession. For three hundred years the flag of Spain had floated over the island. From an international point of view we had no more right to interfere with the Hispanio-Cuban question than we had to interfere with the Manitoba school question. Both were wholly without the jurisdiction of the United States. No stretching of the Monroe doctrine can make that palladium of Pan-Americanism cover our interference in Cuba. On what grounds then was our interference justified? Simply and solely on the grounds of humanity. A weak and helpless nation lay butchered and bleeding at our threshold. Starving men and outraged women, and plague-stricken children, were making their cries heard throughout the land, and the hearts of the people were touched. Humanity could not bear the sight of such heartless atrocities. The United States interfered, put an end to the suffering, and its action had, if not the applause at least the approval, of European nations.

And now the strange part has to be told. Precisely the same state of affairs exists in South Africa—the same atrocities, the same butcheries, the same suffering from hunger and disease in the Kitchener concentration camps. There is also the same utter helplessness of the English army to put a speedy end to the war. How comes it then we sit passively by? Whither have our feelings of humanity departed? We listen in vain for the voices of tender-hearted women, for the touching appeals from the pulpit, for the eloquent thunderings of the daily press. Is not the cause of humanity the same whether in Cuba or South Africa? Are not the Transvaalers our bleeding brothers just as much as were the suffering Cubans? Why do not press, pulpit and liberty-loving people unite in one loud cry that will be heard throughout the length and breadth of the land and demand that the war be brought to a speedy termination.

Atlantic and the nations of Europe awakened to a sense of their duty to the heroic sons of South Africa? The outcry in the Armenian massacres was universal and world-wide and the un-speakable Turk was soon brought to a sense of duty. The nations lost no time in avenging the outbreak of the Chinese boxers and even the sacred city at Peking was laid bare to the profane gaze of the nations marching in the cause of humanity. True the sufferers in these cases were our countrymen; but, it must be confessed, our countrymen who had egregiously blundered, and who, in some instances at least had provoked their sufferings by their blunders. The real cause of the universal movement in Armenia and China was the cause of humanity. The human mind revolted against the wanton effusion of blood and the ruthless slaughter of human beings. Why then in the case of South Africa have we steeped our feelings in poppy and mandrags until our humanity seems to be sleeping a sleep that knows no awakening? If Spanish treatment of Cuba was wrong how can English treatment of the South African republics be right? If Weyler's atrocities aroused our indignation, mobilized our armies, and all but created our navy, what excuse can we give for our silence and apathy in the case of Kitchener's butcheries? If we were right in our sympathy for suffering Cuba can our consciences approve of our indifference in the case of the butchered Boers? There is something wrong in our civilization when we stand silently by and witness, perpetrated with impunity, and without remonstrance on our part, atrocities which we obstreperously condemn in the Turk and the Chinaman. By what privilege is England permitted to pass unchallenged as the chartered assassin of human liberty? By what divine right is she—and she alone—entitled, in this age of civilization, while uttering cant about culture, to draw the blood-stained hand of barbarism over the hearths and homes of a brave and spirited people? It is high time for the sake of humanity that the war was brought to a close. England confesses her impotency to bring the conflict to a speedy termination. French has come and gone. And Roberts has come and gone. And Kitchener has come and gone, and yet the war is not ended. England is clearly as incompetent as Spain was to bring the war to a successful termination. Even the London Times and our own beloved Rudyard Kipling tell England that "All her most holy illusions are knocked higher than Gildero's kite." Is it not time that our illusions about her were dispelled also, and that we take the facts as we find them and call for a speedy termination of the bloody struggle? Kipling sings:

"It was our fault, and our very grave fault,
And now we must turn it to use,
We have forty million reasons for failure,
But not a single excuse."
England's military system is all wrong, it is freely admitted. Clearly if Spain's helplessness in bringing the rebellion to a close in Cuba justified our interference between her and one of her own colonies, the same helplessness on the part of England to bring the war with the Boers to an end justifies interference in South Africa, where the war is simply a war of conquest. The civilized world is beginning to be nauseated by the sickening and disgusting situation in South Africa. Let one cry go up from one end of the country to the other for the prompt termination of the war. Let press and pulpit and tender-hearted women be fully as vociferous as in the case of Cuba. Let the demand be made upon England as it was upon Spain that the war be terminated within a given time or else that she abandon or compromise her claims. Let us not blame the governments while our own voices are silent. It was only when spurred on by the united cry of press, pulpit and people that the government at Washington mustered up courage to interfere in Cuba. Why not the same voices arouse the governments of the world to action in South Africa? It is high time that the cry went forth that the voice of humanity demands that the Anglo-Boer war be brought to a speedy termination.

ARCHBISHOP KEANE

AND THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOYS OF LETTERKENNY, DONEGAL

The Distinguished American Prelate Give an Interesting Account of His Life to 111 Young Audience and Appeals to Them to Be True to Ireland and Their Holy Faith

During Archbishop Keane's visit to Letterkenny, County Donegal, Ireland, he visited the school taught by the Presentation Brothers of that Irish city. The distinguished American prelate, himself a Donegal boy, took particular interest in the roomful of bright Irish lads before him and entertained them by relating the following interesting story of his own life:

"My visit here takes my mind back to the time when I was a little boy myself in the town of Ballyshannon, in County Donegal. I must have been a very mischievous little rascal at home because they sent me to school when I was three years old just to keep me off the street.

"I remember well the first day I went to school, how the servant boy took me up the Mall, and how, just as we passed out of the Mall into the main street, there came a tremendous hailstorm, and we had to take refuge in Chiswick's bakery, near the corner. When the hailstorm was over I was taken on to school that day to Mistress Molly. I was at school with Mistress Molly until I was seven years of age, when the providence of God sent me to America.

"I remember the dear old lady used to think me a good sort of boy and take me inside to learn for her the lives of the saints. It is singular, but I remember clearly to this day—I was then six years of age—how I read for her the story of St. Cassian. I don't suppose you know that story. Well, St. Cassian was a schoolmaster, and he was put to death by the boys of his own school.

"He was a Christian teacher in a pagan school, and the judges decreed that he should be pierced and pierced with the stylus, and that it should be done by the boys of his own school, until he was dead; and I remember well the impression produced on my mind by the rascality of those who put to death their own schoolmaster.

"Then, when I was seven years of age, the years of famine came upon Ireland. My father said he was fond of the people. 'I will never leave it, I will stick to the old country and to the old town.' One day, however, he was passing the soup house, which was established in Ballyshannon to help the poor who were starving, and, seeing a long string of people waiting with cans to carry home a little soup, many of whom he had known in better circumstances, his soul grew sick and going home, he said to my mother: 'Fanny, we are going to leave. I cannot stand it any longer.'

"And he went to Derry and engaged our passage on a ship for America. He took us to Baltimore, and I remember I was one of the first scholars in the school established there by the Christian Brothers. Of course, there were many public schools in the city, but my father had the good old Catholic spirit that if his boy was to be educated it should be done at his own expense in a good Catholic school. That was St. Vincent's school. After that my father sent me to Calvert Hall Academy, the great central school of the Christian Brothers, and I was there until I was seventeen years of age, so, boys, you see I was at school from three until seventeen—a long time to be studying books.

"Then my parents wanted me to go to the splendid college kept by the Jesuit Fathers, but I was stubborn for the first time in my life. In our home we never heard the word, 'I won't,' addressed by us to our parents, only once, when my brother Tom—a harum-scarum, noble-hearted, fine fellow—said to my mother: 'I won't,' and I pitched into him and flogged him right there on the spot. At seventeen my father, as I said, wanted to send me to college, but I had an ambition to be a successful merchant. I wanted to be of some use and I thought that learning Greek and Latin was very little use indeed except for priests and doctors and lawyers, and persons to be members of a learned profession.

"So I went into a dry goods store run by Mr. John S. Barry, a fine fellow, who was very fond of me, and I worked hard at the business. One Sunday morning, I remember, after being three years at the store, I was sitting at home in the little parlor reading the Catholic Mirror, and I read about a good Frenchwoman whose son had been a priest who was martyred in China, and every day she prayed for her martyred son, and it struck me on the moment, 'I will go and become a priest.' Well, I had two brothers and two sisters, and they were all then dead, and I was the only one left to dear old father and mother. Well, I couldn't tell them, but I went to work while I was at the store, to learn Latin, and when I had a moment of leisure at the store I was at it. The other fellows did not mind. They said: 'Keane is a bookish sort of fellow.'

"Well, when I had been studying Latin and reading the Historia Sacra for some months, one day I spoke to my father and mother, and I said: 'I have to go and be a priest.' My father said: 'Why didn't you go when we gave you the chance of going to St. Charles' College when your brother was alive?' I said: 'I didn't know it was the will of God.' 'Well,' said my father, 'we will never resist the will of God; go, and God bless you.' So at twenty years of age I went back to school again. The usual course by my studies under Mistress Molly and the Christian Brothers, and my own study of Latin for seven or eight months, that I went through the six years' course in three years.

"Then I went to St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore, for four years' residence, to study theology and philosophy, and at twenty-seven years of age, in 1866, I was ordained. I then became a curate in Washington, under a good old parish priest. We were the only two priests in that central parish, and I can tell you it was hard work for twelve years.

"After twelve years I was sent to be Bishop of Richmond, and my care here was to build up good Catholic schools for the training of the young people. I was for eleven years Bishop of Richmond. Then the Bishops of the United States met. We had very good schools in the States and good colleges, but we considered that the educational system would not be complete until we had a first-class university. In 1884 the Bishops came together.

"They knew that although we had what were called universities, we had no place where you could take the young fellows who had gone through the schools and the colleges and give them the opportunity of thorough scholarship for the highest study and education. Well, the Plenary Council of Baltimore asked me to become one of the board of Bishops to found that university. Well, I said: 'I am not a university man. I was never through a university. I am only an humble Bishop.' However, there was no use kicking.

"The Bishops said it, and I had to become one of the board. Then after a while, when a man had to be chosen who would give his life to the work of the university, the Bishops said to me: 'You have got to be that man.' I said: 'Nonsense; I am not fitted for the work; Bishop Spalding is the man; he is the inspirer of the idea of a great Catholic university of the States,' but they said: 'You have got to do it or it won't be done,' and then I said: 'Well, then, in God's name, here I am.' I had to go to Rome again and again, and travel all over the States and all over Europe to raise money and gather professors and all that sort of thing, and I can tell you it was a very hard job.

"However, with the blessing of God, we opened the university in 1889, and there we had classes on the graduate divinity, and we gave degrees in all the faculties except for that of doctors. We had a school of philosophy, a great school of the pure sciences and applied sciences, or technology, and school of law, and for other things. In ten years, before the providence of God took me elsewhere, we had raised \$2,000,000 for the work, and I left the university with splendid buildings standing in a property of seventy acres, within the limits of the city of Washington, with a magnificent endowment fund.

"Then our Holy Father said: 'Come over here to Rome,' and I said: 'All right, Holy Father, I will do anything you say, for I have always tried to do what the Pope told me. When the Pope told me to give up my diocese and go and create a Catholic university, I said: 'Holy Father, don't tell me to leave where I am, I love its people, its Protestants and its Catholics, its black and its white; leave me where I am, and let somebody else do its work.' But he said: 'It is God's will.' And then I said: 'Holy Father, I will obey.'

"Then, after ten years, the Holy Father told me to come to Rome, and I went. After being there three years, the Bishops of America came together, and on the death of Archbishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, they sent a unanimous message to Rome, saying: 'We want Keane to come home.' And the Holy Father said: 'If you all want him I can't refuse to let him go.' So there I am. In that great diocese of Dubuque there are two hundred and fifty parishes, and in nearly all those parishes there are good Catholic schools. Wherever I go as Bishop, it is my study to establish Catholic schools, and where such a school does not exist, I say to the priest: 'Wherever you find thirty or forty, start a school, and if you find any difficulty in paying the teachers, send me and I will help you.'

"Now I have given you the whole story of my life from the day I left Ballyshannon; and I hope when you are telling your story in after years, boys, it may be like mine in some respects, and I hope you have, as I have, a love of Mother Church and of motherland; for thus you will develop the highest type of manhood. You should always aim at those things that make for the highest and the best, higher and higher. One of the noblest mottoes in the United States is 'Excelsior,' and my aim in life has been to stir up the energies of the people—excelsior—to go higher and higher. If you want to succeed aim at the highest.

"If a fellow is sluggish and careless and indifferent, he is never going to amount to anything. Let your motto then be 'Excelsior,' and striving to do the very best you are capable of doing, and the very best that I want to impress upon you to do is the very best here in Ireland. Fifty years ago the providence of God scattered the Irish race so that they might plant the standard of the cross anywhere.

"They have carried the cross everywhere and poured out their life blood in order to enlighten the world, and it is now the time to attend to their own motherland, and the providence of God says to the men of Ireland: 'Do what you possibly can for the honor, glory and welfare of your native land, and to you will fall part of the great work of bringing about this result in all its happy consummation.' I do not see a single boy here who looks like a stupid boy. I do not see a single boy here who looks like a dunce—and remember, a dunce can never amount to anything in this world, and amount to mighty little in the world to come.

"He is incapable of doing much good. Again, I do not see any boy here who looks like a lazy boy. The

faces that I see before me are bright and intelligent looking, and beaming with the light of trained and intelligent minds. I don't see any boy here who thinks he is only fit for trundling a wheelbarrow. There are no bad boys in this hall to-day. In America one of the great evils they were battling was the ambition of those who come from Ireland to start grog shops. This was a class that was a dishonor to the Church in America and they were largely drawn from Irish Catholics who emigrated to the States.

"They were the leaders of grog shop politics, and it was unfortunate and sad that there were far too many of our Irishmen who have that ignominious ambition to keep a corner grog shop—to become a centre of grog shop politics—but if we could purge out that class from among us the people of the United States would honor our religion. But one of the greatest reproaches the United States can cast in the face of the Catholic Church is to speak of 'rum and Romanism,' and we have to show them that Romanism does not mean 'rum.'

"Did you ever hear the saying: 'The stream can never run higher than its source,' and remember the spirit of the Irish in America is not going to run higher than the spirit that is here in the old motherland, which is the source of our life. We look to Ireland for example, for inspiration, and we want Irishmen at home to be above those mean things which are a disgrace to a certain extent, to our religion and of our people in the new world. No boy here means to have anything to do with the liquor business, no boy here means ever to become that mean creature that they call a professional politician; every boy here must be a true man, an industrious man, and must take not the professional politician, but the true patriot's interest in the politics of his country.

"You are going to be the men of the Twentieth Century. We are old fogies of the Nineteenth, and are about getting out of the way, and you must do the work and bear the burden of your country's future. Ireland is on the up grade. She is not going down. Things are much better now in many ways than they were thirty, or forty years ago. Fewer people are in the country, no doubt, and they are far better off—and, with the providence of God, great hope before them—and, keeping the motto 'Excelsior' still leading them on, justice and right will yet win for their country that prosperity and freedom which was bound to come."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Every part of the new Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C., in charge of the Sisters of Charity, is being put to hospital use. Even the great tower will have a great water tank and will have rooms for the treatment of blind patients. The Sisters of Charity are spending \$250,000 on the new work.

St. Anthony's, of Portsmouth, the new mission of St. Joseph's in Newport, R. I., was dedicated July 14th, Bishop Harkins officiating.

Rev. Patrick Brosnan, of Castlemaine, County Kerry, Ireland, arrived last week for a visit to his brother, Rev. John Brosnan, of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, New York. They will visit the Pan-American exposition.

A United States court having decided that several buildings, now used as American Government offices at Havana, were rightfully the property of the Church, the Washington authorities have decided to pay rent to the Church for their use so long as needed.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul of Brooklyn, will open a reformatory for women at 46 Concord street, about Oct. 1. The building is undergoing the necessary alterations. This institution will be supported by contributions from forty-two subordinate conferences of the society through the Special Works Conference and the Particular Council.

Twenty-two young women took their vows as Sisters of the Holy Cross at the close of the annual retreat of the order at St. Mary's academy, Notre Dame, Ind., July 16th, Bishop J. Alerding, of Fort Wayne, officiated. The sermon was preached by Father Fidelis, C. P., of West Hoboken, N. J. Among the novices are five from Newfoundland, three from Ireland, and three from Louisville, Ky., also three from Indiana.

PRIEST TO VISIT CARNEGIE.

The Chapel at Skibo Castle to Be Blessed By Father Hickey.

Father John Hickey, pastor of St. Thomas' church at Braddock, Pa., intends to visit Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle, Scotland, in the latter part of August. Father Hickey and Andrew Carnegie were boys together and have always been friends. Mr. Carnegie has been remodeling Skibo Castle and recently he asked Father Hickey to come over and reconsecrate the redecorated chapel. Andrew Carnegie is not a Catholic, but his choice of a Catholic priest to reconsecrate the chapel is actuated by the fact that the castle formerly belonged to an old Catholic noble family and that Mr. Carnegie thinks a Catholic consecration would be the proper thing.

It is through Father Hickey that the public will receive the first hospital donation ever given by Mr. Carnegie. In 1874 one Martin Connelly left Father Hickey a fund to build a hospital. Father Hickey has decided to build it in Braddock and Mr. Carnegie has promised a donation, sufficient, it is thought, to erect a building costing \$100,000. The Connelly fund amounts to \$40,000.

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