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

The Catholic Journal.

Vol. X, No. 37. Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, June 10, 1899. $1.00 per Year.

REAL FATHER PROUT.

"'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee."
—Father Prout (Francis Mahony).

Who has not heard of Father Prout, the supposed author of "Shandon Bells," while the name of Rev. Francis Mahony remains unfamiliar to so many? There was, however, a real Father Prout for many years pastor of a little country parish in the South of Ireland. The place is called Watergrasshill, about twelve miles outside the city of Cork. A few years ago a party of American tourists being in the City of Cork were informed that the road leading from the city to Queenstown junction was one of the most beautiful in all Ireland. As that appeared to be rather a big saying, we decided to see for ourselves, and when the journey was ended we concluded that our informant was not misleading in his statement. The road, skirted by the river Lee, is without doubt the best not only in Ireland, but in the whole world. Much of it is sheltered from the heat of the sun and from the brunt of the rain storms by interlocking trees. We passed beneath noble elms, beeches, oaks, chestnuts. We inhaled the odor of the sweet-scented hawthorne and the myriad wild flowers that everywhere abounded. Here a waterfall, there a rivulet whispering its notes as it meandered gently to mingle with the pleasant waters of the river Lee. The feathered songsters charmed us with the exquisite sweetness and the delightful cadences of their song. The people we met were light-hearted and merry, never so busy or in such haste as not to have time to exchange a few remarks on the weather or the political situation Yet this beautiful drive is a fair sample of what one can see all through the Emerald Isle. We diverged from our course awhile to take a ramble through the fields and were well repaid. There we beheld nature clothed in her most gorgeous apparel, displaying a picturesqueness unexcelled in any land. After a journey of about seven miles Queenstown junction was reached. Having alighted we entered a little tavern, dainty and comfortable, managed by as cheery, hospitable and accommodating a hostess as could anywhere be found. We regaled ourselves with the best that this unpretentious inn could afford, and by the way, the best is never too good in the estimation of a citizen of the old sod for any one hailing from Yankee land. We afterwards sauntered around awhile before beginning our return trip. We intended to make this trip by boat down the Lee to Cork harbor. But our jarvey had an eye to business. After receiving his pay with a little added by way of compensation for the ready information given en route, he inquired with genuine nonchalance, "Have you ever heard the bells of Shandon?" We informed him that we had an didn't think much of them. Without betraying the slightest evidence of wounded pride he said "I'm sorry for yer want of appreciation; however, what I meant was the song about the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on, the pleasant waters of the River Lee." The wag of our party told him the American who composed it was still alive. Pretending not to hear the remark he said, "I will take ye out to Watergrasshill and show ye the house where the author of that glorious song lived and died. It is only five miles away and I'll take ye for ——" We agreed to his proposition, postponed our trip down the Lee and jumping on his jaunting car we were off to the scene of Father Prout's labors. The day was unusually fine for Ireland. We rolled along through sweet- scenting meadows and fields of golden corn, passed cosy cottages by the wayside, while the gentle breezes wafted to our ears the music of the birds and the merry chatter of healthy looking children. There was such a combination and variety in all we had seen as to conjure up without much stress of imagination, visions of fairy land. Arrived at our destination, our guide stated that he would take us at once to the house where Father Prout once dwelt. We left the main road and entered a beautiful driveway protected on either side by immense hedges of laurel, neatly trimmed. The reverend pastor, Father Barry, was on his annual retreat, but we were shown through the house with sublime courtesy. Owing to its modern architectural outliness we had some mis-giving as to its ever being the home of Father Prout, and we were not far out of the way. A stroll to the church, a short distance from the rectory, brought us in contact with some of the inhabitants. From one old gentleman who informed us that he was closing his century of years we gleaned the information that Father Prout never lived in the present house, but that he stood on the spot whereon it is built. "Father Prout's house is torn down this many a year," he said. From the information received it appears that Father Prout was a soggarth kind and true, unsophisticated, unversed in the intricate isms that disturb men's peace of mind. He was not a literary character. He had just barely knowledge enough to guide his little flock and direct their steps in the way of salvation. He was the idol of his people, rejoicing with them when they rejoiced, sorrowing with them in their trials. He was the typical soggarth-aroon.

I will now introduce the pseudonomous Father Prout, the Rev. Francis Mahony. He was born in the city of Cork about the year 1805. His parents established the Blarney tweed industry which is yet conducted and owned by members of the family. The young lad showed such remarkable talent for one of his age that he attracted the attention of the Bishop of Cork who sent him to the Irish college at Rome. It was there that the famous song entitled "Shandon Bells" was composed by him. While laboring under a spell of home sickness he pencilled the remarkable words on the wall of his room. They were copied by a fellow student without the author's knowledge. Some time afterwards they were presented to him at a soiree given by the Irish students. Mahony disclaimed the authorship of them at the time, the circumstances attendant on their composition having faded from his memory. Conviction gained on him, however, when the testimony of his fellow student was corroborated by the dean of the college who reminded him of the rebuke administered for defacing the college walls by inditing poetry thereon. His career at the Propaganda was highly creditable. His genial manners and ready wit winning for him hosts of friends. When the time came for the reception of Sacred Orders he declined to assume the burden. From Rome he went to Amiens where he entered a college in charge of the Jesuits. He remained there only a short time. His next move was to Paris where he pursued his studies in a college conducted by the same society. Here he was elevated to the priesthood. After his ordination, his superiors recognizing his vast erudition offered him a professional chair which was accepted. Soon the supreme trial of his life confronted him. He felt that he had made a mistake—that he had no real vocation for the work of the priesthood. He severed his connection with the Jesuit Society and started out on a literary career. His fondness for books, and his love for study convinced him that his place was in the field of literature. "I would have been a zealous priest, and perhaps a most effective preacher," he once remarked, "were it not for the mania for the pen and the secular erudition in which I had been steeped." He repaired to London where he met Dr. Magin who was a member of the editorial staff of Frazer's magazine. After examining some of Mahony's literary productions Magin procured for him a position on the staff. In 1836, Frazer's contained a series of articles contributed under the pseudonym of "Oliver Yorke," and entitled "The Reliques of Father Prout." The author intimated that Father Prout willed him all his valuable MSS, the contents of which he would continue to place before the public in the successive numbers of Frazer's. Their appearance created intense surprise. Those who were acquainted in life with the venerable pastor of Watergrasshill thought a great deal before swallowing the bait, and the literary world read them and smiled. One of these papers "A defence of the Jesuits," was so replete with profound learning that it caused a genuine sensation among the literat of the day. But when another followed entitled, "Roguieries of Thomas Moore" wherein Mahony contrived to show Moore up as a plagiarist, there was consternation in the camp. He translated some of Moore's poems into French, stating that they were old manuscripts found by Father Prout in continental libraries. Moore was criticized all around in the most scathing terms. Oliver Yorke was requested to produce his evidence but he simply complimented Thomas on being such an expert translator. Shortly after Magin severed his connection with Frazer's, Mahony followed his example and returned to Paris. He became a regular contributor to the London Globe which vastly increased its popularity by his vivid description of Parisian life. He lived in the Latin quarter. Every day he would cross the Seine to Galignani's reading room in the Rue di Rivoli and pen his daily letter to the Globe, which had the honor of publishing the latest productions from the pen of this literary genius. He died in 1866, after spending the last few years of his life in a monastery. His remains were brought back to his native city where they repose beneath the shadow of the spire of Shandon church made famous by his poetic description of its bells. His grave was pointed out to us by the old sexton of St. Ann's and never were our prayers spoken more fervently than on that day o'er the ashes of the Rev. Francis Mahony.—M. C. Rowell, in The Catholic Transcript.

The Irish societies of the city of Paterson, N. J., have engaged in the patriotic work or raising a substantial testimonial fund for John H. O'Connor, recently released from an English prison, where he suffered fifteen years of the savage treatment which England inflicts on Irish political prisoners. The purpose of the testimonial is to enable Mr. O'Connor to start in some business which will enable him to make a living.

LEO'S PROMULGATION

HE PROCLAIMS THE JUBILEE OF THE HOLY YEAR

Leo, Bishop Servants of the Servants of God. To all the Faithful of Christ Who Shall Read These Letters Health and Apostolic Benediction.

As the present century, almost the full length of which has been by God's goodness covered by our own life, is now hastening to its close, we have gladly determined, in accordance with the custom of our predecessors, to pass a decree which may be a source of salvation to Christian people, and may as it were, mark the last step of the solicitude with which we have exercised the supreme Pontificate. We refer to the Great Jubilee, long ago made a part of Christian custom, and sanctioned by the forethought of our predecessors. Handed down to us from our fathers it has come to be called the Holy Year, on account of the extraordinary sacred ceremonies with which it is accustomed to be celebrated, but especially because it affords more abundant help for the correction of morals, and for that renewal of mind and heart which leads to holiness. We ourselves were witness in our youth how helpful to salvation was the last Jubilee decreed in solemn form during the Pontificate of Leo XII. at a ing Pontificate of Leo the XII, at a time when Rome was the greatest and safest theatre for a public act of religion. We remember, and we ever yet seem to see in Our mind's eye the crowds of pilgrims, the multitudes who, in processional order, went from church to church—the holiest in Christendom, the apostolic men who preached in the public streets, the most sacred places in the city resounding with the praises of God, and the Pontiff with his college of Cardinals setting an example of piety and charity before the eyes of all. From the memory of those times the mind is recalled with some bitterness to the sad reality of the present day. For demonstrations of which We speak, and which, when carried out without hindrance in the full light of the city, are accustomed wonderfully to foster and arouse the piety of the people there is now, in the changed state of Rome, either no opportunity of organizing, or the permission depends upon a will other than Our own.

Nevertheless, We trust that God Who helps all good designs will vouchsafe a prosperous and inoffensive course to this Our design, which We have undertaken for His honor and glory. For whither do We look, and what is it we desire? This thing only that We may by Our efforts put as many men as may be in possession of the glory everlasting, and that We may to this end apply to the diseases that afflict the souls of men those remedies which Jesus Christ has wished should be in Our hands to dispense. Not only does Our Apostolic charge call for this action from Us, but the very circumstances of out time seem also to demand it. Not that our age is sterile in good works and Christian glory; on the contrary, with God's help, splendid examples abound, nor is there any kind of virtue, however high or arduous it may be, in which we do not see many souls excelling, for the Christian religion has a certain divinely implanted force, inexhaustible and ever active, which arouses and fosters goodness. But, looking around a man turns to the other side, and oh! the darkness, the error and the mighty multitude of those rushing to endless ruin! We are especially troubled with sadness as often as We think of the great number of Christian people who captivated by a false license in thought and judgment, and eagerly draining the poison of false doctrine, daily squander the great gift of divine faith. It is from this that comes the distaste for the Christian life and the wide-spread lapse of morality; hence, too, that eager and insatiable appetite for the things which strike the senses, and all the thoughts and preoccupations which, turned from God, are fixed on the things of earth alone. It can scarcely be estimated what ruin has already issued from this dark source and invaded the principles upon which states are founded. For the spirit of revolt so widely spread, the stormy outbursts of popular discontent, the perils that no one can foresee, and the crimes of tragic horror are discerned by those who look into their causes, to be nothing else than a sort of a lawless and unbridled endeavor to gain and enjoy the things of this world.

It is therefore a matter of private and public benefit to admonish men of their duty, to rouse their hearts, sunk in lethargy and to recall to the thought of their salvation all those who, rashly run the risk of perishing and of losing, through carelessness or pride, the heavenly and unchangeable happiness for which alone we were born. This is the great object of The Holy Year During its months our Holy Mother the Church, mindful alone of mercy and forgiveness, strives with all her zeal and strength to turn the minds of men to better things, and that penitence, the great source of amendment of life, may wash out the faults which one has committed. With this object in view, multiplying her prayers and increasing her devotion, she endeavors to appease the outraged divinity of God, and to call down from heaven an abundance of divine blessings. Throw wide open the treasures of grace the dispensing of which has been entrusted to her, she calls all Christian people to the hope of pardon in order that she may vanquish the most unwilling by her abounding and indulgent love. And so, please God from all this what rich and timely blessings may we not expect!

The opportuneness of the matter increased by certain extraordinary ceremonies, news of which has already We think, been spread abroad, for the consecration in some sort of the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. We refer to the solemn homage which is to be paid all the world over on the confines of two centuries to Jesus Christ Our Saviour. Willingly have We praised and approved of the designs formed in this regard by the piety of private persons, for what could be more holy or more salutary? All that the human race can desire, love, hope for, and seek, all is in the only-begotten Son of God, for He is our Salvation, our Life, and our Resurrection. To wish to leave Him is to will our utter perishing forever. Wherefore, though the voice of adoration, praise, honor, and thanksgiving which are due to Our Lord Jesus Christ is never silent, but is heard in every place—nevertheless, no thanks, no honor can be so great that more and greater are not due to Him. Besides, are the men of unmindful and unthankful hearts who are accustomed to repay their Saviour's love with contempt, and His benefits with injuries, few in number at the present time? At any rate the lives of very many passed in opposition to His laws and precepts are evidences of a wicked and ungrateful disposition. And what are we to say of our age having seen the renewal more than once of the awful heresy of Arius concerning the divinity of Jesus? Well, therefore, have you done who by this new and splendid design have given to the piety of the people an incentive which ought to be carried out in such a way that nothing may befall to hinder the course of the Jubilee and its manifestation on the part of Catholics of their faith and piety will also have the further object of expressing their detestation of the impieties which have been uttered or perpetrated during our time, and of making reparation for the insults offered to the sacred divinity of Jesus Christ, especially those committed in public. And now, if we are really in earnest, the form of satisfaction most to be desired, and at the same time the most real and manifest and the most plainly marked as genuine is true repentance for sin, and then, having implored peace and pardon of God, to fulfil with greater zeal the duties necessary to virtue, or to resume those that have been neglected. And since the Holy Year offers such favorable opportunities for this subject as we pointed out at the outset, it is equally clear that it is desirable and even necessary that all Christian people should gird themselves for the task full of hope and courage.

Wherefore, with eyes raised to heaven and with heartfelt prayers to God Who is rich in mercy that He would graciously vouchsafe to hear Our petitions and favor Our enterprize, to enlighten men's minds by His power and to move their hearts in accordance with His goodness; following in the footsteps of the Roman Pontiffs, Our Predecessors, and with the assent of Our Venerable Brethren, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, by this letter, in virtue of the authority of Almighty God, of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and our own, we order and promulgate, and will that it should be regarded as ordered and promulgated, a great and Universal Jubilee in this holy city, beginning from the first Vespers on Christmas Day in the year 1899, and ending with the first vespers of Christmas Day in the year 1900, in the hope that it may happily work for the glory of God, the salvation of souls, and the increase of the Church.

During this year of Jubilee we grant and concede mercifully in the Lord a plenary indulgence, remission, and pardon for sin to all the faithful of either sex who truly penitent and having confessed and communicated, shall piously visit the basilicas of the Blessed Peter and Paul, also of St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major, at last once a day for twenty days, consecutively or at intervals, according to natural or ecclesiastical computation—i. e., reckoning from the first vespers of one day till nightfall on the following day. These are the conditions for those who are living in Rome, whether they are citizens or visitors. But those who come from a distance shall devoutly visit the same basilicas on at least ten days, reckoned as indicated above, and shall there pour forth their pious prayers to God for the exaltation of the Church, the extirpation of heresies, concord among Catholic princes, and the salvation of Christian people.

Since, however, it may happen that some, in spite of the best of intentions, may be unable either to fulfil the conditions above laid down in whole or in part, being prevented by sickness or other legitimate cause, whilst in the City or on the way hither we, in consideration of their good will, as far as we may in the Lord, grant that provided they be truly contrite, purified by confession and strengthened by the Holy Communion, they shall share in the above-mentioned indulgence and pardon as if they had actually visited the Basilicas indicated on the days appointed by us.

Wherefore, beloved children, however many and wherever you may be, if you are able to visit her, Rome invites you most lovingly to her arms. In this holy time it is becoming that a Catholic, if he would be consistent with himself, should make his stay in Rome with Christian faith as his companion. He ought, therefore, especially to renounce all idle or profane sight-seeing as unsuited to the time, rather keeping his mind bent on the things that may assist his faith and piety. It will be especially helpful if he seriously ponder the peculiar spirit of this city, and the character which has been divinely impressed upon it, a character which no thought or violence of man can change or destroy. Apart from amongst all others, Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, chose the city of Rome for a most high destiny above all human thought, and hallowed it to Himself. Here, not without much long and mysterious preparation, He placed the seat of his empire; here He commanded that the throne of His Vicar should stand for all time; here He has willed that the light of heavenly doctrine should be piously and inviolably kept, and hence, as from a most sacred centre, should be shed abroad over every land; so that the man who shall separate himself from the faith of Rome shall separate from Christ Himself. The city's sanctity is increased by its ancient religious monuments, the singular majesty of its churches, the shrines of the Friends of the Apostles, and the tombs of the bravest martyrs. He who rightly understands how to listen to the voices of all these will assuredly feel that he is here not so much a traveler in a strange city as a citizen in his own, and by God's help will leave it better than he entered.

In order that this present letter may come more easily to the knowledge of all the faithful, We desire that copies of it, signed by the hand of a notary public and attested by the seal of some duly constituted ecclesiastical personage, may meet with the same credence as this letter itself if it were shown and presented. No one, therefore, may change the terms of this declaration, promulgation, ordinance and will, or rashly oppose it. But if anyone shall have presumed to attempt it, let him be aware that he will thus incur the anger of God and of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, in the year of our Lord 1899, on the fifth day of the Ides of May, and in the twenty-second year of Our Pontificate.

C. CARD. ALOISI-MASELLA, Pro-Datary.

A. CARD. MACCHI.

Witnessed on behalf of the Chancery,
G. Dell' Aquila Visconti.

Place XX of the Seal.

Registered in the Secretaryship of Briefs.

In the year of Our Lord 1899, the 11th day of May, the Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the first second year of the Pontificate of the Holy Father in Christ, Pope Leo XIII., by Divine Providence, I have read and diligently examined this present Letter Apostolic in the presence of the people in the portico of the Holy Basilica of the Vatican.

Giuseppe Dell Aquila Visconti,
Abbreviator of the Chancery.

London Tablet translation.

BROWN FRANCISCANS.

Will Establish a House of Their Order at Washington.

To the many attractions at Washington there is soon to be added those for bare-footed friars are soon to take up their residence on the beautiful hill-slopes just outside the city. The order is the Franciscans. Its object is to educate mission-aries for the Holy Land.

The monastery, which is not only one of its kind in this country, is erected near the Catholic University, around which cluster many other institutions of one with such a home as this. The other orders are the Paulists, the Marists and the order of the Holy Cross. It is also said that the Passionists and Dominicans are desirous of opening houses of study at the University, all recognizing the fact that Washington in time will be a centre of learning.

The Commissariat of the Holy Land now in New York, will have its headquarters in this monastery, and all its affairs will be directed from it. The Superior is to be the custodian of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and the Prior is to be Friar Godfrey Schilling, a native of Prussia.

There will be many and various duties for the inmates of the monastery. Some will be gardeners, others shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, still others teachers. The buildings are situated on an eminence that overlooks the surrounding country, and there is scarcely a more beautiful view to be had anywhere near the vicinity of the city.

The church is built