

### Vol. XI. No 26.

# CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

#### A Man Who Was Beloved by the Irish People.

Long will the memory of the gifted, patriot, and loving-souled Kickham live in the hearts and by the firesides of the Tipperary peasantry, whose joys and sorrows he has painted with such a master-hand.

The story of his life amongst them is simple and touching.

We see him as the dreamy schoolboy roaming along the banks of his beloved Anner, climbing the heathery slopes of Slilve-zo-mon, or mayhap cargerly listening to some white-saired peasant who related a hoary agend of the hill-top, or a fiery tale of the men who had thereon battled for Ireland.

We see him again amongst them after his years of cruel and woeful serwitude, the loving heart harrowed with forrow-chastened, not embittered, for his was the heart of a man honest, sumble and God-fearing- the heart of sterling gold.

It is a curious commentary on Engfand's rule in Ireland, that of such lass were the men she found necesmary to have thrust into her prisons and treated as criminals of the deepest **47**6.

That Kickham's interest in the lot of the poorest among the peasantry with which he lived was deep and sympathetic, the following words which I heard from an old farm-laborer will show .- by the way, they always mention him by the endearing hame Charley-"When we workmen were eating dinner or supper, as the nse might be, Charley would sit by is and chat with us pleasantly the whole time. His usual subject of conversation was concerning the old ruins and castles scattered over the country, and he related, or got one of us to relate, the old legends and stories connected with them."

This was when he had come back from prison and lived at the house of his brother, broken down in spirit and body.

How sad must have been his thoughts as he strayed once more through the scenes of his youthful hopes and dreams, and knew how rudely his air castles had been overthrown, and saw the chains of slavery more firmly than ever fastened on his beloved country.

scurity. To any one who has hven among the Irish peasantry it is plain that the latter has painted more faithfully their every-day life and entered more skilfully and lovingly into the aspirations and affections of their hearts, while the delineations of former writers too often approach caric-

ature. The injustice which Kickham saw being daily done to the peasantry, the heartless evictions and the consequent emigration and scattering of the people-all this was a dagger of sorrow in his heart, as we may see from his writings. There is one passage of his "Knocknagow" that is both striking and instructive; we are introduced to an Indian battle-field the fortunes of the day tremble in the balance. The enemy fighting desperately have successfully resisted repeated attacks of the British, when the general gives the word "Charge!" to an Irish regiment. composed mostly of Tipperary men. With a ringing cheer the brave fellows dashed forward, capture the breastworks and leap among the astounded enemy with the cold steel. The fos was routed-the day was won. But here comes the striking part. Among the poor heroes who, after that charge, lay on the ground pouring out their hot blood for England's glory, was one Jemmy Hogan. And away on a green Tipperary hill-side Jemmy's father, a gray haired old man, dazed with woe, was being mercilessly evicted from his home, a troop of the same

glarious British army protecting the brutal ruffians who did the deed! This was what was happening at home while Jemmy Hogan took part in that charge which won from the lips of the English commander these enthusiastic words deserving of letters of gold:

'Magnificent Tipperary!"

So did Selfish England ever recompense the services of the Sister Isle. She took to herself all the glory of Sobraon and Waterloo, of the Goughs and the Nelsons and the Welleslys, and for their country had nothing but injustice and contempt.

Every day are the writings of Charles J. Kickham gaining ground in the affections of the Irish people, and especially in the South of Ireland his is a name to conjure with. This is but just, as he was peculiarly their own in soul and sympathy. For my part I could never view the mountain-

### Rochester, N. Y. Saturday, March 31, 1900.

## ADVICE TO CATHOLICS

Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., gives this advice to his parisbioners. Don't get into the habit of being late for Mass. A moment of preparation before Mass may be the means of opening your soul to many graces. Don't go to Mass without either a prayer-book or rogary beads, unless you wish distraction and not devotion to occupy your mind.

Catholic

Don't talk in church without necessity. Talk with God, whom you may not have visited, in His temple, since last Sunday; you will have plenty of time to talk with your neighbors.

Don't criticize the sermon, nor the manner of preaching. It is a message from God bearing some truth to you. Heed the instructions and profit by it; it has something for you to learn. Don't leave the church until the priest has left the sanctuary. Take a moment in which to thank God for the graces of the Holy Mass.

Don't talk in the aisles going out. Remember you are in the presence of God in his holy sacrament. Your gossip will keep until you reach the street.

Don't forget to bend your knee as you enter and leave your seat. This is an act of adoration paid to the Real Presence. Do it with faith and reverence

Don't fail to see the holy water font and the poor box at the church door. Take a few drops from the one with which to bless yourself; drop a penny in the other that you help to bless the deserving poor.

For years we have quietly watched from our pew the acolytes as they have come and gone from the ranks of the sanctuary. Sometimes we have been pained to see one becoming by degrees a bad boy; and soon-how very soon indeed-he ceases to care, for his place, even on Sundays, for the bright cap or the white surplice; and sometimes we have heard, with a heart-ache, some irreligious man tell us that he "used to be an acolyte;" and even when he told us of it, in a careless way, we could see a shade of regret on the hard countenance-on regret for his innocent and happy days, when he loved to serve Mass, teen hundred years ago, those who visible testimonials in the hearts of and carry his candle or thurible in the procession. But oftener, by far, have we seen these little boys growing up o he good vouths, nunctual at their



# REV. T. A. HENDRICK. Chosen for State Regent to succeed the late Father Malone.

The Hely Name of Mary, When the name of Mary was given banners, may be seen around our to a little Jewish maiden nearly aine- churches, there are thousands of inthat it implied, nor how it would come love to those who sais the assistance. to be spoken with ever increasing love of her prayers, and who appeal to dos

Against temptations, and annewer an pronounced it then, little knew all Catholics, of her mercy and maternal

Iomrail.

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God's Own Way, A Sectoh bishop was traveling a fest through the mountains of diocese. The night surprised him in a forest into which he had strayed. After seeking shelter in which to put the night, he at last came to a that ed cottage inhabited by a poor fam ily. The good people received him without knowing whom they had welcomed under their roof. The birther on his side, was equally ignorant who his hosts were. Were they Os olics? Were they Protestants? The were no signs to calighten him his doubts.

serve, the mother; who appeales to me a widow, with experises mingled with respect, made a gesture is the chilldren to offer suitable hospitality as the stranger. In a faw minutes modest table was prepared, and bishop was invited to partake of the simple but plentited repart. The op studied his people and it was long before he perceived that is an of their efforts to hide it some great trouble was burdening their After some momental Besiteties was emboldened to say: "You are all very wall, but you

pear to me to be very and." "Alaz! yes," answered the mother who seemed to be waiting for the question to unburden her mind. "The we are sad. In the room adjoining a is our poor father lying on his con dying, and what addicts as most that he protonds that he he to her an obstinately returns to prepare death."

"May I see him?" said t

with surprise. "Willingly." said the woman with that confidence peculiar to afficient souls, and immediately she introduced her guest into the little chamber of the her guest into the little casinger of the slok man. Truly the old man was re-duced to the last extremity. Deeth was but a step away, and he was not willing to die. At the first allocation are the subject he seemed to regain all his vigor and answered with all his strength:

"No, I shall not dis!"

"But, my friend, consider this: "We all must die, and your sickness jessed to your age"----

"I tell you I shall not die. No. H h impossible!" And to all the refle which were used to personale medo the feverles o

not diel-I shall not die yel?"

Finally the bishop said: "You have

And that he had also his own prop er sorrows and heart-yearnings we know, for he hints as much to us in that pathetic little ballad, "She lived Beside the Anner."

This touching story of the peasant wirl of the "Mountain-foot" had always a peculiar charm for me, and ever came to my mind when I looked on the swelling sides of Slieve-no-mon, deep blue in the distance. She lived beside the Anner,

At the foot of Slieve-na-mon; A gentle peasant girl,

With mild eyes like the dawn." It is a story which is but too often true, alas, in poor Ireland.

The innocent, brave-hearted peasant girl, leaving the happy scenes of her shildhood and her grief stricken patents to go to America, that Eldorado of the Irish peasantry, there to toil for money that will keep the old father and mother alive at home. And not seldom is the burden of exile far too heavy for her shoulders; so while yet youthful, she fills an exile's grave.

I have heard it said by some that the peasant maid of the mountain-foot had stolen away the gentle heart of the poet before his long imprisonment, and that it was only after his release that he heard of her death in far America, whereupon the little ballad gushed from his heart. The closing werses are wonderfully pathetic: "Write word to my dear mother,

Say we'll meet with God above; 'And tell my little brothers,

That I send them all my love. May the angles ever guard them, Is their dying sister's prayer.

And folded in the letter Was a braid of nut-brown hair.

"Ah! cold and well-nigh callous This weary heart has grown: For thy hapless fate, dear Erin,

And for sorrows of my own. Yet a tear mine eye will moisten When by Anner's side I stray,

For the lily of the mountain-foot That withered far away."

I have heard this ballad sung by the peasantry to a Very sweet air, and it York recently. To the surprise of all, never failed to touch responsive chords in the Irish heart.

Kickham's prose works are like his poems; faithful and masterly pictures of the daily life, the joys and the sorrows of the people among whom he that, like many others for reasons of lived-unfortunately they are not so widely know as they deserve to be.

I say unfortunately, because as those who are happy enough to possess copies of them well know and appreciate, they have a simplicity, a beauty and a raciness rarely to be found combined in books of fiction.

If a book like his "Knocknagow" were written, say by an English or Scotchman about his own peasantry, it would, in my humble opinion, gain him worldwide and well-merited fame; but as it is, it has been written by a poor Irishman only, for whom England could find no better use than breaking stones in her convict prisons, so it could scarcely be expected she

would concede him a high place amongst the adorners of her literature. However, it is the proper duty of Ir-

ishmen to see that the works of Kickthe prominence in Irish literature they so highly merit.

For my own part I cannot understand why the, works of Lever and

foot and his beloved Anner glidin along through the green fields, without remembering and praying for the gentle soul that sang their beauties and loved them so well.

#### CATHOLIC NOTES

Midnight mass was celebrated at Mafeking in South Africa during the midst of a terrific thunder-storm.

By the order of Bishop Hoban the priests of the Catholic churches in the Scranton, (Pa.) diocese anno ince that funeral services will no longer be conducted in the churches of the diocese on Sunday, which practically puts a ban on Sunday burials by Catholics there.

The Catholic Magazine, formerly of Canton, Ohio, has taken up its residence at Erie, Penn. It is now well into its fifth year-not too old, however, to suffer in the transplanting. It is a bright, sensible journal, and de-Serves Success.

News comes from Norfolk that the monument to be crected in honor of Father Ryan, the poet-priest, is to be a cross of Southern granite. It will be erected in the Confederate soldiers' lot at Elmwood cemetery, in that city. The unveiling will take place, May 7. . . .

Tennessee Catholics anticipate a great advance in the Church in that State, owing to the determination of the Paulist Fathers to locate within the commonwealth. The South certainly offers a fine field for those clergymen, and in supporting their efforts, Bishop Byrne, of Nashville, is doing a work that will be appreciated in years to come.

. . .

Archbishop Corrigan was a witness for the defense in the contest of Mrs. Mary Johnson's will before Justice Stover in the Supreme Court of New the prelate declined the proffered Bible in the outstretched hand of the court officer, and, lifting his right hand he affirmed instead of taking the oath by kissing the book. It is presumed cleanliness and health, he preferred to affirm rather than to kiss the Bible.

. . .

The position of auditor at the Washington papal delegation, made vacant by Monsignor Sharetti's appointment as Bishop of Havana, is not yet filled, and the duties of the office now devolve upon the Rev. Dr. Rooker, who has been secretary to Archbishop Martinelli since his succession to Cardinal Satolli four years ago. Dr. Rooker has been connected with the legation since 1895, when the Rev. Hector Papi, the first secretary, resigned in order to become a Jesuit priest.

The Neure Freie Presse, of Vienna, states that lately Professor Vincense Cervello, of Palermo, Ita y, succeeded ham are published and read and given in finding an unfailing cure for consumption and proved his in ention before that medical faculty. A dis inguished middonatre in Rome, the Banker Floria, is erect ng in the vicinit of

confession and Holy Communion. At an exhibition of their school or college ; they were very apt to draw the prizes; and then for a few years, I have seen them quietly join the ranks of those aspiring to be priests of God.

Remember, dear boys, that it is a grace for which Jesus asks a return from you, He asks you to be better boys-more truthful, more honorable, more fervent at your prayers, and more faithful to remember that you are always in the presence of God. Ask Him, when you bow so lowly at the Elevation, to make you better boys for this sweet service before His altar.

#### Napoleon and His Page

ed on his knees. Curious as to the and the Mother of all human kind.

a Rosary. young duke blushed, and expected a Ged. severe reprimand.

exclaimed the Emperor. "Well, I am called the Star of the Sea of life, ever. pleased, and like you all the better for tempest tossed and dangerous; the. it. You are above the silly scenes of Star of the Sea of death, which, unthe stage. One day you will be a known and unknowable, appalls the man." And, returning the beads to bravest heart, and unnerves the their owner, he added: "Continue; I stoutest soul. Those who trust to her will not interrupt you again."

make merry over the adventure af- feast of Cana, "Do whatsoever He ter the words of their master.

The page became a man, indeed; he died Cardinal-Archbishop of Beaan- cross the dark expanse of death's cold con, where he left a cherished memory waters. of piety and good works. The Cardinal de Rohan was the valued friend of the most distinguished Catholics of the early part of the nineteenth century; we will name only two,-Mgr. Dupanloup, the eminent Bishop of Orleans, and Montalembert, the eloquent author of the Monks of the

The cost of operating the great none, was built to communication of the franching of the new governor, steamship Oceanic is between \$40,000 the Turks after the raising of the M. Paul Savary, the new governor, and \$50,000 a month. The extreme the Turks after the raising of the ea ning capacity of the Oceanic is seige of Vienna hang around the walls of the French colony of St. Plerre at Miquelon, is a Catholic. about \$90,000 a month. When the c.st, of that building of repairs, insurance and the de er.or-

wide world. That little Jewish maiden, born

without sound of trumpet to proclaim her name and fame, was, as the Fathers say, a miracle of miracles, reserved for graces and benedictions so exalted and so unspeakable that God alone can understand them perfectly. Hell, Earth, and Heaven met, as it were, beside the cradle of that child, for her name was destined to thrill through them all. Hell! for she was the predestined Woman whose heel Earth! for she was the chosen Virgin

whom Isaias foretold "should conceive Napoleon I., though far from devout, 'and bear a son," Christ, the Saviour had retained as a remnant of his of mankind. Heaven! for the was the Christian education a certain respect privileged creature to whom an angel, for religion and for those who profes- sent from God, announced that the sed it. When at the summit of his Holy Ghost should come upon her, and power, after Europe had bowed to his the power of the Most High should despotic rule, he was present one ev- overshadow her, and, therefore, also ening at the Comedie Francaise in the Holy One which should be born Paris. His eyes wandered from the of her should be called the Son of God, stage to the spectators, whose coun- That name unknown at first, except tenances he studied; then turning to to the few disciples of her Son, has his young page, to whome he was grown until the glory spreads scross very partial (for he bore a name and the world, for wherever the name of title of the old noblesse-Rohan-Cha- Jesus is spoken that of His Mother bot. Prince de Leon), and the Emperor also has a place, and, to-day, she, who noticed that the youth seemed to pay in her humility declared lierself "the no attention to the play, and kept his handmaid of the Lord," is acknowlhands concealed under a fur rug fold- edgd as the Queen of saints and angels,

cause of such singular behavior in a Her name, like the kingdom of her boy so young. Napoleon suddenly Son, has increased in its sweet influthrust his hand in the fur, and dis- ence from age to age, and is slowly covered between the fingers of his page but surely winning its way into the hearts of men, a way which opens to At that period the Rosary was far them treasures of grace, and which from being in favor at the Court; the wins them to a close union with their

The name of Mary is said to mean "Ah. Auguste! I have caught you!" Star of the Sea, and she who is thus guidance and follow her shining, re-The tittering courtiers dared not membering her words at the wedding shall bid you," will surely escape the perils of life's stormy sea, and safely

> The name of Mary has also a counection with the secular history which must be interesting to all Christians. In the year 1683, on 12th of September, John Sobieski drove the whole Turkish force in confusion from the walls of Vienna, and once more, and for the last time, saved Europe. from the dominion of the Musselman, The warcry of the illustrious Chief-

vian, on that memorable day of victory

1.1.1.1

The holy name of Mary, when in-Carleton should be well known and Palermo a thospital with 150 rooms for ation in the value of the ship itself are well with faith and love, still drives Mgr. Sharrett, the newly appointed taken into account the profit remain-over, while the beautiful productions give to manifold the Pro-irg represents only a fair return on the faith and size benefit of Pro-Kickham are left to partial obfas for Carlolina areas in the addition

in her Holy Name. Dunn's Witt

no more than a breath of life; sell i Last fall's election in New York made an ex-sheriff of Thomas Dunn, you will not die." what reason you have for believe a millionaire contractor, and one of the most popular office holders in Gotham. Mr. Dunn is a self-made man. He came to New York from Ireland when he was young, and know, from infancy, all there is to know about poverty. He amamaed his fortune in business before he went into politics. Among other things the ex- will tell you why I shall not d was to crush the serpent's head, and sheriff is enthusiastically patriotic, and collecting all his strength he min-between whose seed and himself there and this trait almost led him into per- ed himself up in his bed and in a petrating a built that probably would strong though dying voice mid: ) also have become historic. When New an a Catholic, and air, since my First York was preparing to welcome Ad- Communion until to-day I have serve miral Dewey, Mr. Dunn arranged for omitted to ask each day of Our Lady a mammoth decoration many feet the grace not to die without having a wide and many more yards long; fiam- pricet at my bed. And do you believe tion: "Welcome Home to Dewey"

The flaring sign he proposed dis- not die! playing on the sheriff's official rock "My child." said the bishop, too denoe, which happens to be the Ludlow to the depths of his sonl "my e street Jail. But wise counsel prevents your prayer has peen and not only ed, and the sign shown slaewhere, one who speaks to you is not only During the campaign when Mr. Dunn priest, but he is your bishop. was elected he was invited by some Holy Mother has conducted friends to dine with Judge P. Henry through the forest to reserve ru Dugo, the millionaire owner of the last sigh." and opening his manufe Savoy Hotel, where the Infanta Eula-showed the dying man his period lie was entertained during her wisit to prose. New York. The judge, who is something of a wag, and having in mind the early poverty of Mr. Dunn, thought with his friends to darsie him with the splendor of this dining room. which is really a very gorgeous shair and is used only on state occasions. So the apartment was specially decorated and made more than ordinarily brilliant. After the party had assem-

bled, the host led Mr. Dunn around the room, pointing out the rare pictures pens, never despair. "It is impos and the onyx mantles. He did this rather patronizingly, as had been agreed between humself and the other guests, and therefore he was not sure prised when Mr. Dunn sighed deeply. "What's the matter, Tom?" he asked; "anything wrong?" "No?" replied the politician, sadiy; "only this sort of makes me ionesome." "Lonesome" their lives in the unbridied in echoed the conspirators. "Yes. It re- gence of sin, many men when minds me so much of my mother's feel the hand of death is u palace in ould Ireland."-B. Pilot.

Two young ladies of Assumption their Maker. The mercy of God in parish. Peekskill, have collected 335 finite, and we cannot say, that is a for the new chapel for Catholics at of this kind, the repentance of the West Point.

Whereupon a scalous friend of relige courses is not the presum ion suggests: "Some good, solid Cathan strong that in cases like this to the United States by the Sulpicians. olic of Boston should offer to pay for pentance was not sincers, is the education of one of them at St. only wring from the pentent. introduced nto the Flem sh 1 nguage, It is snelpaardeloozzoonderspoorweg-It is snelpaardeloozzoonderspoorweg-Stel," rapid: "paa delors," ho se ess; "zoonderspoorweg," without rails; "perroolirijtuig," driven by retro eu n. T'e whole word, as can be easily seen means automobile. The cost of operating the great The cost of operating the great The cost of operating the great

The responsibleness of this qu seemed to strike the dring man, and throwing a look full of like more th bishop, he said: "Sir, are you a Catholie"

"I am." answered the bishos.

"In that case," said the sisk man ing in color and bearing the inserip- that my Mother will not bear met tion: "Welcome Home to Dewey." is impossible it is impossible I and

At the sight of this he of Many, my Mother, , these Then turning to the bi dicatomy confession . Now 1 he Lam going to die." Several mome afterwards, purified for the last i he died a happy death.

"No one has ever invoked the B ed Virgin without being heard ass St Bernard. No matter what he ble, " says GL alphonsus dagt OF a selement of Mary to be to

The Catholic population of the ap diocese of Philadelphia is estimated 465,528.

Des hellel Reports After living the greater portion return to God, and ask for the a ance of a priest to reconcile them

Bishop Bienk, D. D., the new Bishop, we are taught by experiences, and Det of Porto Rico intends sending all his is that often, after a may bes ecclestastical students to be trained in seriously ill and has resourced he bealth, he relapses into his former of

Well done Lbox, good and

ST CLARKER BAR Work on the day ph - Gentlando, I da Marial Basis - Hildron a Hildrand Charles

