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FEARLESS FOR RIGHT

PATRICK HENRY'S PART IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

How the Genius of This Irish-American Patriot Was Brought Forth in His Speech Against the Stamp Act, Friend of Washington.

Patrick Henry was born at Studley, Hanover county, Va., May 29, 1731. During his childhood he was remarkable for his indolence and a love of recreation. Consequently he arrived at manhood with a limited education and unaccustomed to industry, says The Irish World. When 24 years old, he began the study of law and in less than six weeks was admitted to the bar.

In 1764 he was employed as counsel in a contested election case. He made but little preparation for meeting his learned and polished adversaries. When the case came up for trial, the astonished audience and the court were completely electrified by his bursts of eloquence and the cogency of his logic. The two judges who tried the case declared that they had never before witnessed so happy and triumphant an effort in point of sublime rhetoric and conclusive argument by any man.

In 1765 he was chosen a member of the Virginia assembly and at once took a bold and decisive stand against British oppression. He introduced resolutions against the stamp act that were so bold and independent as to alarm the older members, who, although they approved and applauded the principles and liberal views of their young champion of liberty, wanted his moral courage to design and execute. To impart this to them and stamp the impress of his own upon their hearts was now the great business of Patrick Henry. In this he succeeded, and his resolutions were passed.

Each resolution was drawn from the transcendent fountain of eternal justice, equity and law. The justice of these resolutions was hailed by every patriot as the firm pillars of the temple of American liberty. These resolutions were strongly opposed. The opposition brought forth for the first time the gigantic powers of Patrick Henry. In all the sublimity of his towering genius he stood among the great acknowledged champions of that legislative hall which he had but recently entered.

Astonishment and admiration held his electrified audience in deep suspense as he painted in bold and glowing colors the increasing infringements of the hirings of the crown upon the rights and privileges of his fellow men. He pointed to the chains forged by the hands of tyranny, already clanking with terrific sound upon every ear. To be free or slaves was the great, the momentous question. He, for one, was prepared and determined to unfurl the banner of freedom, drive from his native soil the task masters of oppression or perish in the glorious attempt.

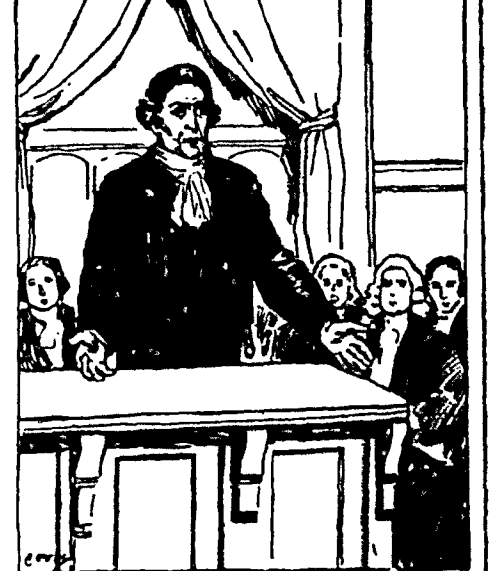
The resolutions passed amid the cry of "Treason" from the Tories and "Liberty or death" from the patriots. From that time forward Patrick Henry was hailed as the greatest advocate of human rights and rational liberty. In 1774, in conjunction with George Washington, Benjamin Harrison and Richard Henry Lee, he was appointed a delegate to the first colonial congress. On Sept. 4, 1774, this august body of patriots met in Carpenter's hall, Philadelphia. The congress having been organized, the delegates paused. What was to be done? A deep and solemn silence ensued, as if each member were appealing to heaven for aid and direction.

At length a grave looking man rose slowly to his feet. "Who is it?" "Who is he?" was whispered from man to man. A few who knew him answered, "It is Patrick Henry of Virginia." The brave Irish-American patriot soon

all the majesty and expectation of the occasion, his speech seemed more than of a mortal man. With the eloquence of a Demosthenes, the philosophy of a Socrates, the justice of an Aristides and the wisdom of a Solon he took a broad, impartial and expansive view of the past, present and the future; unveiled the designs of the base and unprincipled ministry. The dignity and calmness of his manners, the clearness of his logic, the force of his eloquence and the solemnity of his voice and countenance combined to inspire an admiration and awe until then unknown to the astonished audience.

"On that occasion his powers of thought seemed supernatural. He seemed commissioned by heaven to rouse his countrymen to a sense of approaching danger. He sat down amid murmurs of astonishment and applause, and as he had before been proclaimed the greatest orator of Virginia he was now on every hand admitted to be the first orator of America." The succeeding year, while a member of the convention of Virginia, he made his memorable speech of "Liberty or death." The effect of this speech was electrical. The cry, "To arms" burst from every quarter. "Liberty or death" resounded and rang through every ear and was resounded by every patriot.

In May, 1775, the English governor removed some powder to one of the



HENRY ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLY.

ships. Patrick Henry collected some forces and compelled the governor to pay its equivalent in money. In August, 1775, he was again chosen a delegate to congress and in the following June governor of his state. He held this office for two years, but declined serving a third term, although unanimously re-elected. His zeal in the glorious cause he had espoused did not languish or grow cold. In 1780 he took his seat in the assembly of his state, to which he was elected every year till 1785, when he retired from public life.

In 1793 President Washington offered him the high position of secretary of state. With becoming gratitude to his friend and the Father of His Country he declined the proffered honor, choosing to remain in retirement. He died June 6, 1799. The closing paragraph of his will is worthy of record and shows the veneration he felt for Christianity: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family. There is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is Christianity. If they had this and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich, and if they had not that and I had given them all the world they would be poor."

The Poems of Ossian.
Rev. Father McCrea, formerly curate in Tynryland, Carlow, but now in St. Anne parish, Oldham, England, writes as follows on the poems of Ossian: "The question is now, Did Ossian, our Milesian bard, write the poems in a cell in Killeslin? There can be no shadow of a doubt but that the poet lived there, for it is called after him, and so, taking the Gaelic for it, we have it O'Killishin, anglicized Killeslin, i. e., the 'Cell of Ossian.'" The foregoing is a commendable suggestion of Father McCrea's and now a few notes on the origin of Killeslin and its use and associations. That it belonged to the great family of the Irish tumult, or places of sepulcher of native kings and princes, there is no question. Daniel O'Byrne, alumnus of Carlow college, in his "History of the Queen's County," says so, and he asserts that St. Patrick and St. Flech headed a great procession from Sletty to the hallowed tombs, hence the origin of the annual celebrations of the shrine. The question now is, if the "Poems of Ossian" were written in Killeslin, how did the original MSS. of them get to Scotland and fall into the hands of that clever literary man, McPherson? The probabilities are that the originals reached the County Down and from thence to Scotland. The why and wherefore I make this surmise are as follows: Mr. Richard Price, founder of the old Carlow Morning Post, printed a paragraph in an issue of the year 1820 stating that the originals were discovered in an old oak chest belonging to a family of the County Down. The chances, then, are that they reached Scotland afterward. Certes it is, the characters figuring in the "Poems of Ossian" are all Irish. An ancient poet represents Ossian as seated on the seashore playing his harp and apostrophizes him thus: "Ossian, Ossian! Thou son of song! Why alone on the silent shore?" Sir, yours, M. Brophy, P. S. In a future issue I will give you an account of a descent

I made into the mortuary vault of St. Brigid's abbey, Kildare, and what it revealed.—Irish World.

The Faery Women.
In the wet lands of Berehaven are Whittemide came in
I met a faery woman, and she was white of skin;
Her voice was sweet as water, and more athirst was I.
And I'll drink not of that water again until I die.
She laid her hand upon me; my hand was coarse and brown,
And in my veins I felt the strong sea flowing up and down.
It drowned the man I used to be, and I was born again.
For a faery woman's love with bitter stress and pain.

There drowned the man I used to be, and the new man stood up
And drank life from her sea gray eyes as from a faery cup.
And drank grief from her rosy mouth in one long, breathless kiss,
And knew himself hers to the heart though she was none of his.
In the wet land of Berehaven I toiled, and at last I cut the black peat from the bog beneath a crying sky.
I think I hear a faery voice in pauses of the rain,
But I'm heartick 'd dreaming, for she never comes again.

—Boston Pilot.

THE ANGELUS BELL.

The day o'er the hilltops is breaking,
The star light has gone from the sky;
All nature from rest is awaking,
The morning lark carols on high.
And, hark, from yon convent tower ringing,
The notes of the Angelus bell
Peal forth, while in unison, singing,
Sweet voices the antiphon swell.

Ave Maria! From sin's lurking way
Guard and protect us, thy children, today.
The sun to the zenith ascending,
The busy world ceases its toil,
The turmoil of labor is ending,
The plowshare is left to the soil.
And, hark, on the still air pealing,
The sounds of the Angelus bell,
With words of the anthem come stealing
On each wind that blows from the dell.

Ave Maria! We pause and repeat
Praises to thee, who with grace art replete.

The shadows lie deep on the mountain,
The dewdrops are kissing the fountain,
And hushed is the soft even gale.
Again from yon convent tower sounding
Rings out the last Angelus bell,
And valley and hilltop surrounding
Re-echo the silvery knell!

Santa Maria! From sorrows and sins
Keep us, thy children, till morning begins.
—Rev. William D. Kelly in Weekly Bouquet.

THOU ASKEST MY HEART.

Thou askest my heart, and this gift I refuse thee,
Thou callest my name, yet I deem not to heed;
And who art thou, Lord, that thou shouldst choose me
Or watch with unflinching regard for my need?
Unworthy I am of thy Fatherly kindness,
And all unworthy thy love most small.
I walk up and down in my liquid blindness,
Unconscious of thy love and thy call.

Forgive me, dear Lord, for the sorrow I make thee
Thy pardon I crave for my failings and sins;
In mercy I ask that thou shouldst not forsake me,
But lead me from self to the loftier heights.
Be still to my darkness, O Father in my need;
Oh, grant me the grace to abide in thy love,
And follow thee always where'er thou shalt lead.
—Anonymous in Weekly Bouquet.

FOR A CATHOLIC UNION.

All Societies May Be Merged Into One Body—Bishop McFadden's Plan.

Roman Catholic laymen are at present engaged in the discussion of a project to federate all the societies of the church in the United States. In a recent address to the members of the New York Sun, all Catholic societies will affiliate in one great union, although each separate organization will retain its individuality. It is planned

to have all the members of the societies subject to a central discipline, so that they may all work together toward ever necessary for special purposes, political or otherwise.

In an address entitled "The Importance of Catholic Societies" Bishop McFadden of Trenton indicates his warm support of the federation project. He says in part:

"In a recent letter to the national convention of the Ancient Order of United Workmen I suggested a union of all societies composed of Catholics should endeavor to touch at certain points, so that while each retains its identity and pursues its own aims independently of other organizations there may be a bond of union enabling them in given circumstances to exert a co-ordinated influence. This influence should be in our state legislatures and in the national congress, whenever they attempt the invasion of our rights. It was carefully stated that it was not an intention to advocate a Catholic political party. We ask no favors, we ask for no privileges, but we insist that our religion shall not be made a hindrance to the attainment of our constitutional rights."

"We are 12,000,000 in America, how small is our influence. Our organizations have been scattered, and for our fellow citizens, separated by what a man's religion was and the rule simply requiring that he belong to a certain political party. It has been with this impartiality that we have been treated. If a Catholic assumes to stand for any political office that same individual who has enjoyed the benefit of our suffrages may perhaps be the first to cry out: 'Don't vote for him. He is a Catholic.'"

"My contention is that Catholics are longing to societies—indeed all Catholics—should endeavor to secure a condition of things into which we have fallen."

The Refuge of Sinners.
Mary is the refuge of sinners. Before the birth of Mary, says Richard St. Lawrence we had no refuge. When the Israelites were passing through the desert they were protected from the burning heat of the sun by a low cloud which the Almighty caused to appear in the heavens. These Mary, say the fathers, like an intervening cloud, shelters sinners from the anger of God and the fury of temptations.

A straight line is the shortest in mathematics.
Guard well, O betr of sinners, the portal of sin, the thought, the action, the word, the deed, the sin, the crime, the brain and the bolder sin, the courage, the leader and straighter is the way.

Envy is like a worm gnawing in the wood, which commences its ravages in the very place which gave life, so envy commits its crime and its fatal destruction in the heart that gave it birth and not in the body, which is its object.

The blessed Virgin is wreathed with various crowns, the spotless and purest of beings to see the angels in her canticles, Christ embracing her in his arms, and the Father in the clouds, the Father in the clouds, the Father in the clouds, the Father in the clouds.

WEST POINT CHAPEL.

THE NEW EDIFICE NOW IN USE FOR DIVINE WORSHIP.

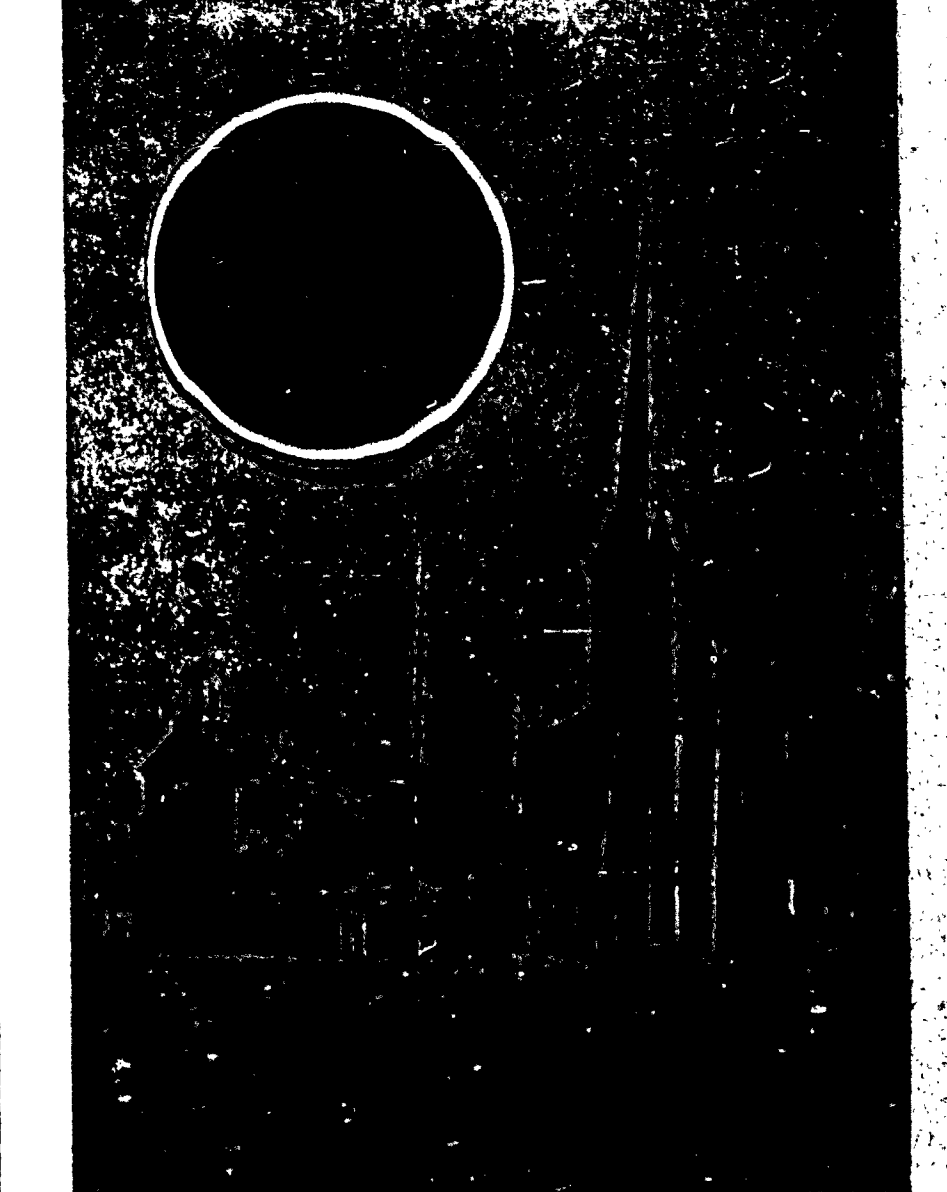
It Was Dedicated on June 10 by Bishop Farley of New York, who was Officiated in Place of Archbishop Corrigan, Who Is at Present in Rome.

West Point at last has its Catholic chapel, and a worthy one it is too. It was dedicated on June 10 by Bishop John M. Farley of New York, who officiated in the absence of Archbishop Corrigan, who is in Rome. There was a great audience and a number of distinguished visitors present.

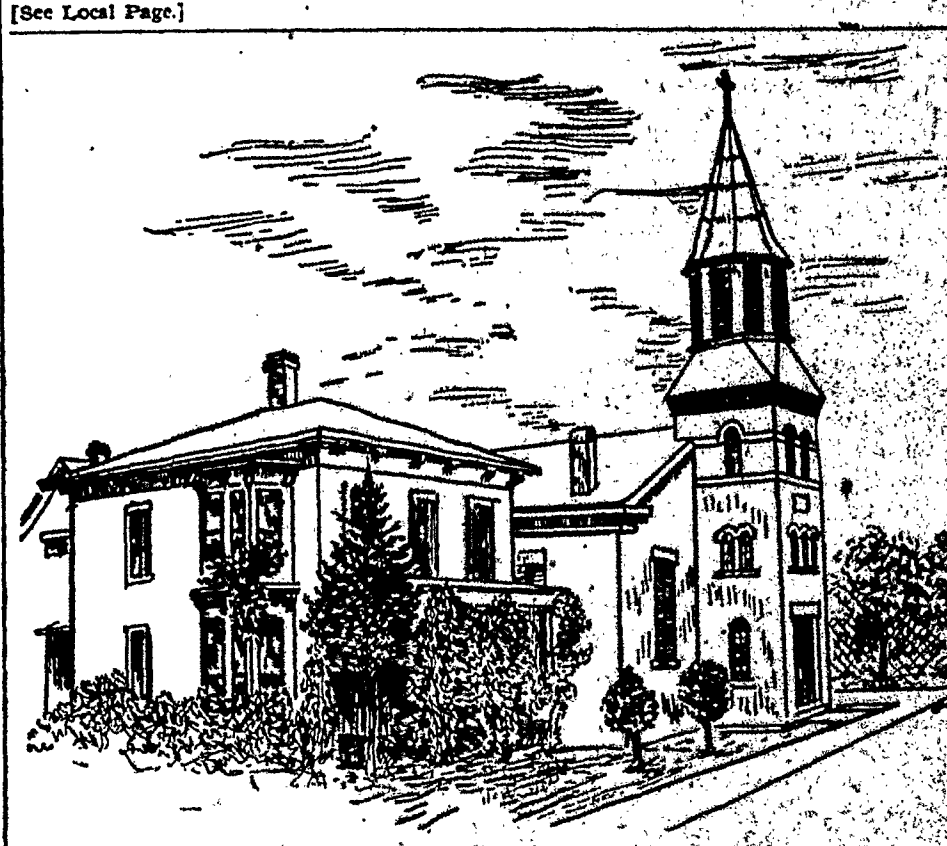
Secretary of War Root accepted a front pew, and there were also present former Mayors William B. Grace and Hugh J. Grant of New York; W. Bourke Cockran, Paymaster General Bates, Colonel Otto L. Hein, commandant of cadets, Colonel Albert L. Mills and Professor Tillman, Edgerton, West, Fobeger and Davis of the academy board. Nearly 100 Catholic soldiers occupied pews in the chapel.

An interesting feature of the ceremony was the dedication by Bishop Farley of Colonel Heintz's regiment, and Lieutenant M. T. Smith stood beside him.

The ceremony of dedication was very impressive, the priest, Bishop



REV. F. H. SINCLAIR, D. D.
Rector of St. Peter and Paul's Church Returns Home After a Long Visit Abroad.
[See Local Page.]



ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, DANSVILLE, N. Y.
Whose Parishioners Celebrated the 50th Anniversary Last Sunday in a Solemn Manner.

THE HOPE OF THE JUST.

The hope of the wicked is as dust which is blown away with the winds, and as a thin froth which is dispersed by the storm, and as smoke which is scattered abroad by the wind, and as the remembrance of a guest of one day that passeth by. But the just shall live forevermore, and their reward is with the Lord and the care of them with the Most High. Therefore shall they receive a kingdom of glory and a crown of beauty at the hand of the Lord, for with his right hand he will cover them, and with his holy arm defend them.

God's House.

Heaven is called a "home." A father's house is a home. God's house is to be the eternal home of all his children; hence all the hallowed sentiments that cluster around the home may enter into our conception of heaven. It is a home whose inmates will not be separated and through whose portals death will never pass. It is a home that will never be clouded by discord or by jealousy. It is a beautiful home by the river and tree of life. It is a spacious home, a house of "many mansions."

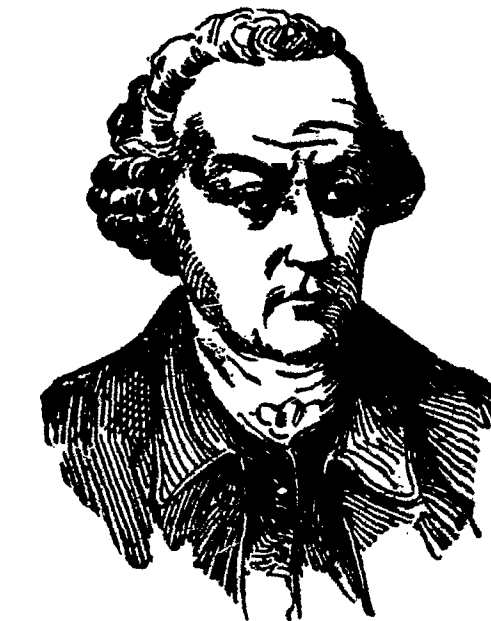
PERSONAL NOTES.

Right Rev. Bishop Healy of Portland, Me., the twenty-fifth anniversary of whose consecration as a bishop was celebrated Tuesday, June 5, was presented by the Catholics of Portland with a purse of \$3,000.

The Rev. L. L. Conarty, who lived for eight years among the lepers of the Hawaiian Islands, recently called on Rome. He had been visiting in Philadelphia. Dr. Conarty served with Father Damien and took up his work when he died.

Sister Mary Hilda Sands has been chosen mother superior of the community of Visitation nuns at Mount de Sales academy, near Cantonville, Md. Mother Mary Hilda succeeds Sister Ignatia, whose second term expired recently.

Bishop Kenihan of Auckland, New Zealand, who has just passed through the United States on his way home after an official visit to Rome and a tour of Europe, entered the New Zealand missionary field when 24 years old. In 1866, on the death of Bishop Jack, he was consecrated bishop. This is the first vacation he has had since entering the missionary field.



PATRICK HENRY.

had the delegates electrified by his impassioned eloquence and profound logic. The man who had startled the people of America with the memorable words, "Give me liberty or give me death" set the new power in motion which gave to the world the Declaration of Independence less than two years afterward.

"Rising," again says the historian, "as he advanced with the grandeur of his subject and glowing at length with