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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

IRISH AUTHOR, POET, HISTORIAN AND
DRAMATIST.

Born in Poverty, by His Genius He
Achieved Immortal Fame—Known
and Loved Wherever Merit is Ap-
preciated.

In the whole range of literature there
are few names more beloved than that
of Oliver Goldsmith, the Irish author,
poet, historian and dramatist. Who
has not read his "Deserted Village,"
one of the most touching poems in the
English language, and his "Vicar of
Wakefield," which retains its popular-
ity still in every library. In the field of
history and biography he also made a
reputation admired by the highest lit-
erary men of his time. Yet his person-
al experience was such as would sug-
gest the least likelihood of acquiring
fame.

He was born on Nov. 10, 1728, at Pal-
lasmore, County Longford, Ireland. He
managed to secure an entrance to Tri-
nity college as a "poor scholar" and was
often reduced to the poorest straits to
make his living. His eccentric appear-
ance and manners caused him many
rebuffs and disappointments, and when
he managed to raise money enough at
the age of 20 to cross over to the con-
tinent there were few who would ever
dream of his rising to be ranked with
the world's great.

He crossed through Germany, Swit-
zerland, France and over into Italy.
How he supported himself in those
wanderings is told by himself, though
his accounts of this part of his life
must be received with caution. He
says in the story of the "Philosophical
Voyage" that in the "Vicar of Wake-
field" "I had some knowledge of mu-
sic, with a tolerable voice, and now
turned what was my amusement into a
present means of subsistence. . . .
Whenever I approached a peasant's
house toward nightfall I played one of
my most merry tunes, and that procur-
ed me not only a lodging, but subsis-
tence for the next day."

In Italy his musical powers no longer
availed him, for he said, every peasant
was a better musician than him-
self, but he had acquired a habit of liv-
ing by expedients, and here a new one
presented itself. "In all the foreign uni-
versities and convents," he continues,
"there are upon certain days philoso-
phical theses maintained against any
adventitious disputant, for which, if
the champion maintains with any de-
gree of dexterity, he can claim a grati-
fication in money, a dinner and a bed
for the night. In this manner, therefore,
I fought my way toward England, walk-

ing" describing the scene of the Irish
eviction and its attendant sorrows.

Good heaven, what sorrows gloomed that parting
day
That called them from their native walks away,
When the poor cities, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers and fondly looked their
last
And took a long farewell and wished in vain
For seats like those beyond the western main
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go.
To new found worlds and wept for others' woes.
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for world beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With lowly plaints the mother spoke her woes
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a
tear
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
While her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

Oh, luxury, thou curst by heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to a slyly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own
At every draft more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwholly woe.
Till sapped their strength and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink and spread a ruin round.
—Irish World.

GLENCOE MASSACRE.

Fleishly Atrocity of the British En-
dowed with the Rites of the Catholic Church—Required by England to
Abjure Their Faith.

No apologist in English literature
has ever been able to defend from ex-
ecration of history the atrocity com-
mitted by order of William of Orange up-
on the poor, defenseless and unsuspect-
ing inhabitants of the valley of Glencoe,
in Scotland, in January, 1692, says
The Irish World.

The Scotch, who had fought for their
rightful king against the usurper Wil-
liam of Orange, had been defeated and



MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.
routed. In August, 1691, a proclama-
tion was issued by William offering in-
demnities to those who should come in
and take the oath of allegiance before
the last day of that year.

The clan of MacDonald of Glencoe
were prevented by accident and severe
weather from reaching the garrison of
Inverary, where the oath was to be
taken, in time. Having certified to the
cause of the delay, however, the oath
was formally certified by the sheriff.
Notwithstanding this, advantage was
taken of the fact that the appointed
time had elapsed before the submission
was made, and a warrant was issued
signed by King William's own hand or-
dering the militia of Clan Campbell to
repair to Glencoe on the 1st of Febru-
ary.

Campbell, being uncle to young Mac-
Donald's wife, was received by the
father with all manner of friendship and
hospitality. The men were lodged at
free quarters in the houses of his ten-
ants and received the kindest entertain-
ment. Till the 13th of the month the
troops lived in the utmost harmony
and familiarity with the people, and on
the very night of the massacre the offi-
cers passed the evening at cards in
MacDonald's house.

In the night a lieutenant, with a par-
ty of soldiers, called in a friendly man-
ner at his door and was admitted.
MacDonald while in the act of rising to
receive his guest was shot dead through
the back with two bullets.
His wife had already dressed, but she
was stripped naked by the soldiers,
who tore the rings off her fingers with
their teeth.

The slaughter now became general,
and neither age nor infirmity was spar-
ed. Some women in defending their
children were killed. Boys imploring
mercy were shot dead by officers on
whose knees they hung. In one place
nine persons as they sat at a table were
butchered by the soldiers.

Upward of 100 persons were massa-
cred, and several who fled to the moun-
tains perished by famine and the in-
clemency of the season. The slaugh-
ter would have been greater had not
the people fled to places of shelter out-
side the confines of their territory. The
following day the officer who was to
guard the passes from Glencoe so that
none would escape but on account of
the weather could not fulfill his orders
was so chagrined that he laid the
houses in ashes and carried away the
cattle and other spoil, which were di-
vided among the butchers.

Let us always serve our great queen,
who never abandons those who hope in
her.

God here the heart without the
words, but he never leaves the words
without the heart.

The Gaelic Tongue.

Hail, ancient and beloved tongue,
The voice of Oisín and of Finn
Amid the pagan battle din
Thy thunderous challenge wild outdrew
Cuchullin, by the bloody Ford,
In Gaelic strong defiance spoke,
The western hosts before him broke
Nor dared the flashing of his sword.
Great Conn that braved a hundred fights
When on the foe his clamours urged,
With aing tuncs the Norsemen scoured
And won his realm unchallenged rights.
Ah, soft and sad the song of woe
When fell lone Deirdre's tears like rain
For Naeis and his brothers slain—
The three fair brothers cold and low,
Dear, holy tongue; when Patrick spoke,
The Druid chanting died away,
Like clouds before the blaze of day
The gloomy night of error broke,
Tongues of the Gael—thy accents true
O'Neill's proud spirit stirred to fire;
The bard's nerve theme to anger fire
Bounced the hot temper of his high,
And shall the Saxon cold and slow
Thy sweet tones banish from our life?
Through ivied towers and ruined pile
The winds of Ireland thunder, "No!"
The fairy hosts by glen and hill
Its praises chant at midnight hour;
By haunted Rath and broken tower
Its melodies are echoing still.
Sweet tongue of wisdom and romance,
Soon may you flourish and the Gael;
God send the cause may never fail,
But like the incoming tide advance,
Tongues of the Gael and the king,
The clansman's pride, the poet's love,
From Malin Head to ancient Cove
Soon may your accents ring!

—James R. Doolan

INFORMERS' SPORT.

HUNTING PRIESTS IN THE REIGN OF
QUEEN ANNE.

Venerable Clergyman Hanged For
Performing the Rites of the Cath-
olic Church—Required by England to
Abjure Their Faith.

On March 25, 1710, was put into
force one of the most infamous of the
measures of the atrocious penal code.
Other infamous measures had pre-
ceded it from the beginning of the reign
of Queen Anne, in reference to which
period Mitchell, in his history, remarks
as follows: "During all the rest of the
reign of Anne the law for preventing
the growth of popery was as rigorous
ly executed all over the island as it
was possible for such laws to be, and
there was a keen personal interest of
the Protestant inhabitants of every
town and district, always excited and
kept on the stretch to discover and in-



form upon such unfortunate Catholics
as had contrived to remain in posses-
sion of some of those estates, lease-
holds or other interests which were
now by law capable of being held by
Protestants alone."

Describing the act put into force on
March 25, 1710, the same writer says:
"Its intention was chiefly to close up
any loophole of escape from the pen-
alties of former statutes and guard every
possible access by which 'papists'
might still attain to independence or
a quiet life. Some, for example, had
secretly purchased annuities. By this
statute, therefore, a papist is declared
incapable of holding or enjoying an
annuity for life. It has been found,
also, that paternal authority or filial
affection had prevented from its full
operation that former act of 1704,
which authorized a child, on conform-
ing, to reduce his father to a tenant
for life."

"Further encouragement to children
seemed desirable. Therefore by this
new law upon the conversion of the
child of any Catholic, the chancellor
was to compel the father to discover
upon oath the full value of his estate,
real and personal, and thereupon make
an order for the independent support
of such conforming child and for se-
curing to him, after his father's death,
such share of the property as to the
court should seem fit; also to secure
jointures to papist wives who should
desert their husbands' faith. Thus dis-
trust and discord and heartburnings
in every family were well provided
for. One clause of the act prohibits a
papist from teaching, as tutor or usher,
even as assistant to a Protestant
schoolmaster, and another offers a sal-
ary of £30 to such papist priests as
should conform."

"But one thing was still wanting. It
was known that, notwithstanding the
previous banishment of Catholic arch-
bishops, bishops, etc. there were still
men in the kingdom exercising those
functions, coming from France and
from Spain, and braving the terrible
penalties of transportation and death
in order to keep up the indispensable

connection of the Catholic flock with
the head of the church. It was known
that this was indeed an absolute neces-
sity, at whatsoever risk, and that to
pretend a toleration of Catholic wor-
ship while the hierarchy was banished
was as reasonable as to talk of tolerat-
ing Presbyterianism without Presby-
terians or courts without judges or
laws or juries.

"Therefore this act for 'explaining
and amending' assigned stated rewards



to informers for the discovery of an
archbishop, bishop, vicar general or
other person exercising ecclesiastical
jurisdiction. For such a prize the in-
former was to have £50; for discover-
ing any monk or friar or any secular
clergyman not duly registered, £20; for
discovering a papist schoolteacher or
tutor, £10. Any two justices are also
empowered to summon before them any
papist over 18 years and examine him
upon oath as to the time and place he
last heard mass and the names of the
parishes present, as well as concern-
ing the residence of any papist priest
or schoolmaster, and in case of the
witness refusing to testify there was a
penalty of £20 or 12 months' imprison-
ment. The informers were expected
after this to be more diligent and de-
voted than ever, and a proclamation of
the same year ordering all registered
priests to take the abjuration oath be-
fore the 25th of March, 1710, under the
penalty of premature, gave additional
stimulus and opportunity to the discov-
erers.

"The trade of 'priest hunting' now
became a distinct branch of the profes-
sion, and many a venerable clergyman
was dragged by these 'bloodhounds',
through various disguises, and waylaid
by night on his way to baptize or con-
firm or visit the dying. The captured
clergy were sometimes brought in by
batches of four and five, and the laws
were rigorously put in force. If it was
a first offense, they were transported,
but if any bishop who had been trans-
ported was caught in Ireland again he
was hanged."

Such is a sample of what British law
in Ireland was little more than 100
years ago. It was in reference to the
atrocities perpetrated under this in-
famous act that the Protestant patriot
poet Davis execrated the inhuman laws
in lines that are familiar to every Irish-
man:

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the dog;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
—Irish World.

It is a pleasure to be able to state,
says a correspondent of The Republic,
that the fund in aid of the unfortunate
Arran islanders who suffered so terri-
bly in the late great storm is progress-
ing as satisfactorily as the best friends
of the poor people of the islands would
wish. The entertainments given in
behalf of the fund in Dublin reaped
considerable amounts, and it is hoped
that similar success will attend the
plays to be produced in Galway. Al-
ready £800 has been subscribed. But
much more is unhappily wanting.

No Language, No Nation.
Let Irish Nationalists bear the above
ever in their mind and ask themselves
what country today speaks the lan-
guage of another, looks to another for
its literary ideals and inspirations that
is not entirely at the mercy of that
country and the integrity of whose in-
stitutions is not being steadily sapped.
How much longer can we withstand
the insidious assaults which have al-
ready wrought such havoc?—Irish
World.

Study of Gaelic Spreads.
There is proposed as an addition to
the chair of Gaelic languages in the
Catholic university at Washington
now filled by Dr. Henry Richard Hen-
dray, a museum devoted to the recep-
tion of an archaeological collection re-
lating to the early prehistoric ages of
Ireland, in addition to a more complete
library pertaining to the golden age of
Gaelic literature, which dates from the
seventh century.—Republic.

SHORT SERMONS.

Life never gives all that the soul
longs for.
All you can hold in your dead hand
is what you have given away.
Those raised toward heaven are
ways beautiful, wherever they be.

The Resurrection.

Why should we falter, why should
we lose heart, why fail? Look, the
tomb is empty, Jesus is risen! He goes
forth and meets the two Marys, who
sorrow because they know not where
their Jesus is hid. They have forgot-
ten his words, they have not fully un-
derstood his promises. O blessed Hope,
first born in God's promise to fallen
man, born again to earth, from the
sepulcher of Christ! O Hope, which is a
blessed stimulus for all endeavor!
Easter morn brings the sunlight of
God into the human heart. It is the
resurrection morning, and all nature
rejoices. May Easter bring to us its
joy of a resurrection from death to
life, from the death of sin to the life
of grace! May it bring to all our read-
ers the blessed hope of a life with the
risen Saviour, who will guide us in our
work for the year and make us realize
that our only duty is to bring his bless-
ings of the resurrection into school and
home and train our children in that
true life which is modeled upon Jesus
Christ.

Father O'Connell, who has
just been ordained in Cleveland,
achieved success in another profession
before he made up his mind to study
for the priesthood. He was city en-
gineer of Lansing, Mich., when he
abandoned civil engineering to devote
his life to the service of the church.
He served two terms as city engineer.

England's Best Soldiers.
If England wins in her present war,
she will have no men she may thank
so deeply as the Irish. The Irish who
have toiled to pay tithes, the Irish who
have starved during England's plenty,
the Irish who have suffered eviction,
outrage and the landlord's lash of op-
pression, have yet given to England
her best generals and the peers of any
soldiers under the British flag.—New
York Journal.

Powerscourt to Be Sold.
Lord Powerscourt, who is contem-
plating the sale of his property, in
Wicklow to his tenants under the land
purchase act, has one of the most beau-
tiful places in the United Kingdom. It
is surrounded by the Wicklow hills and
beautified by the stream of the Dargle,
which is precipitated over the famous
Powerscourt waterfall.

Decline of Cavan.
The area in acres of the barony of
Tullyhaw is 59,847, and in the year
1841 the population was 24,002, but in
1891, last census, there were only 15,
823 persons on the same area. The
number of dwellings in 1841 was 4,308;
in 1891 only 3,004. These are some of
the benefits of British rule in Ireland.

A Faithful Priest.
Very Rev. Canon Lynskey, pastor of
Dunmore, is doing fine work in the
cause of the Irish people. He believes
that until the tiller of the soil is the
owner Ireland will not be prosperous
nor contented.

Song of Glen Duan.
Sure this is blessed Erin on this same glen,
The gold is on the whin bush, the water sings
again.
The fairy thorn's its flower—an what ails my heart
then?

Flower of the May,
Flower of the May,
What about the Maytime an he is away!

Hummer loves the green glen, the white bird
loves the sea,
An the wind must kiss the heather top, an the
bell lilies a-beg,
An the bee is dear to the honey flower, so one is
dear to me.

Flower of the rose,
Flower of the rose,
A thorn pricked me one day, but nobody knows.

The brookers up the brookside his rafters in the air,
Three brimble leaves together, so silver limbed an
fair.

Och, golden leaves are flyin fast, but a scarlet
rose is rare.

Berry of the roan,
Berry of the roan,
The wind sighs among the trees, but I sigh
alone.

I knif beside the turf fire, I spin upon the wheel,
Winter nights for thinkin long, round runs the
wheel.
But he never knew, he never knew that here for
him I'd kneel.

Sparkle of the fire,
Sparkle of the fire,
Mother Mary, keep my love an send me my de-
ar!

"Song From the Glens of Antrim."
Sport For Orangemen.

Light punishment for shooting at
two priests. The criminal was a loyal
Orangeman, of course. Thomas J.
Campbell was put forward for sen-
tence. At the Ulster winter assizes he
was found guilty of having fired a re-
volver at two priests in Portadown and
was sentenced to three years' penal
servitude. Subsequently a question
arose as to the sanity of the prisoner,
and the judge directed him to be medi-
cally examined. As a result of this
he decided to reduce the sentence, the
prisoner to be brought up at the next
County Armagh assizes. Mr. Justice
Barton said his only duty was to pass
sentence which had been fixed by the
lord chief baron, and that was to cal-
endar month's imprisonment with hard
labor. If a member of the United Irish
League called a man "grabber," he
would get as severe a punishment as
this would be meted out.—Irish World.

Old Irish Song.
Blind, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, her chain of repose.
While murmuring, mournfully, life's lonely
songs.

Gulls of the night are but tale of woe,
When will that day come, mildly smiling,
When our love with peace and love
When will I know, the sweet bells ringing,
O'er my spirit to the land above?

CACCH O'LEARY.

(By John Keegan.)

"One winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door—
Gray-headed, blind and yellow.
And, oh, how glad was my young
heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary,
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor 'Pinch' and Cacch O'Leary."

"And when he stooped away his head,
Cross-barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said 'on Erin's ground
There's not a finer fellow.
And Fintee Burke and Shane McGee,
And Eileen, Cath and Mary,
Rushed in with panting haste to see
And 'welcome' Cacch O'Leary."

"Poor Cacch and 'Pinch' slept well
that night,
And in the morning early
He called me up to hear him play
'The wind that shakes the barley.'
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
And said, 'God mark ye, deary,
Oh, how I wept when he said, Fare-
well,
And remember Cacch O'Leary."

"Oh, God, be with those happy times,
Oh, God, be with my childhood,
When I, bareheaded, roamed all day,
Birdnesting in the wildwood.
I'll not forget those happy hours
However years may vary,
I'll not forget my early friends,
Nor honest Cacch O'Leary."

"Summer came and went, and still
Poor Cacch was not forgotten.
Though oft we thought him dead and
gone,
And in the cold clay rotted,
And often as we walked and danced
With Eileen, Cath and Mary,
We'd speak of childhood's rosy hours,
And pray for Cacch O'Leary."

"Well, twenty summers had gone past,
And June's red sun was shining,
When I, a man, sat by my door,
Of twenty sad things thinking,
A little dog came up the way,
His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a patch of shaggy hair,
'Twas 'Pinch' and Cacch O'Leary."

"Poor Cacch, but, ah, how wretched!
His form was bowed and bending,
His hairless hands were stiff and
wan—
Ay, time was even blending
The colors on his threadbare bag,
And 'Pinch' was twice as hairy
And thin as when first I saw
Himself and Cacch O'Leary."

"God's blessing here! the wretched
cried,
'Far, far be hell's black viper,
Does anybody hereabouts
Remember Cacch the Piper?
With swelling heart, I grasped his
hand,
The old man murmured, 'Deary,
Are you the alken-headed child
That loved poor Cacch O'Leary?'"

"Yes, yes," I said, and the wretched
wept.
As if his heart was breaking,
And where, ay, where, he sobbed,
Is all the merry-making
I left here twenty years ago?
'My tale,' I signed, 'might weary
Enough to say, there's none left here
To welcome Cacch O'Leary?'"

"O you! O you! the old man cried,
And wrung his hands in agony,
'Eray lead me in, as though I were
blind,
And I'll go home to-morrow,
My peace is made; I'll calmly
This world go sold and
And you will keep my pipe and
And pray for Cacch O'Leary?'"

"With 'Pinch' I watched his bed
that night,
Next day his wish was granted.
He died, and Father James was
brought,
And the old man was placed
The neighbors came, we dug his grave,
'Near Eileen, Cath and Mary,
And there he sleeps his last long
sleep—
God rest you, Cacch O'Leary!"
—The Gael.

Late Converts.
At St. Joachim's church, Old
Mo, recently before Mass, Mary
Pinch, with her entire family of
children, was solemnly baptised,
received into the Church by
T. Gallahan, Mr. Charles Pinch,
husband and father, was received
the Church on the 15th of July
last.

The great sensation of the
among the fashionable world of
German capital, is the conversion
to the Catholic Church of the
leader in Austria and Germany
the women's emancipation inter-
Fran Elizabeth Chavara-Rohr,
abjuration of the Protestant faith
after God due to the great
demonstrator, Father Rosier.

Paul Schaffel, the young
from Judaism, who was
for the priesthood at St. Raphael
Mary, Milwaukee, will be
early in the fall to complete his
ies in the American capital,
this country from a
tending school in
converted school
entered St. Paul's
for the priesthood.