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# The Catholic Journal

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## Here and Where Through Ireland.

Written for The Catholic Journal  
By The Shaughraun.  
(Continued from last week.)

We shall be in Killarney before night and in addition have "done" on the "wheel" the country intervening between Cork and Fermoy, and that stretch along the banks of the lovely "Blackwater," between the latter town and Mallow, at which point we board the train and continue our journey through some of the most important portions of Cork and Kerry.

Fermoy is a wholesome little town, "clean as a pin" and made brighter still—though possibly not more wholesome—by the presence of scarlet military uniforms which are to be met at every turn in Fermoy, it being one of the chief military depots in the country. The soldiers, English or Irish, who have ever been quartered at Fermoy always keep a warm corner for it in their hearts—and well they may for it is a sweet spot and among the many towns in Ireland celebrated for its pretty girls. In garrison towns in England it would be safe to say that fully one half of the women in the "married quarters" of the various barracks, are "blue-eyed colleens" from Fermoy and the "blackwaters" side. Their eyes are too much for the gallant sons of Mars, while a scarlet tunic and a plume of feathers hit the softest spot in the cardiac region of the fair Fermoyians, thus there is a simultaneous surrender of both citadels.

Over eighty per cent. of the population of this garrison town with its two or three thousand soldiers, is Catholic. One of its best and most important buildings is the Catholic college of St. Colman, where the young levites are trained.

The bicycle ride from Fermoy to Mallow, along roads skirting the Blackwater, a distance of some 15 miles, was a delight. As indeed were the 21 miles separating Cork from Fermoy. This is probably not the most beautiful stretch of country through which this justly-famed stream winds, (round Lismore, below of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Dukes of Devonshire, has that reputation) but, it provided a succession of charming scenes for my hungry Irish eyes, and a still greater number of enchanting riverscapes to be conjured up by a vivid imagination. This—don't accept it though as an "article of faith"—a fairy haunted region. How could it be otherwise, with its silken emerald green meadows, shady "forts" (within whose magic circles the cows are to be seen chewing their cud, but never grazing) and sombre "raths".

On the outskirts of Ballyhooley, a small place midway between Fermoy and Mallow, I fell in with a most entertaining member of the clan McCarthy. He was an old man anywhere between 60 and 100, had only one eye but with "a power o' light in that same." So powerful was this one optic that "devil a leprechaun, in the county of Cork, could baffle him" as I was assured by a crowd of his whom we met on his way home from Ballyhooley. McCarthy was no fool, indeed I had evidence that he was a prosperous man, as prosperity goes in those parts, for he owned a horse (sic) and wagon, but the cherished illusions on the question of Fairyland. You should see the look of withering contempt he would from time to time shoot out at me from that solitary eye, as I threw doubt on one or other of his yarns. It was perfectly plain to me that this particular McCarthy at all events would find Ireland an uninteresting place, were the air not full of fairies, banshees, "good people," et omnia hoc genus. I could not get the old man down to admitting that he had with his "very own eyes" seen any of the "little men with red coats," but he was able to give the full of a directory of names of friends and neighbors who had, and as for hearing the Banshee's "shure she can be ar-r-rd any night with there's trouble about for any poor cratiturer." "But did you ever see her combing her hair, McCarthy?" I persisted. However the old man always nimbly avoided these impertinent straight thrusts. It seemed a shame to throw the cold water of American scepticism on the existence of the spirits with which McCarthy's fancy had peopled every mountain, valley and glen in his native county, he appeared to derive such genuine pleasure in recalling their exploits. He knew two or three individuals "who had been taken away for seven years" (it was always seven) because of some offence they had given the fairies, and on the other

hand he had "heard" of a man who had earned their good will and to whom they discovered the hiding place of a "crack o' goold." If only I had the space to retell some of his stories, for they ranged from the "side splitting" to the "marrow-searching." The old man gave me one of the pleasantest and most interesting hours I had in Ireland—and they were many.

Within forty minutes after leaving McCarthy I bowed into Mallow and made straight for the station to catch the early afternoon train to the town of Killarney. I have thus but the merest nodding acquaintance with Mallow and its "sakes"—whatever they are. It looked neat and picturesque, and I was assured by a sporter that the Blackwater provided this place also with one of its chief attractions. As the train lumbered along and neared Killarney I got on what is termed "the tip-top of excitement," for every yard brought me nearer one of the world's great beauty spots—the best our country has to show. Bally's masterpiece kept ringing in my ears, and as I was the solitary passenger in my compartment I found myself breaking out from time to time into snatches of that celebrated song, the favorite selection being

"Angels often passing there,  
Doubt if Eden were more fair,  
Beauty's home, Killarney;  
Heaven's reflex, Killarney."

Neither then, nor later, did I doubt that it were a meet place for Angelic tourists to linger and institute comparisons with Eden, to Eden's disadvantage. I could give points to my old friend McCarthy in this amiable superstition.

Immediately we pulled into Killarney station I made my way through the usual crowd of sightseers attending stations (especially resorts of this kind) to the baggage van and after giving instructions to have my trunk sent to the Victoria Hotel, mounted my wheel and made my way thither also. As I proceeded at an easy pace I was able to take in the town's main features, and I must say that it did not have the air of prosperity I had mentally attributed to it. None of the buildings struck me as worthy of veneration; here too poverty was the dominant note. I had of course heard of Killarney's battalions of "beggars" but making my entry on a bicycle, I escaped their attentions at that stage. Not for long however, I had scarcely quitted the precincts of the hotel after dinner, to go for a stroll by the water side when I ran plump against three of them. I made the best I could of the situation by quickly and I hope suitably, rewarding the chorus of eloquence from all three throats, and slipping away. For something like 36 cents I was able to draw down on my head all the blessings above and below the canopy of heaven. The two older women of the three were positive artists in voice modulation, and had an illimitable vocabulary of benedictions. I am well aware that the vocabularies of my indigent aged compatriots is not confined to blessings and honeyed phrases, for I have heard them at divers times and places open the sluice gates of vituperation, but I took care to avoid anything like a two edged test on that occasion. Anyway, I always felt that money given to the Irish poor was always especially well-invested—they are so much in need of it and so eloquently, prayerfully grateful for it.

The night was soft and balmy, and as it was also dark my walk was not prolonged over an hour and did not extend far for truth to tell I was nearly "all in" after my long day's wanderings. Even the fact that I was

"By Killarney's lakes and fells,  
Emerald isles and winding bays," could not suppress a desire to indulge in nature's "sweet restorer" sleep, thus on regaining the hotel I lost little time in making due arrangements for retiring for the night.

Next morning I came down like a "giant (ahem) refreshed" and was all impatient to get breakfast over, so that I could commence my rambles. I had no set programme or friends to consider, thus the maternal meal oven, I sallied forth provided only with field glasses (useful), walking stick (necessary) and purse (most essential). I had scarcely proceeded fifty yards, before I had to stop to let the scene sink, soak or burn in—"as you like it." I am not going to attempt to describe any of the three lakes and the attendant mountains, that constitute "Killarney" (this has been too well and so often done before) but do let me say, that this first glimpse alone of the world, Lower Lake was worth going over the world to see. This sheet of water is at least five miles across at its widest part and is regarded as the loveliest of

the trio. I stayed in the district six days—the six shortest days I have ever known—and at the end it was borne in upon me that Killarney's greatest charm lay in its exquisite coloring. I liked it best at early morning or just as the sun was dropping behind the tree-crested heads of the bluffs and mountains—the tints then given off by the foliage, the silver bosom of the waters, and the azure sky above, were tender and religious. There are gems of scenery on every hand, ranging from the sombre majesty of mountain peaks, to the soothing shade of verdant islets tenanted only by song birds, and browsing kine. Some places appeal to imaginations differently; I for instance revelled in the savage grandeur and loneliness of the Gap of Dunloe and passed most of my time between that and Innisfallen's famous "ruined shrine." Indeed throughout my wanderings in Ireland gloomily mountain pines and ivy mantled Abbey ruins possessed the strongest fascination for me. I could people them all with the creatures of my imagination—martial heroes and cowed saints. The song says:

"And at Muckross you must pray,"

You would be a strange compound if you did not, so intensely religious are its aspect and associations. I have little more to say of Killarney, unless I had the editor's permission to confine all my papers to a detailed description of its myriad beauties. Even then I do not feel equal to such a task. I will only remind you in conclusion that I frequently sat on the rim of the "devil's punch bowl" and more than once skimmed over "the meeting of the waters" while every nook and cranny along the shores of these three matchless lakes were visited by me in the course of the six days I sojourned in the vicinity, the whole leaving on my mind imprints that the waters of time can never efface. Let me beg of you reader not to die, until you have seen Killarney.

Next week to Limerick and the lordly Shannon.

To be continued.

## GLIMPSES OF GERMANY

Written for The Catholic Journal  
By Die Schwalbe.

The writer has paid several visits to Germany—the last in May and June of this year—taking in at various times numerous cities and places of interest of that historic portion of Europe. For this first article he elects to start at Bremen, the great port on the Weser, with which many of the readers of the Catholic Journal must be acquainted, at being the last town of any size, they gazed upon before quitting their beloved Fatherland forever.

Bremen is situated some 54 miles down the river, from the German ocean, and has for a neighbor that great hive of German industry and progress, Hamburg. It is by no means a picturesque place, as cities go in Germany, but it is eminently interesting. It is the point of embarkation yearly of scores of thousands of emigrants hailing not only from all quarters of the German empire, but also from every corner in Northern Europe. The Bremenites are all that could be desired by the most exacting and fastidious foreign critic, but their port being the temporary dumping place of hordes of emigrants of various nationalities, language, habits and scenes are to be witnessed in its streets and on its quays, neither cheering nor savory. The emigration authorities enforce strict codes of rules with respect to the human birds of passage, and indeed it is essential that they should, so utterly innocent of cleanliness and decency are the contributions to their numbers from the North. As you may suppose, figuratively speaking the quays of Bremen are paved with broken hearts and good resolutions. Where hundreds have quitted them with souls fired with joy and hope, thousands have taken their farewell with sorrow combined with hope. This latter is especially true of the German emigrants, who come from what part they may, are leaving a smiling land, of infinite fascination, "free" to the extent they most value freedom, and one in which they would find ruin out life's span, were economic conditions equal. Often in this great land of the West have I heard "pilgrims after fortune" from the Rhine and the mountains of Bavaria bewail the fate that made them roam "what possessed me to leave the home where I was so happy? Of the world's goods I had few, but my wants were few. And how much better off am I now? I get more money here, and I need it, but O, I don't get the happy

times I used to enjoy in my village home on the side of the Rhine." The irony of the situation comes in when some homesick "Deutscher" who has made his "pile" on this side, returns to the home of his boyhood, and after a few weeks there finds himself possessed with the accursed spirit of unrest, unable to take up the thread of his former life there, and becomes possessed with an insatiable desire to return to this land of strenuousness and turmoil. There can be no question that a prolonged stay in America utterly unfits one for a return to European conditions and ideas. We sing and cry as we sing "Home, Sweet Home" but horses and chains cannot drag up back—to stay. Once here, the spurs seem irrevocably broken. No emigrants from Europe give up more in the way of solid comfort and beautiful, artistic home surroundings to enter on the pursuit of that elusive dame "fortune," than do those hailing from Kaiser Wilhelm's dominions.

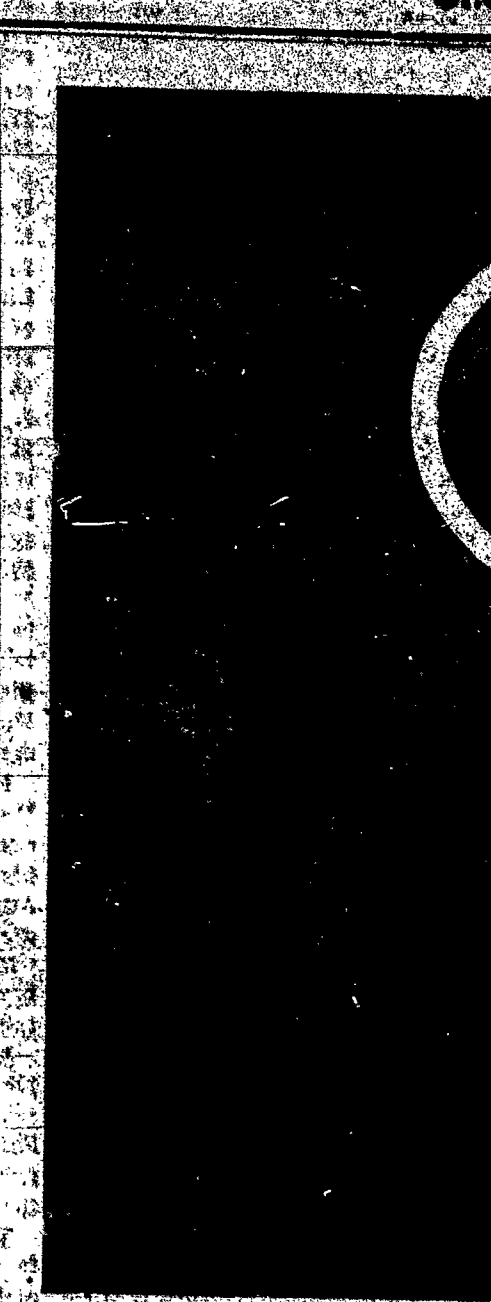
However, to Bremen again; the country on which the town and suburbs are built is flat, but with an attractiveness of its own. Windmills, handsome villas, parks and boulevards all serve to lend variety and beauty to the scene. The shipping in the river and docks with steamers flowing from a thousand masts heads, forms one of the most impressive sights provided by Bremen. One continual tooting of sirens, as ships announce their arrival or departure, is a fullaby "Bremen could now ill spare. As each big "liner" quitters moorings and forgets ahead down the river to the ocean, she forms at once a noble, gay and pathetic picture. Over her sides lean hundreds of emigrants, some smiling, others in tears, and others again stolid and apparently indifferent, but all impressing hate and handkerchiefs into waving a last farewell to Bremen and Germany.

Many of the large boats from Bremen such as the "North German Lloyd," make calls at Antwerp, Cherbourg and Southampton and as they enter these ports they make a brave and merry show. I have often when walking at night on the banks of the Scheldt near Antwerp, watched one of these Leviathans of the deep make her way slowly up the tortuous river, scintillating all over with electric lights, sweet music stealing from her saloon deck, her emigrants and other passengers circulating hither and thither like bees in a hive. Life aboard an emigrant ship may not, probably is not, as the Englishman says "all beer and skittles," but from such casual observation as one is able to make from a river bank (after dark) it certainly would appear to be so.

Once again I have strayed from Bremen; the ancient ramparts may be seen, but the town has grown far beyond them; a beautiful park which surrounds the city in a semi-circle encroaches on their site. There is an "old" and "new" Bremen, and both are characteristic of their age,—the former with small-fronted houses of solid masonry, lofty gables turned towards the street, with balconies in front or turret at the corners;—the latter, modern and elegant, but never splendid. Bremen does not come "within a thousand miles" of Hamburg for architectural gems, "palaces" etc. The population is in the neighborhood of 100,000 and is rapidly increasing. Bremen is not rich in squares, noted for either size or beauty but those in and town are situated the Cathedral and Town Hall are worthy of mention. The Cathedral is remarkable chiefly for its hoary history and its large crypt, commonly called the "Bleikammer" or lead-chamber, in which the corpses committed to its dark recesses do not decay. They are preserved entire, and dry up eventually to complete mummies. The reason of this has never been satisfactorily explained.

A conspicuous landmark for mariners is the tower of the Angari church, which runs up to a height of 324 feet. Bremen has something to boast of in her immense wine cellars in which is stored priceless stocks of "Hochheim" and other wines. Were her population given access for one half hour to these subterranean treasure-houses, they would drive away "dull care" for the ensuing twelve months at least. The ancient palace of the Archbishop is now the Senate house. The town is well provided with libraries, hospitals, asylums and charitable institutions. The "Hall of Art," the theatre and the beautiful "Union Building" are eloquent evidences that architectural taste is cultivated in this go ahead town.

The citizens of few towns in Germany have shown more public spirit and patriotism than have those of Bremen. In addition to building up



## Rector of St. Michael's Celebrates His Silver Jubilee.

The prosperity of their town will proportionately compare more than favorably with Hamburg, it contributed for the support of the national cause in Schleswig-Holstein \$100,000 while Hamburg's figure reached only a tenth part of that sum and the proud capital of Prussia (Berlin) a mere trifling. The merchants of Bremen are long-headed, much-travelled and progressive Germans, noted for "push," "honesty" and detestation of chicanery. Ships leave this port for every corner of the navigable globe, and her citizens see to it that Northern Germany shall not develop any rival to wrest from her the over-sea trade communications she has been at so much trouble and expense to cultivate.

The emigrant houses at Bremen have whence the vessels actually start for America, is the most extensive establishment of its kind, and a cheap and comfortable shelter to the wanderers before sailing.

In Memoriam.  
At the last meeting of Division I, A. O. H. the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our esteemed brother and associate, John Crowley, thereby permitting our division to suffer a daily palpable loss, while we bow in humble submission to His holy will, be it

Resolved, that we sincerely condole with his bereaved relatives in their severe affliction and trust that they will be enabled with Christian resignation to bear their loss which an all-wise Providence has inflicted upon them.

Resolved, that as a mark of respect to the memory of our deceased brother, that our charter be draped for a period of thirty days and that these resolutions be inscribed in the minutes of our meeting and a copy thereof be sent to his relatives and published in the Catholic Journal.

Michael Dunne, Simon Reynolds, John Hogan, committee.

Division I has also adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, Almighty God in His divine providence has called to Himself our esteemed brother, Timothy J. Sullivan in whom we recognized a practical Catholic, devoted husband, and a loving father, we hereby

Resolve, to extend our sincere sympathy to his afflicted widow, and pray God to grant her the strength to bear her cross, but in all humility we bow our heads and say, "God will be doing for her what our feeble hands cannot do." We will send rays of light upon her gloomy pathway, and be it further

Resolved, that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, that a copy of resolutions be sent to the bereaved family of our late brother, that a copy be also spread upon the minutes of this Division and inserted in the Catholic Journal.

Joe P. Hayden, T. P. Loughney, Ed. Kelly, committee.

Weekly Church Calendar.  
Sunday October 4—Gospel St. Matt. 12: 1-8—Feast of the Holy Trinity.  
Monday 5—St. Placidus and Comp. martyrs.  
Tuesday 6—St. Bruno, confessor.  
Wednesday 7—St. Mark I pope and confessor.  
Thursday 8—St. Bridget of Sweden, widow.  
Friday 9—St. Denis & Comp. martyrs.  
Saturday 10—St. Francis Borgia, confessor.

Rev. M. J. Hargather, rector of St. Michael's church, celebrated his silver jubilee on the 29th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on October 29, 1878. The occasion was celebrated by the clergy and lay members of the parish, and a large number of friends. The Rev. Father Hargather, who was ordained by the late Bishop of New York, Rev. John Hughes, D.D., was then a young man of twenty-two years of age. He was born in New York City, and was educated in the common schools of his native city, and in the St. Bernard's academy, New York. He was ordained to the priesthood by the late Bishop of New York, Rev. John Hughes, D.D., on October 29, 1878. He has since that time been engaged in the pastoral work of St. Michael's church, and has been rector of the parish for the past twenty-nine years. He is a man of high character, and has been a most successful pastor. He has been instrumental in the building of the new church, and has been a most successful promoter of the parish's interests. He is a man of high character, and has been a most successful pastor. He has been instrumental in the building of the new church, and has been a most successful promoter of the parish's interests.

The service was presided over by Bishop McQuaid. In his remarks, Bishop McQuaid praised the work of Father Hargather, and congratulated his congregation upon having the ministrations of so devoted a pastor. He spoke of the need of priestly life, and in conclusion, commended Father Hargather and wished him every blessing in his work.

At the conclusion of the mass, the priest sat down to a dinner in the rectory's home.

One of the most pleasant features of the banquet was the presentation of a beautiful silver set to Father Hargather, valued at \$500.

The jubilee celebration was a most successful one, and was attended by the children of St. Michael's, the parish, and a large number of friends. It was a most successful one, and was attended by the children of St. Michael's, the parish, and a large number of friends.

Party given by the parish.  
The party given by the parish was held in the following manner: On October 29, St. Michael's church, New York City, was the scene of a most successful party given by the parish. The party was held in the church, and was attended by a large number of friends. It was a most successful one, and was attended by the children of St. Michael's, the parish, and a large number of friends.