OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Some Notes on Recent Books.

A Deserved Tribute to Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly—Papal Benediction to the Author of the "Secret Directory"—The Uses of Old Photographs.

PHILADELPHIA, May 9, 1898.

So far this has been the strangest, chillest May of all Philadelphia has ever known, and there is really no sign of spring time in the temperature. The trees are pretty well leaved, but there is a thin, shivery look about them. Is the same kind of weather depressing the spirits and deadening the energies of the rest of the world, or has it possession only of our demure leviathan, who, stretched on the flats between its two slow, deep rivers, never fully rouses itself from a malarial slumbers. When our reverend Friend William took possession of his patrimony, I do not think he fully realized the deadening effect of the river, fogginess and chill. There are no rivers in England to 'flow downwards to the sea' with such a majestic roll, and the extent and volume of their fogs are limited. He knew nothing about choosing a site for a city, for some reason, or he would have put Philadelphia anywhere rather than between two sluggish fresh water streams, however majestic in their breadth and in the sweep of their currents. We have seen but the palest glint of sunshine—not longer than an hour at a time—for more than a week, and we have had some of the heaviest and most persistent rainfalls since the flood.

But, in a quiet way, Philadelphia goes steadily on, thinks, talks, and makes a few of those books of making which 'there is no end.' Our Catholic publishers are not a bit behind the others, and Kilner—H. L. Kilner & Co.—does some remarkably artistic and well set up work. The last thing from that press is a book of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. There have been three in close succession, in fact; a volume of prose and verse, entitled 'Storm-Bound,' and two volumes of poems, 'The Rhyme of the Friar Stephen,' and 'Christian Carols of Life and Love.' Miss Donnelly is truly one of those whose life-work is the weaving of lovely tissues of fancy in which to clothe the fair truth and the holiest and purest lessons. She gives no divided attention to it, but faithfully labors. Conscientious effort in any direction enhances the value of that task, and when the effort is supplemented by culture and upborne on the strong wings of varied mental gifts, it is no wonder that she makes such a true success of her work. Peculiar circumstances fitted her rarely to tell the stories of 'Storm Bound,' for during a September storm that several years ago played havoc with the Atlantic Coast, Miss Donnelly was actually storm bound for several days, and in no small danger. The ocean raged and roared on one side of her cottage home, while the waters of the inlet rose to meet the ocean, and they finally mingled their tides, sweeping with a clear sweep across her garden and her ground floor. It was 'a dark hour' most emphatically, and the sense of reality such an experience lends to any fancy of such an hour can not but add to its vivid portrayal. There was no time to sit beside a storm bound hearth and tell stories of any kind in those days that were wrecking Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle and all their satellites. No doubt Miss Donnelly had a background of Sea Isle in her mind when telling her stories.

Certainly, astonishing things occur in the histories of books, but one of the most remarkable to me is the statement that His Holiness Leo XIII. has given the Papal benediction specially to Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren for her latest novel, 'The Secret Directory.' Of course you can read almost everything somewhere, and, equally, of course, Our Holy Father could not be expected to judge of an English novel except as he was told to judge of it, for he surely never approved of it on his own knowledge of it. Mrs. Dahlgren has done some good work, and has had every good intention in all her work, but a poorer, a more utterly ridiculous piece of fiction than this production of her's was never set afloat upon the waves of time. It is now more than a year old and forgotten. It is a credit to any Catholic to be ignorant of Free Masonry, but there are some who are now Catholics who were once Protestants, and with no greater approval of the organization, with as great contempt for it and no little fear of it, have a much clearer understanding of its possibilities and probabilities than those who are Catholics born and bred. 'The Secret Directory,' claiming to deal with Free Masonry in an intelligent manner, is nothing but a 'shilling shocker' of the very worst kind. Unreal, impossible, underbred, and ridiculous, the events, the persons, the places, are fit only for the 'New York Kite Flyer' or the 'Detectives' Album.' I have seen it tried on Catholics and non-Catholics alike, and I have heard it made the laughing-stock of every assembly where it was discussed,—everyone, however, doing Mrs. Dahlgren the justice to believe that she believed what she was told, not what she knew. It was simply a case of misled ambition. She thought herself strong enough and astute enough to do what no one has ever done—expose the secrets of an organization too clever, if not too evil and too well protected by the master of evil, to yield them up until the end of the reign of evil. It is a curious thing that those who are most on their guard, and wide awake to the dangers and evils of Free Masonry, are blind, in many instances, to allusions and revelations that betray all there is to betray. It is not long—probably two years—since there was a general awakening throughout the Catholic press on the subject of Free Masonry, and letters and articles poured in with stories of recent discoveries and strange and horrible mysteries laid bare for the first time. Not a single item of them all but has been public property in the non Catholic reading world at least for more than a century. Old fashioned novels, the notes to old fashioned poems, the fiction of old fashioned annuals,—they can be found in a dozen different places to this day, and dimly recalled by the omnivorous reader who has browsed in whatever pastures were found in their way. Yet, presumably, learned priests wrote of them in Catholic magazines as important studies. And, presumably, other priests as learned have praised Mrs. Dahlgren's book to His Holiness, and he has taken it on their word. For the intention of it she deserves the benediction of approval, but the fulfilment of the intention can never win the approval of any one even commonly conversant with good English literature or with even third rate novels.

Anyone who can contribute an item concerning the valiant Commodore Dewey today owes it to the American public, however small. Thirty-four years ago, when kodaks and snap shots were less frequently encountered than at present, several small photographs were taken on the deck of one of the North Atlantic blockading squadron (name forgotten), and afterwards exchanged between intimates connected with that squadron. One of them belonged to my father, who held a command all through the late war from the taking of Port Royal S.C., to the taking of Fort Fisher, N.C. It is a group of four officers enjoying an after dinner chat. The chief officer is Captain Alex. C. Rhind, who died Rear-Admiral Rhind, a few years ago; the second in command is Lieut. George Dewey, the hero of to-day. He is a grave, grand, very dark man, in the prime of life, with deep, dark eyes, and a full-beard that must have been, also, very dark. The others are smoking and lounging easily, but he sits straight and square, looking out across the sea to this future—so far off yet, so sure even then. And it does not seem so very far either, for drooping idly from Captain Rhind's hand is a copy of The New York Herald of that day, the fac simile as to type and heading of The New York Herald that chronicles Commodore Dewey's victory. It is a good thing to cherish the small things of our to-days, for they take on wondrous changes and new values with the to-morrows which look back on yesterdays.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

ECHOES FROM NEW YORK.

Continued From First Page.

in battle be said every day after a Mass. These prayers shall be said aloud with the people, and shall be one Our Father and one Hail Mary and the De Profundis

'We pray that God may bless and preserve our country in this great crisis, and speedily bring victory, honor and peace to all our people.'

A New Church Consecrated.

Archbishop Corrigan's silver jubilee had what might well be termed a golden ending. The new Church of St. Joachim and St. Ann, at Mount Loretto Mission, Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, was consecrated by His Grace on Sunday, in the presence of hundreds of priests and several thousand laymen. The church cost over half a million dollars, and is a beautiful specimen of architecture.

In the dedication services Archbishop Corrigan was assisted by the Rev. Fathers Prellinx, deacon; John Wilson, sub-deacon, and Connelly and Cassidy, masters of ceremony. Fifteen hundred boys and girls of the big institution, where orphans and the helpless are taught various trades, helped to fill the spacious building.

At the High Mass of the dedication Bishop Farley was the celebrant. The sermon was preached by Mgr. Mooney. Bishop Monahan, of Delaware; Bishop McGovern, of Pennsylvania; Mgr Seton, of New Jersey; Mgr Quigley, of Charleston, S.C.; Father Dyer, President of Dunwoodie Seminary, and Father Kupf, of Scranton, Pa., were among the church dignitaries who attended the impressive ceremonies.

Master Philip O'Brien, at a dinner after the religious services, delivered an address upon Archbishop Corrigan's jubilee and the Archbishop replied. The guests went to St. George on a special train, the Mission Band accompanying it and playing patriotic tunes.

Honors to Father Malone.

The seventy-seventh anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Father Malone, pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, in Wythe avenue, Brooklyn, was quietly celebrated, according to the wishes of the venerable priest. The principal part of the celebration was the solemn High Mass at 10 30 o'clock. Notwithstanding the inclement weather the congregation was the largest that has been seen in the church in many months. The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. Father John O'Brien, with Father Malone as deacon, and the Rev. E. J. Hopkins as subdeacon.

The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, of St. Mary's Church, Newburg. Dr. McGlynn chose for his theme the words from Psalm cix.: 'Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchizedek.' Father McGlynn began:

'My dear people, we celebrate to day the anniversary of one of the principal leaders in the angelic host—St. Michael the Archangel. By a happy coincidence the feast falls on the 8th day of May, the birthday of Father Malone, the venerable pastor of this church, in which parish he has ministered before the altar of God for more than fifty-four years.

'It is not the custom of the Church to praise much her living children. She waits until their record is complete. Therefore my purpose is to-day to spare Father Malone the eulogy that I should like to pronounce if he was not listening. So, instead, I shall praise that priesthood to which he pledged his virgin heart when a child.'

Dr. McGlynn then proceeded to speak of the priesthood. In concluding the reverend father said:

"It is to this blessed calling that Father Malone, in the first flower of his youth, in his twenty-third year, prostrated himself before the Christian altar and was consecrated and ordained to the precious priesthood of Christ. A unique circumstance in connection with his first appointment was the fact that he has continued to serve in the parish in which he was ordained ever since. We must thank and praise God for Father Malone, for his blameless life, for his voice, which has ever been lifted up for the truth. Let us grasp Father Malone by the hand, and pray to God that he may be spared with us for many years, that we may profit and be stimulated by his grand life and example."

A very interesting case was recently decided by Justice Daly in the Supreme Court, of New York, especial importance being attached to it in relation to religious orders, who have taken the vow of poverty. Laura V. Dunlap brought an action to partition certain property in Fordham, which stood in the name of Mary Ann Ely, known as Mother Jerome, of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. The property was left to Mother Jerome by Margaret Whitworth, whose will said:—

'My purpose in making this devise is to devote the same to the object of a hospital under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, but in expressing this purpose I do not desire to create any trust, willing as I am to confide unreservedly in the honor and conscience of said devisee.'

As mother Jerome died intestate, Laura V. Dunlap, a grandniece, sets up that the property descended to her as the heir of Mother Jerome.

Justice Daly, of the Supreme Court, holds that Mother Jerome always treated the property as a trust belonging to the Sisters, who held it in that way for more than 21 years, resulting in title by prescription. Regarding Mother Jerome, the Judge says:

'Under the rules of the order to which she belonged she made an annual vow poverty, which vow embraced all gifts and donations made to her by way of gratitude, affection or alms as belonging of right to the community.'

Judgment was accordingly given in favor of the Sisters of Charity.

OBITUARY.

The Late Mrs. Richard Gahan.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside howe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!"

When Longfellow penned those touching lines he had just passed through the sufferings that bereavement and death alone can inflict. The poet felt that others would experience the same affections, and that, perhaps, in reading his verses, they might derive encouragement and consolation. It is with a similar desire—that of imparting consolation and expressing sympathy—that we record this week the death of a saintly, kind hearted citizen, a fond spouse and a loving mother, in the person of the late Bridget Knox, wife of Mr. Richard Gahan, of the Harbour Commissioners' Office.

When the hand of death touched the lamented lady she had reached the fifty-seventh year of a useful and most edifying life. A native of Rathbercon, County of Kilkenny, Ireland, she came to Canada thirty seven years ago and since has ever made her home in Montreal. A large family of six children—four boys and two girls, all grown up is left to mourn, with her husband, the premature loss of a most exemplary parent and fervent Catholic. Mrs. Gahan had been in failing health for several months, but not even those nearest to her dreamed the end so near. She seemed to have faded slowly away; ever peaceful and resigned, ever hopeful and content. With all the choicest consolations of Holy Church she quietly sunk to a holy rest. It was a quarter past one o'clock on Sunday, the first of May, that her spirit winged its flight heavenward. Possibly that beautiful death bed scene—on the first charming morning of Mary's own month—could not be better described than in the lines of poor Tom Hood:—

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied,—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died:
For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours."

Numerous were the expressions of sincere condolence received, the floral tributes gave silent voicing to the sentiments of friends, and the largely attended obsequies—which consisted of a Solemn High Mass at St. Patrick's—all evidenced the deep respect in which the deceased was held, and the sympathy for her husband and children that was generally felt. But for the Catholic the end comes not with the grave; away beyond that portal stretches the unending avenue of God's glory, the reward of the faithful servant. In tendering this simple tribute to the memory of a good woman the TRUE WITNESS can only say, with the Church of her faith, "May her soul rest in peace."

Mr. Owen Joseph Kearney.

Very few young men had given greater promise of success in life than Mr. Owen J Kearney, who was laid away to his last long rest on Sunday last, mourned over by many scores of friends who knew his sterling worth, and who paid the last sad honors to one who was generally beloved by bowing their heads over a freshly opened grave, while the words of Holy Church praying for rest in peace went up to Heaven on a glorious May day when all life was budding.

Deceased was only 21 years of age, but in his short career since leaving school he had by his industry given signs of great ability, and would undoubtedly have made his mark had he lived. He was the son of Mr. Daniel Kearney, chief engineer of the Water Works, and brother of William P., Daniel J. and John Kearney, so well known in the circles of the S.A.A.A.

Mr. Owen Kearney was educated at Mount St. Louis Institute, where he won scholastic honors and was one of the most brilliant of graduates turned out by that celebrated institution. In private life he was a model young man and the sorrowing parents are the recipients of many signs of condolence from their large circle of friends and acquaintances. Latterly Mr. Kearney held a position of trust in a well known commercial house. The directors of the S.A.A.A. at their last meeting passed resolutions of condolence to be forwarded to the family. R.I.P.

NEWFOUNDLAND LETTER.

Some of the Attractive Features of the Old Colony.

The Place of the Irish Exile—He is Sympathetic With the Old Land—The Killarney of America—Interesting Reminiscences of Bygone Days.

NEWFOUNDLAND, May 5.

Amongst the many parts of the world to which the great tourist army that leaves the American continent every summer may go in search of recreation, none is more desirable as a holiday route than Newfoundland, which until recently has been "shut out in the cold," but which is now easy of access by reason of the new route between Sydney and Placentia, over which plies the steamship Bruce. The trips are bi-weekly, hence the great island of Newfoundland, with all its varied resources for the pleasure seeker; its grand scenery of coast and interior; its vast bays, winding arms and ocean lakes; its rivers teeming with trout and salmon; its prairie-like hunting grounds, over which roam the countless herds of cariboo—all this is now placed within easy reach of the American and Canadian tourist, and we may say it as only a recently discovered Klondike of enjoyment. Having landed at Placentia, the traveller spends some time exploring the old French capital—examining its ancient monuments of French occupation, and enjoying the exquisitely beautiful scenery of its surroundings, which has won for it the title of the

"KILLARNEY OF NEWFOUNDLAND."

The name 'Killarney' is especially applicable to the two arms, northeast and southeast, which branch off from the Roadstead. The town of Placentia is built on a perfectly level beach, joined to the southeast hill by a narrow isthmus called 'Block House.' The views along Northeast Arm are simply unrivalled—as below the train the Arm winds along seven miles in length around headlards projecting in to the water—forming a succession of coves and small bays. This arm has at places the appearance of a chain of lakes—and again opens up into a long arm. Coming into St. John's you may take any route by steamer or railway train through the country. Amongst the 'runs' now becoming popular, we may mention a trip along the southern shore or the southeast side of the peninsula of Avalon. A glance at the map of Newfoundland will show you a large peninsula separated from the mainland by the two bays of Placentia and Trinity and joined to it by an isthmus called Come-by Chance. Avalon is associated with the name of Lord Baltimore, who attempted to found a colony at Maryland before he laid the foundations of Maryland. A trip by steamer along this shore shows you a splendid line of cliff, extending forty or fifty miles down to Cape Race, and presenting a regular stone wall to the full fury of the Atlantic. Many judge Newfoundland by the stern character of the sea frontage, but in reality behind that rampart there lies a fair and smiling country capable of a high degree of cultivation. Of course, up to the present our people have been mostly of the seafaring profession, but we trust that in the future the prosperity of the country will be based on the fisherman, farmer and miner, when the mines develope, as they will at no distant day.

THE GREAT SEA WALL OF AVALON

is pierced by several bays or harbors, where the settlers have put up fishing premises and cleared considerable ground. The population of this part of Newfoundland is almost entirely Catholic and Irish by race. Consequently there may still be gleaned in the various localities many ancient traditions of Vinegar Hill. New Ross and Wexford, for after 1798 hundreds of youngsters landed in St. Johns and settled down in various parts of Newfoundland, and especially along the Southern Shore of winter evenings, when the storm raged over the barriers of Cape Broyle or the Atlantic crashed and thundered amid the cliffs of Renews, would tell the youngsters of the family how their grandfathers fought at Gorey, or charged with Father Murphy at Enniscorthy. Such traditions have gone to make the folk lore of Southern Shore for the past century. Dean Cleary, of Wither's Bay, was a Wexford man and a 'great priest.' His successor, Rev. N. Roche, is of the same gallant country, and we believe Father O'Driscoll is Wexford by descent; so that Wexford and '98 traditions have handed down in that place, as in fact all over Newfoundland. A carriage drive along Southern Shore is, in summer time, a treat, and no more enjoyable outing can be made. Anything finer than the coastal scenery along here—the great stretches of country, the indraughts of the sea, and the ocean views from the high lands, are altogether unique. The surface of the country is covered with every variety of foliage—birches, evergreen trees and ferns. It is also dotted with sky-blue lakes, which empty into the sea by foaming cataracts, in fact, here the camera holder would find endless scope for his special art, whether in the open harbors of Bay Bulls, Witters Bay, or Ferryland; in the sequestrated valley of La Manche, waving for the distance of miles with pale gold-leaved trees; in the harbors of Acqua Forte or Ferryland, or amidst the superb cliff scenery of Renews. In all these places there is pleasure for eye and mind—for Nature has made Newfoundland the stepping stone across the Atlantic, and Avalon has been the theatre of countless romantic incidents in colonial history.

AVALONICUS.

"THE AMERICAN MUSICIAN."

This interesting publication, devoted to the interests of the musicians of the United States and Canada, has issued a very worthy historical souvenir number, commemorative of the third annual convention of the American Federation of Musicians, which convened on the 3rd inst. in Louisville, Ky.

It is an excellent production of thirty-two pages, printed on fine-toned paper, profusely illustrated with well-executed pictures of the grand officers, members and delegates to the convention, authors and conductors of some of the finest musical organizations in America.

The literary part of the number opens with a poem entitled, 'Hope Despairing,' by the editor, Mr. Stephen S. Bonbright. There is an able article from the pen of Mr. Chas. M. Currier, on the 'Origin of the National League of Musicians,' which body is almost now defunct, and from which sprang into existence the American Federation of Musicians; an excellent history of the present Federation of Musicians, and the success attained since its inception, by Grand President Owen Miller, of St. Louis, Mo. Then, there are some good articles from almost everyone of the seventy-seven local organizations affiliated with the parent body, all of much interest to the musicians, which demonstrates that the local organizations are in the hands of men of ability, not only as musicians and authors, but writers as well, which is the secret of the success attained by this influential body since its inception some three years ago.

This official illustrated historical souvenir number will be prized by every musician, for its object has been to elevate a profession which has for too long a time gone on, owing to their own indifference, without receiving that recognition which they are so justly entitled to. The work has been well begun, and every musician must feel grateful for the magnificent efforts made by the editor and publisher of the "American Musician," in his endeavor to aid in accomplishing that, which necessitated the formation of the American Federation of Musicians.

The "American Musician" is published by Stephen S. Bonbright, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Subscription, 50c per year; single copies, 5c; Souvenir number, 10c.

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A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

General Woodford Was Glad to Have an Irishman Near Him.

It has been said that wherever you may go you are sure to find an Irishman. A few days since when General Woodford, the late American ambassador at Madrid, was on his way from the Spanish capital to Paris, a serious incident happened at Tolosa, when a sergeant of the Spanish Civil Guard and a private detective boarded the train and demanded that Mr. Joaquin Moreno, acting private secretary to General Woodford, should alight, being a Spanish subject. James, the general's black valet, aroused his master, who dressed hurriedly, while matters were being explained to him. The general then confronted the policeman, and formally protested against any interference with his suite, declaring, moreover, that Mr. Moreno, his private secretary, was a British subject. The Spanish sergeant maintained the contrary. The Minister refused to argue with the police but placed himself in the doorway of the compartment in which Mr. Moreno was, and assured the Spaniards that he would surrender him only if obliged by force to do so. General Woodford then asked an Irish gentleman who accompanied him to explain calmly in Spanish to the police that he placed Mr. Moreno under the protection of the British flag, and that if they took Mr. Moreno prisoner they would only do it after using personal violence to the Minister of the United States, who would remain where he stood till the frontier was passed. The desired explanation was quietly delived to the Spanish officers. At the same time a representation was laid before them of the serious results which might follow the seizure of a British subject at the present juncture. Finally the argument prevailed, and the train was stopped at St. Sebastian to permit the representatives of Spanish law to alight, much to the relief of Mr. Moreno and of General Woodford. The latter turned to the gentleman who had interpreted for him, and paid a compliment to Ireland, saying, "I always like an Irishman near me in a tight corner." The rest of the journey was uneventful. Exchange.

Hardened.—She—Didn't you swear when you slipped on the banana peel?

He—No, indeed. I came up smiling.

She—How was that?

He—Well, you see, I'm learning to ride a wheel.

The late Father Healy, of Bray, was just about to enter a carriage at Killiney Station, when, observing the compartment was nearly filled by ministers, he hesitated. "Oh, come in, Father Healy," said Lord Plunkett, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin; "come in! I want to ask you a question. A gentleman of your cloth has come over to us, and I want to know what we should give him." "I think," replied Father Healy quietly, "that I should give him the pledge."

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