

# Old Letters.

By a Regular Contributor.)

It is quite possible that not one of the readers will know the writer of the letter which I have selected for this week. And yet there may be one or two who will recall having read his admirable letters and essays in the Irish press, during the sixties, seventies, and early eighties. He was one of that colony of Irish residents in Paris, who brought to France an undying love for the land of their fathers, who did immense work in the heart of the French nation, by fostering the arts and the sciences. Kelley, the famous musician, was one of them; Count O'Neill was another; of an older generation, and of a more intensely French character, Marshal McMahon, afterwards President of the Republic, was of the group. The one to whom I refer in this communication had spent a greater part of his life in Paris. In fact, his name was so pronounced in Paris that it lost all its Irish sound—his name was John P. Leonard.

In 1882, having had occasion to inquire into the death of the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and having learned that Mr. Leonard had had more than any other liking person to do with the rescuing of her remains, at the time of the Commune, I addressed him a letter asking for some particulars, and stating the purpose I had in securing them. The answer I received—a couple of years before his death, which took place in 1885 or 1886—was as follows:

19 Rue de Rome, Paris, 22nd Aug., 1883.

My Dear Sir:—

Although I cannot claim any great credit for having done that which any other Irishman, or in fact any gentleman, would have done, under like circumstances; still I have no objection, seeing the courtesy of your letter and the laudable object you have in view, to furnish you with some details on the subject.

You are probably aware that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was married to a French lady, who was known as Pamilla. She was unquestionably the most beautiful person in all Europe at the time. She was passionately attached to her husband as he was to her. Their married life had been of sweet but very short duration. When Lord Edward was betrayed, captured, and I may say murdered—a martyr for Ireland's cause—his young and beautiful wife "never smiled again." She retired to the continent, clothed herself in widow's weeds, and sought silence and isolation in the very heart of Paris. There she lived to an advanced age, ever cherishing the memory of her husband—the one idol of her existence. She walked unknown the streets familiar to her in the days of her happiness; and under that thick veil she hid the debris of a beauty that even time and sorrow could not entirely destroy.

At the time of the Commune she died, and scarcely any one missed the sombre, broken-hearted lady. When her remains were to be interred no person claimed them. It was then decided by the authorities to cast her body in the "fosse commune," or common pit, at Montmartre, where the bodies of paupers and unclaimed dead were soon dissolved by means of quicklime.

By an accident I came to hear of her death, and through curiosity I resolved to go see the face—altered, as I expected to find it, that had once dazzled the eye and won the heart of my noble and ill-fated countryman. To my surprise I was directed to the public depository, where as at a morgue, bodies generally await for a time identification. Going there I easily recognized the features of Pamilla, and I at once claimed the body. Without other ceremony than the signing of a receipt I received possession of it. I had it transferred to an undertaker, went and informed some of my Irish friends in Paris of the fact, and communicated with the authorities at Thames Ditton, where I understood the remains of those deceased to her and to her husband were interred. I had a suitable coffin made, the body embalmed; and the next day set out for Calais with the remains of Lord Edward's wife. On arriving in England I learned that it would be possible to have her placed by the side of her husband in the Great Old Land. And the result of the whole proceedings is this: To-day the body of Pamilla rests by the side of that of her husband; and her sweet and lovable memory may fittingly be associated with that of the heroic patriot who sacrificed a life of ease in the company of such a companion, for the rugged path of duty in the sacred cause of his country.

These are the simple facts and I trust they will serve your purpose and prove satisfactory. Any time, should you ever visit Paris, that you will find a true Irish cead mille you will find a true Irish cead mille faith from yours ever sincerely,

JOHN P. LEONARD.

## Catholic Sailors' Club.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society and St. Ann's choir contributed the programme for the concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club this week, assisted by several of the seamen belonging to vessels now in port. Needless to say the entertainment was of a high order of merit and was fully appreciated by the large and enthusiastic audience present. Prof. P. J. Shea had the direction of the programme, and Mr. G. M. Murray, president of the Young Men's Society, occupied the chair. In a neat speech Mr. Murray made it quite plain that the society he had the honor to represent would always be ready to promote the prosperity of such an admirable organization.



PROF. P. J. SHEA.

The following took part in carrying out the programme: Messrs. J. Shea, O. Timmerman, and P. J. Shea, W. Murphy, George Holland, Chas. Killoran, Thos. Lyons, J. E. Murray, R. Latimer, E. Jackson, J. E. Slatery, and chorus of fourteen juniors. Seamen Henry James, Alfred Price, David C. Allan, Patrick Foley, Master Chas. Miller, S.S. Parisian; E. H. Thompson, S.S. O'Keefe, Geo. O'Connell, the champion clog dancer of Ireland; M. O'Donnell, S.S. Ottoman; Chris. Callaghan, S.S. Mount Temple; J. E. Davis, S.S. Roman, also took part; Davis, S.S. Roman, also took part.

## A PLEA FOR A CATHOLIC HALL.

Dear Mr. Editor,—For some years past, the English-speaking Catholic element of our city has been quietly discussing the question of a grand central hall, but in this, like, in other matters that concern them they are afraid to be heard on the subject. What appears to be wanting, is a strong advocate, who will lay before them the feasibility of such a scheme and, Mr. Editor, none is more qualified for that important work than yourself, who is familiar with the needs of our English-speaking Catholic population. A glance at the enormous rentals paid by the Knights of Columbus, C.M.B.A., C.O.F., A.O.H., and Ladies' Auxiliary A.O.H. for small and incomplete halls, and again the amounts paid annually for public concert halls, will assuredly convince our society men, even the would-be exclusive set, of the necessity of a hall that would be afterwards a monument that would redound to their credit.

Montreal, 26th May, 1903.

R. L. MUNICIPAL WOODYARD.

The proposition for municipal fuel yards, which has been one of the questions before the Massachusetts Legislature ever since it assembled in January, received the large majority of 111 to 64 in the House this week, but as the plan involves a constitutional amendment and required a two-thirds vote, it failed of passage.

## The Spread of Dishonesty.

(From the New Century.)

Harmless people, without knowledge of the laissez-faire principle, and the evil of its influence in every effort at reform, though their very stupidity is not infrequently given to call all those who are awake to the dangers of the age, malcontents or pessimists on general laws of conduct. They are the lazy drones averse to anything like moral or intellectual movements for the betterment of the times. Repose, sluggish in all its demands save the desire to let alone, is the enemy of progress. As Matthew Arnold says, in his essay—*Function of Criticism at Present Time*—"The mass of mankind will never have any ardent zeal for seeing things as they are; very inadequate ideas will always satisfy them. \* \* \* That is as much as saying that whoever sets himself to see things as they are will find himself one of a very small circle." To be one of such a small circle costs much to him who appreciates the good opinion of men, but who values at higher price the rectitude of his own convictions. The intellectual man successfully secrete the real springs of his motives from the world around him, and even from himself, when au fait in the art of self-deception. The world takes men, as a rule, at their own valuation, and cares little at looking below the surface of things, until an upheaval tells in unmistakable terms that forces are at work which threaten the destruction of character as well as of reputation. Wherever men are associated in public interests for the public good investigations ought to be in order, for society has reached conditions when genuine honesty, for its own sake, becomes rarer and rarer among men. The practical code of morality in public esteem has undergone a vast change since the late Civil War, and one is painfully made aware of this in every avenue of life by the lowering tone, in which men talk face to face, as they would not have done in the first half of the last century. Dishonesty in public affairs wears another aspect, and there are cases, where the public thief becomes, in the use of ill-gotten gains, the public benefactor. Under such conditions it is simply impossible that the currents of moral decency remain undisturbed. Society is losing that delicate sense of honesty and truth which gave to it its charming reality of elder days. We are in the period of glamour and tinsel, and they who believe in the code of Catholic morals are not infrequently regarded as the pessimists among us. Dishonesty in act or in thought finds no charter in the divine economies of Catholicity, much as unscrupulous critics of the moral theology of the Catholic Church may argue to the contrary. The surest upbuilding of public and private honesty in its largest significance, both intellectual and moral, is the teaching of the Catholic Church. It is, when followed, the completest evolution of man in the entirety of his manhood. Its fruits are rarely perfect in humanity, and why? Because of humanity's frailties. Not long ago, in a Sunday issue of May, "The Washington Post" heads an editorial thus: "Civil service Reform a Humbug?" and some of its readers uttered dissentient views in replying to the query. The editorial in question says: "But the idea of dishonesty, extravagance, demoralizations in the Post Office or any other department now, after years of the purifying and uplifting dispensation of the Civil Service Commission—that is an idea from which we shrink with incredulity and horror." The editorial writer, one fears, is dealing in a bit of hyperbole, for the article bears the evidence that he knows what he is writing about, and by the very query of his caption intends to suggest reform. It is useless to prate about reform until all public institutions, whether of government or of private concern are not subjected to a rigid investigation by competent authority outside of themselves. Hospitals and charities of all kinds, under examples which we need not name have lately demonstrated the wisdom of the old saw which has come down to us from the days of Juvenal—*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* As a rule it is not the rank and file of a public department or a hospital that violates confidence reposed in them, or possesses the opportunity to test the mettle of their make-up. It is those who have reached position outside of the classified civil service, and what an infamous example is set to

young men hoping in time to work themselves up, by care and usefulness in the classified service? And yet a writer in replying to the "Post" editorial and in the "Post" columns seems to be mystified about the relations of Civil Service and the wholesale thievery of the Post-Office Department. Can the waters of the fountain be clear when its sources of supply are muddy? Such talk is childish. Length of service and venerable years, other things being equal, ought to protect any man weighted by the infirmities of age, but when there is method in action, that action will of necessity awaken misgivings. The honest man, conscious of integrity can afford to laugh at the machinations of his enemies, for after all "the soul of the great world is just," and man's vindication will come, although tardy, or beyond his earthly years. In the years that come and go, one of the paralyzing evils, which bodes no good, under any conditions, to the new century is the lowering of the tone of honesty in all the relations of life. And here I make no reference to the pickings and stealings of trade, but to that dishonesty of expression which one constantly meets in all spheres. The literary reviewer, the paid scribes of publishing houses aiding them in getting their wares on the market the insinuating manoeuvres of writers not above the tricks of the trade, and the critics without fixed principles in criticism save those which suit temporary purposes, or as a late Dean of Canterbury expressed in his poem—"Life's Questions":

"Whirling away  
Like leaf in the wind;  
Points of attachment  
Left daily behind;  
Fixed to no principle  
Fast to no friend—  
Such our fidelity;  
Where is the end?"

This absence of honesty in its truthfulness is even defended by women of social consideration, who ought to know better. The drawing-room must feel the influences of the state and so-called statesmanship in lowering the virtue of truthfulness. Wherever one casts one's eyes in official circles at home or abroad, diplomacy is too frequently, of late years, but another word for social dishonesty. In the mind's eye of the well-bred, which one meets everywhere and its value thoroughly understood, is no part of intellectual dishonesty undermining manhood. Trifles light as air, such as these, are of the moment, and are forgotten by all save fools. It is the badinage of society that makes that life, even for a period, tolerable to serious representatives of both genders. But even here beyond recognized limits the farthest as the strongest may know the touch of the deep-seated insincerity, and its consequent enervation of ideal character. It is a grave mistake to suppose that want of truthfulness is the mark of any particular class of society in this or in other lands. Commercial intercourse among nations has sowed the peculiar seeds of its own tendencies, and the races act and react with corresponding power. A month or two ago the "Boston Review" extracted from the London "Daily Mail" a passage from an editorial article by Mr. James Blyth, in regard to "the degeneracy in English villages," which seems almost incredible. Untruthfulness, among others, appears a crying vice of these rustics. Says the writer: "No villager would consider whether he should tell the truth or not from any other point of view than that of his personal advantage. To lie if it be profitable is a mere matter of course, and long habit has given these people the power of sticking to their lies in the face of overwhelming evidence. A scandal is always a favorite subject for lying. To accuse two innocent persons (if any such can be found in the village) is a most popular practical joke, and the inventor of the scandal will enjoy himself elaborating details, in corroboration of his own imagination.

"But the habit of lying appears almost as a virtue when contrasted with the darker evils of the village nature—evils which are rendered a thousand times shocking by the tenor of these affected by them. The parson and the doctor, the local magnates know little of the inner life of the villager, for every peasant is an adept at hypocrisy. It would seem that such facts as these given were brought forth in the trial of one William Gardiner for the murder of Rose Harant, Peasenhall, Suffolk, and the writer contends that "the case of this terrible condition of the village communities may as, some will say, be found partly in the disrespect into which the church has fallen, and partly in the institution of board schools and the resulting decay of parental authority.

The opinion exists among some

Catholic observers that not enough emphasis is placed on truthfulness of character in the education of the young. And by this is meant truthfulness in all its details in intercourse between students and instructors. Honesty of purpose cannot long exist without honesty of method among boys, and an appeal to the manhood within them, if judicially made, rarely fails in its results. No class room and no instructor have reached a success at all satisfactory that fail in the elimination of cheating in work of all kinds. Honesty is not only the best policy after the teaching of the worldly dictum, but it is the substratum of incipient manhood, the true end of all education; and without honesty of thought and honesty of action and honesty of speech there can be no real manhood. Those, who the Catholic Church has commissioned as the teachers of the young, are the makers of the manhood of American citizenship.

## Lessons And Examples.

LOYAL PARISHIONERS.—To the close-fisted critic whose contributions to the parish are in many cases bitter words of criticism the following item may convey a lesson: "Rev. M. A. Taylor, rector of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, 71st street and Broadway, New York, announced at all his services Sunday that the semi-annual collection taken up on the preceding Sunday amounted to \$11,505, \$200 more than was taken up six months ago. He also announced that 15 years ago he purchased the present church property for \$275,000, and that only \$40,000 of debt remains, while the property is now valued at half a million dollars.

SEEKING A HOME.—A band of devoted nuns who have been expelled from France are at present staying with the Sisters of Mercy, in Baltimore. The branch of the Dominican Order to which these Sisters belong had its mother house at the town of Bonsecours, near Rouen, and was established about one hundred and eighty years ago by Mere Rose de St. Marie for the purpose of perpetual prayer. The nuns are known as Soeurs du Rosaire Perpetuelle—the Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary. They are cloistered religious—their mission being to make reparation for the sins of the world, especially for those of France, by means of penance and prayer.

But God, who watches over those who are faithful to Him, raised up friends for these sad exiles in their religious sisters of the Maryland Order of Mercy, who sent closed carriages to the station to receive the nuns on their arrival in Baltimore and convey them to their own convent and to the houses of the Sisters of Mercy. The exiles hope to be able to secure a permanent home in Maryland.

A STRONG PROTEST.—On the occasion of the consecration of St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, Bishop Spalding preached the sermon. He spoke of the mission of the Church, and said:—

"There is only one argument against our religion. It is that so many of those who profess it say one thing and do another. Oh, the damnable of it, the ignominy of it—that those who profess to our belief will go to our churches and worship at our altars and then go from them to practice corrupt politics, to lead degrading and sensual lives, 'saying one thing and doing another,' professing Christianity and an adherence to the moral code of Christianity, and living a life at variance with their professions. The scandal, the weakness of the Catholic Church to-day is this damnable 'saying of one thing and doing another.'

"After we have faced such conditions, how refreshing it is to turn and contemplate such a man as your beloved pastor, Father Riordan, a man who says a thing and does it, a priest who is an honor to the faith."

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—Referring to the means adopted by Father Russell, the curate of St. Mary's, Batley, with a view of in-

ducing the Catholics of the district to abstain from intoxicating drinks, it has been stated in the press that one of the immediate results is the fact that during the past three months it has been found necessary on three separate occasions to present the presiding magistrate at the Batley Police Court with white gloves. Father Russell is an out and out temperance reformer, is strongly in favor of Sunday closing, and for Sunday drinking clubs he entertains the deepest disgust. Since he went to Batley he has secured 800 temperance pledges amongst his own people, 400 of which are life pledges.

IN THE NINTH DECADE.—Archbishop Williams, of Boston, entered upon his eighty-second year recently. He passed the day in his accustomed quiet way. His Grace enjoys excellent health and doesn't look his age. He has not relaxed the arduous duties of the administration of the archdiocese. He arises every morning shortly after 6 o'clock, and celebrates Mass daily at 7. After breakfast the morning hours are devoted to his official labors. A remarkable thing about the Archbishop is his voice, which on special occasions is heard at Pontifical High Mass in all the vigor and clearness of a man not half his years.

A SUCCESSFUL FAIR.—\$25,000 was cleared at the fair held recently in St. Malachy's parish, New York.

A SILVER JUBILEE, which awakened great enthusiasm in the diocese of Indianapolis recently, was that of Bishop Chatard, who for the past quarter of a century has presided over that See. A purse of \$1,200 was presented to the Bishop by the laity of the diocese, and at the banquet on Tuesday, Very Rev. A. Scheideler, on behalf of the clergy, presented the Rt. Rev. Jubiliarian with a handsome purse of \$5,000.

## The Month of Mary.

The devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary bring a large congregation of pious faithful at St. Patrick's Church every evening. The service consists of recitation of the Litanies, the reading of a Meditation on the life of the Blessed Virgin, followed by the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The whole does not last more than half an hour in all, and leaves an impression of sweet devotion in the soul of every one. The ladies' choir has devotedly, night after night, furnished the singing and they deserve great praise for their faithfulness and their exquisite work. The "Motets" for the Benediction are of the best choice, as well as the beautiful hymns in honor of Mary which are sung at the close of the service.

## Catholic Sailors' Club.

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